

CHICAGO AVIATOR HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

(Chicago News)

This is an epic of the air.

The upper reaches of the atmosphere that hang so serenely over Illinois may be as electric with possible adventures as the skies "over there," that were the mournful witnesses of the death of the fearless Guynemer, the French ace of aces. Does the restless cadet in aviation, athirst for his first flight across the Rhine, doubt this? Let him ask Lieut. Don Campbell, who ranks as the crack birdman of Scott field, just outside Belleville, Ill.

Tuesday morning at 10.30 Lieut. Campbell received orders to hop in his machine and fly to grant park for "the big doings."

Off went the Lieutenant in his ma-

chine, carrying with him Lieut. Philip Reddy, who left his seat on the Chicago board of trade for Scott field where he is superintendent of police superintendent of firemen, superintendent of the mess and superintendent of several other departments.

Finds an Aero Motor Expert

About the time that Campbell's machine was out of sight Col. A. W. Robbins, J. M. A., whirled aloft in his aeroplane, let her out and went searching for Campbell who was too deep in the clouds to be found. At Rantoul Campbell stopped for lunch and then made straight in the direction of Kankakee, where he slid down on a broad free field to take on more gas.

A lone occupant of the ground came rushing forward and remarked, as

was a pretty landing you made, Lieut. Campbell and Reddy alighted: "That enant but it sounded to me as if something is wrong with your magneto? You must have pictured a winding."

Accommodating? Yes, Very "Not so, though it sounds like it," Campbell assured him and added, "But you seem mighty well up in the technique of aviation mechanics."

"I ought to be, I've devoted my life to the study of aviation mechanics," modestly replied the knowing one, and without further comment walked away as another stranger came up from another direction.

"That guy," said Campbell to the new arrival as he pointed to the back of his first visitor, "seems to have mastered aviation engines. He knows what's wrong by the sound. Who is he?"

"A nut," answered the other. "He lost his mind—strained it too hard studying motors. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," returned Campbell, "I'm out of gasoline. Can you tell me where I can get, say, forty gallons?"

The Puzzle is Now Solved "Sure. Wait here and I'll see that it's hauled to you—the best brand,"

he responded and ran off on his volunteer errand just a few minutes after Col. A. W. Robbins, who had traced his comrades from Rantoul, alighted to learn the nature of their trouble.

"Lack of gas," explained Campbell "Wait a while and it will be here. There's the man now that promised to see we got it."

"I promised? What did I promise?" asked the fellow, approaching. "Oh yes, now I remember—forty pounds of star dust, but my word of honor, I couldn't find it anywhere. I'll look again!"

"Good heavens, Campbell," burst forth the Colonel. "Don't you know where you are? You've landed on the grounds of the insane asylum at Kankakee?"

HIGH PRICES.

"Wives are sold in the Fiji Islands for five dollars each."

"Shame, isn't it?" "Yep," growled the grouchy bachelor, "more profiteering."

PLENTY OF OTHERS.

"You can't fool all the people." "That's all right. I don't want to do business with these extra wise guys."

Fellow Canadians!

"HOW much thought do you give to the War—I mean honest, sincere thought on how we should live in order to win the war?"

"I mean you who live from day to day in all the comfort that you enjoyed before the war, some of you in even greater comfort—"

"You who spend as much or more on your enjoyment—who indulge in as many of the good things of life as you ever did—"

"You who buy what you want to, eat what you fancy, go where you please—who deny yourselves nothing."

"You have no idea what it means to stand knee-deep in mud—in a dirty trench—with a cold drizzle chilling you to the bone."

"You have never heard the shells shrieking overhead—or seen bombs drop from the sky."

"But you know these things are."

"And yet you go on spending—as if this war were in a story-book—as if the menace of the Hun could never touch you."

"But it could—and it would—but for your armies."

"And we—the soldiers who make those armies."

"Do you think we could 'carry-on' if we thought for a moment you were not backing us to the limit?"

"Do you think we could stand it all—the terrible fighting and the tiresome toiling—if we dreamed,



"over there," that you were trifling with this war?"

"If we knew that you were spending money on frivolous things?"

"Don't you see that when you spend a dollar on a thing you don't absolutely need, you are using the labor of a man who should be either fighting or making something that will help us—your soldiers—to fight?"

"Oh, you chaps with money in your pockets—and comfort in your homes—and love of ease cankering your souls!"

"If you could know—as I know—all that war means—you'd stint yourselves down to the barest necessities—so that Canada's money and Canada's material and Canada's labor could all go into guns and shells and boots and uniforms and food—for our boys over in France to fight with."

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