

Shaffer's Last Flight

(Continued From Yesterday)

Thus life went on for three days with nothing to do but make turnip stew and hunt cootes. That hunt was always on, and they increased so fast that a closed season was necessary. Having taken several baths and washed my underclothes I thought friend cootie would remain aware while.

But my comrades soon woke me from this blissfully ignorant state, as well as the cooties—sure it's plural! Said they, you will gain more here than anywhere else and I did too, so much so, that hunting cootes came like dessert—after every meal. No matter how many one killed at daybreak there were sure to be some more at nightfall. I hate to think how many there would have been had I stopped hunting for ever. Probably they would have been so thick that like bees they would have swarmed in order to hunt a new home. It was too crowded on my slender frame.

Fortunately, my punishment did not last long, for the third day we went on the road again, this time bound for Germany on foot, a seven-mile march to the sea. Oh, yes, they had trains, but we were not considered valuable enough to travel in such a luxurious way.

Shoe Supply Exhausted

With each journey ahead of me, I made another demand for shoes but there was nothing doing. They had none. So then told me anyway, I could not march far in such shoes, that was a certainty, so one of my comrades hunted me up a pair of old Polliu shoes. They were not mates, but they were an exact fit, and although nearly worn out were preferable to the wooden clogs. But was the trouble, they fit snugly, and when I marched several hours my feet made insistent demands for more room. There wasn't any more so I suffered.

It was some walk, and as usual, all the Frenchmen were loaded down with baggage like a commuter on Xmas Eve. For such heavy loads the Boche had provided a small cart, but like all kindnesses done by the Boche, he had a string to it for the men who put their burdens on had to pull it. That was no small job, especially going up hill, but they did it.

We had been given no extra rations so we figured we better carry something edible along even if it was only several turnips.

Russians Did Not Mind

The Russians, being hairy fellows that they were, each carried a bushel on their backs. They, for one, did not suffer much from hunger during the journey. No sooner had the rumor spread that we were going to move again, than I saw a certain Frenchman aside and talked over plans to escape. Sure, he was willing but since it was a long journey to the Dutch frontier, he advised making with the Boche for several days, then we're going to march through Belgium to France. We had no doubt about it being easy to escape, but when we started we changed our mind.

It looked as if it were going to be a little difficult, for a guard was assigned to each four men. No, sir, they were not taking any chances on losing any of that precious bunch, for they knew full well that the lack of proper food and the disgusting state of the barracks in which we had been living would make one and all determined to escape at the first opportunity.

Arrives in Belgium

Fenced in by guards like this we arrived late in the afternoon in Belgium, no sooner had we crossed the frontier between France and Belgium than we noticed the difference between small villages in Belgium and those in France.

Those in France may be picturesque, but they sure are filthy. Really, it's quite the custom for the horses to dine in one room and the family in the one alongside. In Belgium, it was different altogether. They were pretty, as well as picturesque. Such spotlessly clean houses I have never seen, and built of different colored stones they made a wonderful picture.

Belgians Kind

I had heard many stories about the wonderful kindness of the Belgians people to prisoners, especially French ones, so I was naturally curious to see it proven. I was getting hungry as well as footsore, and was anxious to have this kindness take edible shape.

I did, too, when we stopped in the center of a small village to rest. Out from all the houses came people, women, children and old men, each bearing some gift to the prisoners. Some had bread, others potatoes, others carrots and several even came bearing coffee with milk.

That was too much for those half-starved prisoners, and guards notwithstanding they broke ranks and ran to meet all these good things, for they had no time to eat. They had seen coffee with milk and white bread, that they wanted a taste to make sure it was not a mirage.

They were not a bit polite about it, either, for anyone that showed up with anything eatable immediately, because the center of a howling, fighting crowd. It was a survival of the fittest and only the strongest got anything to eat, looking longingly on the good things arriving. They refused to enter the combat for them. Hunger, it seemed, had driven most of the prisoners wild, for such a surging fighting mob around a small "mademoiselle" and a basket of bread you never saw.

March Used Him Up

As for me the march had completely used me up, and my feet pained me so badly I could hardly stand up. Rest to me was more important than eating, hungry though I was, and no sooner was the order given to rest than I sank down on the ground and stayed there until prodded up by a guard to continue on my painful way.

We finally arrived at the village where we were to spend the night, and I halted in the center of the town while the Boche off duty went around hunting places to install us for the night. Immediately the people began giving things to eat to the prisoners. The guards forbid it, but they continued nevertheless. Actually, I saw one soldier receive a piece of bread spread with honey.

That was enough to hoist even me off my feet, my weary feet, and enter the next combat. For combat it was. Since the guards would not allow the Belgians to hand any eats out they threw the bread over the guards' heads. Such a wild scramble that caused can only be imagined.

Guards Disregarded

Sometimes, however, the prisoners would actually disobey the guards and break ranks for a particularly tempting morsel of bread. There were a bunch of Italians in particu-

lars," composed of some 30 men, slept in a barn on the outskirts of the town. It was not all bad, for the barn was filled with hay, and that made a warm bed indeed, and since it began to rain soon after we were placed there, we were more than thankful, even no eat.

The Boche had promised us some coffee and our ration of bread, but they never arrived until 9 p.m., so most of us worked up a little turnip stew, and, tiring of waiting, for our allowance or bread, went to bed. Hardly had I fallen asleep, however, than I was awakened by the owner of the barn, who asked to come down in the kitchen.

Gladly I pulled on my shoes and followed, for I had asked him earlier in the evening if he could not find me a pair of shoes, as I could not march on the morrow with the ones I had. He had said he would send me know that night, so I descended into his living room with his horse.

The Russian interpreter was there, the Boche commander and a French adjutant who was with the camp of discipline, and they were just sitting down to dinner. Gee! but that meal made my mouth water—nicely browned potatoes and white bread and butter, not much you say, but to me, who had been existing on turnip stew and black bread for a month—was like a banquet.

Scraps Greedily Eaten

The Frenchman was not invited either, but luckily they did not eat all the potatoes, and we were given them with a piece of bread also. The farmer, his wife and two children watched us curiously as we ate, and when we had finished, the usual conversation began as to how I had been taken a prisoner and what I had suffered.

So many times had I told the story that my French was impulsive and I spelt it off pretty fluently as far as my knowledge advances. I grew so eloquent over them, I did tickle them.

That night the "camp of discipline"

had to be warmed several times by the farmer to be more careful of my language. (The Boche commander was sitting there all the time, you know, taking it all in, and he understood French very well, but despite all warnings I would insist in saying "Boche" every time I spoke of a Gorman. Translated, that means "hog" you know, and is quite an insult, but I never did cure myself of that habit, and I still have it.)

Chocolate Appreciated.

After we had talked awhile, the farmer's good wife brought out some small bowls and gave us some chocolate. Man! but that was some surprise, for I did not know the Germans let alone the Belgians, had such luxuries, but it sure was good, for you know what a sure way to make a man happy is to starve him for an awful long while.

And then he brought out the shoes. Brand new they were, and Boche at that. But their nationality bothered me not at all. What I wanted was something to walk in, and I did not care where it came from. As I had some money, I offered to pay for them, as I knew under the German yoke he would not grow rich—so, after some parleying, we agreed on 20 marks (about \$6) and my home address.

Hopes to Visit America.

He wanted that because he expected to come to America after the war, and wanted at least one friend there. Surely he deserves any help or kindness that could be shown him or his family, for giving me this chance was the greatest kindness man ever did for me. I simply could not walk any more in the others.

When I spoke afterwards of how I got those shoes to some other Belgians they denounced this farmer in no uncertain terms for taking money for them. He should have given them, they said. Anyway, he helped in other ways, too, or rather, his wife did, for the next day she gave me a loaf of bread to last me on the march. And to finish off that first memorable night in Belgium, the

SHERMAN FLAYS WILSON, CALLS HIM SUPERMAN

Illinois Senator Says President Cannot Resist Lure of the Limelight

Washington, Feb. 5.— Senator Sherman, of Illinois, Republican, delivered another address in the Senate today assailing President Wilson and his administration. He took the subject "superman-government and self-government," and asserted that the President was a superman by virtue of usurping authority.

Much of the speech was devoted to an attack upon Henry Ford, who, Senator Sherman said, was an alleged "superman" because he invented an internal combustion engine.

"He is a superman," said Senator Sherman, "is no longer a republican self-governed people. It is the result now of the alleged superman at the head of a group or class aggregation seeking their own advantage. Neither is it a government of law. It is a rule of some men, selfish, greedy, ambitious, impractical and dreaming. Others build a class despotism founded on spoliation. Another group

good lady gave us each a bowl of sweetened milk.

Honestly I had had enough luxuries that day to ruin my stomach, but it somehow stood the shock, and since that had been the first civilized food I had had in a long while, you can believe I slept well that night. Yes, it was in a haystack, but I had no kick coming, for it was very warm and soft.

(To be continued.)

about revolution and pillage unrestrained in public places."

Declaring that the nation "bovers on the borderland between peace and war," and pointing out that Americans are fighting and enduring hardships in many climes, Senator Sherman continued:

"In saving their lives and endure hardships in alien lands, our President spends nine weeks in ceremony, banquets and visiting with kings, the powers of the earth in endless stateful palaver. It is the old story of magnificence and misery, of splendor and suffering, of selfishness and sacrifice. While he coins new phrases and chases infinite abstractions into the empyrean heights of impossible human yearnings, the American nation drifts. We drift in Mexico. We drift on the bank of war and peace. We drift in industrial reconstruction. We drift on domestic policies and internal peace. The only definite goal is prodigal expenditure and huge taxes."

"Nothing but the grossest of egotism took him to the peace conference where no executive of any other civilized power sits. He cannot resist the lure of the limelight. The groups to which he panders applaud, and the average man looks on it silent, but with undisguised disgust."

Film Co. Head Held For Explosion that Killed Twelve Persons

Pittsburgh, Feb. 5.— Joseph Radoon, president of the Keystone Film Company is held by a coroner's jury on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the explosions and fire in which twelve persons lost their lives in the film exchange building blaze in Penn avenue several weeks ago. Radoon testified at the inquest yesterday that he put lyce into hot water to wash a motion picture film previous to the fire.

BIG SHOE BILLS CAN BE CUT

"I will always wear shoes with Neolin Soles," writes Mr. M. Newman of the I. Newman Mfg. Co. of Minneapolis. "They are superior soles in every way, waterproof, more comfortable and more durable. After many months of wear they remain in good condition."

Mr. Newman, and millions of others, have found that the answer to the shoe-bill problem lies in getting soles that wear a long time—Neolin Soles.

They are scientifically made, very tough and yet have the other qualities that soles should have—comfort and absolute waterproofness. Get Neolin-soled shoes for your whole family. They are found nearly everywhere and in all styles. Have worn shoes repaired with Neolin Soles. They are made by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, who also make Wingfoot Heels—guaranteed to outwear any other heels.

Neolin Soles

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Findings of Courts Martial Being Review By Expert Lawyers

By Associated Press
Washington, Feb. 5.— George T. Page, of Peoria, Ill., president of the American Bar Association, announced that he had been informed in conferences with Secretary Baker and Major General Crowder, the Judge Advocate General, that results of investigations passed under findings of general courts martial were being reviewed by lawyers in the Judge Advocate General's office.

"I understand," said Mr. Page, "that it is the purpose of the War Department to take up as fast as it can be done in the manner indicated the examination of all cases for the purpose of determining whether the sentences are unjust for any reason."

SHIPBUILDERS COMING HOME

Washington, Feb. 5.— O. R. Hartwig, president of the Oregon State Federation of Labor, asked the Shipping Board to assist in transporting back to their homes approximately 5,000 workmen sent to the Pacific coast during the war to building wooden ships, contracts for which have now been canceled.

1—Ford Delivery Bakery Body, \$325.00 1—Ford Delivery Express Body, \$350.00 1—Ford Touring Car, \$350.00

These cars have been overhauled and in good running condition.

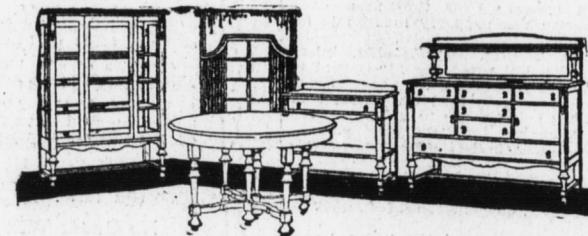
CRISPEN MOTOR CAR CO.

103 Market Street

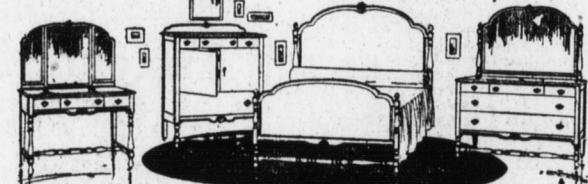


3-piece Cane Suite, mahogany frames, blue damask upholstery. February Sale Price,

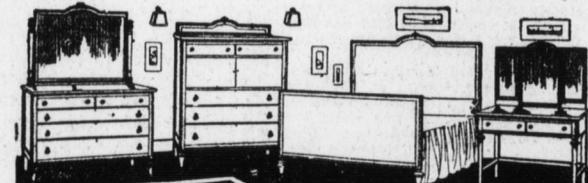
\$150



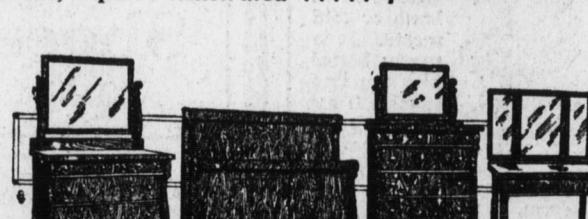
9-piece Jacobean Dining Suite, William and Mary design—Includes genuine leather seat chairs. 60-inch buffet. February Sale Price \$175.00



Solid Mahogany Suite of very finest quality, 54-inch dresser. Every piece mas. \$225.00



Genuine Circassian Imported Walnut, a wood now impossible to duplicate. Beautifully figured. All massive pieces. February Sale Price, 5-pc. \$250.00



Colonial style suite in satin walnut finish (light), good-sized pieces, well finished and serviceable. February Sale Price. (No chiffonier), 3-pieces \$110.00

Our Great February Furniture Sale

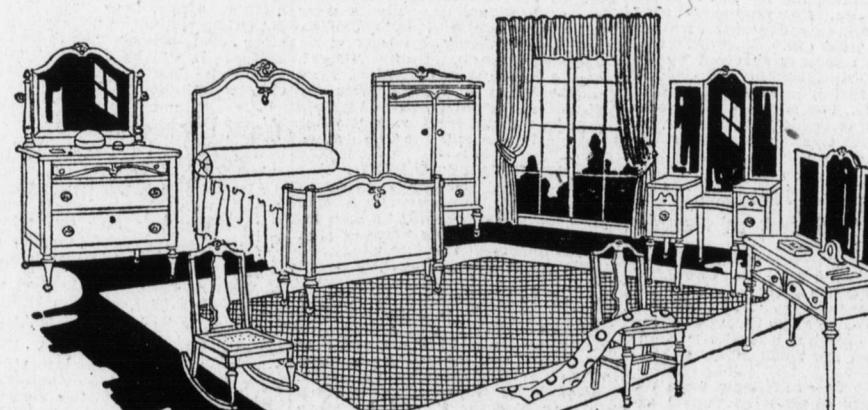
Open Every Evening

HOOVER Furniture Company

Purchases Will Be Held For Later Delivery

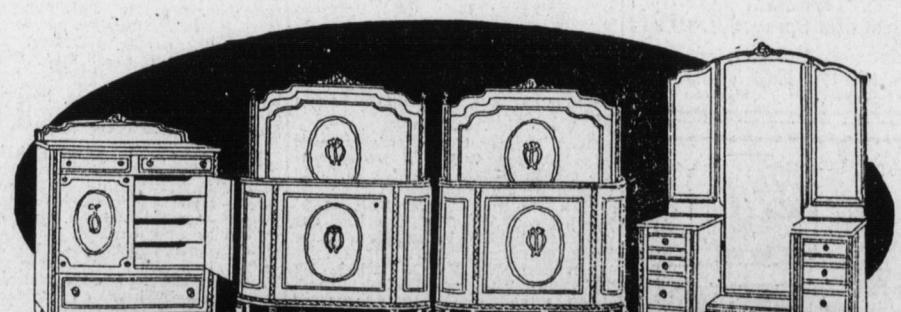
1415-19 North Second Street

Between Calder and Reily Streets

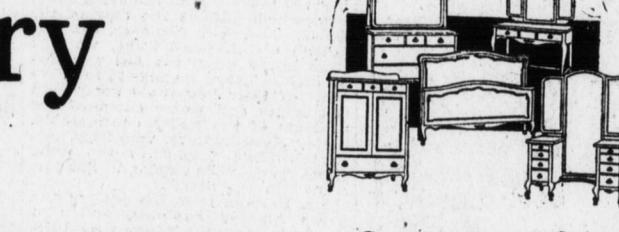


One Solid Carload of These Beautiful Suites Just Received

Bought at a large concession in price and offered to you at equal discount. The prices are just half to-day's value. This suite is UNEXCELLED for quality. Figured black walnut, full dust proof cases. Sold singly or "en suite." Groups upward from \$150.00



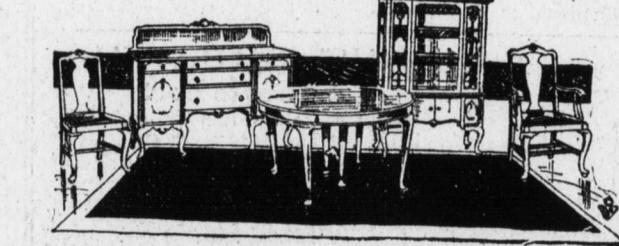
Over 75 pieces of ivory bedroom furniture is in stock at present. No such thing as limited selection here. We have the goods and we have the low price. Suite illustrated (with full size bed) \$250.00



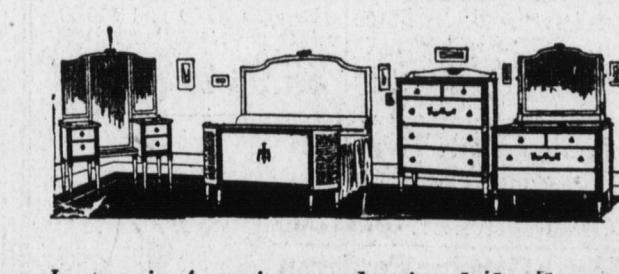
Genuine Imported Circassian Walnut Suite. The last of this beautiful wood available. February Sale Price, 3-pieces, \$250.00



9-piece American Walnut Suite Queen Anne style. February Sale Price \$225.00



9-piece Solid Black Walnut Suite. Nothing finer built. Solid mahogany interiors. A rare value. February Sale Price \$295.00



Ivory suite featuring new bowfoot bed and vanity dresser. The four pieces as illustrated. February Sale Price \$210.00



4-piece Walnut or Mahogany Suite, with panel Bed (no posts). February Sale Price \$120.00