

YANK AVIATOR MAKES MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM GERMAN PRISON CAMP

Tennessee Boy Swims the Rhine to Swiss Soil After Days of Tramping Through Enemy Country—Seventy Americans in Concerted Effort to Escape From Prison—Three Get Through—Swiss Give Them Kindly Welcome.

Somewhere in France. — Seventy Americans in the German prison camp at Villingen, Germany, made a desperate and concerted attempt to escape on the night of Sunday, October 6. So far three men have crossed the border. The first is Lieutenant Aviator George Wright Puryear of Memphis, Tenn.

Puryear swam across the Rhine to Swiss soil early in the morning of October 11. Two days later Harold Willis of Boston, a former Lafayette escadrille flyer who was captured at Verdun in August, 1917, and Naval Lieutenant Edouard Isaacs of Portsmouth, Va., escaped into Switzerland.

Only a few days previously, on October 9, the first American soldier to escape from a German prison camp into Switzerland arrived at Red Cross headquarters in Berne. He was Frank Sovicki of Shenandoah, Pa., a Polish-American who enlisted a few days after America declared war. Puryear was the first American officer to escape from Germany.

On June 26, while patrolling near Ville Neuve sur Fere, about four kilometers southwest of Fere en Tardenois, Puryear engaged an enemy machine in combat. The fight carried him unawares into the German lines. Puryear shot down his adversary, mortally wounding the observer of the German machine. Seeing one of his adversaries was badly wounded, and believing himself in allied territory, Puryear descended, intending to remove one or both of the aviators as prisoners to an American hospital. Such descents in allied territory to aid a badly wounded adversary have been a part of the knightly code of the air.

Captured by Germans.
Upon landing and before he could burn his machine Puryear was captured by German troops, who were in hiding. The German pilot of the machine whom he had descended to carry to a hospital insisted that he be shot at once for "shooting at a wounded man"—the observer of the German plane.

After his capture Puryear was taken to a hospital which was also an intelligence examining post. He was kept there for three hours. From the hospital Puryear was taken to a castle, where he was again examined by an intelligence officer.

Next day he was marched, again alone, ten kilometers behind the lines to another intelligence post, where he was once more examined. On the following day, with fifteen captured Americans of the Twenty-sixth division and about 200 French soldiers, he was taken to Laon.

At each stop intelligence officers examined him.
On August 2 Lieutenant Puryear was taken to Rastatt prison camp. On August 5 he escaped with Andre Coenreux, a French aviator. August 6 and 7 they spent in the woods. At 5 a. m. on the morning of August 8, however, they ran plump into a German sentry. They were taken under guard to Kehl, where they were given a good meal. Two guards accompanied them back to Rastatt, where Puryear was imprisoned five days. Later, when he was transferred to Villingen, Puryear served nine more days of the fourteen-day sentence imposed on him for trying to escape.

Makes Break for Liberty.
On August 13 Puryear was transferred to Karlsruhe, the concentration camp for all prisoners, where he stayed until August 19. He was then taken to Landsbut on a closely guarded train, together with a number of Royal Flying corps aviators. At Karlsruhe the British and American aviators were separated. The Ameri-

cans were placed in a camp which had been used as a quarantine camp and where they were vaccinated against typhus, cholera and smallpox.

Puryear was kept at Landsbut from August 21 to September 14. During his stay he applied for a transfer to Villingen, where a number of American pilots were confined. He was removed there on September 15. After nine days in jail at Villingen Puryear was released. Six days later, on the night of Sunday, October 6, Puryear made his second and successful attempt to escape.

Puryear had planned to escape with one other companion. Aviator Willis, however, asked him to postpone his attempt for several days, as a dozen Americans had been planning to escape for some time and it was feared that if Puryear failed the general breakout might be tipped in the bud.

Puryear and his companion agreed and preparations were made for the escape. Ladders were made ready, windows and bars cut out, and one American made it possible to short-circuit the string of powerful electric lights which surrounded the prison camp and which burned all night to prevent escapes. The jail delivery was planned for Sunday night, and the Americans agreed to breakout at several places, so as to keep the guards busy.

At 10:30 Sunday night the guards turned out the lights in the prison camp. This was the signal for all the men to make their final preparations. At 10:45 the lights outside the prison camp were short-circuited by one of the Americans. From three sides of the barracks the American aviators and prisoners made their dash for liberty.

Fired on by Guards.
Immediately the German guards blew their whistles and cocked their guns. Surrounding the barracks was a low barbed wire fence, and beyond that a deep ditch with barbed wire entanglements in it. Still further was a ten-foot fence with hooks facing inward along the top. Outside this fence were the guards with rifles awaiting. Puryear, Isaacs, Willis and their companions had to run this gauntlet, after getting through the barbed windows of the barracks.

The penalty of being caught in the wire was death. Only a few days before in the general breakout a Russian had been caught in the wire and instantly killed. Puryear climbed over all obstacles and put his ladder up against the fence. As he leaped over the fence firing began. His companion had his foot on the lower round of the ladder as Puryear went over.

Once outside the barracks Puryear found himself between two guards. Both shouted at him to halt. Strictly according to orders they shouted three times to him to stop.

Six shots were fired in all point blank at Puryear. The guards, however, were old men and their aim was bad. At the time they fired one guard was 20 feet off and the other 50 feet away. Just as the second volley was fired at him Puryear stumbled and fell in a ditch. He believes he would have been wounded or killed by these shots if he had not fallen.

As had been previously arranged, Puryear waited at a prearranged point for his companion. When the latter did not arrive after 15 minutes' waiting, Puryear went alone. While he waited Puryear heard the guards fire several score rounds. He had now recovered his strength and made good progress. That night he went 15 kilometers.

Puryear carefully guarded his Red

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN," RICH AND PATRIOTIC

"Lo, the Poor Indian" is no more poor. Instead he is patriotic. The five civilized tribes subscribed for \$2,000,000 in fourth Liberty bonds. Gabe Parker, superintendent of the tribes, announced. The five tribes—Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Cherokeees and Creeks—have now invested some \$9,523,670 in Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps.

Cross supplies. From the food boxes sent him from Berne he was able to build himself up physically so that he was able to live on the raw potatoes, carrots and turnips which he dug out of the fields while making his way toward the frontier.

The next day Puryear spent in the forest poring over his map until he had memorized every detail of it. Just before day broke he met two men going to work. He avoided them, but later was unable to avoid a lone civilian who passed him, but who said nothing.

The next night Puryear took up his long journey toward Waldshut, 65 kilometers away.

The third day it rained heavily all day and Puryear picked out a small barn and climbed through a window and thence went up to the loft. The owner of the barn and his hired hands moved farm machinery about in the stable below, but did not come upstairs. That night the rain lessened and Puryear continued his journey.

In the darkness he took the wrong road, a mountain road which finally ended in a trail and then ceased altogether. For three hours he stumbled about on a mountain top in sleet and snow, tearing his hands and face on brambles and making but little progress in the brush and cutover timber. Finally he struck another road which he followed until daylight. With the dawn he again took refuge in the woods.

All that day he spent poring over his maps, endeavoring to locate himself. By nightfall, however, he had decided upon his course. That night he struck a tributary of the Rhine and followed it to where it crossed the main road leading to Waldshut. When he struck the main road Puryear found a sign reading: "Waldshut Thirty Kilometers." On the night of Wednesday, October 9, Puryear got within a few miles of Waldshut. In order to be sure of his directions he climbed to the top of a mountain nearby from which he could see tributaries entering the Rhine. Puryear also was supplied with a view of Waldshut which he carefully compared with the town below.

Puryear planned to cross the Rhine at the point where the current strikes the north shore and then rebounds to the south bank. He figured upon being carried by the current across to the Swiss shore. For six hours he carefully watched the shore for the appearance of sentries, but no one having passed the spot he had chosen he decided to make the attempt to swim across.

Cold Plunge in Rhine.
He crawled to the river edge, took off all his clothes except his shirts and underwear and trousers and dipped into the icy stream. The strong current immediately swept him downstream at a terrific rate. Dangerous whirlpools and currents abound in this vicinity.

After half an hour's alternate swimming and floating the icy water began to affect the young aviator.

"I thought it was about all over with me," said Puryear. "I became dizzy and fought hard to be able to distinguish the shore I had left from the Swiss side. About thirty feet from the bank my hand in swimming touched rock, but before I could pull myself up the strong current wrenched me back into the deep water again.

"I was fast becoming weaker and weaker. The banks were rocky and steep and I could not get a hand hold anywhere. I feared that I would be lost at the last moment. Finally I grasped a projecting rock and hung on to it until I recovered my strength in part. Then I climbed up and out of the water and fell down exhausted. For several minutes I lay there weak and trembling with the cold and fear.

"I had been carried far below Waldshut. Along the shore ran a railroad and I knocked at the first crossing keeper's cabin. The latter when he learned that I was an American, greeted me warmly, took off my wet clothes, chafed my trembling legs and gave me a stiff glass of brandy. Then, as it was time for breakfast, the crossing keeper routed his children out of bed and the two kids and myself ate hot milk and bread from the same bowl.

"Later I was taken to a military post where the Swiss officers kindly gave me dry clothing. At Zurich Swiss officers paid my hotel bills and gave me a civilian's outfit from head to foot. I cannot thank the Swiss authorities and civilians too much for their kindnesses to me. At Rheinfelden the Swiss frontier officer examined me and then telephoned to the American embassy at Berne."

Lachesis

By R. RAY BAKER

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Things happen just by accident. Sometimes. But does the accident happen by accident? Not while Lachesis is holding down that destiny job on Mount Olympus.

Lachesis, you know, is one of the three Moerae who meddle in the affairs of mortals from the time they are born until they pass into other realms. Three Moerae, or Fates, have a room all to themselves in the big office building of the gods, and they run things with a high hand.

One would think that, in these days of progress, Clotho would get something to take the place of that old spinning wheel on which she spins the thread of life, and that Atropos could find an instrument less unwieldy than that long pair of dull shears she has been using to cut the thread when she decides it's long enough. However, they seem to have got along so far without modern improvements and they ought to know their business by this time.

Anyhow, this story concerns Lachesis, who works without instruments. She simply stands near the spinning wheel and dabs weal and woe on that thread and twists it about her fingers and ties knots in it, to suit her own pleasure. It has been said that Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos are old and ugly. Of course, as mortals reckon, these fates are old; but years don't count on Olympus. And as to ugliness—well, I'm willing to allow that Atropos has a hideous face, and it's possible Clotho is not beautiful, because her back must be lame and her eyes faded and her forehead wrinkled from bending over the spinning wheel; but Lachesis—there's no reason why she should be ugly, because her job furnishes lots of variety. Moreover, she's one of the heroines in this story, so she has just got to be beautiful.

The hero is Jack Watson, a mere mortal who defied Lachesis. She had decided, soon after Clotho began to spin the thread, that he should be married before he became twenty-eight years old, and she had picked for his bride a girl named Esther Richards. They were born in the same little town in Ohio and had one of those "school kid" romances; and then, when Jack was only eleven and Esther eight, it ended.

Jack moved with his parents to Columbus, where they resided three years. Jack and Esther wrote occasionally, as children sometimes carry on a correspondence, but they were too young to understand about affinities and such things, and gradually they forgot about each other.

When Jack was fifteen his mother died and he moved with his father to New York. The boy obtained a job as office boy with a broker and held it two years. Then he was promoted, and about that time pneumonia eluded Mr. Watson.

When Esther was ten she went with her parents to Vancouver, British Columbia, and there they remained until she was twenty-two.

Lachesis stood in the workroom of the Moerae one day, holding Jack Watson's thread of life in one hand and Esther Richards' in the other. "My, how far apart they have drifted," she murmured. "This will never do. I have decided differently."

Jack was leaning back in his swivel chair with his feet on his desk, in his own real estate office in Melbourne, Australia. Was he thinking about Esther? Decidedly not. His mind was full of business, of how to travel still farther on the path of prosperity, which he already had found.

Esther was reclining on a lounge in her home in Vancouver, reading a Red Cross magazine. Did Jack hold any place in her thoughts? No, not even a small corner. They had forgotten about each other, as I have said.

That evening Jack went to the Melbourne Business club for dinner with three other prosperous young business men, all of them married. When the meal was finished the conversation turned to matrimony.

"How comes it you never got married, Jack?" asked George Clifford as he passed cigars. "You're old enough and have enough coin to make some girl comfortable and happy."

Jack laughed as he lighted the weed. "Not me," he said as he puffed placidly. "I'll never get married. I'm going to be a hermit. Do you know, fellows, it's a fact that I've never been interested a bit in the fair sex? I'm all for business. I'm sincerely opposed to marriage—for myself, at least."

Clifford, who was five years older, looked over the rims of his glasses with a slight grimace and inquired: "Don't you believe in love? Don't you believe that every one was made for some one?"

Another laugh, this time louder and longer, from Jack.

"I should say not!" he retorted. "There's no such thing as love. Marriage is a matter of business. When a fellow hasn't enough sense to save his money, he needs a woman to help him; and if he gets the right kind he's all right, and if he doesn't he's all wrong. I tell you I'm not interested in girls and I'll die a bachelor, as sure as the sun rises and sets."

Lachesis frowned. Such defiance! She was puzzled, but she was very re-

solute. For days at a time she would stand and hold those two threads, one in each hand. But when she attempted to bring them together her arms would stiffen.

Six months before it was time for him to celebrate his twenty-eighth anniversary something put into Jack's head the idea of touring the States. As he had accumulated a comfortable pile of the metal so much desired on this globe, and as he had taken in a partner who was capable of conducting the business alone, there was no reason why he should not carry the idea into effect.

It was on the outskirts of Chicago that the accident occurred. The train hit a broken rail or something and the parlor car left the track. Only one person was severely injured, and that was Jack Watson, whose arm was broken.

He was taken to a Chicago hospital, where the arm was set. His condition, physically and financially, warranted a nurse being assigned to special duty on the case.

This was the first opportunity he had had to study woman at close range, and it proved decidedly interesting. The nurse was in constant attendance during the day and ready to answer his call at any time during the night. She was continually putting thermometers into his mouth and taking them out again, feeling his pulse, feeding him ice cream and other delicacies, and smiling. And she had a pretty face, always shining with good cheer, and a lot of other nice ways about her.

"That's funny," Jack told himself frequently. "I never knew a woman could be so useful in this busy world. And he got to wishing that his arm wouldn't be in any hurry about getting mended, and his mind began thinking strange thoughts; that is, strange for him.

Of course, you know the nurse was Esther Richards. But he did not. A lot of changes take place in a person between the ages of eight and twenty-five; and there was no more reason why he should associate this Miss Richards with the one of his school days in Ohio than that she should recognize her childhood sweetheart in this Mr. Watson who was her patient.

Had Jack been less reticent about himself their former acquaintanceship would have looked out in the "small talk" that usually develops between a nurse and a convalescing patient; but as he was one who took things for granted and never displayed curiosity, especially concerning the affairs of women, he had not even asked the customary "Where is your home?" Naturally her professional reserve, acquired during nearly three years of training, precluded the possibility of her taking the initiative in such personal matters; so the fact that they had not been schoolmates and "puppy-love" sweethearts remained unrevealed.

He fought against the peculiar feeling that was creeping over him, but it was a losing fight. He gave up the struggle and confessed, first to himself and later to her, that he was in love with her. He told her all about it on the day he was to leave the hospital.

"Do you believe in love?" she inquired, as she stood beside the bed and retained that professional demeanor sufficiently to keep him from seizing her hand. "These days, people are beginning to have the idea that marriage is only a business contract."

Jack laughed and forgot all about Melbourne and real estate, business club dinners and hermit life.

"Love!" he echoed. "Surely, I believe in love. Every one was made for some one, and I was made for you. I've felt that ever since I first saw you standing by this bed and counting my heart-beats. Haven't you felt the same way?"

She forgot about "being professional" and her hand found its way into his.

"Perhaps," she confessed. "That's what we always read in books; and there may be something to it. Really, I feel as if I had known you always."

Lachesis smiled a smile of triumph. She drew the two threads together and held them side by side in one hand. With the other hand she reached into the happiness box and dabbed some of the contents of the threads. Then she carefully and methodically knotted them together.

You can't defy Lachesis and get away with it.

British Honduras.

British Honduras is in the tropics, but its climate is only sub-tropical. The maximum shade temperature is 98 degrees Fahrenheit, while the minimum is 50 degrees. Cholera, yellow fever and other tropical diseases occur from time to time, but on the whole the country is not unhealthy to comparison with the West Indies or the Central American countries. The dry season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of May. Rain occurs at intervals during the other months, and almost continuously during October, November and December. The annual rainfall averages about 81½ inches, but rises to some parts of the country to 150 inches or more. Easterly sea winds prevail during the greater part of the year.

The Humming Birds.

The smallest and most brilliant in color of all the feathered creations are the humming birds, and of the 400 species now to be found elsewhere than in this western hemisphere. It is noticed that humming birds once numerous in summer in Indiana have greatly diminished in number. An explanation is given that many thousands have been sacrificed in the millinery trade.

DAIRY FACTS

WATCH THE MILK SEPARATOR

Expert of Missouri College Offers Suggestions on Proper Operation of Machine.

Is the separator running all right? If not, it should be looked up once. L. W. Morley of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture offers the following suggestions regarding the separator: Be sure the machine is level and fastened to a firm foundation. member that the speed of the motor is an important factor in efficiency. If the crank is turning slowly an excessive amount of fat will be left in the skim milk. It should not be allowed to enter the chine until full speed is attained.

A temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit is best for separation. If cold when separated there is loss of fat. If the milk becomes too warm by placing it of milk in hot water. It is preferable, however, to separate the milk after it is drawn and before it is cold.

The separator should be kept if the highest efficiency of the chine and the best product is obtained. At the end of the run flush out the bowl by using the supply can about two or three times with lukewarm water. The parts should be washed with warm water and rinsed in scalding water, after which they should be allowed to dry.

SILO SOLVES FEED PROBLEM

Dairy Cattle Can Be Kept in Good Health Common to Animals on Good Pasture.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

With silage in the ration, dairy cattle can be kept in the condition of health common to animals on good pasture. The digestive system of a cow is suited for the utilization of large quantities of green grasses and other succulent material. Silage is digestible, and no other feed will combine so well with dry hay and a little to produce maximum economic results.

The preservation of the mature crop or the saving of one which any reason must be harvested at maturity by placing it in silage, thereby increasing in popularity 40 per cent of the total food in the corn plant is in the silage leaves. When only the ears are harvested nearly one-half of the crop is lost; on the other hand when the



Silo Helps Solve Winter Feed Problem on This Dairy Farm.

is put into the silo the losses are small. When drought, frost or attack of a field of corn before the entire crop may be lost, the silo is at hand in which to preserve the crop.

No feed crops can be so economically harvested under widely varying conditions as those that are put into silage. Only in case of drought or frost necessary to rush the silage into the silo; rain or dew on the forage will not injure the silage.

WORK OF BULL ASSOCIATION

Average Production of Sixteen Dams Was 1,145 Pounds More Milk—More Butterfat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The results of co-operative association work are encouraging. The 17 daughters of bulls in operation, 16 of which had an average production of the dams was 1,145 pounds more milk than the dams, and 26.7 per cent more fat.

BULL ASSOCIATION BIG

Owner of Small Dairy Herd Can Own a Share in a Good Well-Bred Animal.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The owner of a large herd can well afford to own a first-class bull and the bull association has no objection to the owner of a herd to own a share in a good bred bull.

Place for Separator. The cream separator must be placed in a milk house.

"BROADWAY QUARTET" IN FRANCE



These Yanks, who used to live in and around a well-known north Atlantic port, put on a Broadway musical show back of the lines in France for the entertainment of their comrades.