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Ladies Ten inch Boot in Black or Khaki, Fawn, Grey, Tan, Mahogany.

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IT'S WORTH SOMETHING TO BE FITTED RIGHT

J. K. FITS THE ARCH

Joyce, Pruitt Co.

"WE WANT YOUR TRADE"



Captain Guynemer.

praying for him and were happy, indeed, in the thought that their France produced such a breed.

There was in the German flying corps an excellent aviator named Lieutenant Honendorf. Before the war he was a pilot for a French airplane factory. He knew French machines. He had destroyed twelve of them. He met Guynemer one day above the clouds. In several minutes the poles were curiously removing a wrecked plane from one of their narrow gauge railways. The machine had fallen on the tracks. On each wing was a Maltese cross.

At the beginning of September, 1917, Guynemer's record was fifty-three enemy planes destroyed, though experts credit him with at least twenty-five others, which were not officially recorded.

And now we must write his Nemesis.

Germans Have Hero.

Parallel with the career of this Guynemer a similar career was being carved out on the German side of the line.

Baron Captain von Richthofen, a young German aviator, had attained a record of seventy-three allied planes shot down. His tactics, however, were quite dissimilar from those of the Frenchman. Therein lies the claim to distinction for Guynemer as "King of the Air." Guynemer fought alone. Von Richthofen commands a squadron and he fights an easier game.

It is this Baron Captain von Richthofen who is responsible for the death of Guynemer.

The German authorities endeavored to match von Richthofen against Guynemer many times. When news came that Guynemer had moved to a certain portion of the French front, von Richthofen was promptly transferred to meet him. Their last meeting came only after an amusing series of evolutions behind the lines in an endeavor to have von Richthofen on a certain spot when Guynemer would appear. They knew they must overwhelm the Frenchman.

On September 11, 1917, Guynemer set out from Dunkirk on a reconnoitering expedition over the Flanders front. Von Richthofen was ready. To lure the brave Frenchman five Albatrosses went aloft to give him battle. Ordinarily they would be amusement for him, but this time there was no intention of letting the Frenchman have a fair fight.

(Concluded Monday)

WANTED.—A good man for sexton at the city cemetery, married man preferred. Salary \$40 per month. Good house to live in. Water furnished for domestic use. Phone 271 or see Mrs. A. Moore.

FRENCH HERO OF AIR A SUPERMAN

Guynemer Leaves Record of Daring Deeds on High.

BROUGHT DOWN 53 PLANES

Meets Fate When Fleet Under Von Richthofen Attacks Him—Turned Down by Every Branch of Service He Finally Gets Into Aviation Corps—Honored Many Times.

Guynemer! As you form the syllables with reverent breath you begin to realize that even the name, the sounding of it, contains a plethora of meaning. Guynemer! You say it, and the crystal of your mind reflects a romance of duty, of faithfulness, of altruistic bravery and of battles in the upper air, where all is pure and fair—where the fittest of the nations drive droning mechanical birds to the shock of battle. You picture stern-eyed complete men, very serious and very much tanned, who have a habit of looking over the heads of ordinary humans in a far-off self-contained manner that seems to anticipate all things—and, above all, seems to have that perplexity known as life, measured to a nicety; and knows there are things, principles, if you please, that transcend in value mere. And Guynemer was one of these tortured of humans—he could not fight for France.

Enters Aviation School.

As he weighed every other day

even the life of a man. And a man, is a man, indeed, who has eaten the steel of an enemy—in the upper air.

As these be men, so Guynemer, the republic's hero of the air, was a superman. We cannot qualify the expression—and would not.

When the furies released the covers of hell in the fateful months of August in the year 1914, the tri-colors of the French republic swung in a line of steel from the Vosges to the sea, to save the civilization so laboriously welded by the blood of Frenchmen at Tours under Charles Martel, at Chalons against the Huns and at Valmy against the same perfidious enemy they face today.

The republic's manhood went out to war. Some men there were who were denied the privilege of receiving the steel of the republic's ene-

swing by under the vivid tri-color he volunteered again and again in an ecstasy of patriotism. But—they wouldn't accept him. So? France needed men.

Finally, after six months of maneuvering, he used what influence he could avail himself of to enter the aviation training school at Pau.

He proved entirely efficient and was graduated to the front as a sergeant pilot in April of 1915. For eight months he filled the position of an underling among the hangars—but, that was a triumph, for he was serving France. His first aerial work was uneventful, merely observing behind the French lines.

And then came the day when he went over on his first raid. As he took the air a German plane immediately gave battle. Mon Dieu! They were coming to him! What happiness!

His attack was so vicious that the Boche machine was merely a pack-marked heap of junk when it crashed to the ground.

Early in 1916 he became an "ace." He had conquered five German planes.

Before November he had brought to earth twenty-one enemy machines. At Verdun he flew with strange companions—the shells of the barrage—and none outdid him. It was here that he received several bullets in one of his arms in a thrilling battle with four enemy planes. His spirit conquered. He became a captain.

In March, 1917, he attained his thirty-fourth victory in a battle with three Germans. In five minutes all three were crumpled to earth through a series of bewildering evolutions and daring firing. He started for the hangars, spied another enemy rising, and journeyed over to investigate. As his piece-de-resistance he played a little with the newcomer and then sent him down to join the other three. In May his score mounted to thirty-nine. In June it was forty-three.

Lead "Stork Escadrille."

It was Guynemer who led the famous "Stork Escadrille," formed early in 1916. In fact, he came on the scene just at the time the squadron formation was becoming popular with both armies. After a short time as member of the escadrille he formed a taste for fighting alone. Ever after that his fighting was done alone. He fired his own guns and managed his own controls. His brother officers considered him perfectly safe as long as he had not more than ten adversaries.

He traveled in his own automobile and carried his own chef. He was free to go to any front, though he accepted the advice of the officers in regard to his presence on sectors where his action might be stringently needed. All the valor awards the French army conferred were his, including the Legion of Honor. There were no honors he could further attain. But he knew the admiring and thankful hearts of many a French gossamer and many a French cottage were