Flying With Shaffer

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN COUNTY BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Escadrille Spad 38,
Secteur Postal, 102,
G. C. 22,
Sept. 26, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Just came back from a three-day trip to Paris, and I sure did enjoy myself, probably because it was such a change, for you know I have been on the front for some six months and the outlook there is not always as cheerful as one might think. And then one sees so much of the male sex, too, in fact, too much, so you can imagine seeing the French dolls, which Paris is noted for, trotting along the boulevards and parks, was some welcome sight, even if some pe-rons maintain that their idea of a bath is simply another coat of powder.

In Gay Paree

Besides, I had considerable money in my jeans and was aching to spend it. I could not have gone to a better place for that purpose, for it sure does take money to live in Paris. Everything has a tax "de luxe" pinned onto it, which translated means taxes on luxuries.

Riding in taxis comes under this head, too, which caused me considerable surprise, for taxis in Paris are cheap and a most common mode of conveyance. Incidentally, the tax was marked on the taximeter under the word "baggage," and since the only baggage I was carrying was a pair of kid gloves. I sure made a holler at the end of my first ride. Oh, no, I did not come back broke, but I did spend a lot of money in ways that would shock your "thrifty soul," as Dad would say. One of them being the buying of a gold bracelet, with my name, number, residence and a lot of other private history inscribed thereon. It only cost some $35 so it should be pretty good metal, eh? You see, I am just as vain—or crazy—as ever, and when you see me in some of these French uniforms you will be quite sure of the vain part.

Gets New Spangles

While I think of it, I better tell you that being in the "big town" I made use of the opportunity to repair the damage to my black uniform. You remember, I lost the most important half of it sometime ago. I now have a new pair of pants and am ready to wear my own mourning again.

Putting up at the Y. M. C. A. hotel, I caused no end of curiosity, being all dolled up in blue among a sea of khaki, and the blue being trimmed by the gold badge of the Lafayette Corps, the flying insignia of the French, to say nothing of my "Croix de Guerre" with its two palms, and the "fouragire" draped from my shoulder, one could not blame the girls for making eyes at one, or the American soldiers for wondering where and how I acquired all the trimmings.

How to Tell a Yank

One American girl declared she knew I was an American before I opened my mouth. Naturally, I was curious to know why as I always am when people say I look like an American, and wanted to know if it was the shape of my mouth. This brought a smile and the showing of a perfect set of white teeth from the pretty one, for strange as it may seem, this was one pretty little Miss. How she ever got into Y. M. C. A. work with all that beauty was beyond me, until I found out that she had lived in France for six years; besides her mother was in charge at the Y. where I was so joyfully absorbing ice cream. You may wonder at my surprise at seeing a pretty girl in a Y. canteen, but really, from my observation, I firmly believe they have a beauty censor when it comes to passing on the merits of these workers. But to come back to the reason why I looked like an American, what do you think that girl said? She knew it by my feet. Not that they are so abnormally large, because they are not, but because I was wearing American shoes. Golly! that made me laugh, for it sure showed keen observation on her part, as they were American shoes I was wearing—the only thing I have left from my civilian outfit.

Gee Whiz! Hot Bath!

One nice thing about the Y. hotel is that it has many well-equipped bathrooms and what is more to the point, hot water all the time. You can bet I soaked myself pretty thoroughly during those three days, for a bathroom and hot water and I had been strangers for a long time. I made up for lost time though and got very well acquainted again. Also, I stopped shaving myself and left an honest-to-goodness barber do it, who being French, was not much of an improvement, and I had my nails manicured, too, for the first time in my life. Not that they needed it at this late date any more than before. But if you had seen the lady, you would not have blamed me. Golly! she sure was a pippin! With black hair and green eyes too. Quite a combination, you will say, so when she directed a smile my way and wanted to know if I wanted my finger nails arranged while waiting my turn for a shave, little Walter gave her the quick once over, decided his hands needed something done to them and that he would learn some more French as well as take another crack at the bane of his existence—bashfulness.

Truthful as George Washington

I soon discovered, among other things, that with a little help from the other party I could keep a conversation going fairly smooth and amusing, even in French. Some half an hour later the barber came around and wanted to know if I was in a hurry for the shave. No I wasn't. Which was the most truthful thing I ever said in my life—I think it was an hour later when the hair was removed from my face, but I don't think I ever spent so much time more enjoyably or amusingly. Not only did I learn some more French, but gave that bashfulness its dying thrust. Of course, a few blushes may have gotten out of control, but they generally do in the presence of beauty, however, I still have hopes, that given a little more time they will obey orders also.

Best Way to See Paris

The next day was Sunday and since I had a date "pour faire une petite promenade," of course it had to rain. Not all the time, you know, but just enough to spoil any contemplated walks down a lover's lane. And since walking was out of the question we hired a taxi, which was not at all bad, even if it was expensive, for a more comfortable and quick way to see Paris could not be thought of. To tell the truth, I can't say I recall much scenery, except what was hidden under a "chic" hat and veil. I better stop this garrulous narrative, however, because your vivid imagination, I fear, has pictured many things that never happened.

Chickens Are Scarce

Paris seemed quite changed from the last time I was there, not only in being more strict, but in the number and variety of "poulets" running around. They are all coming back from the seashore, I guess. And, then, the effect of the many Americans was quite surprising also. One can even ask a French waiter now for a glass of water without having him faint. The only way I can explain this phenomenon is that he has finally decided that since all Americans are crazy, "tis better to humor them. You can still give one a shock, though, by asking for milk. Fortunate for them, they are spared many shocks, for milk comes under the luxury head and cannot be gotten unless one is sick.

Closer to Hun

When I arrived at my escadrille, I found it had moved, going up closer to the lines, which, although pleasing news in a way, had its drawbacks also, for I began to wonder whether my clothes and other things had been taken along or left for any wayfaring soldier to take. I was lucky this time, though, for several pilots had kindly packed my junk and brought it along. Even at that, though, I lost several things (I always do every time we move.) This time it was my sewing kit and a lot of chocolate I had left in a drawer. The loss of the candy was, indeed, a calamity.

Bunked With Flute Player

The sewing kit did not cause so much sorrow, as, not liking the job, I seldom have use for it, and, as for the thimble, I never could use one of the darn things. It's always been a puzzle to me which finger it should be used on, and, as for darning socks, I never had the courage or patience to attempt that. And, would you believe it, I'm bunked up with the flute player. Truly, a war causes strange bed fellows and I feel that an appropriate nightly prayer would be to ask the Lord to keep him from playing, and, judging from what he is doing now, it looks as if the prayer was answered, but it must have gone to the wrong place, for he is playing poker. "Ca, c'est bien," because the only thing in danger of suffering is his pocketbook.

Being a famous escadrille, we got the only barracks on the new "piste." As barracks go they are not "worse," although they will require some fixing up to make them comfortable for winter. Our first improvement was put in to-day, when a gas light was put in the dining room. I am now writing by its light, which is certainly an improvement over a candle and is not so hard on one's eyes.

Relics of the Boche

It's very pretty around here, too, the barracks being on the side of a small hill. In fact, we're right in the center of a beautiful grove, which contains so many things left behind by the Boche that a souvenir hunter would be in Heaven. Among other things, are hundreds of Boche artillery shells, stacked up outside the barracks. And, what's more, they are all pointed this way. So here's hoping the Fritzies who wander over here nearly every night don't drop any bombs in the neighborhood of that Boche "woodpile," for it sure would make things hot for the flute player and I, and, of course, it would be just my luck to have everything else get plugged, myself included, except that doggoned flute. Barbwire is becoming more plentiful, too. In fact, if the war does nothing else for the peasants whose land has been fought over, it will save them the cost of wire and posts for fencing in their land. Golly! there's enough wire scattered around here to fence in a Montana ranch. Found three letters here from you when I came home. They sure were welcome and interesting, and was glad to hear you had read the letter about the attack on the balloon. It made me laugh to see how quickly Dad changes his tune from "get a Boche" to "stop taking such big chances." As for fighting the Boche when they start a merry-go-round, it's my duty to go down and attack, even if they do get me. As for that especial trick, it's a very old one for the Boche, being used by one of their crack escadrilles.

WALTER.

Time Brings Happiness With The Dawn

The Coming of Baby Marks the Advent of a Glorious Future.

Scientists say great stress should be laid upon the remarkable influence which the mother's happy pre-natal disposition has upon the health and future of the generations to come.

There is a splendid preparation women for over half a century have applied before the stork's arrival, known as Mother's Friend. This is a most grateful, penetrating remedy that at once softens and soothes the myriad of broad, flat abdominal muscles under the skin of the abdomen. By its regular use during the period the nerves, tendons and cords are relaxed and there is an absence of nausea, bearing-down pains, strain and general discomfort more often than otherwise experienced when nature is unaided.

By the use of Mother's Friend night and morning the muscles relax with ease when baby comes, the time at the crisis is shorter and pain and danger is naturally avoided.

Write the Bradfield Regulator Company, Dept. E, Lamar Building, Atlanta, Georgia, for their Motherhood Book, and obtain a bottle of Mother's Friend from the druggist, by all means, and get into condition to meet the crisis.

DRUGGISTS!! PLEASE NOTE

VICK'S VAPORUB OVERSOLD DUE TO PRESENT EPIDEMIC

Tremendous Demand Last Few Days Has Wiped Out Excess Stocks That We Had Estimated Would Last Until Next January. Last Week's Orders Called for One and Three Quarter Million Jars—Today's Orders Alone Amount to 932,459 Jars.

Big Shipments Are En Route to Jobbers. Until These Arrive There May Be a Temporary Shortage. All Deals Postponed — Buy in Small Lots Only.

RETAILERS CAN GET IMMEDIATE SHIPMENTS DIRECT BY PARCEL POST

This advertisement is written on Monday, October 21. It is directed to the attention of all distributors of Vick's VapoRub, both wholesale and retail. In an emergency such as the present epidemic, our duty—and your duty—is to distribute VapoRub in the quickest possible manner to those sections stricken by Influenza. We, therefore, call your careful attention to the following:

DANGER OF SHORTAGE IF SUPPLY IS NOT CONSERVED

On October 1st we had on hand, at our factory and in twenty warehouses scattered over the country, sufficient VapoRub to last us, we thought, until January 1, allowing for a 50 per cent. increase over last year's sales, and not counting our daily output. This big excess stock had been accumulated during the summer months.

Then this epidemic of Spanish Influenza hit us—and in the last ten days this stock has vanished. At first we thought this tremendous demand would last only a few days, but the orders have run:

Wed.,	Oct. 16—	18,504 dozen.
Thur.,	Oct. 17—	25,323 dozen.
Fri.,	Oct. 18—	39,256 dozen.
Sat.,	Oct. 19—	45,833 dozen.
Mon.,	Oct. 21—	77,705 dozen.

Up to Saturday, October 19th, we have actually shipped for this month $400,284.10, or over two million jars of VapoRub.

THE PROBLEM NOW IS TO DISTRIBUTE VAPORUB QUICKLY

Most of this tremendous quantity is still en route to the jobbers, but freight and express are both congested nowadays, and it may be some time before this supply reaches the jobbers. In the meantime, therefore, it is necessary that we distribute, as widely as possible, the stock that we are manufacturing daily, together with that now on the jobbers' and retailers' shelves, in order that it may get to the Influenza districts quickly. Our normal output is about 4,000 dozen per day. We are putting on a night shift, but it will be a little while before that is producing.

WHAT WE ASK THE WHOLESALE DRUGGIST TO DO

Last Saturday we notified all of our jobbers, by special delivery, as follows:

1st—Deals and quantity shipments of all kinds are cancelled. Fill no quantity orders of any kind, whether taken by our salesmen or by your own. Sell in small lots only.

2nd—Order from us in as small quantities as possible. If you are out we will try to ship a limited amount by parcel post or express, and pay the charges ourselves.

3rd—In order to make distribution still quicker, we will ship direct to your retail customers quantities not more than three (3) dozen 30c size at any one shipment.

4th—We are now out of the 60c size and will be for the next ten days.

WHAT WE ASK THE RETAIL DRUGGIST TO DO

Buy in as small quantities as possible. If you have any quantity orders, given the jobber's salesmen or given to our salesmen, don't bother about them—no need to write us—it is absolutely impossible to fill these orders at this time. If the jobbers in your territory are out of Vick's VapoRub, we will ship you by parcel post, prepaid, quantities not more than three (3) dozen 30c size in any one order. Naturally, we can't open accounts at this time, so your check or money order for this amount must accompany order. Don't write us stating to ship through your jobber, as we then have to wait until we write this jobber and get his O. K. If you wish the goods to come through your jobber, have him order them for you.

SNOWED UNDER WITH CORRESPONDENCE

Our force has already been "shot to pieces"—twenty-four of our men are wearing Uncle Sam's khaki—and this recent rush has simply buried us. All our sales force has been called in to help in the office and factory. We just mention this so you won't hold it against us if your wires and letters aren't answered promptly.

SPECIAL BOOKLETS ON SPANISH INFLUENZA

We will send, on request, to any retail druggist 100 or more little booklets, just issued, on Spanish Influenza, giving the latest information about this disease—its history—the symptoms—the treatment, and particularly the use of Vick's VapoRub as an external application to supplement the physician's treatment.

NEW WAYS TO USE VAPORUB

In addition to the usual method of using VapoRub—that is, applied over the throat and chest and covered with hot flannel cloths—our customers are writing us daily telling of their success in using VapoRub in other ways, particularly as a preventive. They melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors arising, or melt it in a benzoin steam kettle. Where the steam kettle is not available. VapoRub can be used in an ordinary teakettle. Fill the teakettle half full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowly boiling and inhale the steam arising.

According to a bulletin just issued by the Public Health Service, Dr. Stiles, of this service, recommends that the nose be kept greased as a preventive measure against the Influenza germs. For this purpose VapoRub is excellent.

THE VICK CHEMICAL CO., Greensboro, N. C.

KAISER AND BOOZER ON RUN

The International Sunday School Lesson For November 3 Is "Appetite and Greed"—Genesis 5:27-34 (World's Temperance Sunday)

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

War's casualties are not all printed in the newspaper lists There is John Barleycorn, for instance; he is as surely doomed as the Kaiser. Into these tremendous days we have telescoped the process of generations, so that greatter social progress is being made in a year than formerly was achieved in a century. Mars keeps a school of intensive training. We are learning to the accompaniment of guns the great lessons of life. That is why even liquor men admit that the business of strong drink will have been wiped out for the United States and Canada, and ultimately for the whole world, by this war. Civilization has steadfastly resolved that there shall be a new and better order for mankind; and, inevitably, there is no room in it for the hurtful liquor traffic.

This war, our children will clearly see, will have been worth all it cost, terrible and tragic as is the toll at present being taken. Dimly we now envisage the priceless results to our children. Soldiers glimpse the greatness of the future they are buying with their blood. A British soldier's epitaph in France is said to read:

"When you go home, tell them of us, and say For their Tomorrow, we have given our Today."

It is for a world freed from the blight of Prussianism, militarism, autocracy, greed, cruelty, injustice and intemperance that they have died. The world has given of its best in battle to save itself from the worst of woes in peace.

Some Blessings of the War

There has been a majestic moral sense marching over the earth within the past five years. When the old order of world peace collapsed the eyes of all far-seeing men and women were opened to the coming of a new era, with nobler ideals and impulses. Each passing month reveals the magnitude of this spiritual, political and economic upheaval. We are headed toward a new heaven and a new earth.

Five years ago it seemed as if material might and physical indulgence held sway among mankind. A passion for power and pleasure ruled men. Wealth, the symbol of authority and purchasing ability, was the avowed goal of effort. In the cultivation of forms of entertainment, and in the invention of new sensations, the world was rivaling ancient and degenerate Rome. There seemed a blunting of the finer edge of spiritual sense.

Then fell the war bringing us to ourselves, and causing deepest soul searchings. Facing the issue, all the best that is in us—our inheritance from forefathers who battled for liberty and for God; our innate idealism, our sense of responsibility for the world to-morrow—rose up to assert itself. We had strayed, but we had not become lost. With all our faults, we now know, we do stand for righteousness and religion. The supremacy of spiritual values emerged. At present, thank God, all the English-speaking world is at war for our spiritual inheritance.

This struggle is not localized in France or the East. Some of its most strategic battles are now being fought in the centers of the homelands. Every woman and every man who adheres steadfastly to the standards of the Christian religion, and to the vast integrities of life which the centuries have tested, is a co-worker with the brave boys who fling their lives over the top in France. Together they fight for the pre-eminence of what is spiritual over crass and brutal appetite. What would it avail us to break the Hun in Europe and suffer his ideals to conquer us in the homeland? Every Sunday school teacher, every parent, every preacher, every editor, every teacher who in this crisis sees clearly the indispensability of nobility and righteousness, may know of a surety that he or she is a fellow worker with God and the Allied armies for the triumph of our sacred cause.

A World Battle

On the basis of this familiary Old Testament story of the appetite-ruled Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, we have today the annual lesson for World's Temperance Sunday. In these days of jubilation over the spectacular victories of the temperance movement, it is not to be forgotten that for many years the Sunday schools of the world have been laying siege to the citadel of strong drink. The war has been the occasion but the cause runs back through long and dark years of tireless temperance teachings and struggling.

To-day there comes to my desk a call for an International Conference of Allied and Neutral Countries, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, November 14-21, to lay plans for the complete elimination of the beverage liquor traffic throughout the entire world. That Canada and the United States are to be permanently "dry" now seems assured. But this old earth cannot continue under the new conditions of solidarity, half wet and half dry. Our allied problem contemplates a new and better order of life for all peoples; and we know that this cannot be so long as appetite rules mankind; or principles are subordinated to passion.

Clearly, the question is larger than one of booze or no booze. It is the ancient issue of the flesh versus the spirit. Our supreme task, as it lies peculiarly within the domain of religion, is to help the human race to give over the reins of their lives to their higher natures, while they bring into subjection the lower. The shortest, surest way to accomplish this is to persuade the world to accept Jesus Christ, who gives to His disciples a new nature.

Blunderings of Booze

Without amplifying the oft-proved point of the relationship between the brewer and the German program, it is enough to point out that the booze business has been committing the same sort of blunders as the Prussian propaganda. The uncovering of those mistakes has helped tear the veil from the eyes of many blinded Americans. Thus, the discovery that the man who wrote for many years the bitter anti-English, anti-Japanese and, inferentially, the pro-German editorials of the Hearst newspapers, had purchased his Washington newspaper with funds contributed by brewers bearing German names, has startled the country into a realization of the ramifications of the liquor business and of the schemes of the enemy.

Another blunder of the friends of strong drink has been the cry that the workingmen "must have" their dram. Similarly, it was said that an army in France "must have" rum every morning, but to date not a single ounce of rum or other intoxicant has been issued to General Pershing's army. When I was in London I heard on every hand that the brewers must be permitted to continue in business, because of "the workingman."

I took that argument to Arthur Henderson, the labor leader. His jaw set as he said, "All we ask is that they let us put it to the test. So far, since the war, when the laboring men of Britain have had a chance to vote on the question locally, they have put the public house out of business. It is a characteristically stupid statement of aristocracy and of the brewing business that "the workingman" is without ideals or self-restraint, and that he puts his glass above the flag. The sentiment would be in better taste if the men who made it had themselves been willing to follow King George in a pledge of "glasses down for the war."

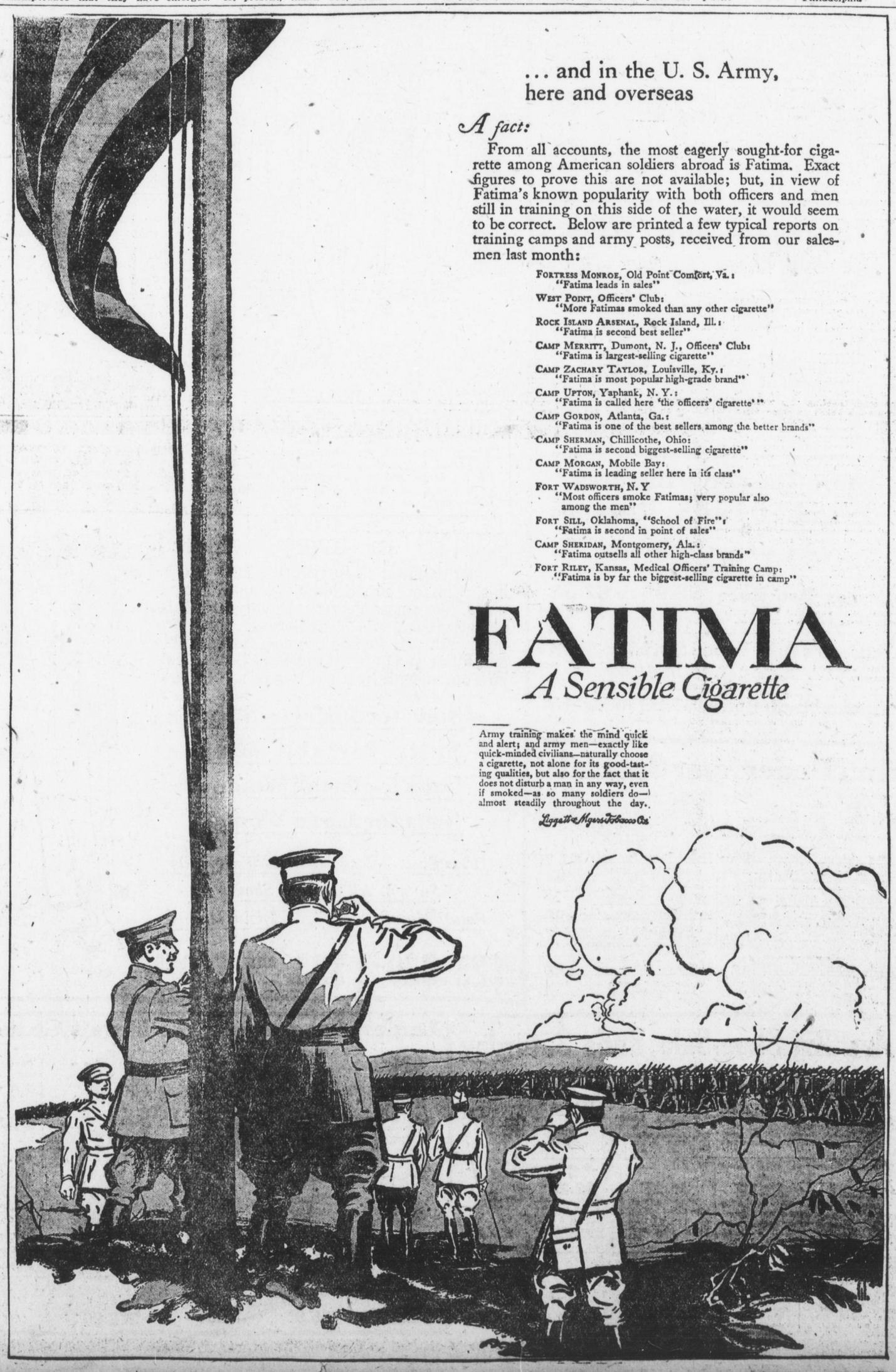
Another favorite argument for liquor was borrowed in perverted form from the Apostle Paul: liquor was essential to health. Yet recently, when the influenza began it ravage in Pennsylvania and the East generally, the health authorities shut up the saloons with a consequent and immediate falling off of crime in the big cities. Of course, the vital statistics of the "dry" versus the "wet" states and provinces long ago settled that question to the effect of liquor upon health. And within a year the president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Arthur Bevan, said in his official address, "In the slow evolution of civilization many great wrongs became so intrenched that it required centuries of education or revolution to extirpate them. Among these great wrongs, too long tolerated, none has done more injury to mankind than drink. Now the swiftly moving course of events is writing the death warrant of autocracy and rule by 'divine right,' and science and education should eliminate not only plagues and epidemics, but also the curse of drink from the world."

This Tonic-Upbuilder Helps the Lungs

Weakened and run-down systems, threatened with serious illness, have found in ECKMAN'S ALTERATIVE an unusual tonic and up-builder, often helping to restore health and strength. No alcohol, narcotic or habit-forming drugs. Twenty years' successful use.

50c and $1.50 Bottles at all druggists or manufacturer, postpaid.

ECKMAN LABORATORY, Philadelphia



... and in the U. S. Army, here and overseas

A fact:

From all accounts, the most eagerly sought-for cigarette among American soldiers abroad is Fatima. Exact figures to prove this are not available; but, in view of Fatima's known popularity with both officers and men still in training on this side of the water, it would seem to be correct. Below are printed a few typical reports on training camps and army posts, received from our salesmen last month:

FORTRESS MONROE, Old Point Comfort, Va.:
"Fatima leads in sales"

WEST POINT, Officers' Club:
"More Fatimas smoked than any other cigarette"

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL, Rock Island, Ill.:
"Fatima is second best seller"

CAMP MERRITT, Dumont, N. J., Officers' Club:
"Fatima is largest-selling cigarette"

CAMP ZACHARY TAYLOR, Louisville, Ky.:
"Fatima is most popular high-grade brand"

CAMP UPTON, Yaphank, N. Y.:
"Fatima is called here 'the officers' cigarette'"

CAMP GORDON, Atlanta, Ga.:
"Fatima is one of the best sellers among the better brands"

CAMP SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Ohio:
"Fatima is second biggest-selling cigarette"

CAMP MORGAN, Mobile Bay:
"Fatima is leading seller here in its class"

FORT WADSWORTH, N. Y
"Most officers smoke Fatimas; very popular also among the men"

FORT SILL, Oklahoma, "School of Fire":
"Fatima is second in point of sales"

CAMP SHERIDAN, Montgomery, Ala.:
"Fatima outsells all other high-class brands"

FORT RILEY, Kansas, Medical Officers' Training Camp:
"Fatima is by far the biggest-selling cigarette in camp"

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Army training makes the mind quick and alert; and army men—exactly like quick-minded civilians—naturally choose a cigarette, not alone for its good-tasting qualities, but also for the fact that it does not disturb a man in any way, even if smoked—as so many soldiers do—almost steadily throughout the day.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.