

Letters From the Front

TELLS OF FIRST PRACTICE AIR FLIGHTS IN FRANCE

Two more letters from Walter J. Shaffer, a Dauphin boy being instructed in the art of flying at Tours, France, have been received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shaffer. He tells of the first thrilling practice flights.

His descriptions of "daylight spooning," a common occurrence in France and the way they fish for sardines without bait are amusing. His experiences in barter and trade with the natives are instructive as they are the same boys here will meet when they go across. The letters in part follow:

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1917. Tours, France. Dear Mother: As I have often remarked in the past, flying is a slow and sure way of proving so here, for between the weather and the French authorities my patience is being tried to the utmost. "Six days shalt thou work and do all thy work," saith the Good Book, but six days have I loafed and done no work and now it's the seventh day (since I arrived) and it's still raining. If I didn't hear the result of the "Tower of Babel" on all sides of me I would be tempted to think I was back in Washington state where I resided during the rainy season and nearly grew web feet. Fact is, if you saw these shoes they do not to one you might even think I had grown web feet, for they are very wide, the Pennsylvania Dutchman's cowhide boot having nothing on them for looks.

As a means for locomotion in France they would not be very successful, being studded with steel hobnails on the soles and heels. This insures wonderful wearing qualities and prevents the formation of a shoe-maker's union, since they need half-soling, and one wears his ankle out before the tops go. With the fleas I have not been bothered by any manner of vermin since I came to France, unless one excepts several fleas who insisted on taking a promenade down my arm. Incidentally they discovered what it was to meet an irresistible body and how quick the law of gravitation works. Indeed, men all around me have been bothered with all kinds of insects, which had wings, but flew not, but it seems the "something" about me that the bees loved so well in days of yore and stone bruises has kept has immune from bedbugs, etc.

Daylight Spooning. The parks here appear to me made for spooning purposes only. I ought to know, I saw enough of it done. What mattered it to them that the sun was shining, people were looking and the lost was damp? Such trifles never bothered love's young dream in France. As for the beautiful women I have met so much about, I have yet to see them. There doesn't seem to be no such animal. I don't know where I got big ideas of France's beautiful daughter, unless it has been perusing the "La Parisienne," which certainly illustrates beautiful women to a fare-well-to-you in a somewhat naughty way. (I often wish I could read the dogzone stuff.)

I have not lost my knack of close observation for the feminine sex, but the pretty ladies must have all been at the seashore when I was in Paris, because I saw many a one. Really, I was much surprised, and I am still wondering where the painters got their models. Furthermore, those high-priced French heels worn and desired in the States are not worn here. Not because they can't afford them. The stores do not sell them. Have been in several cathedrals. Notre Dame among the most noted. It struck me as a very gloomy place. Also visited Napoleon's tomb. I have been pretty near cured of sightseeing and the show places of France, and the itching palm is very prevalent here. One of the things I enjoy here is watching the great Parisian sport—watching sardines in the Seine without bait on the hook.

Am glad to hear you are sending a box of cats. They will be very welcome, but I fear there will be little left of the box by the time it arrives. You know I have seen the French baggage smashers at work. They can show up the American something in roughness, especially in unloading a ship. Baggage is shot down a chute to the dock below. If a suitcase or package sticks, they get it under way again by shooting a trunk at it. The way that baggage hits the cobblestone dock is a crime. Am now studying a French conversational grammar whenever my permit allows. Yes, I said studies, and so they are, the hardest kind, because we have two lectures a day now, whether we fly or not. These lectures were not so hard to understand for a while when the lecturer dealt in square feet and miles per hour in his calculations, but today he changed his figures to meters and kilometers and I am sure got mixed up. I can see a little Walter for the French table of weights and measures right quick. These lectures are to prepare us for the United States exams, in case we are transferred.

I received your first letter yesterday and it was very welcome, and was beginning to think a submarine had got it. Have not received any of the packages you sent, but am still hoping. WALTER.

Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1917. Tours, France. Dear Mother: Here I am again but don't expect so much this time. You might be disappointed because this cold of mine is as bad as ever and sure makes me feel like a dog with the sun, vaseline and saltwater cure, all to no advantage. The vaseline stopped up my head the more, the saltwater opened up the nose and the sun peeled the skin off my nose.

Wire Buttons On. The fact of the matter is I should be sewing a button on my leather breeches instead of ruining good paper with this scrawl, but I'm really too lazy. Anyway, I've sewed the darn thing on three times already and if it comes off again I'll wire it on. Meanwhile the nearest button is doing double duty. Sure, I wear suspenders now which is a pretty sure sign of advancing age. Still I am not getting baldheaded, at least I think I'm not—wait until I look—which is a sure sign my brain power is not increasing any either. Walked out on the flying field today and lounged down in the sun and grass to read some letters and endeavor to sleep. Got away with the first but sleep was impossible. The sun was too hot and I soon discovered that there were more cactus plants than flowers among the clover. I didn't stop to investigate any more of the vegetable kingdom as I suddenly remembered that I had not written home for three days. I am sure you will excuse me because a busier boy you never saw or heard of than I for the last three days. The rainy and windy weather finally decided to break on Sunday and we got right down to business.

Lands With Motor Dead. Last Saturday morning we looked for clear weather, but despite the fact that the sun went down red in the west, the dawn broke foggy, so foggy, indeed, that an expert pilot who goes aloft every day to test the weather conditions and incidentally shows us that an airplane can be landed with a dead motor, nearly ran into a hangar, because he had to fly at a low altitude. Fog soon cleared off though, but authorities decided it was not safe for pupils, and laid off the rest of the day to pay us off on business.

I ordered a uniform in Tours the other day. That trip was indeed very amusing since I had nothing to wear but my Polish uniform which makes me look more like a clown than a soldier. For company and to serve as interpreter, one of the kindhearted "Legion" boys offered to go along with me. As luck would have it he dressed in an American uniform which he had brought from the States. So in American, no matter how low his rank, is a God in the French people's eyes. What the Frenchmen we passed could not understand was the white collar and passionate the I was wearing and why my shoes, which were pinching my feet at every toe, fit so snugly. This did not seem as fit in with their idea of a foot, which did not worry me a whole lot. I'll admit that I saw several pretty girls in Tours, and many were the glances turned our way, especially others inviting. I amused my comrade by saying that I drew the interest with my "getup" and he held it with his uniform because I am far from an Apollo, and he looks worse, even dressed up. Being dressed in a Polu uniform I knew that certain things were expected of me, especially in the way of saluting, so I asked my companion who knew something of military etiquette, to put me wise as to what to salute and who not to, because if not I would be quite liable to salute every soldier that came along to make sure I made no mistakes. He sure did his duty well, I'll say that much, not only did he tell me whom to salute, but he would insist on walking across the street with me, because the other officer we had spied and give me some more practice coming to attention. I assure you, he had my arm working like a wooden soldier on a string. Surely the information received was as beneficial as the exercise. It's a good thing I had an interpreter along, because the way that tall, spouty French was a sin. Had a gossip woman beat all hollow! Just the same, it cost me about twenty francs to get my uniform, and I don't believe my Polu suit could not hide that. It is remarkable though, how the children run up to an American soldier, and shake his hand, exclaiming, "Oh! America! Bon jour!" So it happened with my companion the whole way home. Kids flocked from all directions and inquired on shaking hands with him while as for me, that same puzzled, questioning look shone in their eyes, which amused me more than embarrassed me because I have no doubt they were wondering where I got that tie, why I was walking with a seemingly American soldier and probably wishing to yell, "Where did you get that hat?" Got to camp foot sore and weary, also some hungry.

Several Flights. You remember that big fellow you saw in the steamship office that I told you did not pass? Well, he finally got in the American Aviation Corps and landed here yesterday. Have been up in the air several times in the last few days and the moniteur says I am improving. I did not believe him until last night when we were riding along with wheatfields, chateaus and cattle flying past beneath us, and I looked around from my position in the front seat to see him lounging in the back seat with his head leaning on his hand, and then when I smiled at his nonchalant pose, and still held the machine to steer, he clapped his hands in admiration of my skill, which was not much, as this type of machine (Candron) will fly itself. So long, WALTER.

To the Editor of the Telegraph—Enclose find to buy packages of tobacco, through "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" for American fighting men in France.

I understand that each dollar buys four packages, each with a retail value of forty-five cents and that in each of my packages will be placed a postcard, addressed to me, on which my unknown friend, the soldier, will agree to send me a message of thanks.

Name Address Street City

To Fill That Coupon Is to Fill a Human Need. Here's a chance for you men and women of Harrisburg to show your humanity. The men who are fighting your battles over there in France need tobacco. In the grim black hours when men's spirits are lowest tobacco has always proved to be a very real solace.

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH CAMPAIGN FOR "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund"

will see to it that every one of Uncle Sam's soldiers gets all the tobacco he wants. Every cent you give goes to tobacco—salaries, advertising, distribution costs have all been contributed. So fill that coupon now and send along your contribution for humanity's sake.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY

By MARIÉ BONINI BROWN

Pole in Conquered City Angered at German Rule — Young Men of Warsaw Sent Into German Army — Austrians Resent the Kaiser's Methods

(CONCLUSION) The only city I visited while in Europe, and the only one in another country and had been occupied by the Germans, was Warsaw, Poland. I found there a greatly disillusioned people.

"Where is the Polish king the Germans promised us?" they were asking. "Where is our freedom?" "Where are the better conditions we were to have had?" And they still were asking that when I left. I was in Warsaw weeks, visiting a Polish girl friend of mine.

Everybody there was thoroughly disgusted with German rule, and they had had it only a short time. "Bad as the Russian rule was," they said, "at least we did not expect anything better from the Tsar."

When the Germans occupied Warsaw they forbade any person to speak but German. Everybody had to speak German and those who did not know it had to learn it. Children and aged people were not excepted.

Every Polish book was confiscated. Even the Bible had to be in German. The people had to pray in German.

"It almost seems like praying to a strange God," the woman said at whose house I stayed, and she cried. "I don't want to tell their names, as they still are there and I am afraid trouble might be made for them."

The German way of finding people and even better, in free United States, I can feel the fear of the German militarism.

High Cost of Living. The cost of living was terribly high in Warsaw, although they had far more to eat there than in Germany. It was in Warsaw that I paid \$14 for a pair of socks.

But no person was permitted to send anything into Germany—that is, no person but German soldiers. The German soldiers had quantities of food, articles of dress and other things and sent them to their wives and families in Germany. But the woman with whom I stayed had another daughter in Germany, and she was not permitted to send her anything at all.

In Warsaw, the German did not live in the houses of the conquered Poles, but in hotels.

The worst evidence of German occupancy I saw there was the sending of young Poles to the German army. You would be talking to a man one day, and that evening he would disappear. You never would hear of him again.

One family I knew had two sons, the elder a violinist, the younger a student. One day the elder disappeared. A long time afterward, the father received a letter, written in rough wrapping paper, "I am safe," the letter said, "but don't try to answer this or find out where I am. And don't tell any person you got this."

Poles Bitterly Disappointed. Before the Germans came to Warsaw, the Poles had high hopes that, at last, things would be better for them under German rule. They had suffered so greatly through Russian misrule that they looked to the Germans for relief.

But they found out their mistake. One of the hardest things for them to endure was having their Polish books taken away. The Poles are a highly educated people, especially the women. And the women are beautiful and well formed, with the daintiest, tiniest hands and feet.

To realize what the Poles endured, let an American imagine what it would be like for a conquering enemy to walk into his home to-morrow, take away every English book, and command that hereafter no English word must be spoken or read or even prayed.

The Germans made the Poles accept the German money and stamps, as well.

The Poles want a ruler of their own, and the privilege of speaking their own language, of receiving an education openly and of cultivating their country. They would be willing to have an English ruler, if only that that must be, but they want that country to remain at a distance.

They are almost despairing now of things ever being any better for them.

The Poles now must report to the police just as any alien must in Germany. They are under the same restrictions as an enemy resident.

A Trip to Potsdam. Another interesting trip I took (this of course was before the United States entered the war) was near Potsdam. One of the palaces of the Emperor is at Potsdam. Of course, even then I was not allowed in Potsdam itself, but I went just there. I could see the famous old mill there, about which so much has been written.

This mill belongs to a farmer who owns his own farm. Its screaming annoyed the Kaiser who ruled before the present Emperor and he ordered the man to take the mill down, or remove it. Strangely, the man had some independence about him and he said the mill was his means of livelihood and he would not remove it. The Kaiser took the case to law, and lost. The mill still stands.

Potsdam is the "breeding-place" of the Zeppelins. I caught a glimpse of the great buildings which house these enormous dirigibles. They seemed to be made of iron.

You don't hear much talk in Germany of Zeppelins now. They have been rather a failure. They often fly over Berlin and they are trying to perfect them to make them more effective, but no person talks much about them. All the German faith is placed in the submarine. The common people in Germany seem to think that the submarine is some sort of an actually invincible invention which has supernatural qualities.

They credit it with the most marvelous feats. And the Germans encourage this way of thinking, for they want the people to think that the submarine is invincible. That is why I think and say that if the real news of what is

going on could be given to the German people, it would make a difference in this war. If they could get American newspapers for one week, I am sure that they would wake up, deep-rooted as their belief is in the supreme might of the Kaiser.

Didn't Hear of Outrages. It was not until I got back in America that I heard that marvelous story of how the French and British airplanes flew over the German lines and dropped the exact text of President Wilson's speech by the million to the German soldiers in the trenches.

That was a wonderful thing to do. But, you see, the officers would get

any credit for the fighting that country is doing. From what reports I have heard, Austria is not nearly so near starvation as Germany is. The Germans resent this. In return the Austrians resent the evident wish of Germany to "collar" all the credit for the fighting.

Twice I have heard Austrian officers speak of the possibility of war between Germany and Austria when this present war is over. One of the men was a baron, a man who has traveled all over the world and is conversant with world conditions. The other man was an Austrian connected with the Austrian embassy in Berlin.

Treated as Aliens. The Austrians living in Berlin have to report to the police when going from city to city almost as aliens do. It seemed strange to me that any restrictions would be put on them, but they are.

The Austrians were not in favor of Germany permitting diplomatic relations to be broken off with America. I heard many officers say that Germany was "crazy" to allow this. The Austrians are not conducting so ruthless a war as are the Germans, heard many Germans, both men and women, say how "weak" the Austrian soldiers are.

The Germans say the Austrian soldiers balk at the things the German soldiers do. The Germans say that Austria would have been beaten long ago had it not been for the Kaiser's iron will.

(THE END) (Copyright, 1917, by Pittsburgh Press)

hold of them, and the number of men who would be permitted to do so, would be few. And any soldier who would try to spread sedition would be promptly shot. We never can hope for help from the German people, to end the war, in my own opinion. So far as I can see, the only thing to be done is to crush the Kaiser's power and then show the German common people what liberty and freedom means. And that should be done soon. When I realize how poorly the ordinary German citizens live, I get weak when I think of the thousands of war prisoners and of the people in the territory occupied by the German fighting forces. We should hurry, or there won't be many of them to save.

This much I must say, during the time I was in Germany, of course, I never heard of the terrible outrages committed by the German soldiers. Neither did I hear of anything of this sort in Warsaw.

I don't think the German people have any inkling of what their soldiers have been compelled to do by their rulers.

Austrians Resentful. The Austrians are becoming very resentful at Germany's attitude regarding their part in the war. When the war began, all German reports of battles included mention of the Austrian armies. "German and Austria" was said as often as "Germany" alone.

Now Germany never gives Austria

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Gypsy Band to 'Leave town Forthwith and Never Return'

Mount Joy, Pa., Oct. 2.—A band of gypsies visited Quarryville on Saturday and are said to have picked the pockets of Hayes and William Edwards. This so enraged the citizens that Constable Franklin Rineer arrested the whole bunch and took them before Justice of the Peace Collins. They were left go with the promise to "leave the town forthwith and to never return."

ADELE PANKHURST A BRIDE. London, Oct. 2.—The marriage Sunday of Adele Pankhurst, daughter of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the English suffrage leader, to a seaman named Walsh, is reported in a letter dispatch from Melbourne.

TO RELIEVE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Bismuth (double strength), and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water and 1 ounce of granulated sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Any one who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.—Adv.

Bowman's

HARRISBURG, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1917. FOUNDED 1871

Of Interest to Boardinghouse Keepers, Hotel and Restaurant Proprietors and Housekeepers

Decorated Porcelain

Dinnerware at Savings

of From 30 to 50 Per Cent.

Not being able at the present time to fill in several of our open stock dinnerware decorations we have decided to sell what stock of these patterns we have on hand and put in a full and complete line of each decoration again when the potteries are in a position to fill order.

You may have one of these decorations in use now and would be glad of this opportunity to fill in on such pieces as we have in stock now at so great a saving.

The showing comprises—

- Individual butters, at 3¢
Bread and butter plates, at 6¢
Pie plates, at 7¢
Tea plates, at 8¢
Breakfast plates, at 10¢
Dinner plates, at 12¢
A. D. cups and saucers, at 10¢
Bouillon cups and saucers, at 10¢
Rim soup plates, at 10¢
Meat platters—30¢ for an 11-inch size and up to 60¢ for a 17-inch size.
Coupe soup plates, at 10¢
Fruit saucers, at 6¢
Deep oatmeal saucers, at 10¢
Uncovered vegetable dishes, small size, at 15¢
Uncovered vegetable dishes, medium size, at 20¢
Uncovered vegetable dishes, large size, at 25¢
Covered vegetable dishes, round or oval, at 50¢
Sugar bowls, at 30¢
Cream pitchers, at 20¢

Come early while the assortment is complete. Some of the items will not last the day out. No mail or phone orders filled.

The Annual October Bed-Wear Sale

—met with instant approval. But there is nothing strange about that considering the kinds and qualities of bedwear offered.

Good, heavy blankets with warmth which will be doubly appreciated when the cold weather sets in; pillows filled with sanitary feathers; bedspreads in the newest fall patterns—sheets and pillow cases of the very best quality.

The following is a comprehensive list of the offerings—

Wool nap blankets in white gray and fancy plaids—wanted sizes, pair, \$2.25 to \$6.00

Wool blankets, in gray and white and tan and white plaids—size 60x66 inches, pair, \$6.50

Tan cotton blankets, size 72x80 inches, assorted colored borders, pair, . . . \$2.39

Wool blankets in fancy plaids, plain white and gray—every size and weight, pair, \$3.50 to \$16.50

White cotton blankets (nearwool)—size 54x76 inches; overwhipped ends—blue and pink borders, pair, \$1.59

Wool nap blankets in fawn, with various colored borders—size 64x76 inches, pair, \$2.79

Hemmed crochet bedspreads—size 74x88 inches—medium weight, at . . \$1.50

Crochet bedspreads, scalloped and cut corners—size 80x90 inches, at . . . \$2.65

Ripplette bedspreads—size 62x90 inches, at \$1.39

Size 80x90 inches, at \$1.75



Comforts filled with wool, down and cotton—covered with Mull's silksheen and silk, at . . \$6.00 to \$18.50

Lockwood sheets—made of smooth even thread muslin—size 90x90 inches, at \$1.15

New Era bleached sheets—size 81x90 inches, at \$1.15

Armorside sheets—welded seam, double bed size—76x90 inches, at 89¢

Garden City sheets—in sizes 72x99 and 81x90 inches—a fine sheet for hotels and boarding houses, at . . \$1.00

Priority pillow cases—42x36 and 45x36 inches, at 16¢

Utica pillow cases, branded Oneida, 43x36 inches, at 28¢

Cayuga pillow cases, second, 45x38 1/2 inches, at 20¢

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.