

FLIGHT OVER DARK
GOVERNMENT THRILLS

Lufbery and Pourpe Undertake
2400-Kilometer Journey
in Africa.

"FLYING INFIDEL" STARTS

Natives Astonished and Disturbed by
Appearance of Strange Monster
Overhead—One Adventure
Follows Another.

(Copyright, 1918, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Published by arrangement.)

As a human document, surrounded by dramatic circumstances, the story of the career of Raoul Lufbery, the American ace of aces, told by himself and herewith given to the public in one of the most remarkable and thrillingly true.

Major Lufbery had begun the series and was making slow progress because the air fighting was so severe and intense, and it could hardly be expected that with the destruction of his German machines to his credit he would lose any chance to do battle with the enemy. While waiting for the fourth article in what was intended to be a series of 10, the call came to go up.

BY RAOUL LUFBERY.
CHAPTER II.

After many adventures in Indo-China, Marc Pourpe, "The Eagle of the Kas-klin," returned to France, where for several weeks he remained quietly at home, satisfied with his family. But the lure of adventure, the longing for new experiences, soon made itself felt again.

The memory of glorious days in the Far East, of his aerial voyages in strange lands only urged him to one evening, I had been sitting alone in my lodgings, stretched out comfortably before an open fire, feeling contented with life and the world at large, half asleep, half dreaming, when I heard a sharp knock at the door.

"Enter," I said, and Pourpe entered in his bright, sunny way, I knew him immediately that he had something important to tell me. But first, knowing that I had been very ill, he asked how I was.

"Very much better," I said.
"Et bien! We are going to start on another long journey."
Very much surprised, I asked where he was going. He drew a map from his pocket, which he spread out on my table. It was a map of North Africa. Then he said:

"Now listen, Lufbery, to what I am going to tell you. My reputation as an aviator depends upon the success of the journey about which we are undertaking. We've got to succeed! I have thought of everything. I have made allowances and deductions for every unforeseen event. We are now in the epoch of long aerial voyages. Brindejone has made a circuit of all the capitals. Roland Garros has crossed the Mediterranean. Well, we are going to fly from Cairo to Khartoum and back, following the borders of the Nile. It is a journey of 2400 kilometers, but if everything goes well, it ought easily to be made in 15 days. I have left nothing to chance. I have carefully measured my distances and chosen my landing places. Leaving Cairo with a favorable wind, I will land first at Luxor, then at Assouan, then here, at Wadi Halfaya, at Abu Aïmed, at Deia. A last coup d'aile—volla! the capital of Soudan!"

He was very enthusiastic, and I said that the plan seemed plausible enough. "Of course it is plausible!" he said. "It is a quite possible voyage and we are going to accomplish it. Now, in the matter of supplies, particularly of oil and gasoline, of course they will be very difficult to find in Egypt and the Soudan. But you need not worry about this. I have made all arrangements and at all the important towns where you will find everything which a little Morane needs to drink."

"A Morane?" I said. "So you are not going to fly your Bleriot?"
"No, a Morane—the little Morane. You don't know much about it, I imagine?"

I said that I was not familiar with it in detail, but that having kept his Bleriot in running order when we were in Indo-China, I saw no reason why I should not succeed in doing the same any rate, up to the present, we had both been favored by chance. Very likely our good fortune would continue. He had no doubt of it.

"We were born under a lucky star," he said. Then, in the manner of all aviators who agree to such a broad statement, we both rapped on wood.
We arrived at Cairo without incident, and early one morning, under a blue Egyptian sky, the little Morane, "the tallier," as the Arabs called it, started on its long voyage. I watched it mounting higher and higher above the minarets of the old citadel. It was a curious sight in that setting. Much more curious it must have seemed to the inhabitants of the city, many of whom were aroused from sleep by the sound of the motor. Women hastened out on the terraces without waiting to adjust their veils, their children had died about them, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. The men were much calmer. They gazed at the aeroplane silently, without any apparent emotion. "The flying infidel." With this expression they both explained and damned this early morning disturber of their devotions.

Aviator Salutes Sphinx.
Like a pigeon which takes its bearings before starting on a long journey, "le tallier" with the white wings, circled for a moment over the city, then turned in the direction of the pyramids. Having arrived there, I saw the machine suddenly point nose down and dive rapidly, as if it wished to alight on the summit of one of those great historic monuments. It redressed, however, a few meters above them, and

climbed swiftly again. Although I was far distant, and had not been told of his purpose, I easily guessed the meaning of Pourpe's maneuver. It was his salute to the Sphinx and the pyramids, and the ancient Egyptian civilization. Then he continued his flight toward the south, and the little Morane disappeared in the blue distance.

Four hours had passed since the departure, and as yet no news. Luxor, the first stop, is not very far distant, 400 kilometers at the most. He should have arrived by this time. I waited until wait. It was midday. No word from the little aviator. At last, about half past 5 in the evening, I receive a telegram very brief, saying, "Pourpe, on land near Menchich. Come at once to make slight repairs."

After having traveled all night by train, I was at Menchich, but at a village a little further on. I was immediately accosted by an Arab, who, with many sweeping gestures, and pointing to the sky, tried to explain to me the arrival of "le tallier." Seeing that I did not appear to understand, he took me by the sleeve and led me to the edge of the road. There two camels were kneeling and my guide explained by means of further gestures, that they were at my disposal. With his lean brown hand he pointed out to me a village at the summit of a distant hill.

Mamour Expects Visitor.
"Mamour," he said. This time I understood. The Mamour, the Mayor or chief dignitary of the village was expecting me. I mounted one of the camels and the Arab loaded my baggage on the other one. Then they rose to their feet and, swaying from right to left, started off in the direction of the village.

The Mamour was a venerable old man with a long white beard. He had received orders from Lord Kitchener, saying, "Give assistance to the visitors in case of need," and was very hospitable. After having given me some refreshment, coffee and a dish of small round cakes, he led me to his house, where he showed me some of our adventures. He loved stories, he said. I told him, politely, through the interpreter, that I could only come here in order to repair the aeroplane. I said that I would be very grateful if he would take me, as quickly as possible, to Monsieur Pourpe, who was doubtless waiting impatiently for me.

"Can you tell me if he is far from here?" And has he made a good landing?
"He is close at hand," he replied, "on a sandbar in the middle of the Nile. And he has landed beautifully. A bird could not have done it better."

From a distance I saw the upper part of "le tallier." The rest of the machine was hidden by the ground. Even here, on a lonely island in the middle of the Nile, the aeroplane was surrounded by a crowd of several hundred curious natives. I was led through, I found Marc Pourpe seated quietly on the sand, under the shade of one of the wings. He was devouring an enormous log of chicken, without in the least minding the curious glances which were fixed upon him.

Machine Little Damaged.
"Well, how goes the appetite? Not too bad?"
"Tiens! C'est vous, Lufbery! How in the world did you find me? Not without a good deal of trouble, I'll wager!" I made a hasty examination of the aeroplane.

"You see," he said, "nothing serious. Only a few screws broken, and several dented in the capot. Pure luck that I didn't turn over. Let me tell you how it happened. Yesterday the visibility was very bad, and this forced me to land over the river. Up to this point everything went beautifully, and then suddenly something happened to the motor. I was flying over the river, but I was with me. I saw this island beckoning me with open arms. Without losing a second I cut the engine, and I landed like a flower, at first then kept rolling. Wheels sank in the sand. Result—a superb pylone on my nose.

The Morane being repaired, we willingly accepted the hospitality of the old Mamour. He appeared to be very happy to have us as his guests and did everything possible to make the occasion a memorable one. A dinner was given in our honor to which he invited all the natives of the mark from the surrounding villages.

After-Dinner Speech Model.
The banquet drew to a close, and when all had finished, our venerable host, rising gravely from his seat, turned to Pourpe and said:
"My friend, to look at your white skin, I can guess that you father is as brave, and that, if ever in your travels in the skies you should meet a flock of eagles, you will destroy them. May God bless you!"

I did not know, until later, the meaning of his words. But I was impressed by his manner of saying them. And in brevity that after-dinner speech might serve as a model to all the world.

Nine days after leaving Cairo, Pourpe landed at Khartoum. There, as everywhere, he was warmly welcomed, and for nearly a week, was the guest of the Governor, Pasha Smith. After so trying a flight, a little rest was necessary, both to the pilot and the mechanic.

One day, in the month of January, the tranquil existence of the old mamour of Wadi Halfaya was disturbed by an unusual event—the arrival of a telegram which read:
"To the Mayor of the town of Wadi Halfaya: Will you please send me to prepare a landing field for the aeroplane which will visit you day after tomorrow? If possible select one near the town, 400 meters square. Mark center with a white circle 20 meters in diameter. Light it at one end of the field as soon as you are informed of my departure from this place. This is to help me find the direction of the wind. When you see me coming, guard the field with soldiers, keeping it clear of spectators. Respectfully,
MARC POURPE."

The news of the expected arrival of the birdman spread rapidly through the town. Men discussed it in the cafes, around their Turkish pipes, telling of what they had heard, enlarging and embellishing the rumors according to the liveliness of their fancy.

Natives Much Astonished.
The Mamour called together his advisers, discussing with them the messages which they should take. He was anxious to follow the orders given in the telegram, but, unfortunately, of all those present not one of them had ever seen an aeroplane at close hand. Several days previously they had seen the little Morane flying toward the south.

but it was so high, and traveling so fast, that in spite of their attention they were not able to note any of the details. To them it was simply a white mechanical bird. But they followed Pourpe's directions to the letter. The field was chosen, soldiers were summoned to guard it, and a fire lighted. Then, wishing to meet the requirements of the occasion in grand style, the Mamour ordered out a band of native musicians. While awaiting the arrival of the Morane the crowd listened to the beating of the tom-toms and the wailing of the flutes, as the musicians played the best selections of their repertoire.

Meanwhile, leaving behind him for a second time the great Nubian Desert, Pourpe approached nearer and nearer to the town. At last he saw it, a tiny speck on the landscape, but growing larger and larger, until he discovered, near a clump of palm trees, a column of black smoke rising from one end of a broad field, and blown by the wind toward the west. He cut his motor and descended in wide spirals. Soon he could see very plainly the white circle in the middle of the field, but he was at a loss to explain a larger circle of small black points at its outer rim. Approaching no closer, he saw that they were soldiers, with fixed bayonets, the guard which he had retained to him to start and that it went to the field he kept open. The natives directly expected that he would drop precipitately out of the air and land directly on the circle. Great was their astonishment and disappointment when he landed at some distance outside the circle of bayonets. In order to reward them for their faithful efforts I gave them the privilege of guarding his position, which, because of a strong wind, I had anchored to the ground by means of ropes tied to the wheels and fastened to stakes in the ground.

"Guard it carefully," I told them. "Don't let anyone touch it."
One of them put his hand on a long knife which he had in his belt.
"No one touch it," he said. "But if he go 'way by himself, no can help." I explained to them that there was no fear of this, but they were not convinced. If there was no danger, why had I fastened it to the ground with ropes? Their belief was that when Pourpe wanted it to fly he merely told his bird to start and off it went.

The voyage was continued the following day and Pourpe arrived safely at Cairo, the first aviator to make this long and, at that time, hazardous journey. From Cairo he flew to Suez, where he met several members of his family, who went with joy and pride to see him. They had known him as a boyhood and where he learned the Arab tongue.

Leaving this city with many regrets, he flew to Port Said, following him by train. Here our travels in Africa came to an end, and a few days later the little Morane being carefully packed, was shipped for France, where we should go from there it was for chance to decide.

Notables to Visit City.
Mrs. Spreckels is arranging to have some of the notable men and women who are sent to this country from France and Belgium tour the Northwest when they arrive. Among those who are tentatively scheduled to reach the Pacific Coast are Lole Fuller, not long ago the "Idol of Paris," and Captain de Beaufort, author of "Behind the German Veil." He was at one time a war correspondent and visited Germany in 1912. He is now engaged in lecturing for the Council of National Defense.

Lole Fuller carries a written message from General Pershing to the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Spreckels in writing her brother said of Miss Fuller's proposition: "Lole has a written message from General Pershing to the Pacific Division. She spent an hour or five times and talked with him. This is wonderful, as he is at the front. The first time she heard from him, she received a message saying that the general could see her and give her a five-minute interview. She stayed two hours and talked with him."

Oregon Council Active.
The Oregon Council of the Commission for Aid Civil and Military, France and Belgium, is composed of Mayor Baker, Simon Benson, C. B. Waters, Dr. G. H. Douglas and Edgar H. Sensesen. A committee of entertainment to arrange the visits of the notables who will be sent here by the commission include Mayor Baker and the following: Municipal Judge George Rosaman, Paul E. Kelly, William Adams, Hal M. White, John A. Johnson, Frank J. McGettigan, Larry Keating, Milton W. Seaman, William Pangle, William Ely.

The woman bodycarrier has reached New York. On the job she must wear white trousers, high tops, hairpins and talcum powder are taboo.

Read The Oregonian classified ads.

BRIDE CHARGES BIGAMY
THE CONTRACTOR ACCUSED OF POSSESSING THREE WIVES.
Mildred Lewis Files Suit for Divorce at Eugene Against Husband 28 Years Her Senior.

EUGENE, Or., July 6.—(Special.)—John Wesley Lewis, the contractor of Brownsville, is charged with bigamy in a divorce complaint filed here by Mildred Lewis, 28 years of age, on this date.

The records of Lane County show that John Wesley Lewis and Agnes Mayo were married in this city by the Rev. J. H. Smith, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, on October 5, 1917, and a letter which has been turned over to the authorities purports to have been written by Lewis, a wife residing in Salt Lake, Utah, who refers to a baby. Agnes Mayo Lewis is now residing in Portland. Lewis has not been taken into custody. District Attorney L. L. Ray has been in communication with the Lane County authorities.

The divorce complaint was filed in Lane County, but there is some question about instituting prosecution here, as it has not been established that Lewis and the Dixie are domiciled together here as husband and wife since coming to Lane County from Brownsville, where they met and were married immediately following their marriage at Vancouver.

KELSO BOASTS 175 STARS
Service Flag Displayed on the Night of the Fourth.

KELSO, Wash., July 6.—(Special.)—Kelso's service flag, shown at a motion picture theater Thursday as a part of the Fourth of July celebration, displayed 175 blue stars for boys of Kelso and vicinity who are in the service, and two gold stars for those who have died while fighting for their country.

As a feature of the programme, the "Service Flag" an appropriate poem written by Miss Gladys Ramsey, a young high school girl of this city, was read by Lynn K. Keyes. Pictures of Kelso boys in the service were also thrown upon the screen.

The Fourth of July was observed very quietly in Kelso, there being no formal celebration. In the evening a grand ball, given by the Kelso Commercial Club, was the center of interest.

Oldest Mining Engineer Dead.
SEATTLE, July 6.—Carl Klein-schmidt, 84 years of age, believed to be the oldest mining engineer in the Northwest, died today at his home here. He was deeply interested in Seattle real estate and timber land.

"DOCTOR SPARK"
Portland's Spark Specialist
for Ignition Troubles.
Specially in your Magneto and Battery

Several distinguished visitors in the city will be present to show the interest in beginning this pastorate.

Good Music by Chorus Choir
A cordial invitation is extended the public, and especially strangers in the city, to attend the services. Children will be well cared for in the nursery while mothers are at worship.
COME EARLY.

PORTLAND TO SEND
LARGE SUM ABROAD

Milk Bottles Net About \$100
a Day for Babies of Belgium and France.

NOTABLES TO VISIT CITY

Mayor Baker Receives Autographed Photograph of Duchess de Vendome, Sister of the King of Belgium.

In the near future \$5000 will be sent from Portland direct to her Majesty the Queen of Belgium and Madame Poincare, wife of the President of France. The transfer of funds will represent the money collected through the milk bottles net in this city and vicinity by Gustav de Bretteville, acting for his sister, Mrs. A. R. Spreckels, of San Francisco, treasurer of the Commission for Aid Civil and Military, France and Belgium.

The care of the milk bottles in Portland has been turned over to the Rotary Club, as in other Coast cities, but the work of spreading the movement has been carried on by Mr. de Bretteville, who is tentatively scheduled to reach Portland are producing about \$100 a day, and E. H. Sensesen, cashier of the Northwestern National Bank, of the Oregon Advisory Council of the Commission, is custodian of funds.

Mayor Baker, who has taken an interest in the milk bottle collections, yesterday received an autographed photograph of the Duchess de Vendome, sister of the King of Belgium, and who is the honorary president of the commission, certifying that Mrs. Spreckels is fully authorized to work for and to organize and inaugurate the milk bottle net for all kinds of aid, civil and military, in France and Belgium.

The Countess de Jehay, speaking for the Queen of Belgium on the Fourth of July, made an open expression of thanks to all American women who are aiding in the work. The picture of the Duchess de Vendome, and a certificate from Countess de Jehay arrived just recently at Mrs. Spreckels' home in San Francisco, and were forwarded to her brother, who is organizing the work in the Northwest.

Notables to Visit City.
Mrs. Spreckels is arranging to have some of the notable men and women who are sent to this country from France and Belgium tour the Northwest when they arrive. Among those who are tentatively scheduled to reach the Pacific Coast are Lole Fuller, not long ago the "Idol of Paris," and Captain de Beaufort, author of "Behind the German Veil." He was at one time a war correspondent and visited Germany in 1912. He is now engaged in lecturing for the Council of National Defense.

Lole Fuller carries a written message from General Pershing to the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Spreckels in writing her brother said of Miss Fuller's proposition: "Lole has a written message from General Pershing to the Pacific Division. She spent an hour or five times and talked with him. This is wonderful, as he is at the front. The first time she heard from him, she received a message saying that the general could see her and give her a five-minute interview. She stayed two hours and talked with him."

Oregon Council Active.
The Oregon Council of the Commission for Aid Civil and Military, France and Belgium, is composed of Mayor Baker, Simon Benson, C. B. Waters, Dr. G. H. Douglas and Edgar H. Sensesen. A committee of entertainment to arrange the visits of the notables who will be sent here by the commission include Mayor Baker and the following: Municipal Judge George Rosaman, Paul E. Kelly, William Adams, Hal M. White, John A. Johnson, Frank J. McGettigan, Larry Keating, Milton W. Seaman, William Pangle, William Ely.

The woman bodycarrier has reached New York. On the job she must wear white trousers, high tops, hairpins and talcum powder are taboo.

Read The Oregonian classified ads.



Copyright 1918 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes
For the greatest economy and longest service!
When we say economy we do not mean cheap in price; you pay a little more for these clothes, but they're wool materials, hand-tailored, made to fit and will retain their shape. We have models to fit you, regardless of your build, whether stout, slim, stub or regular. You'll find a big variety of patterns to select from at
\$25, \$30, \$35, \$40 and Up
Sam'l Rosenblatt & Co.
The Men's Store for Quality and Service
Gasco Building Fifth and Alder

CASH PAID TO SEATTLE

TRACTION COMPANY ARGUMENT IS AMICABLY SETTLED AT LAST.
Only Point of Difference to Be Adjusted Now is Scale of Wages to Be Paid to Employees.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 6.—(Special.)—As a preliminary move toward an amicable settlement between the city and the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Company for the improvement of car service, the traction company today paid the city \$145,141.56, which is 2 per cent of the gross earnings of the company for 1916 and 1917, together with interest. This ends a fight that has been carried through to the Supreme Court, where it now rests.

At the same time Mayor Hanson sent to A. W. Leonard, president of the company, a communication outlining points in a tentative agreement and making concessions in the way of relieving the company of certain franchise obligations.

In tendering payment, President A. W. Leonard, of the traction company, addressed a letter to the Mayor stating what the company will be willing to do to benefit the service.

The most serious point of difference appears to be the matter of pay. The Mayor insists that the city scale be paid on the traction company lines, while Mr. Leonard, in his letter of reply, declares that the one cent charge for transfers will not create a sufficient revenue to pay the increased wages.

Army Nominations Confirmed.
WASHINGTON, July 6.—Nominations of eight Brigadier-Generals to be Major-Generals in the National Army, and of 41 Colonels to be Brigadier-Generals, were confirmed tonight by the Senate.

Roosevelt Would Use Prize Money.
WASHINGTON, July 6.—Theodore Roosevelt today asked Congress to return to him the Nobel peace prize fund which he donated to assist in promoting industrial peace, and which has never been used. He said he proposed to expend it in war relief work through the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of

Columbus, Jewish war fund and other relief organizations.

Mrs. T. J. Ridgers Dies.
EUGENE, Or., July 6.—(Special.)—Mrs. T. J. Ridgers, well-known Eugene woman, died at Newport yesterday after a long illness. She was 41 years of age and a native of Harrisburg, Linn County. She is survived by a widower and three daughters.



Music for the Dinner Dance
Formal, informal or impromptu, when dinner is over, we dance. We dance to the music of the Victrola, to the ill-timed efforts of bad pianists—dance painfully, but still we dance.
The most perfect dance music that we know is furnished by
The Euphonia Home Electric, \$750
Here is an Electric Player that has all the pep and ginger of the Jazz Orchestra—the moaning saxophone, the tinkle of the ukelele are among the startling effects it produces. It is incomparable for dancing, yet to those who love the more serious, more profound music it brings the technique, the artistry of the master pianist, reproducing automatically his finest efforts with unerring accuracy and charm.
Your old piano will pay a considerable part, the balance on monthly payments.

The Wilby B. Allen Co.
MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOS
MORRISON STREET AT BROADWAY
Stores Also at San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, Los Angeles.

Silk Coats—Dresses
50% OFF
ALSO WASH SKIRTS \$1.95 TO \$3.95
Must raise money.
K. H. KITTS, 90 Park St.
Out of the High-Rent District
"Two Minutes From Washington Street"
Next Door to the Telephone Building

Beach Bathing Is Now Great!
We Are Pleased to announce that the high water has receded, and that the beach is in excellent condition for bathing.
SPEND SUNDAY IN THE WATER
At this ideal Bathing Resort, the finest in the Northwest.
DANCING In the open air pavilion—PELZ and his celebrated orchestra will render delightful dance music. Concerts afternoon and evening.
Picnic and Outing Grounds
No better place near Portland for the family picnic. PACK the basket and bring the kiddies for a day in the open.
Various Other Attractions
COME EARLY AND SPEND THE DAY
TAKE VANCOUVER CAR