

LETTERS FROM THE AIR  
SHOOTING 'EM UP

By Lieut. J. Alexander Bayne  
Dear Dad: We finally got chased out of our happy home, from where I wrote you last, and are now taking part in squashing this blamed offensive. Of course we are far from comfortable now, but things will be better after a few days when we get settled.

I was in Paris on permission for three days, the last of last week and the first of this. They bombed the city all the time I was there and simply rained my visit. The shops, cafes, etc., all closed when the "alert" was given and nothing left to do, earned nuisance. That long-range boche cannon also dropped shells from time to time to keep things going. Didn't do much damage, though. The shells are not of a high explosive, I guess. One lit about a block from me and I went over and saw the effect. There wasn't much—a hole in the pavement and some ruined windows—thats about all. Foolish.

Had my first try at shooting up stuff on the ground yesterday. We went over about 5:30 p. m. with orders to shoot up the roads, trenches, etc. The clouds were at about 1,000 meters, so we flew just under them.

When we got over the city that we were told to go to we began to look sharp. A few kilometers the other side of the city the leader ducked his nose, flipped up his tail, and began to let fly. I saw him go down, and so followed, of course. Then for the first time I saw the boches—hadn't seen a darned thing before that—on the ground, I mean. Of course, as there was a heavy bombardment going on, we could see the flash and smoke of the guns and also the luminous bullets they shot at us with the machine guns.

We were so low the cannon (Archies) couldn't shoot at us, but the mitrailleuses made up for their fire, and then some. When I followed the leader I, of course, saw what he was after—a battery all bunched up in a nice cluster, waiting to go into action, I guess. We sure let them have it. I was shooting my new gun—the one with the incendiary bullets that I described to you in my last two letters—and I could see each one hit. After we got down pretty near we tipped our noses up again, flying like drunken jacksnipe to dodge the bullets they plucked at us. Then we went back and did it again.

This time I went down so close I could see the white dabs of the faces looking up at me and also saw one of my shot's plop square into one of the horses. He promptly went down and kicked up quite a mess. I hadn't time to see more, though, as I was going some place else in a hurry. Both my guns were jammed (one never fired a shot), so I went up into the clouds and managed to get the other going.

Then I shot a bit on a convoy on the road and in some trenches. Gun jammed again, so I tried the same stunt as before. Couldn't make it, and so decided to find the others and go home. As I was excited and a bit scared, I took the wrong direction and found myself finally about seven kilometers back of the boche lines and with two of their planes coming in my direction. I beat it, you bet. Went up into the clouds and came home in them by compass—just popped out once in a while to look at the ground and see where I was.

Got home just as it got dark and caught hell for leaving my patrol and coming home alone; they thought I was lost. This work is fun, but darned risky, and I'll be glad when we quit it. I have to carry an order to go for balloons each time I fly because if I'm forced to land in the boche lines they will shoot me for using the incendiary bullets unless I have the order.

Sorry I've no more time, but will write soon again. Love to all the folks.

As ever,  
ALEX.

Earle Coryell was taken to the army hospital Tuesday morning after being suddenly taken ill with the influenza. Wednesday evening it was stated that he was better and that his temperature had fallen to normal. He will be kept at the hospital until he has entirely recovered.

11th and P Street  
SARATOGA  
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ALL SORTS OF AFFLUENCE

Great Mistake to Get the Idea That Wealth Consists Only in Possession of Money.

Riches and money have been commonly but mistakenly synonyms. A mother with a group of children may consider these her jewels, albeit by a bank examiner's rating she would be poorer than Job's turkey. A man with houses and lands may be destitute in human affections eddying round his chair and table, and so in life's paramount values the balancing of the account shows a deficit, though under the dollar sign he may be able to figure a fortune.

Each soul selects the sort of affluence it prefers, observes a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. You may choose that you will gain the whole world, no matter what becomes of the spirit. Years after it will be a sad thing to see the gross materialist you have become. You may be sated with the pleasures of the senses, but you have missed the best things life has to offer. You may be the chief target for the income tax collector, but the children of the region do not love you.

The man or woman is rich who has acquired sound, seasoned, lasting friendships, true through thick or thin. Any other sort of prosperity is much affected by fair weather or foul. When mere money has taken wing out of the window the attaches of the heyday of sunny prosperity abruptly decamp, even as rats flee from a sinking vessel. But the assets of character that link those we love to us enduringly, with the grappling hooks of steel, are proof against corrosion or burglary and will stand any strain that is put on them. Who dares to call me poor if I can keep the unbroken circle, on earth or in Heaven, that love has once established?

What a fallacy to define riches as anything sensual! For all that is of the flesh fleshy and of the earth earthy must one day perish like weeds that are slain by the reaper in the hot sun. Only love and truth and beauty and their divine fellowships are immortal, and only these are worth the husbandry of the undying soul.

He who has his fortune in these commodities is entitled to be called rich. Time and change and adversity have no power upon them. They are the only things a man can take with him when he goes. In the process of acquiring them they become part of him inseparably. He who has them "wears his commendation in his face," for it may be read as he passes that his converse is with the higher and finer things, and his daily walk is on the plane where the noblest meet and greet familiarly.

New Kind of Candy.

If someone offered you a box of chocolate bonbons which were so delicious that you apologized for the number you ate, and then someone told you that the chief ingredients of their interior was p-o-t-a-t-o-e-s, wouldn't it surprise you? Food Administrator, Peden of Texas, who had this experience, was more than surprised. The filling of the bonbons was suggestive of coconut and very delicate to the taste. Potato candy is a logical follow-up to tapioca flour bread, whale steak, mesquite sirup and other interesting food revelations brought about as a result of the war.—Dallas (Texas) News.

Year's Sugar Crop.

The area of the sugar-cane crop of 1918 in the United States is estimated by the bureau of crop estimates to be 532,880 acres, or 12 per cent above the acreage of 1909, as reported by the census. The estimate is for ribbon cane only, and hence sorghum is excluded. Ninety per cent of the total ribbon-cane area is Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. Of this total area about 53 per cent is intended for sugar, while the remainder, 47 per cent, is mostly intended for sirup and for planting part of the next year.

Convicted.

"I was awakened in my dugout by a voice getting down: 'Come up out of there you yellow sons of fishes!'" said a captured German officer. "I knew it was the Canadians, and lay still. When they followed it with a Mills bomb I was certain."

American Girls in France.

Three American girls, all prominent socially and members of widely-known New York and Montana families, have been acting as mail carriers between Senlis and Vic-sur-Aisne.

Fishes' Slumber Place.

Lester, who was present while his older sister was reciting her lessons and happened to mention "the bed of a river," broke in with the question: "Mother, is that where the fishes sleep?"

No Favoritism.

The school we must all attend is the school of experience. And no matter how many flowers and red apples you fetch to teacher dear, she won't show you any favoritism.—Florida Times-Union.

QUERY COLUMN

Q. 1—What is the time of enlistment in the S. A. T. C.? How long are we in for?

A. 1—The S. A. T. C. is a designated unit of the national army. There is no distinction as to service or corresponding rank. The term of enlistment, like all other branches of the army, is for the period of the war.

Q. 2—Will an enlisted man in the S. A. T. C. be given the time and the place necessary to get the university subjects for which he is registered? Or, will the military work supercede and crush everything else?

A. 2—Your object in joining the S. A. T. C. is impliedly to be of the greatest service to your country. If it is found of greater advantage to put you to military training chiefly that is undoubtedly what will happen to you. There isn't much so far to be "crushed" by the military activities here, but you can feel assured that nothing is going to "crush" the military program necessary to make the men here first of all 100 per cent soldiers.

Proper provision will be made for study hours and facilities.

Q. 3—What will become of the man who does not apply for O. T. C. but remains here and does the best he can to get his subjects?

A. 3—The question now is not whether one does one's best to get the subjects but whether one actually "gets" them.

Your scholastic record will be watched just as closely as your military record and if your course is such as to warrant a continuation of it the military authorities here will provide for same. You will be chosen for whatever you can best qualify. There is no need to apply for O. T. C. if you are specializing in some technical branch.

There's Zip to it, Boys!

HERE'S the yell master of them all—the campus favorite with college colors in stripes across the breast and sleeves. There never was a more attractive design—never a better made, a better styled, or a better wearing shaker sweater. It's a



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