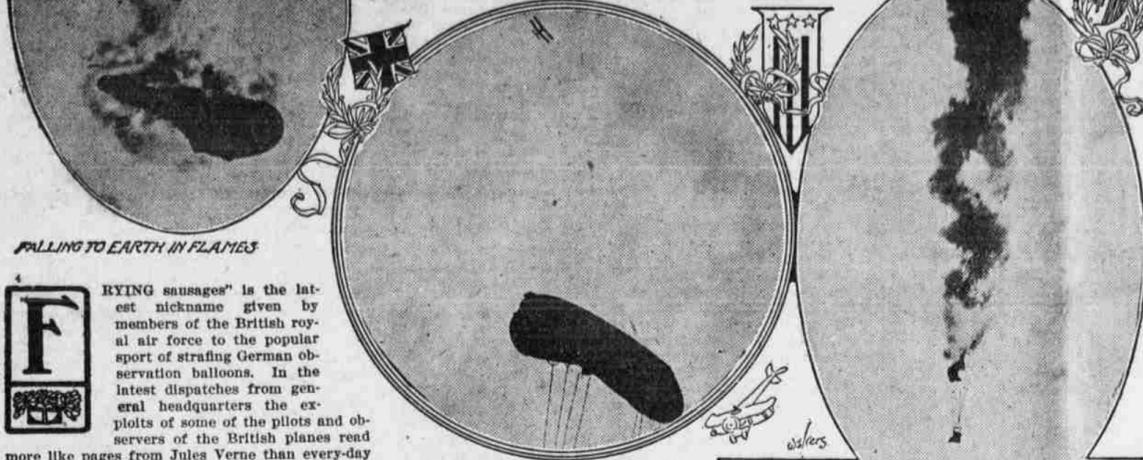


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# FRYING SAUSAGES

## OR THE POPULAR SPORT OF STRAFFING GERMAN OBSERVATION BALLOONS



FALLING TO EARTH IN FLAMES

**F**RYING sausages" is the latest nickname given by members of the British royal air force to the popular sport of strafing German observation balloons. In the latest dispatches from general headquarters the exploits of some of the pilots and observers of the British planes read more like pages from Jules Verne than every-day exploits on a fighting front. The presence of a Hun observation balloon in the air is now a very uncommon sight, for the instant the "sausage" appears the royal air force "cooks" climb into the cockpits of their machines and are in the air, each striving to be the first to account for the interloper.

One British pilot scouting behind the enemy's lines pounced on two of these balloons in swift succession and succeeded in setting fire to and destroying both. His petrol was beginning to run low at the time, so he returned to his air-drome to refill. But his appetite for German "sausage" was apparently unslaked, for he set out immediately upon a second quest, sighted two more balloons, and, taking advantage of friendly clouds carefully stalked them. When within a short distance of his prey cloud cover failed him and he was perceived. The Huns rushed to the winches and endeavored to haul down both balloons. Putting down the nose of his machine, the British pilot sped earthward after the swaying mass of fabric, and almost before the German mechanics had their winches working, the hunter had secured his first quarry, which fell a blazing mass upon the Huns beneath. The other balloon was rather farther away, and the Germans, stimulated to frantic efforts by the fate of the first, hauled desperately and succeeded in getting it down almost to the ground before the British pilot arrived above. Not to be balked of his prey, and in spite of the furious fire from below, he dived low enough to pump a burst of incendiary bullets, and had the satisfaction of increasing his bag for the day to four enemy balloons totally destroyed.

During their present retirement the Germans have made desperate efforts to remove as much ammunition as possible. A British pilot spotted a train of wagons engaged on this work and descended to 50 feet so as to make quite sure of his aim. Getting well into position, he opened fire on the rear wagon, knocking out two men on the box. Deprived of their drivers and terrified by the winged assailant, the horses bolted, and, colliding with a tree, upset the wagon.

An extremely heavy fire was by this time being directed upon the airman, and had already wounded him in the knee and severed the pressure feed pipe of his machine. He would not leave his job half done, however, and again maneuvering into position put in another burst which resulted in the overturning of two more and the stampeding of the remaining wagons.

On the same day a British machine working in conjunction with the infantry was attacked by four German scouts. This being about the odds which German armen now demand, they doubtless thought they had found an easy prey. It is, of course, true that the British combat machine is not primarily designed for fighting purposes, but its pilot on this occasion, as always, was ready to give a good account of himself, and did so to such purpose that one of the attackers was speedily sent down out of control. During the fight the petrol tank of the British machine was pierced, being an instant menace of its destruction by fire. Thereupon the English observer promptly climbed out on the lower plane and successfully plugged the hole with his handkerchief, remaining on the plane until his pilot succeeded in throwing off his pursuers and landing his machine safely behind the British lines.

Two British officers were at work in a "sau-

AEROPLANE CIRCLING ROUND AN OBSERVATION BALLOON



GERMAN OBSERVATION BALLOON STRUCK BY AN INCENDIARY BOMB

FALLING TO EARTH IN FLAMES AFTER BEING ATTACKED

sage." The Germans, resenting their attentions, turned two guns on to their balloon and made some rather good practice, holding it badly. This annoyed the English balloon officers considerably and they decided that the German gunners needed punishment. They accordingly called up the officers in charge of a British six-inch gun and indicated to him the position of the German guns. The balloon was now rapidly losing height as the result of enemy fire, and the position of the officers was dangerous. However, they stuck to their basket and continued to direct the fire of the British gun, having the satisfaction of witnessing the putting out of action of one of the hostile guns before the balloon had sunk too low for further observation.

Then they got out of their basket and climbed well up the rigging of the balloon to save themselves in the now unavoidable crash.

A British two-seater machine hovering at night

over an enemy concentration center observed—easily distinguishable in bright starlight—a column of transport consisting of about 20 wagons. Descending rapidly to 300 feet he landed two bombs—a hundredweight apiece—plumb in the center of the column. The destruction was enormous, and the remnant of the column scattered wildly in all directions. The British pilot rose again and waited, giving time for the German transport to reassemble. Diving once more, he found it, together with two other large lorries, in a sunken road where the Huns apparently hoped to escape further attack from the death-dealing raider. The British pilot released his remaining bombs from an altitude at which he could not miss his target, and then diving lower still opened fire with his machine guns, putting about 250 rounds into the confused mass of wreckage.

A British two-seater machine while on patrol was attacked by a German triplane. The observer in the British machine promptly took up the challenge and opened fire, upon which the Hun made off eastward. Meanwhile eight German scouts had rapidly approached, and, taking up position, four above and four below, attacked simultaneously. The British pilot, realizing the danger of his position maneuvered desperately—rolling and side-slipping to avoid the enemy's concentrated fire—whilst both he and his observer kept firing as opportunity offered. One of the German craft was sent down in flames and then the British pilot was badly wounded. The work of both fighting and flying the machine now developed almost entirely upon the observer, who, by a really remarkable exercise of skill and pluck, succeeded in extricating the machine from its apparently hopeless position, whilst at the same time firing occasional bursts from his gun at the pursuing Huns with his left hand, when they pressed too closely. He succeeded in safely landing his pilot and machine behind the British lines.

### EVENT IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

Just to show what makes an event in a soldier's life that—as the soldiers see it—is really worth recording, here is a bit out of a letter from Harley Johnson, a Butler boy, printed in the Bates County (Missouri) Democrat:

"Well, I am sure going to have something good for dinner. The cook told me that if I would get enough gooseberries to make two pies he would make them. So I started out to look for gooseberries and found them. I asked an old French woman to sell me some, and, don't you know, she said they were no good and I had to laugh. She would not sell me any, but gave me all I could carry away and they were big ones, about the size of my thumb. So I had a pie all to myself."

What are bursting shrappel and red blood to write about when a man has gooseberry pie?—St. Louis Republic.

their communications about the origin of "Blighty," the derivation of that word having been a national industry for about three years now. One gentleman even goes so far as to say that I asked for the information; whereas no one has any idea how careful I was to do nothing of the kind, having a head only too full of devastating memories of the Hindustani word "Waiyati" or "Balait," meaning foreign or English, and its gradual transformation by Mr. Atkins in India into the now familiar (and very ugly) term for home. "Blighty's" adventures are ancient history, but it was new to me that, as a reader kindly points out, "padre," in its meaning of clergyman, was carried to India by the Portuguese and adopted into Indian languages long before the first English chaplain set foot in India. Like other Hindustani words used in our army, such as 'rooty' for bread and 'dixie' for camp kettle, it was brought home by our soldiers from India many years ago."

In my strictures on the word "Hun" I was too sweeping. I said that to borrow the name of invaders of the past with which to stigmatize invaders of the present was tame. But another correspondent reminds me that it was the Kaiser himself who first applied the term. In the time of the Boxer rebellion in China the Kaiser issued a bombastic proclamation to the German contingent in Peking under Count Waldersee bidding them to behave like the Huns of Attila. This gentleman goes on to make the very interesting suggestion that some lexicographers should collect the words which each of our great wars has added to the language.—E. V. Lucas in the Sphere.

Perhaps the most notable slang phrase that the war has produced is "to get the wind up," meaning to upset, or "rattle," or put the fear of God into. But I speak only from the point of the homekeeping observer, aware merely of such expressions as get into London parlance. Here let me thank many correspondents for

### Coinage of War Words

It is obviously impossible in limited space to mention more than a few of the more striking words which the war has given us; and that is why my article of three or four weeks ago was so incomplete. Let me supplement it today and begin with the most glaring of the omissions—"camouflage." I cannot remember any instance of a foreign word so peculiarly un-English as this not only being so rapidly and universally adopted but also being so rarely mispronounced. I still often overhear knots of men who in their talk about the war refer to the Kay-ser, and the utter anglicization of French battle names by public house military experts is perhaps the most charming feature of their discussions; but "camouflage" remains as French in sound in this country as in its own, and every one uses it. Here, however, it has become so elastic as to be the recognized form for any kind of pretense whatsoever. I am not sure that Sir Walter Raleigh should not have added "camouflage" in his list of our "gains in the war" as enumerated in his recent lecture.

I have been astonished recently by examples of the hold of "camouflage" on all types of mind. Journeying the other day from a Sussex station to London, under war conditions—fifty of us standing all the way in the guard's van—I had some talk with the guard, who, on removing his cap to wipe a heated brow, revealed himself as bald as the dome of St. Paul's. It caused him no distress; some men, he remarked, would canou-

### IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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#### LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 17

#### JACOB FLEEING FROM HIS ANGRY BROTHER.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 28:10-22.  
GOLDEN TEXT—He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.—Psalm 103:10.  
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 27:46-33:9.

The motive which moved Rebekah to send Jacob away was a mixed one. She realized that Esau's anger was hot against Jacob, even to the point where he was likely to kill him. She further knew that justice would have to be meted out to him, and thus she would be bereft of them both. Then, too, she realized that if Jacob remained in that land he would likely marry a heathen woman and thus defeat God's purpose regarding the covenant nation. This latter she pressed upon Isaac as a motive for sending him away.

**I. Jacob's Flight (v. 10).**  
He was fleeing from his outraged brother. His flight was necessary to save his life. He seems not to have gone the common road, so as to be less likely overtaken by Esau, should he pursue him. Through forced march he reaches Bethel, a spot nearly fifty miles away, by nightfall.

**II. Jacob's Vision (vv. 11-17).**  
Jacob's soul was peculiarly tested. He had to leave home and mother. On the way to Haran night overtakes him, and he is obliged to sleep in a field with a stone for his pillow and the canopy of heaven for a covering. It was under such circumstances that the Lord gave him the wonderful vision at Bethel. Many times the rough experiences and severe trials of life help us on toward God. Luxury and heavenly visions do not usually go together. This finds illustration in John on Patmos; Stephen looking into heaven while being stoned, and John Bunyan in Bedford jail.

**III. He saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven (v. 12).**

This suggests a means of communication between earth and heaven, between man and God. It showed Jacob that in spite of his awful sin there was a way to heaven for him. Jesus Christ is the ladder connecting earth and heaven for us (John 1:51; 14:6; Hebrews 10:19, 20). In the incarnation Jesus Christ descended to earth's lowest depth and made a way upon which human feet might climb to heaven. Fortunate are they who in the times of earth's trials discern this ladder!

**4. He saw angels of God upon the ladder (v. 12).**

They were ascending and descending upon this ladder. These angels were the divine helpers to render needed assistance along life's way. Though unseen, God's angels guide and protect us on our earthly pilgrimage. They ascend unto the Father with our needs, and descend unto us with God's reply. Christ is a real man, and so can identify himself with us; he is the very God, really divine, and so is able to lift us to God and secure our reconciliation with him.

**5. He saw the Lord standing above the ladder (v. 13-17).**

To show Jacob that the ladder did not merely reach into space, the personal God appeared and talked with him. His message is filled with infinite grace. (1) He declared the God of Abraham and Isaac (v. 13), thus assuring Jacob that the same hand that guided his fathers was over him. (2) He renewed the covenant as to the land (v. 13). Though Jacob was now fleeing from the land, yet the covenant would not fall, for Jacob and his seed should possess it. (3) Assured him of a numerous seed (v. 14). They would spread abroad to the north, and south, and east, and west. (4) The divine presence with the wandering Jacob (v. 15). Though he had sinned and was reaping what he had sown, yet God was with him.

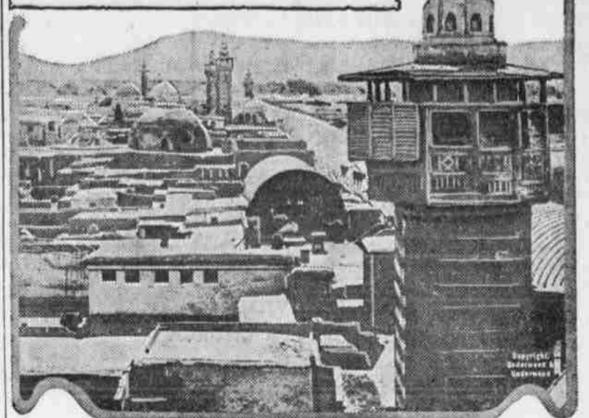
**III. Jacob's Vow (vv. 18-22).**

God's gracious visitation provoked Jacob to make a vow. Each sight of God should cause us to renew our obligation to him. His vow included three things: (1) Dedication of himself to God (v. 12). This is the first thing to do. Our gifts are an abomination while the life is withheld from God. (2) Worship established (vv. 18, 19). "This stone shall be God's house." Worship always follows dedication of one's self to God. There is personal communion between God and those who worship him. (3) Consecration of his substance, of his possessions (v. 22). Those who have fellowship with God recognize God's claim upon their possessions. God's grace should constrain us to give of our substance to him.

**Meditation.**  
Meditation is one way of handling the Gospel history. Instead of a vague, half-remembered, less than half-comprehended, story, the life of Jesus, steadily meditated on, passes into the life of the Christian, by an insensible but real transfusion.—Rev. H. P. Lid-don, D. D.

**A Spiritual Relation.**  
True friendship is a spiritual relation. God reveals himself to us in many ways through our different friends.—E. V. H.

### "Oldest City in the World"



**W**HEN General Allenby and his victorious army captured Damascus from the Turks, they took what is called the "oldest city in the world." The claim is based upon frequent mention in the Old Testament—where it is referred to, by various names that serve to identify it, and in the New Testament. Josephus affirms that it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram, who gave to the region the name of Syria, which it has retained to this day.

Damascus was a flourishing trade center in Abraham's time. One of the earliest "novels" in all literature (equally so whether true or fanciful) is the story of the Jewish maid taken captive by Naaman, a Syrian general (II Kings). Naaman was a leper, but the captive suggested getting the advice of a prophet at Samaria. He did so, but when told to bathe in the Jordan he was vexed, saying that plenty of water existed nearer home. However, he did go to the Jordan and was cleansed. Good story.

If you doubt it, the next time you visit Damascus any of the old inhabitants will point out Naaman's house.

Elisha figures in the early history of Damascus. Ben-hadad (946 B. C., at a guess), a king of Damascus, was murdered, and the assassin improved conditions so greatly that king killing became popular. The king of Judah resented the success of the upstart monarch and, with help from the ruler of Assyria, took the city and killed its ruler. This made good a prediction of Isaiah.

The early prophets appear to have "had it in" for the people at Damascus; they spent a great deal of time in prophesying ill of that city. And, bad cess to their activities, most of their predictions came true.

The city was under the sway of Assyria for nearly 1,000 years—a mere episode in its history. Its people first awakened when the Romans under Pompey moved in, about 64 B. C. Herod had controversies with the Syrian rulers in which he came off second best.

**Made Familiar by St. Paul.**

It is in New Testament times that one seems to be brought into most intimate touch with Damascus. The memorable journey of St. Paul to the city of Jerusalem, and all that happened during and after it; the "street which is called Straight;" the house of Judas; the visit of Ananias; the subsequent preaching of St. Paul in the synagogues; the plots to kill him, and his escape from the city by night, are all names and incidents familiar to Christians the world over. It was to Damascus, too, that St. Paul returned after his three years' sojourn in the wilderness, and in no other period in its long history does the ancient city on the banks of the Abana seem to come so clearly into view.

Later on, under Trajan, Damascus became a Roman provincial city, and, on the establishment of Christianity, the seat of a bishop, who ranked next in authority after the patriarch of Antioch. Even when this point is reached, a wealth of history still lies ahead: There is the great story of

Damascus under the kalifs, and of its many trials which followed the removal of the kalifate to Bagdad; of the coming of the Egyptians, the Carmanlians, and the Seljuks; of the campaigns and mighty conquests of the Saladin; of the ravages of the Mongols, and of the final inclusion of Damascus within the Ottoman empire, early in the sixteenth century, followed by a long 400 years of stagnation.

**Beautiful, From a Distance.**

The modern Damascus, like the Damascus of all the ages, is, in its distant view, as are many Eastern cities, a place of great beauty. It lies at the northern edge of the plain of Ghutah, at the foot of the Anti-Lebanon, 2,250 feet above the sea, and all around, for a circuit of 60 miles, extend the famous orchards, gardens, vineyards, and fields of Damascus, which have always made its fertility proverbial throughout the East. The Arabs regard it as one of their four earthly paradises. Close at hand, the city is not so beautiful. The rough mud walls of the houses contrast strangely with the splendors within, for the houses of Damascus, with their mosaics and carved wood, and their ceilings rich in arabesque ornaments, elaborately gilded, are amongst the most beautiful in the East. The bazaars, however, are the great feature of Damascus. The masses of color and the wonderful effects of light and shadow which they present have made them the delight of painters. As one writer has described such a scene, here are displayed all the riches of the Orient; rare carpets and rugs from Persia, and shawls, scarfs and kerchiefs of every dye from the fair interior of Asia, with gold and silver embroideries in exquisite taste or of barbaric splendor. There is no pavement, but the ground is hard from the tread of many feet, for a motor throng is ever passing to and fro, of turbaned men and of women closely veiled; a musician playing his tambourine, and cavaliers or a train of camels slowly filing through. The long streets are dim and cool, being arched in high above, and through apertures the sunlight falls in misty streams on the gorgeous wares and moving multitudes beneath. Then, the old city walls are still there; and the Roman gateways; and the Derb el-Mistakim, or the "street which is called Straight," still runs through the city, from the eastern to the western gate, as it did nineteen hundred years ago, in the days of St. Paul.

**Relics in England.**

A few years ago there was sold by auction the spear that was used by a rebel dervish to kill General Gordon. The relic ultimately fetched 30 guineas. On another occasion the sword used by Lord Cardigan in the battle of Balaklava was disposed of at the same auction mart for 8½ guineas. A very different war relic realized a very different price. This was the silver-gilt table service used by Napoleon in the course of his many campaigns and it went for £650.—London Tit-Bits.



Main Market of Damascus