

Reading for Women and all the Family

Flying With Shaffer

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

VISITING

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 55,
Sector Postal 249,
K. C. 22,
August 19, 1918.

Dear Mother: I need a shave worse than you need this letter, but since there is no telling how soon I will be sent over the new lines, the slave must wait, because many things have happened in the last few days. Not so much thrilling as firing, for no sooner had we been settled in our hastily erected barracks at the camp near Vitey-le-Francois, than orders came to move again; this time near Chateau-Thierry. The saddest part about this quick change of front was that I had just finished packing my room. One whole day I took me and the sweat of honest toil was standing on my nose (I) brow in great drops ere I had finished, for I am far from skillful in the handling of art. And then came the order to move again—and I had just finished unpacking. There was nothing to do but repack (though, which didn't take me so long, as I am getting fairly expert in this line with practice). As one pilot jokingly put it, "If we can't get any other job after the war, we will be thoroughly experienced moving men." And he went thru the pantomime of ringing the bell, tipping his hat to the lady answering and demanding if she has need of a man to move anything. These Frenchmen are all actors—probably because they talk with all parts of their body—thus his pantomime of his after-the-war job was most amusing.

Several of us having packed up so quickly, found we had a whole afternoon on our hands. As there were no orders, we could see a rather big time ahead of us as camp is a most uninteresting place to kill time, especially when a big town is within easy auto distance. It was Sunday, too, and everyone would be out on parade and the Frenchmen as well as I would certainly enjoy it, in the ferret ways of course. The Frenchmen would without doubt come right down beside a tall glass of sidewalk "caf".

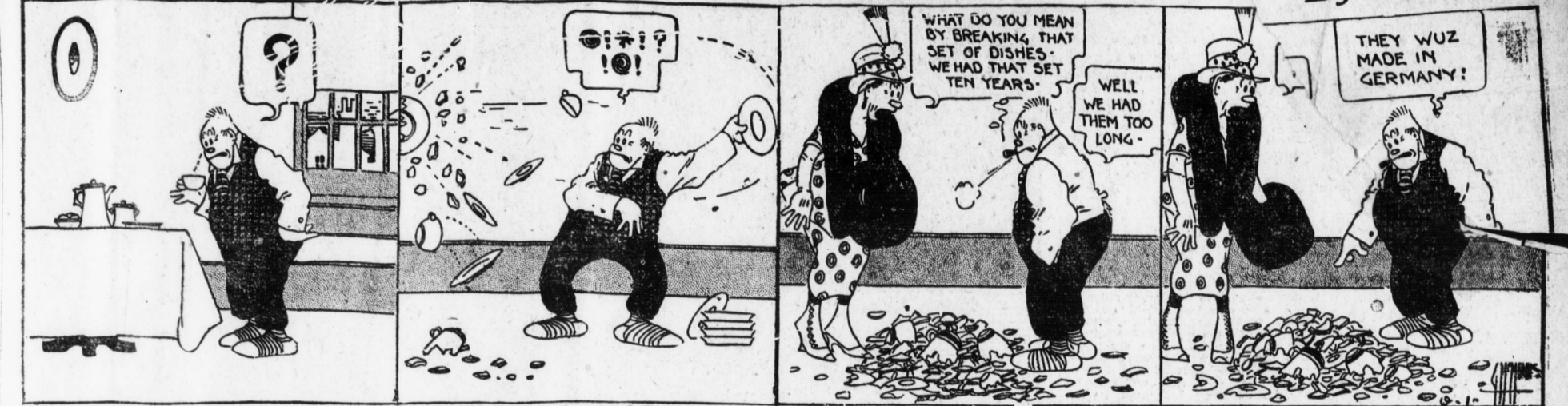
Our commander would not let the three of us a tractor tho, but

as another escadrille was going into town, he finally gave us permission to go with him with explicit orders not to get drunk as we would leave early the next morning. Being a Frenchman himself he knew his men well. Knowing my reputation for drinking water and milk he laughingly wanted to know why I wanted to see the big town. I did not know, and smilingly told him so, which was the truth as far as it went for I had no definite plans. It was the change of scene in reality and holiday crowds always do interest me—especially the feminine portion.

So I held me to Vitey-le-Francois and arriving there I declined to have thanks the Frenchmen's offer to have a drink. I had seen nearly all the "cafes" the day before as I told you in a former letter and had not seen anything I wanted to look at again. But I did know where there was a store with some nifty-looking gloves and an equally nifty-looking clerk. If the store was open I felt sure I would spend several pleasant hours trying on gloves, and improve my French at the same time. Heaven knows, it needs improvement. The store was open, as well as several others, so I put in the rest of the afternoon shopping and all I bought was a pair of gloves and some thumb tacks, neither of which I have any use for—but oh boy! what a grand and glorious feeling to have a French clerk discover you're an American!

All Dressed Up
Even all dressed up like a sun-seeker as I was, what with a "fourragere" over my shoulder, the Lafayette badge of gold and the French two-toned uniform of light blue set off by high red boots and a streamer, I had trimmed with orange braid, I am quickly discovered. (Ha! Ha!) Do you think you would know me for some under all this paraphernalia? Incidentally I did some discovering on my own hook. I learned with amusement that many Frenchmen are not above swiping the reputation and honor of being an American—to the tune of (I) hop-skip anyway—some "petite chere" told me. This one happened to be red-headed and discovered my nationality by my accent, and then was when I learned that many Frenchmen affect this same accent so as to be taken for Americans. I can't say I blame them, seeing what a "chic" little clerk this was, but I have a suspicion that it was the same bright-topped dame that gave me a bad two-franc piece. I got it somewhere that day, but I went so many places that day that I wasn't quite sure just where I acquired it.

Needs Identification
On our way home I had the auto stop at a camp of Americans, where I created quite a sensation by wanting American dollar bills changed into francs. It's the quickest way I have yet discovered to prove I am an American—so don't forget the "identification tag" in each letter. And you would have been surprised to see how many of those Americans wanted a dollar bill "just for a souvenir". It seemed just like a letter from home to them. Having ten of them, I brought considerable joy into that camp, and took away some chocolate candy, matches and a suit of overalls to wear over my uniform when flying. This last I had long been wanting and several American mechanics had promised to give me one if I called around. I had called and when I voiced a



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER XXVII
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My taxi whirled up to the station and I flung three dollars at the driver. The meter registered ninety cents—but Anne, the practical, had no time for change!
It was eight minutes past two by the station clock. If I could reach Jim in time, the driver had earned his enormous tip. Across the great waiting room I dashed, and out toward the train-shed. The gate to the 2:15 train was open. There were still a few strangers going in. The guard stopped me.
"Ticket, Madame!" he demanded inexorably.
I peered over his shoulder—and for one triumphant second I almost blessed Jim's lameness. It had saved my progress and he was just leaving the last step and turning the call to go to his car.
"Jim! Jim!" I cried, not caring a jot for the angry protests of the guard.
"Jim!" I wildly shouted.
My husband stopped, turned in puzzled wonder, looked up the stairs and saw me standing there half distraught.
It was 2.10. In five minutes his train would go. Jim spoke to some one ahead of him, and invisible to me, then turned and came up the stairs.
"Anne! What's happened?" he cried anxiously as he passed the guard and pushed me through the sacred gate I had been threatening to enter.
Unable to answer I stood gasping for breath.
Jim's face hardened into a mask of sternness which I realized was covering anger.
"What does this mean?"
"I have anything to do with Snedden & Company. You can't."
Jim turned as if to brush me aside and to pass through the gate again.
"Did you hear me, Jimmie-boy? They aren't—straight."
"Nonsense, Anne—they're a big firm. What sort of moonshine is this? What do you know about it, anyway? I'll miss my train."
"Please miss it, dear! I had lunch with the Masons and Shelton Blake. They know. They said they'd tarnish your reputation as a war hero if you had any dealings with those men."
Jim's eyes narrowed thoughtfully.
"I will have to leave without me," and then he said slowly, "How I'll ever straighten it out I don't know—and there's, Snedden to face if you are wrong."
I slipped my arm through his and there in the station I repeated word for word what Tom Mason had said. Jim listened quietly, almost as impatiently as if the whole thing applied to some one else rather than to him. Then Jim went to a telephone booth and came out of the booth his mouth was set in a firm line.
"Dickey and Sheldon are too blooming well bred! Guess they have wasted their veins spent of blood. But they told me when I asked them point blank, Tom's a real friend—eh what, Anne?" he said when he finished.
"Will you accept his offer 'bout going into his office?" I asked.
"Did he mention it again?"
"No—how could he before Evelyn and Mr. Blake? I replied.
"That's right—he couldn't. Probably we'll hear from him later on to-day. Now to 'phone and sever my connection—with my job."
Jim came out of the telephone booth flushed and uncomfortable. I

eyes, wavy red-gold hair, honest freckles and the soft young mouth that proclaim him a boy even when he's trying his hardest to seem a man.
"This is a surprise, Mr. Hyland," said Jim with formality and politeness that didn't combine very well.
Neal replied with an air as elaborate as my husband's own:
"I hope it's a pleasant surprise, Lieutenant—Mr. Harrison."
My young brother readjusted himself quickly to blue serge where he had expected olive drab. But at this first reminder of his changed status Jim's face paled.
"I'm sure it's delightful for Anne and me," he said with an air of complete courtesy.
But as the elevator whirled us up to our apartment, I wondered, with a sick sense of insecurity, whether my two boys were going to like each other!

How Old Are You By Your Hair?

You may be thirty in years, but if you are bald-headed, gray, or your hair is dry, brittle, scraggly and ugly-looking, people will surely take you to be many years older.
When your hair becomes faded, dry, streaked and scraggly, when it falls out badly and new hair cannot grow, the roots should be immediately vitalized and properly nourished. To do this quickly, safely and at little expense, there is nothing so effective as Parisian sage (liquid form) which you can get at Kennedy's Drug Store and all good drug and toilet counters.
It's guaranteed to abolish dandruff—stop scalp itch and falling hair and promote a new growth or money refunded. It's in great demand by discriminating women because it makes the hair so soft, lustrous, easy to arrange attractively and appear heavier than it really is.
A massage with Parisian sage is a real delight—easy to use, not sticky or greasy, and delicately perfumed—an antiseptic liquid free from dangerous ingredients and guaranteed not to color the hair or scalp. If you want good looking hair and plenty of it, by all means use Parisian sage—a little attention now insures beautiful hair for years to come.—adv.
Use McNeil's Cold Tablets. — Adv.

British War Flyers Drop Bombs; Destroy Balloons and Down 35 Airplanes

London, Oct. 14.—Field Marshal Haig's report to-night on aerial activities reads:
"On Sunday fifteen hostile balloons were destroyed. Twenty-six planes were brought down and nine others driven down out of control. Nineteen of ours are missing. Thirty-six enemy bombers were destroyed and ten of ours are missing."
The air force, in co-operation with the navy, bombed enemy destroyers and raided Zebrugges, Ostend and Bruges and airdromes in the vicinity of Ghent. Twelve hostile machines were destroyed and fourteen driven down out of control. Ten of ours are missing."

Garments of Quality

Buy Liberty Bonds to the Extent of Your Ability
Specials For Wednesday and Thursday

Garments Distinctive for Style, and Quality, Economically Priced

Unusual Values in Shirt Waists

Assortments Representing the Newest Styles
Specials in Georgette and Crepe de Chine Shirt Waists
White and flesh, in a variety of models. Special Wednesday and Thursday. \$5.00 values.
\$3.95

All Wool Poplin Skirts
Belted models, patch pockets, trimmed with buttons, hand-made buttonholes. \$9 values. Special Wednesday and Thursday.
\$5.95
Other SKIRTS, latest models in a variety of fabrics, such as satin, stripes, silk, poplin, plain, charmeuse, etc.
\$5.95 to \$18.95

Smart Styles in Dresses
All Wool Jersey Dresses
Newest creations in a variety of colors; all sizes.
\$22.95 to \$29.95
All Wool Serge Dresses
Up-to-date models in a variety of colors; sizes to fit all; some trimmed with silk braid and others with silk embroidery.
\$14.95 to \$24.95

Coats
All Wool Velour Coats, lined throughout; also American Wool Kersey Coats, all colors, trimmed in plush.
\$24.95
Other coats, new snappy models in silvertone, broadcloth, velour de Laine, silk lined and with fur collars and cuffs.
\$39.95 up to \$59.95

Suits
The latest creations in serges, poplin and oxford gray; \$35.00 values.
\$24.95
Other suits in velour, tricotone, silvertone, chiffon broadcloth and various other fashionable materials.
\$29.95 up to \$89.95

Ladies Bazaar
8-10-12 S. FOURTH ST.
BUY HERE AND YOU BUY WISELY

WRIGLEYS

For Victory Buy Liberty Bonds

We will win this war—
Nothing else really matters until we do!

The Flavor Lasts

request for same, they promptly gave me a new one, which only had a hole in where mine had been. I ate my breakfast. They even apologized for the hole, but I said that was all right. If someone got inquisitive I put it away by telling how close a Boche bullet had come. I was only too glad to get it, because my French combination is entirely too hot for summer.

Warm Work
These spots are very warm anyway, and even at 6,000 meters heavy clothing is not a necessity, so you can imagine how warm it is at 1,000 meters on a bright sunny August day. When one comes down from the cool region of 6,000 meters and drops in this hot air at 1,000 meters, it's some change, and reminds me of diving into ice water, only reversed. After one has dove down some six feet the water isn't so warm anymore, and if the searcher after coolness keeps on going, he is liable to think he has mistaken his mother's refrigerator for the swimming hole. It's the same in the air, and a heater really knows what he means. Honestly when I came down the other day into this warm air it felt thick, so hot it was.
I could even tell where it started by the black haze, and when it hit me, maybe I didn't get bumped around. But flying in all kinds of weather as we do, getting bumped around by the wind is so much in the day's work that it's not important enough to comment on. When one wing goes down we mechanically pull it back, or if we are interested in something else at the moment, let it drag. No, we wouldn't fall. It would surprise you at what an angle sideways an airplane can fly without going "off on a wing". When we hit a hole there is nothing to do but sink, and a bump nothing to do but bounce. And speaking of air holes, I don't think an aviator really knows what one is until he has an "archie" blow up right under his plane.
A Real "Hole in the Air"
That is, an air hole, made to order, you might say (the pilot is rare, however, that would order then at that place, I think), for the force of the explosion blows all the air from under you. Of course, it's only lasts for several seconds, but it's the most helpless three seconds a man ever spent. The plane just wobbles until it strikes air that is not all shot to pieces. Fortunately, every time this happened to me, which has been quite often by the way, I have been very high, so that it did not matter much whether I tumbled 200 meters or 1,000.
But here I go rambling along saying nothing and writing a lot. Let's see, we were in town when I strayed by the wayside and began, talking about air holes.
Hard Luck
Well, one bright young thing even tried to sell me a car. I imagine it! And me going to the front the next day! I could not see where I could use it, as I am not expert enough yet to play air polo, even with the incentive of a big head on the ball. Judging from the number of times I have missed with two guns I can't see where a mallet would be an improvement. In case you may be worrying about my being kissed again, it may ease your mind to know that the particular uniform that caused that calamity(?) was lost in the same time it was moved.
The other day I gave my black uniform to the tailor to press, with the result that he went to Paris, and when he came back my pants were gone, and all the official machinery I have set in motion has not unearthed them as yet. You certainly will agree with me that the fortunes of war are not much in my favor.
Really, I feel quite certain I shall wake up some morning and find my right boot gone and my left sock.
We left the next morning fine, the Frenchman, owing to their life long habit of drinking, not being drunk, but only a little hit up. Surely, we had away! We always move that way. A map of it was us, our new "piste" pointed out—"allez, en route," and away we go. Our baggage is taken in trucks. As my plane was still at Mele's having the motor changed, I was given another plane in which to ride to my new home.
The Obstinate Moor
For one whole hour I tried to get that motor to talk, but there was nothing doing, and since all my comrades had long since departed, I was given a different machine. The facilities for mounting a map were few in the limited space in a spud, where most of it is taken up with important gear, so having studied the map before hand I had a general idea whether I was bound. Fortunately another escadrille bound for the same place was "taking off" at the same time I was, so to prevent brain fog and to be sure I was right, I swung in behind their formation and followed along. They took a curve to the right, and from the one I had intended following, so I soon was at sea as to my exact whereabouts with only a vague idea of the direction. To make things worse the sky was dotted with innumerable small clouds, so white and thick and tiny that it reminded one of a cotton field. This "cotton" patch was quite large and extended as far as the eye could see. Naturally, it hid a lot of ground, which prevented me from picking out the landmarks I had committed to memory. However, we were bound