The Escapades Of An Airman

"Yet another prisoner has escaped from the internment camp at the Alexandra Palace, Wood Green, N. . . Considerable mystery surrounds his disappearance, and so far there is no trace of him. . . . He is something of a dandy in appearance, and is known by the great care he takes in his hands. . . ." So ran a notice in a London newspaper of May 31st, 1916. The escaped prisoner was Konstantin Maglic, a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Naval Air Service, and he tells his exciting story in "The Dandy Hun" (Lane, 6s.). Almost as soon as he arrived at Alexandra Palace he began to plan to get away again. And getting out was easy enough for this resourceful airman. Certain prisoners were allowed to do some gardening in the park outside the camp. A cleverly faked pass, and he had made the first step towards freedom:—

"And now everything seemed to go as I had a hundred times, when planning, hoped that it would do. I dared not clamber over the park railings in daylight, so concealed myself in a clump of shrubs and waited for night. . . . At nine o'clock I jumped over the railings. I found myself in a broad, deserted, suburban street. . . . And, to my joy, the street was in complete darkness, on account of the Zeppelins."

IN THE WEST-END.

By bus and tram he zigzagged up to the West-end. He was comparatively safe in the daytime, for he had a fair amount of money and carried no luggage except a toothbrush and a razor. His problem became more acute by nightfall:—

"I turned towards Piccadilly. I had been on my legs for twelve hours on end and my body was dropping with fatigue; but I dared not knock at the door of the meanest hotel, for at all of them there was compulsory registration, reported to the police. Finally, when the stifling streets were growing deserted, I accepted the invitation of a gentle, fair-haired "sweetheart." She had a clean room in which I could find a hiding place, and she let me sleep on undisturbed until dawn. Daylight, however, found me again roofless and on the pavement."

He was forced to spend most of his nights in the same way until he found his way to the East-end, where fewer questions were asked. From seven in the morning till midnight he would wander through the streets. To get a little rest he sometimes visited a cinema. But, he says:—

"I soon saw that it was not safe there. Military patrols out to catch persons evading service would enter the halls, even in the afternoons, and demand to see one's papers of identity. I therefore left off going to the anti-German war films and retired to St. Paul's Cathedral, where I did not find much sign of piety. Marble statuary, gilding, mosaics, and stained glass. I would sink down in a corner, as if absorbed in prayer. In reality I slept like a dormouse until awakened by some noise or other, or by the discomfort of my position; a wooden bench is far from being a four-post bed."

A NASTY MOMENT.

He had some ticklish moments. One night, in desperation, he determined to risk the registration questions at an hotel near Aldgate. He gave out that he was an Italian:—

"'Then I can't give you a room,' said the woman. 'I'm very sorry. You must go to Bishopsgate, to the Police Station, and get sanction and instructions. Then you can get a room.' . . .

"I was going simply to withdraw, when a gentleman in mufti joined in the conversation. 'As you are a stranger to London, I shall be happy to go with you to Bishopsgate and assist you there. I am an officer in the detective force.'

"His features were half in the shadow. I could not see his eyes. Yet my heart stopped still from the sudden fright. I felt paralyzed from head to foot."

He got away in the end by explaining that he knew exactly where Bishopsgate was.

Finally he managed to bribe some Norwegian sailors to smuggle him on board their ship. Disguised as a stoker he got past the sentries at the entrance gate of the Regent Docks. But his troubles were by no means over. Once on the ship he "had to hide in the miserable space partitioned off in the room devoted to the hand-steering gear. It was stored with cabbages and other vegetables. The whole closet was barely four feet long. I lay against the iron wall painfully huddled up. . . . A terrible chill radiated from the iron floor. I wrapped myself up in a deck awning and was nearly choked by the clouds of dust shaken out from it."

And then to be captured again after getting so far. He was discovered by the boatswain before the ship was clear even of the English mine-fields, and handed over to a patrol boat. No wonder he says, "I cannot understand how I managed to escape insanity on the night that followed."

IN ITALIAN PRISONS.

Altogether Lieutenant Maglic was in and out of captivity for twenty-eight months before he was allowed to return to his country in an exchange of prisoners. His adventures began when he was captured by the Italians in the Adriatic after a bombing raid on Bari. After sampling several prisons he was sent to Forli, near Bologna. Lack of reading matter was one of his chief hardships. At Forli he had only one novel, and at Pianosa he was permitted "nothing to read but dictionaries, which were ordered from Leghorn—Italian-French, Italian-English, and Italian-Spanish. So I spent a whole month doing nothing but learn by heart the dead contents of these dictionaries. Anyhow, it soothed my restless worrying thoughts. And if my spirit became wearied of the mechanical compulsion, I would spur myself on by the reflection—this also is a way to freedom. I would say to myself: 'How should one ask in three or four languages for a railway ticket, a room in a hotel, or for work as a waiter or laborer?'"

In England the prisoners used to pass their time in the weirdest ways. For a game called "Fishes" they "sat in a circle, and one who was in the centre would stare at the ground (which represented the water) and would make movements with an imaginary hook, just as if real fish were gnawing at the bait. The others would watch with sporting interest."

At Forli his thoughts always turned towards freedom. He was housed in an old monastery, and hit on the idea of escaping through the tower! Procuring a rope and some burglar's tools—he does not tell us how—he broke open the door of his room:—

"Then I entered the tower, unfastened the rope coiled around my body and knotted it on to a thick, worm-eaten beam and lowered myself through the bell-rope shaft. The church was dark as a coffin. Only, the usual votive lamp was burning; its ruddy glow, very weak, played indistinctly on a primitive picture of the Madonna. A scent of incense, which slightly stupefied me. My heart pounded madly. Around me deathly silence, yet I felt as if the organ were playing loudly and I were singing a joyful *Te Deum*."

By listening to the trains passing he had already worked out a timetable. He reached the station at Faenza, and saw that stowing away would be safer than buying a ticket. As the train was moving out he "ran across the track and climbed on to the running-board of a carriage. The curtains were drawn. Cautiously creeping like a cat, I sneaked forward to the buffers between two passenger carriages. There I crouched in the dust and roaring din. I sat astride behind the iron plates, which are displaced by every curve, every jerk, every clash of the carriages. Stations flew by—Imola, San Pietro. I had a splitting headache. My hands gripped the rivets in the wall. However, I did not fall off. It is hard to set limits to what a man can do, if his life is at stake."

STOPPED AT THE ORKNEYS.

By a roundabout way he got to Genoa, where, after a good deal of trouble, he found sanctuary on a Greek steamer bound for the United States. From New York the next thing was to get home to Austria again. Posing as a Serbian waiter who wished to return to Europe after some years spent in America, he secured a passport and joined a ship for Christiania. Off the Orkneys an English naval officer and twelve men came aboard and ordered all passengers to Kirkwall for examination. There he was detained and told he must be sent to Edinburgh. Later he learned "the reason for my arrest in Kirkwall—the British Government had received a secret report from New York:—

"'Second-class passenger "Frederick VIII." Stevan Petrovich is an Austrian officer.'

'On March 22nd the White Star liner 'Cedric' brought a detailed report.

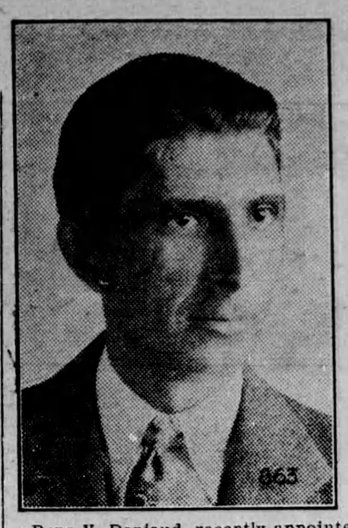
"On March 23rd I was transferred to London."

SET FREE IN LONDON.

Lieutenant Maglic was brought to London still protesting that he was a Serbian waiter. The amazing thing was that he was set free on the night he arrived! After being questioned at Scotland Yard, a detective drove him through the dark streets. The car stopped at a hotel "in Shaftesbury Avenue which runs out of Piccadilly Circus. The detective made me over to the manager, requiring him to fill in a document about me. He then left, after warning me to be at New Scotland Yard the next morning at eleven. I was entered in the hotel register as 'Mr. Petrovich, Serbian.'"

Having spent a night in perplexity he decided to bluff it out and went to Scotland Yard next morning. A few hours later he was prisoner No. 9082 at the Alexandra Palace.

This is one of the best books about escaping that we have had from "the other side." Nobody can fail to admire the "Dandy Hun's" resourcefulness and never-say-die spirit any more than they can fail to enjoy his adventures. One is sorry to learn, in a publisher's note at the end, that in June, 1918, only six months after he returned to his home, Lieutenant Maglic crashed in a new model aeroplane he was testing, and was killed.



Rene Y. Daniaud, recently appointed District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Algoma District, with headquarters at North Bay. Mr. Daniaud was formerly Travelling Passenger Agent at Winnipeg.

TRIP TO ENGLAND AT 86

Not so very long before she made a trip from Vancouver to London, England, this woman of 86 was almost helpless with rheumatism. Her daughter tells how she was able to make such a journey:

"Some years ago my mother was a martyr to rheumatism, and could not get about without the use of two sticks. She was told of Kruschen Salts and decided to try them. After taking one bottle she found great relief, and after two bottles was able to walk without the aid of sticks. She has never been without Kruschen since, and takes a small dose two or three times a week. She is still able to travel and go about, although she was 89 last February. Indeed, at 86 she travelled the double journey between Vancouver and London, England. She has recommended Kruschen to many people who have also found benefit from it."—K. B. L.

What a lesson there for the younger folk! Why should anyone suffer from unfitness, rheumatism, constipation, backache—after reading this woman's letter? What Kruschen can do for a woman of advanced age, it can surely do for you.

IRISH!

Pat O'Toole had worked for the same village council for close on forty-four years, and had at last decided to retire.

In appreciation of his long and faithful service the council arranged to give him a sum of money and they asked Murphy, the foreman, to present it.

One Friday, Murphy gathered the rest of the men in the canteen for the presentation.

"Pat O'Toole," he commenced a little falteringly you have worked for the council for over forty years and OI believe you are now going to leave us?"

"That's roight," said Pat.

"Well, the council was so glad they asked me to hand you this sum of twenty pounds," concluded Murphy.

First Office Boy—"The boss called me in consultation to-day."

Second Office Boy—"G'wan."

First Office Boy—"Fact. He had a dispute with the junior partner as to who wuz leadin' the league just now in battin'.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaing Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Ready for school! Well I guess! It's so thoroughly smart and typically French. The front panel extends into the circular skirt at the front and makes it very easy to fashion. Isn't the neckline smart with turnover collar and bow tie?

A fine striped woolen tweed effect in rich brown made the original. The pockets, belt and sleeve cuffs were vivid red woolen. The tie in crepe de chine matched the plain red woolen. The collar of white pique was made detachable so as to be readily laundered.

Style No. 3311 may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material with ⅜ yard of 35-inch light and ¼ yard of 35-inch dark contrasting.

Wool jersey in yankee blue with vivid red jersey is smart. Cut the skirt with panel front, collar and cuffs of the blue shade and the bodice and sleeves of the red.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

THE TURNING-POINT

The Mexican general was severely reprimanding his timid colonel.

"How came you to lose the battle?" he asked fiercely.

"The enemy, they attacked us in the rear," explained his subordinate nervously.

"Bah! I was informed that they attacked you in the front," snapped the general.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"But that was our rear when they got there," he replied.

Teacher—"Tommy, come here and give me what you've got in your mouth!" Tommy—"I wish I could. It's toothache."

Duke of Connaught inspects the London Rifle Brigade at Blackdown, where the regiment is undergoing a week's training.

Great Value in either of these—

Red Rose Tea

Red Label, 25c. ½lb.

Orange Pekoe, 38c. ½lb.

They never let you down

Owl Laffs

September

How dear to my heart is golden September—
The melons, the peaches, the green waving corn,
And scarlet tomatoes that glow like an ember,
Reflecting the flame of the reddening morn.
Mellow with thoughts of the days we remember,
Bright with the promise of coming good cheer—
Colorful, comforting, kindly September,
Golden September, the crown of the year!

Some of the society women look good in these new evening gowns, but they would no doubt look better if they were a little farther in them.

Dumb Dora (at baseball game)—"Oh, look, we have a man on every base!"

Another Dumb One—"That's nothing, so has the other side."

A childless couple adopted a three months old French orphan. Then they took a correspondence course in French so they would be able to understand the baby when it started to talk.

Ralph—"Is Muriel the kind of girl who encourages a man to make love to her"

Gerald—"Yes. The last time I was with her she kept wondering what it would feel like to have a mustache on her face."

Just like a man—He keeps a girl waiting two years to get married, and then gets sore if she keeps him waiting two minutes at the church.

Mary (as the new baby is shown to her and her two brothers)—"Oh! nurse, he isn't Chinese."

Nurse—"Of course not."

Mary—"Well, our teacher says that every fourth child is Chinese."

Cool Pellets For the Hot Days

An old timer is a man who still remembers when it seemed funny to call two a family. Using tobacco is foolish, but a fellow hates to have his mother-in-law tell him so. A lot of fellows who know how to make and read charts are dead broke. When a man says he feels as young as he ever did it's a sign he doesn't. When they get through improving the airplane, they'll probably improve the air. It is harder to keep a bad man up than it is to keep a good man down. Truth is mightier but many of the lies are lots more entertaining. A lot of folks are happy and don't know it until something unpleasant occurs. There are a number of people on the ether who should be under it. What you are to-morrow depends on what you think and do to-day.

Father—"So you want to marry my daughter"

Sutor—"Yes. But first I want to know if there is any insanity in your family?"

Father—"No, and there's not going to be any."

It usually takes a week or two to fully recover from a vacation.

During a recent dance a boy and a girl went out to sit on the porch for a while. He got sentimental:

He—"What a night! What a girl! What a moon—what a combination!"

She—"Heavens! Is that showing, too?"

Give Cupid a break! You can't expect true love to run smoothly—when it is on the rocks.

The man who wants a few things—and really wants them bad enough—is likely to get some of them at least.

It is natural at times to talk. But people are afraid to be abandoned to conversation without stimulus. It is the diversion which many of them find not only most difficult but most embarrassing. For along with the boldness of modern society has come great shyness in some respects. Minds are often difficult when morals are not. With all the increasing freedom of speech has come a singular inarticulateness. — Margaret Culkin Banning, Author.

Man (buying a dog): "I want a fidgety sort of animal; one that will make my wife keep saying, 'George, I think that dog wants taking out for a run.'"

Classified Advertising

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WANTED.

AM LOOKING FOR WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in Ontario which I could lease for a term with purchase in view. Send particulars to Box 12, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

MOTOR BOAT FOR SALE.

RICHARDSON DOUBLE CABIN cruiser, about thirty feet, in use altogether only four or five months in two seasons; complete equipment including carpets, bed and table linen, china, glassware and silver as well as all marine equipment and many extras. This cruiser with its two cabins and its well equipped galley is an unusually comfortable boat for week-ends or longer cruises for four to six people. It is exceptionally seaworthy and has cruised all over the Great Lakes. It has a high class and very economical 60 horsepower, six-cylinder power plant with complete electric lighting throughout and speed of 12 to 14 miles per hour. It is a special paint job and very attractive in appearance. Owner will sacrifice for half its original cost. H. Watkins, 73 W. Adelaide St., Toronto.

Compensation

Some of these summers I'm going to go
Where peaks pierce the heavens or rivers flow,
Or down by the ocean where billows roll,
Or out where the quiet can soothe my soul—
I and my diary, my Camera and I, . . .
Down through the valleys or up near the sky,
Up by the edelweiss, down by the Sea,
And bring something home . . . to Live with me.

All my vacations . . . and yours . . . what were they?
Something in passing, to just throw away?
A journey to Otherwhere—Somewhere and Back? . . .
Maps and time-tables, a suitcase to pack? . . .
Old friends to leave and new friends to greet,
Nodding and passing in Holiday Street?
Going Somewhere with that restless expression—
Marching along with a season's procession?
Some of these summers! . . . This holiday haste,
Packing, unpacking, forgetting and waste! . . .
Give me a journey—a jaunt that shall be
Forever a memory living in me!
Roundtrips from Here to the Promise of There—
What from Today that Tomorrow can share?
Urge of a season . . . an instinct to roam!
But give me some memories . . . to bring back Home.

Take me to mountains or down by the streams
That water the flowers in my Garden of Dreams,
But when I come Home, let my memories be
Something from Somewhere . . . to Live with me.

—By Henry Edward Warner in Travel Guide.

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