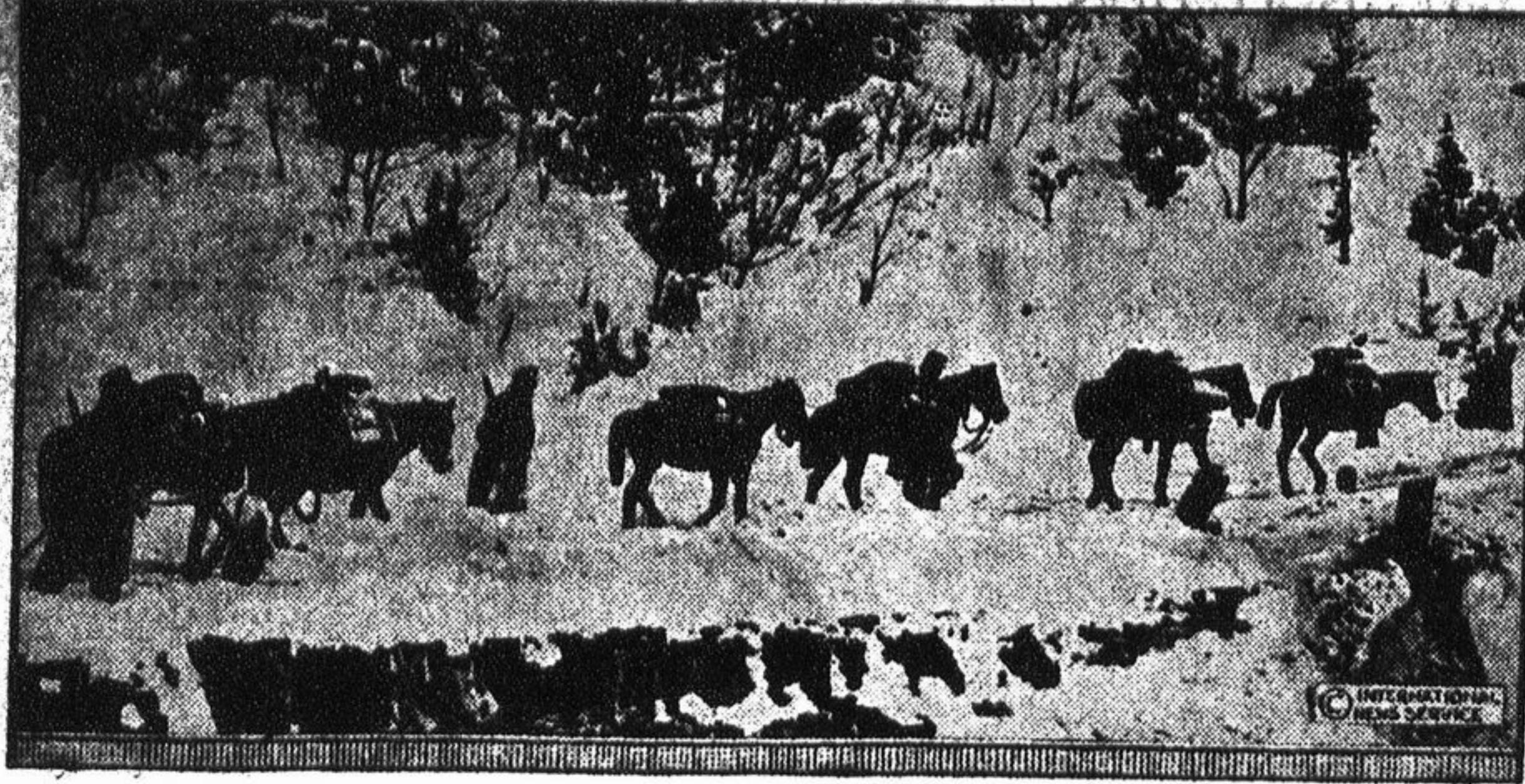


IN THE PASSES OF THE CARPATHIANS



The heavy snows in the Carpathians have made fighting there between the Russians and the Austrians one of the features of the great war. In places the soldiers have waded through snow thigh deep. The photograph shows an Austrian transport train going through one of the passes where wagons cannot be used.

WOOS OVER BORDER KEEP SENTRY BUSY

Barbed Wire Hinders Course of True Love.

Dutch Suitor Parted by Frontier Fence From Sweetheart on Next Farm Has Lively Experience Getting Past Sentries.

By W. J. L. KIEHL.  
(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)  
The Hague.—The course of true love runs anything but smoothly on the Belgian-Dutch frontier, especially when the sweethearts reside on opposite sides of the barbed-wire fence. Pete is a Netherlander, Mieke is a Belgian; his farm stands securely on Dutch soil, hers precariously in "Little Germany" (as the Germans call Belgium). At first the lovers had not noticed much of the war, which has left their district almost untouched; then a strong wire fence was put up and German detachments of cavalry continually patrolled the Belgian side, while sentries were placed at intervals with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

Now it was no longer possible to hold sweet converse at eventide after the farm work was done. All that remained was to walk, on one side of the wire, she on the other, and cast loving glances at each other, for the Germans would allow no talk across the border.

At last the swain spoke of his sad plight to an acquaintance who for a consideration made it his business to conduct Belgian refugees into Holland. Would Louis (that was the acquaintance's name) take him across on Saturday night so that he could pass the whole Sunday with his Mieke? And Louis promised to do so on the very next Saturday, when he was due on the other side to meet fugitives at a certain prearranged place to take them safely into Holland.

That Saturday evening was damp and misty. "Just the right sort of weather for us," Louis enthusiastically put it, but his companion could not quite agree with him, as he waded through marshes to the dike beyond which stretched the wire fence. He was wearing his Sunday best and the stepping mud did not improve the appearance of his nether garments. But Louis assured him this marshy land was just the safest spot to get across.

As they approached the dike Louis cautioned Pete not to whisper or even breathe loudly. Cautiously they crawled up the dike, reached the top and raised their heads for a hasty glance around, but at once dropped them again. For there—though luckily with his back toward them—stood a sentinel.

Down the dike slid the adventurers as noiselessly as they had come. Louis assured him that a few hundred yards farther along he knew of another safe place. This time they were more fortunate, and, like rabbits, they burrowed under and through the wire and stood on Belgian, or perhaps we should say German, ground.

"Now just a few hundred yards of marsh and then we get into a good hard road," Louis exclaimed, and they deemed their troubles over. Then they heard the tramp of feet along the good hard road and distinguished the form of a German patrol. The men came straight up to the gate that led into the marshy meadow where the frontier runners had hurriedly dropped to the earth. "They're only resting," said Louis.

And so it was. The Germans clambered on to the gate and sat there talking for about a quarter of an hour, that seemed like a century to the two cramped and bedraggled men.

Now, however, their troubles were over. They came out into the road and soon reached the small farm where Louis was to meet the refugees. Pete felt somewhat better after a hearty supper and dry clothes had been provided for him by the farm's sympathetic wife and she had consented to clean his Sunday attire and have it ready for him to wear next morning.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny, somewhat stiff from his unwanted sojourn in the strenuous suitor's quarters in the farm where his Mieke lived. Mieke, her mother and Pete were waiting the next when suddenly

they heard the thud of horses' hoofs and down the bend in the road they saw a patrol of uhlan heading straight for the house.

Mieke hastily pushed her gallant into the stable, then rushed back to remove the third plate and seat herself at the table as if nothing had happened. Pete hurriedly crept into a meal bin and drew down the lid. He must have been there for hours, when toward evening Mieke came into the stable.

"Where are you, Pete?" she whispered, and Pete crept out from his hiding place as white as a miller. Mieke stopped for a laugh, then told him to get away back into Holland as fast as possible, as the uhlan were not all asleep and this might be his only chance, for the whole patrol had been billeted on the farm and would be in and out at all hours.

So the sweethearts bade each other a hasty farewell and Pete hastened to return by the same arduous way he had come. Now he is once more doing his love making through a barbed-wire barrier.

WED ONLY FOR LOVE



Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard college declares that there are fewer divorces among college women than among any other class, because the college graduate is apt to marry purely for love and not for an occupation or a home. Motherhood, she declares, is really a profession, and a good cook may be a better one for a knowledge of Greek. The greatest value of a college education for girls, says Dean Gildersleeve, lies in just this: that it gives them a better balance, a more rounded outlook and a truer appreciation of life's values. The picture is from a specially posed photograph of Dean Gildersleeve.

EPITAPH ON STEPPING STONE

Found on Under Side of Slab Just Turned Over for First Time in 50 Years.

Columbia, Conn.—Needing a flat stone for repairs that he was making, Edward Phillips pried up one which for over fifty years had been used as a stepping-stone near the farmhouse back door. To his surprise he saw on the reverse side, in fairly plain letters, the inscription:

In memory of Emily, daughter of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Eunice Smith, who died April 15, 1814, aged six months and fifteen days.  
Rest, thou, sweet slumberer, in the peace of thy grave;  
Short was thy life; forgotten soon shalt thou be.  
Except the few who, drowned in sorrow's wave,  
With painful pleasure still remember thee.  
Nobody knows where the stone had been used or where it came from. Mr. Phillips' father bought the house over fifty years ago and the stone was at the back door then for a stepping stone. It is five feet long and nearly two feet wide.

Smugglers and Fugitives Run Gantlet on Holland

Many Shot, but Germans Hesitate to Fire Over Line for Fear of Neutrality Violation—Lacerated in Wire Maze.

Bergen-op-Zoom, Holland.—Dutch soldiers under arms stand at intervals along the Dutch-Belgian frontier near here, keen observers of the movements of the Germans in devastated Belgium. The Dutchmen, themselves not at war, live through at least some of the excitement of actual fighting, for in the stillness reigning over the peaceful agricultural districts about here they can hear from time to time the roar of cannon from the direction of Zebrugge. Also they are often witnesses of the chase by German troops of young Belgians making a dash for the frontier in an effort to get to Holland and thence across the channel to Flanders to join the Belgian army in Flanders.

The German sentries just over the river separating the two countries never cease their vigilant lookout for these young fellows and have taken many precautions to prevent their crossing the line. Bushes have been cut down and obstacles in the way of a clear view of the landscape have been removed. Barbed wire entanglements have been erected for many yards.

Yet the young Belgians dare everything. They crawl beneath the wire in the night and with luck manage in many cases to get through at the expense of torn clothing and flesh. Then, however, there is the open space before the frontier to pass. This is closely guarded by German landarmy troops, but the Belgians often try to cover it in a desperate dash under the fire of the sentries. Many of them succeed, for the Germans take good care not to fire in the direction of the frontier, as they would thus run the risk of shooting the Dutch sentinels on the other side of the line and in this way committing a breach of neutrality.

Once within Dutch territory the Belgian youths are free. As they are not yet soldiers, they cannot be interned and most of them make their way to a port for shipment across the channel. The Dutch troops on other parts of the frontier have to keep a sharp lookout for smugglers of contraband from their own territory into Germany. These smugglers, because of the rich profits in case of success, are daring and risky and do not hesitate to use violence against their own countrymen.

Gasoline and horses are the most profitable to the smugglers. The former brings at least triple its former price. Sound horses of any age fetch extraordinary prices from the Germans, anything up to \$500 being paid for draft horses.

All roads leading to the frontier are closed to traffic. Directly on the border line at wide intervals stand single sentries with their loaded rifles resting beneath their arms. About 200 yards farther back is a second line of sentries and behind these some distance in the rear are pickets of a dozen men, each with a noncommissioned officer.

The smugglers naturally keep to side paths or go across country. In case they should be seen by the pickets they are at once arrested and their loads confiscated.

Often, however, at night they succeed in passing through the gaps between the pickets. Then their progress becomes more difficult and their presence is often discovered by the forward lines of sentries, who fire if the smugglers, as sometimes happen, make a dash to reach the German lines.

Missed Chewing Tobacco.  
Oilton, Okla.—The fact that they took his chewing tobacco is made the main basis of Jack Mason's complaint to the county officers here in describing the men who held him up in the oil field, six miles south of Oilton. The men were not masked, but were strangers, and worked quickly. Mason did not have much to say about the \$7.50 they relieved him of, but asserted that good "chewing" is a luxury in the field.

WAR PRISONERS ARE WELL CARED FOR IN ENGLAND

Edward B. Clark Makes an Inspection of the Camp at Dorchester.

GERMANS GIVEN GOOD FOOD

Are Taken For Long Walks and Allowed to Play Games to Keep in Condition—London is Hourly Expecting an Attack from "on High."

By EDWARD B. CLARK.  
(Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper Union.)  
London, England.—For the first time since the war began up to the hour of this writing, England has been visited on two consecutive days, or rather nights, by hostile aircraft, which dropped bombs without doing very much damage. At this hour London fully is expecting an attack from what one without irreverence may call "on high."



Edward B. Clark.

place, but the one thing remains certain, that with expectation strong that something is going to drop on it, London continues to be the phlegmatic city that it always has been.

On the day that the bombs were dropped on two villages called Faversham and Sittingbourne, I came into London from a visit to a town near the coast and as I learned afterward I was not far ahead of the aeroplanes which did the shell dropping. From a personal point of view perhaps it were better to be ahead of the aeroplane, but from a reporter's point of view perhaps it was not unlucky! Nevertheless in the talk of the thing and in the preparations made by London for the coming of flying visitors, there was interest enough to keep the newspaper pulse throbbing.

It is taken for granted, of course, that courage is the same in all civilized countries, but it does seem as if the sort of cool indifference of the Englishman to the possibilities or probabilities of overhead attack is a peculiarly British characteristic. The

men in authority or prisoners, know that a newspaper man's visitor was to drop in to the place. I went there and found something very much like astonishment that a superior officer authority had given me permission to go to the camp, to look it over, and to write about it. This made me certain that no preparations for my visit had been made, and that I saw the captives in their normal state of treatment and imprisonment.

The Germans at Dorchester were all captured during or just after battles. Every man there had been doing his best for the Fatherland on the fighting line. Some of them had been badly wounded, but had been kept in hospitals until complete, or nearly complete recovery, before being sent to the prison camp proper. One young fellow, just or a little more than of age, had been badly wounded in the side at the battle of Solsona, or perhaps it were better to say at one of the many battles near Solsona, because back and forth about the place the armies had been struggling for a long time. This soldier youth was a student. He wore big spectacles, almost the size of motor-car goggles. He spoke English, which he told me he had learned at school, having never been in an English-speaking country in his life. If the American boy learns as good German in an American school as the English that soldier learned in a German school, our modern language teachers know their business.

Are Well Cared For.  
This boy spoke French also. Perhaps, in the present state of affairs he, as a German, is not particularly proud of his English and French-speaking accomplishments, but he knows the, to him, alien languages well. His English is almost without a trace of what we call foreign accent, and I suppose his French may be likewise, although I am not qualified to judge. This boy told me of his prison life, and said he had good food, a good bed and was comfortable, but with good food and a good bed he nevertheless was a prisoner. I thought on this as I talked to him, wondering all the while whether he, after all, would not prefer the battle and its dangers to the prison life, its semicomforts and its safety.

Much has been written about the uniform of the German armies, how its color makes it actually vanish when viewed at a little distance. Nearly all of the prisoners at Dorchester were still garbed in their field coats and trousers, and some of them still had their service caps. I saw many of these men at a distance of nearly two hundred yards, but I did not see them clearly, because with their caps drawn down over their eyes, thus making them virtually one color from toe to top, they melted into the surroundings so that they became part of them and were with the utmost difficulty picked out by the eye of the observer.

The prisoners at Dorchester live either in brick buildings which have stood for a good many years, or in frame structures recently erected for their accommodation. They sleep on the floor or at least upon boards removed from the floor by only a few inches. On these boards, however, is laid a thick mattress which seemingly is comfortable. Each sleeper has

food of various kinds went without a purchaser. The prisoners bought cigarettes and tobacco, oranges and bananas, and other things, but the solid foods stayed on the sales counter. The man in charge told me that there was virtually no demand for the substantial.

The captives at Dorchester have a recreation field three or four acres in extent, and there they play all sorts of games. They do ordinary work around the camp and, in addition to the exercise from game and work, they are taken out in big squads for tramps through the country outlying the camp, of course being constantly under guard.

Those of the prisoners with whom I talked individually proved to be most interesting men. One of them up to the time of the outbreak of the war had been a professor of languages in a German institution of learning. He knew the classics thoroughly and now while in prison he was striving hard to add English to his lingual accomplishments.

With one exception there was no prisoner in camp under the age of eighteen years. The exception was a boy of sixteen, who had been picked up from the water after a naval engagement. It was the intention of the authorities to send him, in a day or two, to another camp where other young naval apprentices are confined. Are Closely Guarded.

All about the camp at Dorchester, including of course the recreation ground, there runs a double line of barbed wire entanglements. Back of these for a large part of the inclosure there is a high wall. On a platform back of this wall the guards walk with fixed bayonet and loaded rifle. Escape seems well-nigh impossible. Yet it is true that recently two prisoners, both officers, escaped from another prison, presumably just as well guarded as is this one, and they were not recaptured until they had wandered about the country for nearly a week.

In the camp at Dorchester there are several members of the Prussian guard. They are huge men and of a wonderful physique. The rest of the prisoners are just about like the average of other nationalities in size and build. All of them look like pygmies, however, by the side of the Prussian guard giants. There are no German officers confined at this camp. The enlisted men captives, however, are not entirely from what some people call the lower walks of life. They represent the merchant, the farmer and the professional classes.

These captives hear from home under certain restrictions. The American embassy has taken over the affairs of Germany, and it is America today as represented in England, which has in its care in a way these German prisoners of war. Of course, it must not be understood that America says that this must be done or that must be done, but it makes representations on behalf of the German government, when so requested, and it looks after matters pertaining to the communication which is kept up between the prisoners and their kinsfolk, and also to the transmission under regulation of money from father and mother or sister and brother in the Fatherland to the member of the family fold who is a prisoner in an alien land.

The prisoners at Dorchester showed an interest, and rather a keen one, when it was known that an American was to visit them and wished to talk to them about their welfare. The reason for this in large part was as I found somewhat to my astonishment, that as near as could be determined, not one of the many captives at Dorchester ever had visited the United States. An American was a curiosity, I thought it was possible that I could find among them all some man who would like to send a message to a friend whom he had known in the United States, but not one of them ever had crossed the water to visit the land where so many of their countrymen have found a home.

VOTES 53 YEARS, NOT CITIZEN

Veteran of the Civil War Has Just Discovered He is Still an Alien.

Los Angeles, Cal.—John Kirby, born in England, veteran of the Civil war, and a voter at every presidential election since the close of the war, has just discovered that he is still an alien.

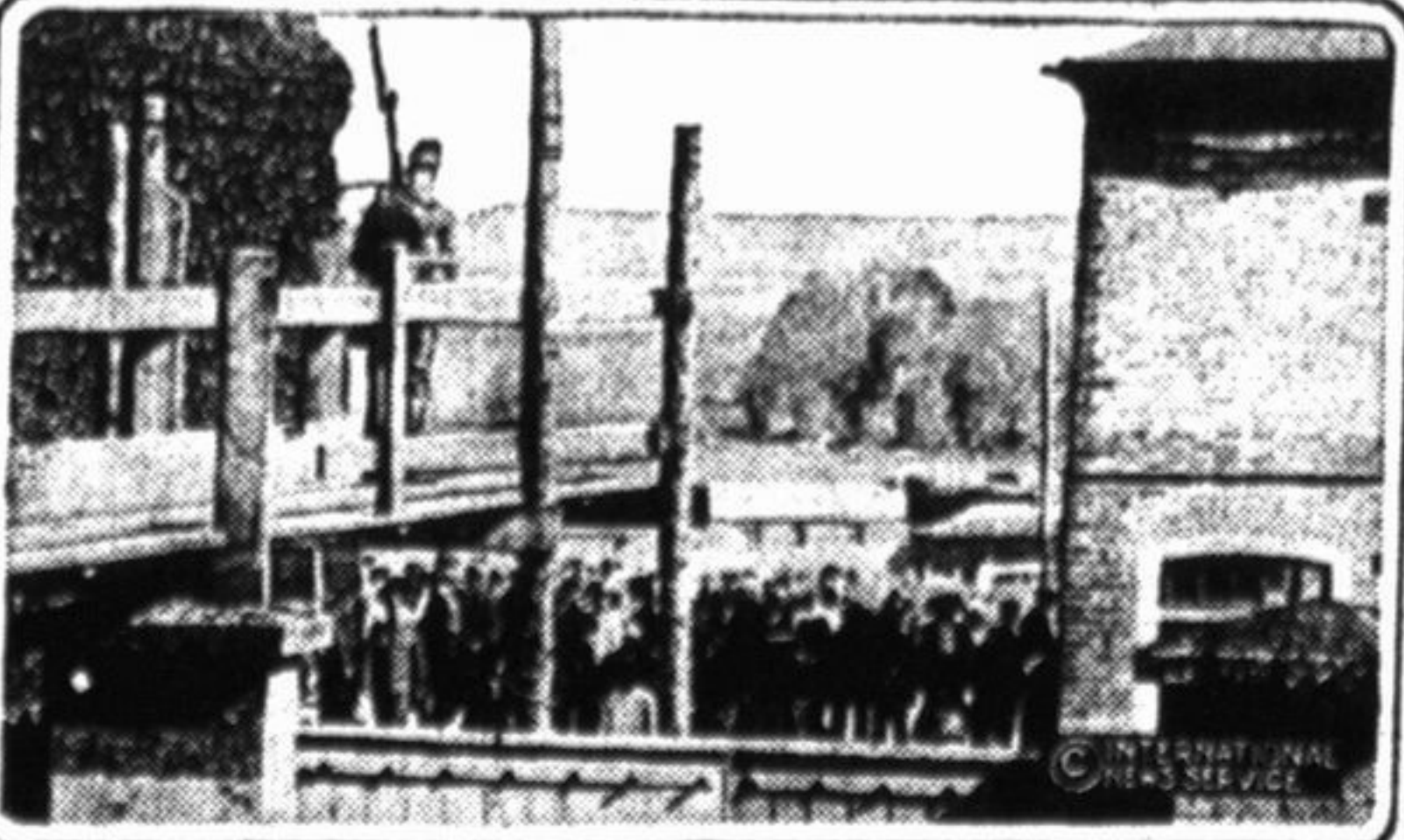
Kirby, now seventy-three, took the oath of allegiance when he joined the army and assumed that that oath made him an American citizen.

While proving up on a homestead in the United States land office he was asked to show his naturalization papers. He had none. After fifty-three years of practical citizenship, he said he would try again legally to become an American.

ANTS MAKE HOUSES UNSAFE

Stability of a Kansas College Building is Menaced by Burrowing Termites.

Manhattan, Kan.—The wooden partitions and floors of the administration building of the State Agricultural college here are to be torn out and cement floors and walls substituted. The measure has become necessary on account of the termites, or white ants, which have damaged the woodwork. The termites, which live on dry vegetable and fiber substances, have proved a pest at the college, and in other places over the state, according to the entomology department of the college. They have damaged other buildings at the college in the past.



German Concentration Camp at Dorchester.

Londoner, from the man who sells the cat's meat to the man who lives in the palace, doesn't seem to care a rap whether hell in hell form is to drop down from the heavens or not. After he gets a taste of it it may be different, but thus far there is only a curiosity in the matter which virtually seems to take on the nature of a curious desire to see what will happen when it does happen. The American boy on the Fourth of July likes to hold a firecracker in his fingers to see if it will hurt when it explodes. This seems to be the attitude of the Londoner in the present case when a Taube or a Zeppelin may come zigzagging out of the horizon line at any minute, day or night.

Dorchester Prison Camp.  
Down at a place called Dorchester, from which a thriving suburb of the city of Boston, Mass., takes its name, there is a camp where German prisoners of war are confined. I have been allowed to visit this camp, and the tour of inspection was most interesting, although it is never a humanly pleasant thing to look on prisoners, whether they be Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen or captives of whatever nation. The thing was interesting because, while in the main the place and its environs were peaceful, they nevertheless presented a picture of war's conditions. I was not told definitely just how many prisoners there were at Dorchester, but I was allowed to make an estimate and to use it. I think there are about 2,200 Germans in the compound.

These men of Wilhelm's armies are not having a very hard time of it. I want to say that nobody at the camp, three blankets with which to keep himself warm.

The food which the English give the Germans at Dorchester, and the camp there is said to be a typical one, is not the food of a Michigan boulevard or Fifth avenue hotel, but those who must eat it say that it is good and that there is enough of it. I proved to my own satisfaction that the captives really were satisfied with their food and were not simply telling me so because a British army officer was present while I was talking to him. I had sense enough to know that no prisoner would care to complain of his food while one of the authoritative ones was present, and so I wanted to make it certain, as far as I could, whether or not the prisoners had just cause to complain, but yet either did not care to or dare to do it.

May Buy Little Comforts.  
Every prisoner at Dorchester is allowed to receive money from friends to be used to purchase such permitted things as will add to his comfort. There is a store within the prison, canteen they call it, at which the captives may make purchases. I went to that store and watched prisoner after prisoner as he came to buy. Solid food was on sale there, and many tempting articles of food of the lighter kind as well. I reasoned that if the men were dissatisfied with the food that was issued to them, or that it was not nutritious, they would spend their money on food which they felt they needed to keep up their strength, and perhaps their hearts.

With the exception of fruit, no prisoner made a purchase of food. Fine bacon, fine canned soups and canned