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AMONG THE FARMERS. "SPREAD THE FLOW." Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications to the Editor of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, South Paris, Me.

A Message to Egg Producers. (John S. Carter, Poultry Specialist.) At this time of the year many hens in our flocks are apt to have rather bad colds and even run. Colds in a flock cause a rapid decrease in egg production, and for that reason if no other, should be guarded against. The symptoms of cold are loss of appetite, sneezing, hard breathing, watery discharge from eyes and nose, dullness, and in some cases a wheezing when trying to breathe. The best cure is to prevent colds by remedying the causes.

PREVENT COLD. Lice: Hens that are covered with lice are low in vitality because of their heavy infestation, and for this reason are especially susceptible to infection from colds. Prevent the ravages of lice by applying a piece of "Blue Ointment" to the neck of the bird, just below the vent of the infected bird. Don't wait until your hens have contracted colds before "Blue Ointment" should be used. It is, however, better late than never.

SANITARY CONDITIONS. Not only must we have the birds free from lice to prevent colds, but we must also keep them clean. It is important in the fall and winter, when our hens are housed and have no outdoor run, to keep the litter on the floor clean and dry; keep the droppings cleaned from the dropping boards; keep the nest clean; and lastly to supply them with plenty of clean fresh water and keep the water pan or pail clean. Dirty, diseased water is the quickest means of spreading colds and roup.

CROWDING ON ROOSTS. Pullets often crowd on the roosts and in the corners during the fall and winter. Crowding of this kind produces what is called "wetting." Birds jumping from the roosts to the cold floor of the house in this wet condition take cold very quickly. It is important to see that all of your birds are roosting and have plenty of room on the roost. If they persist in huddling on one part of the roost, leaving part of the roost vacant, look for a draft.

Plenty of fresh air is essential to health and insures a dry and healthy litter. The open front house provides us with fresh air and no draughts and supplies the birds with an abundance of oxygen which makes them strong, active and resistant to disease. There is no greater menace to the birds than draughts striking on them from cracks and crevices behind the roosts. Be sure such cracks are tightly closed if you wish to avoid colds.

DRY LITTER. Damp and mouldy litter is responsible for more colds during the winter than any other one thing. If you wish to keep your birds healthy and free from colds it is very important that the litter always be maintained dry. The best litter for Maine conditions is a mixture of sawdust or rye straw and clean shavings. This litter can be kept dry by having a well ventilated open front house with a board roof two feet from the ground, and the circulating air will keep the litter dry when it becomes finely broken up. The litter cannot be kept dry in a closed front poultry house where a draft is laid on the ground. Keep the litter dry!

BEHNS OF LOW VITALITY. Small, immature, inactive, "crow-head" and "dumpy" individuals are always the first to have the fall and winter colds. The cause of their poor vitality. They are a menace to the rest of the flock as carriers of disease and as they are non-producers of eggs they should be culled out of the flock and better disposed of as table birds.

TREATMENT OF COLDS. First look for the cause, having found it, apply the remedy at once for it will be found of no avail to treat the hens for colds if you have not removed the factor that caused them in the first place. As colds may be spread through the drinking water, it will be found advisable to add a couple of drops of kerosene to the water or to mix one teaspoonful of potassium permanganate crystals to a pail of water. Both of these will kill the germs that cause the colds and will also kill the germs that cause the colds and will also kill the germs that cause the colds.

At the same time feed in place of the morning scratch grain, a wet mash made up of the regular scratch grain, one teaspoonful of Epom-Salt, one teaspoonful to a bird, dissolved in a little water, mixed with the mash. Feed this mash in the morning and it will keep the birds healthy and will also kill the germs that cause the colds and will also kill the germs that cause the colds.

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Redemption of Waste Lands. Secretary Lane of the Federal Interior Department, has suggested to Congress the Maine plan of redeeming waste lands and making it possible for returning soldiers who are interested in farming to take up homesteads under favorable conditions. The National Grange has taken the position that such a proposition is unwise and should be opposed. The State Grange has taken similar action. And last week at a meeting of the executive committee of the State Grange, State Pomological Society, Maine Dairyman's Association, Seed Improvement Association and the State Department of Agriculture, according to the report of the secretary it was voted that it is the unanimous opinion of this committee that the redemption of waste lands is impracticable and not applicable to Maine conditions. The position of the National Grange is defendable and may be the best thing for the country. But it would be perfectly possible to put Secretary Lane's program into action in Maine. It may not be wise. No Maine man at the Washington conference with the secretary advocated the scheme. But without committing themselves to the advisability of a general program, the members of Maine went to Washington a short time ago to lay before the secretary what Maine has to offer. In fact, Congress never would have been written but for the success of the program set forth in these pages.

Miracles, luck, coincidence, Providence—it doesn't matter what you call it—certainly played an important part in the series of half-breath escapes in which I figured during the short but eventful appearance in the great drama now being enacted across the seas. Without it, all my efforts and sufferings would have been quite unavailing.

No one realizes this better than I do and I want to repeat it right here because elsewhere in these pages I may appear occasionally to overlook or minimize it; without the help of Providence I would not be here today.

But this same Providence which brought me home safely, despite all the dangers which beset me, may work similar miracles for others, and it is in the hope of encouraging other poor devils who may find themselves in situations as hopeless apparently as mine that I write these words.

When this cruel war is over—which I trust may be sooner than I expect it to be—I hope I shall have an opportunity to revisit the scenes of my adventures and to look in person at the mysterious way a copy of this book may fall into the hands of every one who befriended me. I hope particularly that every good Hollander who played the part of the Good Samaritan to me so bountifully after my escape from Belgium will see these pages and feel that I shall have a chance to pay my compliments to those who endeavored to take advantage of my distress.

In the meanwhile, however, I can only express my thanks in this ineffective manner, trusting that the same time I hope I shall have a chance to pay my compliments to those who endeavored to take advantage of my distress.

CHAPTER I. The Folly of Despair. Less than three months ago, eighteen years of age, I was a young man, left for England on the Megantic.

If any of them was over twenty-five years of age, he had successfully concealed the fact because they were old men for the R. F. C.

Nine of the squadron were British, the others were American. I was a young man, left for England on the Megantic.

CHAPTER II. I Became a Fighting Scout. I started flying in Chicago in 1912. I was then eighteen years old, but I had been a hawker for the air ever since I can remember.

As a youngster I followed the exploits of the Wrights with the greatest interest, although I must confess I really began to get into the spirit of the thing when I saw a man in a suit and tie, with a check at his waist, I got more whacks than I was looking for later on.

Needless to say, my parents were very much opposed to my risking my life at what was undoubtedly at that time one of the most hazardous "pastimes," young fellow could select, and every time I had a smashup or some other mishap I was ordered never to go near an aviation field again.

So I went out to California. There another fellow and I built our own machine, which we flew in various parts of the state.

In the early part of 1918, when trouble was brewing in Mexico, I joined the American flying corps. I was sent to San Diego, where the army flying school is located, and spent about eight months there, but as I was anxious to get into active service and there didn't seem to be much chance of my getting into the war, I resigned and, crossing over to Canada, joined the Royal Flying Corps at Victoria, B. C.

I was sent to Camp Borden, Ontario, first to receive instruction and later to instruct. While a cadet I made the first loop ever made by a cadet in Canada, and after I had performed the stunt I half expected to be kicked out of the service for it. Apparently, however, they considered the source and let it go at that. Later on I had the satisfaction of introducing the loop as part of the regular course of instruction for cadets in the R. F. C., and I want to say right here that Camp Borden has turned out some of the best pilots that have ever gone to France.

# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By Lieutenant PAT O'BRIEN. (By Pat O'Brien.)



PREFACE. Hundreds of miles from the nearest neutral territory the frontier of which was so closely guarded that even if I got there it seemed too much to hope that I could ever get through, what was the use of enduring further agony?

And yet here I am, in the land of liberty—although in a somewhat obscure corner of it—the little town of Monmouth, Ill., where I was born—very much the worse for wear after a long and arduous journey.

Two years ago, and as I write these words not eight months have passed since my seventeen comrades and I sailed from Canada on the Megantic.

Can it be possible that I was spared to convey a message of hope to others who are destined to follow me, and that I shall feel that my sufferings were not in vain.

Years ago I heard of the epitaph which is said to have been found on a child's grave: "If I was so soon to be done for, what, O Lord, was I ever begun for?" The way it came to me since I returned from Europe is:

"If, Lord, I was to be done for, what were my sufferings ever begun for?" Perhaps the answer lies in the suggestion I have made.

At any rate, if this record of my adventures should prove instrumental in sustaining others who need courage, and if I should feel that my sufferings were not in vain.

It is hardly likely that anyone will quite duplicate my experiences, but I haven't the slightest doubt that many will have to go through trials equally nerve-racking and disheartening.

It would be very far from the mark to imagine that the optimism which I am preaching now so glibly sustained me through all my troubles. On the contrary, I am free to confess that I frequently gave way to despair and, at times, felt so dejected and discouraged that I really didn't care what happened to me. Indeed, I rather hoped that something would happen to put an end to my misery.

But despite all my despondency and hopelessness, the worst never happened, and I can't help thinking that my optimism must have been designed to show the way to others.

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In May, 1917, I and seventeen other Canadian fliers left for England on the Megantic, where we were to be trained for service in France.

Our squadron consisted of nine Americans, C. C. Robinson, H. A. Miller, F. S. McCullough, A. Allen, E. B. Garnet, H. K. Boyen, H. A. Smeaton and A. Taylor, and myself, and nine Britishers, Paul H. Roney, J. R. Park, C. Nemes, C. R. Moore, T. L. Atkinson, F. C. Conry, A. Muir, E. A. L. F. Smith and A. C. Jones.

Within a few weeks after our arrival in England all of us had won our "wings," the insignia worn on the left breast by every pilot on the western front.

We were all sent to a place in France known as the Pool Pilots Mess. Here men gather from all the training squadrons in Canada and England and await assignment to the various squadrons of which they are to become members.

The Pool Pilots Mess is situated a few miles back of the lines. Whenever a pilot is shot down or killed the Pool Pilots Mess is notified to send another to take his place.

There are so many casualties every day in the R. F. C. at one point of the front or another that the demand for new pilots is quite active, but when a fellow is itching to get into the fight as badly as I and my friends were I must confess that we got a little impatient. We realized that we were every time a new man was called in, that some one else had, in all probability, been killed, wounded or captured.

One morning an order came for a scout pilot and one of my friends was assigned. I can tell you the rest of us were as covetous of him as if it were the last chance any of us were ever going to have to get to the front. As it was, however, hardly more than three hours had elapsed before another wire was received at the mess and I shall feel that I was a very good friend. I afterward learned that as soon as he arrived at the squadron he prevailed upon the commanding officer of the squadron to wire me.

At the Pool Pilots Mess it was the custom of the officers to wear "shorts" breeches that about eight inches below the knee were cut off, leaving a long, like the boy scouts wear, leaving a space of about eight inches of open country between the top of the puttees and the end of the shorts. The Australians wore them in Saloniki and at the Dardanelles.

When the order came in for me, I had these "shorts" on, and I didn't have time to change into other clothes. Indeed, I was in such a sweat to get to the front that if I had been in my pajamas I think I would have gone that way. As it was, it was a little awkward, but I managed to get on.

Two hours through, and as I write these words not eight months have passed since my seventeen comrades and I sailed from Canada on the Megantic.

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When we first noticed the Hun, our machine was about six miles back of the German lines and we were lying high up in the sky, keeping the sun behind us, so that the enemy could not see us.

We picked out three of the machines and dove down on them. I went right by the controls I picked for myself and my observer in the rear seat kept pumping at me to beat the band. Not one of my shots took effect as I went right down under him, but I turned and gave him another burst of bullets, and down he went with a spinning nose, and one of his wings spinning one way and the other. As I saw him crash to the ground I knew that I had got my first hostile aircraft. One of my comrades was equally successful, but the other two German machines got away. We chased them back until things got so hot for us by reason of the appearance of other German machines, and then we called it a day.

This experience whetted my appetite for more of the same kind, and I did not have long to wait.

It may be well to explain here just what a spinning nose or a diving machine is. The spinning nose dive was considered one of the most dangerous things a pilot could attempt, and many men were killed getting into this spin and not knowing how to come out of it. In fact, lots of pilots thought that when they got into this spinning nose dive there was no way of coming out of it. It is now used, however, in actual flying.

The machines that are used in France are controlled in two ways, both by hands and feet, the rudder working by the hands and the elevator by the feet. The lateral controls, the rudder and ailerons, are controlled by a contrivance called a "joy stick." If, when flying in the air, a pilot should release his hands on the "joy stick," he will gradually come toward the pilot.

In that position the machine will begin to climb. So if a pilot is shot and loses control of this "joy stick," his machine begins to descend, and if he does not get it back under control, it will come too great for it to continue or the motor to pull the plane; for a fraction of a second it stops, and the motor then being the heaviest, it causes the nose of the machine to fall forward, pitching down at a terrific rate of speed and spinning at the same time. If the motor is still running, it naturally increases the speed much more than it would if the motor were shut off, and there is great danger that the wings will double up, causing the machine to break apart.

Although spins are made with the motor on, you are dropping like a ball being dropped out of the sky and your velocity increases with the power of the motor.

This spinning nose dive has been frequently used in "stunt" flying in recent years, but is now put to practical use by pilots in getting away from hostile machines, for when a man is spinning he is out of control, and the man making the attack invariably finds his enemy is going down to certain death in the spin.

This is all right when a man is over his own territory, because he can right his machine and come out of it, but if it happens over German territory, the Hun would only follow him down, and when he came out of the spin they would be above him, having all the advantage, and would shoot him down with ease. It is a good way of getting down at a cloud, and it is used very often by both sides. It requires skill and courage by the pilot making it if he ever expects to come out alive. A spin being made by a pilot intentionally looks exactly like a spin that is made by a machine that is out of control. So never knows whether it is forced or intentional until the pilot either rights his machine and comes out of it, or crashes to the ground.

Another dive similar to this one is known as just the plain dive. Assume, for instance, that a pilot flying at a height of several thousand feet, and in full control of his machine, and the nose of the plane starts down with the motor full on. He is going at a tremendous speed and in many instances is going so straight and swiftly that the speed is too great for the machine, because it is never constructed to withstand the enormous pressure forced against the wings, and they consequently crumple up.

If, too, in an attempt to straighten the machine, the elevators should become affected, as often happens in trying to come out of a spin, the wings, and there is the same disastrous result. Oftentimes, when the patrol tank is punctured by a tracer bullet from another machine in the air, the plane that is hit catches on fire and is forced into a spin or a straight dive and heads for the earth, hundreds of miles an hour, a mass of flame, looking like a brilliant comet in the sky.

The spinning nose dive is used to great advantage by the German greater advantage by the German than by our own pilots for the reason that when a fight gets too hot for the German, he will put his machine in a spin, and as the chances are nine out of ten that we are fighting over German territory, he simply spins down out of our range, straight down before our eyes, and then gets on home to his airfield. It is useless to follow him down inside the German lines, for you would in all probability be shot down before you could attain sufficient altitude to cross the line again.

It often happens that a pilot will be chased by a Hun machine when he is seen it starts to spin. Perhaps they are fifteen or eighteen thousand feet in the air, and the hostile machine spins down for thousands of feet. He thinks he has hit the other machine and goes home happy that he has brought down another Hun. He reports the occurrence to the squadron, telling how he shot down his enemy; but when the rest of the squadron comes in with their report, or some artillery observation balloon sends in a report, it develops that when a few hundred feet from the ground the supposed dead man in the spin has come out of the spin and gone merrily on his way for his airfield.

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# Mastering English Words



FRENCH FACTORY GIRLS LEARNING ENGLISH IN A CLASS. CONDUCTED BY THE Y.W.C.A.

FOYERS IN FRANCE. Four departments of the French Government have asked the American Y. W. C. A. to open social and recreation centers for girls employed by them—Finance, Commerce, War and Labor.

Lieutenant Poncet of the Ministry of Labor recently requested that this Y. W. C. A. work be begun for girls in recreation centers which had been opened at the request of the Ministry of War. Sixteen centers of this kind are operated in six cities in France. Three of them are in Paris.

The last of these Foyers des Aliees is for girls who are working in the Department of Labor. It is far down the Seine, under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and overlooks the Quai d'Orsay. The rooms are bright and cheerful, with chintz hangings, home cushions, comfortable chairs, reading and writing tables and a fireplace. A kitchen has equipment so that girls can prepare meals for themselves. They go to the foyer for their two hour lunch time, for social evenings and for classes in English.

400,000 YANKS ARE Y. W. C. A. VISITORS. Four hundred thousand persons and more served in the cafeteria in one year is the record of the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash.

The majority of the 400,000 Americans were mothers, wives, sweethearts and friends who went to the camp to visit their soldiers. The remainder were soldiers themselves who broke the monotony of "chow hall" life by visiting the Y. W. C. A. from a Y. W. C. A. nurses' hut in a Base Hospital.

Having no film or camera, the nurses at Base decided











desired to present the same for  
ment, and all indebted thereto are requested to  
payment immediately.  
**HOWARD A. TRAGUE**, Lewiston, Maine.  
December 17th, 1918.