

Shaffer's Last Flight

(Continued.)

That I would be a prisoner of war there was no doubt, but whether I was to live or die was the question. That it might be the latter never occurred to me, and if you could have seen the country under me you would have reason for thinking I was conceited. Looking down, there was nothing to be seen but shell holes, barbed wire and trenches. All sizes and shapes and no means placed apart. Nevertheless, I hunted the smoothest place possible, which happened to be straight ahead for a moment, and came gliding down. Even now I think I could have landed that plane without breaking anything had I so desired, for my wheels were already running over the uneven ground when the thought occurred to me that when an aviator landed in enemy territory he had explicit orders to either burn or destroy his plane in some other way. As I felt sure I would not have time to burn my plane I decided to smash it. A simple matter, indeed, considering the shells, barbed wire and trenches scattered around loose. All I had to do was throw her over on one wing and my speed and the rough ground would do the rest. No sooner had I thought of it than the thought was executed, as I pushed the "joy stick" clear over on one side and waited with a certain curiosity to see what would happen.

It happened all right, and I had not long to wait. With a splintering of struts and stays and a ripping of cloth as the lowered wing touched the ground, the airplane, buried its nose in the ground, crashing the landing gear, propeller and many things connected with the motor as it went. After everything had stopped and apparently the smashing process was finished, I unbuckled my belt and crawled out of the debris to see what kind of a job I had made. Considering the fact that it was the first time I had actually smashed a plane on purpose I hadn't done so bad, for it's a shame the job I made of that smash

a distance of 50 feet apart all around and a balloon. As quite an enormous object so when you stop to figure it up the number of machine-guns comes pretty high.

Useless Information

Oh, I was learning a lot of things all right, but it did not look as if they were going to help me any, or be of much use, for that I was headed for a prison camp there was nary a doubt.

And then I saw the Boche plane, or one of them, I had been looking for so vainly that I had come. He came quite low, flew around near the balloon, came diving down past us and flew off in the direction of my smashed plane as if he was searching for it or its remains. I hope he did not find it, for I would not want to give a Boche any pleasure, however small. Which just reminds me that the plane I was flying that day was number thirteen. Not that I am superstitious, you know, but it's a foregone conclusion that my faith in that number has fallen considerably.

Seeing the Boche fly past made me think of my comrades who were coming down behind me, and I looked aloft to see where they were. High, high overhead I could easily distinguish my red and white comrades as he circled and dodged through the shrapnel, no doubt trying to see exactly what had happened to me. And then it occurred to me that the story he would carry back would not be a very pleasant one for your ears, for surely he had seen me "crash," and naturally he had had my name. I was wondering whether I was killed or not, and feared under the circumstances that it would look more like the former. Therefore, you can imagine I continued into it with a more sorrowful, if that were possible.

After walking for some five minutes the leg which had been grazed by a bullet began to pain me considerably, and thinking I was wounded, I pulled up my coat and found a hole in the leg. I was not hurt, there wasn't any, at least, there was no hole in the boot, look as I would. Just the same the pain was there, and I was wondering what was ahead I began to limp and make signs to the Boche that walking for me was out of the question. I got away with it too, for they stopped and I climbed aboard and was soon at the commander's office.

Hungry

There several Huns were found who spoke English. They wanted to know a lot of things I would not tell them, finally winding up by sending me to a village five miles away with two soldiers as body-guard. Having found someone who could understand what I said I made a holler for something to eat, as I had left camp the morning with the usual aviator's breakfast of a cup of coffee and piece of bread. It being near 12 o'clock then I was getting mighty hungry, and though I had never eaten the Hun, a chunk of chocolate cake never tasted better than that thick slab of heavy, black bread smeared over with a thick layer of oleomargarine. From what I passed, I probably think that the character of the Boche, I was lucky indeed to get that piece of bread, for they are not in the habit of giving newly-taken prisoners anything to eat, probably thinking that if a piece that have no need for "sultur" have no need for bread either.

And thus I walked along the road, no doubt cutting a strange figure all topped up in my big, baggy flying suit, with a chunk of bread in one hand and a small knife in the other, for the bread was very tough, so to prevent some of the delicate dental work I chopped it up in small chunks, for I was quite sure any broken teeth would get little attention from a Hun.

Tell Tale

My flying suit being very warmly made I was soon sweating quite freely from the unaccustomed exercise, but fearing my hands and other decoration would be taken as souvenirs I would not remove it, although my two guards tried to get me to do so several times. There was nothing doing, having had one lesson in the matter of my gloves and shoes I wasn't taking any more chances until I got farther into the lines where a few officers were about. No siree! Thus I marched the five miles and the sun was dog gone hot, too, believe me! Having arrived at this second village I got so warm that removing that suit was a necessity. It was removed, sure enough, the beholders. They didn't know what kind of animal it was, and that I was an officer of high rank nary a soldier had a doubt. Dressed as I was they could not be blamed for the mistake, as my light blue uniform was decorated with the "fourragere," the "croix de guerre" with a palm, to say nothing of two flying badges, the whole being set off by a jaunty cap over one ear and a pair of aviator's boots of red leather. Discovering I was an American several soldiers possessing a little knowledge of English stepped forward and wanted to know how many Americans there were on the front. Naturally, I did not know, but that did not prevent me from returning a prompt answer. According to me, there were 3,000,000 Americans on the front and 20,000 landing in France every week. As an answer it was staggering. As a lie it was a whopper; but I was getting the habit from being asked so many questions I could not in justice to the Allies answer correctly.

[Shaffer's first experiences in an enemy prison camp will be given in the continuation of his letter to be published to-morrow.]

Dog of War Arrives a Pet on Transport

New York—A Belgian dog of war that was merely a puppy when his present owner, Lieut. Thomas Halliwell, of Marion, Ind., inherited the dog is valuable, a liability rather than a pet, as he was yesterday aboard the transport Abangarez to become a permanent resident of America. He is called "Paree" by the Lieutenant, but responds to other names, especially of the polysyllabic sort, showing the influence of his early Teutonic training.

This is the way Paree happened to give up German ownership: Lieut. Halliwell was in the service of the Royal Flying Corps in August, 1917, and had a duel with a German plane and downed it, killing the observer. The pilot of the machine was mortally hurt when it hit the ground. Paree, the puppy, hopped out of the ruin uninjured. The pilot who spoke good English, with an American accent, said he had many friends in America and had been employed in a bank in this city. Just before he died he bequeathed the dog to Halliwell.

Lieut. Jack Devereaux, formerly a moving picture actor, also arrived by the Abangarez, with the distinction of having been gassed two days after the signing of the armistice. He was serving with a Kansas regiment and while at Bras, on the Verdun front, he stepped into a gas-trap left by the Germans and was knocked out. He is still suffering from the attack.

Col. J. F. McQuigg, of Cleveland, attached to the 12th Engineers, said his division built roads under heavy fire, working almost constantly with gas masks on. He has nervous prostration, brought about by the lack of sleep. He was on the fighting front until the signing of the armistice, when he suddenly realized that he needed rest, which was the way with many others who had been keeping up purely on their nerve.

Major Charles Mason of this city, fought at Soissons and Chateau Thierry and sadly remarked that he did not receive a scratch, maybe because the Huns did not have enough guns to hit him.

HONORED AT COLLEGE

George R. Miller, who was graduated from the Harrisburg Technical High School in 1915, has been elected president of the Senior Class at Gettysburg. Donald F. Lybarger, another Harrisburg graduate, was chosen president of the Student Council.

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver, bowels

Give "California Syrup of Figs" if cross, bilious or feverish

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given. If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without gripping, and your little one will be a playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs"; then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove it

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work. People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, gripping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without gripping, pain or any disagreeable effects.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the dangerous calomel does years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 30c and 25c per box. All druggists.



Store Closes Regularly On Saturdays at Six

Bowman's Store Closes Regularly On Saturdays at Six

BELL 1891-2354 UNITED HARRISBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919. FOUNDED 1871

Friday Bargains

Notion Specials

Buttons all sizes; all colors; suitable for coats, suits or dresses. Friday sale.

One-Fourth Regular Price

Buttons all sizes. Friday sale, card.

Keep Warm Klips. Friday sale.

Tubular X-ray cording in black and white. Friday sale.

2 yds., 1c

Soutache braid; assorted colors. Friday sale.

Black and white hose supporters for children. Friday sale.

Two-strap belt hose supporters for ladies. Friday sale.

Shoe laces. Friday sale, pair.

Wire hair pins. Friday sale.

6 packs for 5c

Black safety pins. Friday sale.

2 papers for 5c

Remnants of elastic. BOWMAN'S—Main Floor.

Shoes

Women's tan calf laced boots with French heels. Friday sale.

\$9.00

Women's brown calf laced boots with fawn suede tops, military heels. Friday sale.

\$7.00

Women's gray kid laced boots with cloth tops, French heels. Friday sale.

\$7.00

Women's black calf laced boots with grey suede tops, military heels. Friday sale.

\$6.50

Women's black patent button shoes, cloth or kid tops. Friday sale.

\$1.98

BOWMAN'S—Main Floor.

Silks

Over 2,000 yards of silks in cut lengths; all good serviceable ends from 2 to 6 yards for dress, waist, skirt or lining; many grades and colors are represented such as taffeta, satins, crepes, figured striped or plain silk and chiffons; all double widths; where else but Bowman's can they be found in such quantity and price. Friday sale, yard.

25c

Unbleached cotton flannel—good weight; cut from the piece; 28 inches wide. Friday sale, yard.

30c

Apron gingham, fast colors in blue and white also brown and white check. Friday sale, yard.

21c

Flannelettes in Scotch plaid in blue, tan, green and red. 36 inches wide; perfect goods—suitable for waist or children's dresses. Friday sale, yard.

42 1/2c

Grey wool camp blanket; size 64x86; overstitched end—will make good blanket for truck or hood covering. Friday sale, each.

\$7.50

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

Wool Dress Goods

36-inch fine twill serge. Friday sale, yard.

69c

36-inch batiste, all colors. Friday sale, yard.

69c

32-inch mohair, suitings. Friday sale, yard.

50c

54-inch black and white Shepherd checks. Friday sale, yard.

89c

40-inch fancy plaids and checks. Friday sale, yard.

95c

BOWMAN'S—Main Floor.

Wash Goods

27 to 36-inch miscellaneous lots, such as: Japanese crepes, Dresden cretons, Serpentine crepe and Eider-down. Friday sale, yard.

29c

32-inch best grade American gingham such as Bates, Braelochs, Amoskeags and Renfrews. Friday sale, yd.

39c

36-inch American silks; 50 per cent. silks; big line of colors; white and black. Friday sale, yard.

48c

BOWMAN'S—Main Floor.

Art Linen

Special lot of stamped goods consisting of aprons, doilies, darning casts, utility bag, cushion tops, bag and hats. Friday sale, each.

10c

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

Domestics

Outing flannel in light and dark patterns; cut from the piece; good nap. Friday sale, yard.

25c

Unbleached cotton flannel—good weight; cut from the piece; 28 inches wide. Friday sale, yard.

30c

Apron gingham, fast colors in blue and white also brown and white check. Friday sale, yard.

21c

Flannelettes in Scotch plaid in blue, tan, green and red. 36 inches wide; perfect goods—suitable for waist or children's dresses. Friday sale, yard.

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Grey wool camp blanket; size 64x86; overstitched end—will make good blanket for truck or hood covering. Friday sale, each.

\$7.50

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

Corsets

Broken lot of corsets; low top and free hip—very good value. Friday sale.

\$1.09

Corsets special in medium and low bust—Made of fine coutil; some very popular makes among the lot. Friday sale.

\$1.19

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

Plates

White china plates. Friday sale, each.

15c

White china cups and saucers. Friday sale, doz.

\$2.50

BOWMAN'S—Basement.

Oil Heaters

Radiant oil heater. Friday sale.

\$4.50

Silver oil heater. Friday sale.

\$4.25

BOWMAN'S—Basement.

Draperies

Remnants of curtain materials and cretonnes in useful lengths. Friday sale.

One-Half Price

Curtain Swiss in 36 inch width; white with dots. Friday sale, yard.

25c

Ecru and white in neat figured Filet net; 36 inches wide. Friday sale, yard.

25c

Oak rod—48 inches long; 1 inch thick; with brown brackets and ends complete. Friday sale.

25c

BOWMAN'S—Fourth Floor.

White Goods

Hemmed crochet bedspreads; size 68x80; Friday sale, each.

\$1.25

Colored reversible bedspreads in pink and blue designs; full sizes. Friday sale, each.

\$2.98

Fancy white voiles in checks, stripes and figures. Friday sale, yard.

19c

Honeycomb wash cloths. Friday sale.

6 for 25c

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

Union Suits

A cotton ribbed union suit; unbleached; medium weight; garments partly soiled from handling. Friday sale.

79c

A ladies silk lisle stocking in black; good weight double top; reinforced toe and heel; an exceptional value. Friday sale, pair.

35c, or 3 pairs for \$1.00

BOWMAN'S—Main Floor.

Ventilators

Large size—34 to 59 inches extension, 9 inches high. Friday sale.

50c

BOWMAN'S—Basement.

W.B. Formu Brassiere

Formu BRASSIERES

worn in connection with W. B. Corsets, assure gown-fit perfection—slennerize bust-lines—add the grace and finish at bust that the corset accomplishes below, and give the necessary finishing touch to the "Form-Fashionable."

Boleero, Bandoaux and Surplice patterns, in filmy lace effects over silks and satins; also delicate batistes, daintily trimmed with lace and embroideries; making W. B. Brassieres second only to W. B. Corsets as form-beautifiers.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. B. FORMU BRASSIERES.

W. B. CORSETS

W. B. NUFORM Corsets for slender and average figures. The *Int-Prised* corset with high-priced qualities. W. B. REDUSO Corsets for stout figures—reduce one to five inches and you look ten to twenty pounds lighter.

Sold Exclusively in Harrisburg at Bowman's.

"I have been taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation and find it a splendid remedy. I recommend it to my friends and will never be without it in my home." (From a letter to Dr. Caldwell written by Mrs. James Dills, Schenly, Pa.)

A combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, free from opiates and narcotic drugs, pleasant to the taste, and gentle, yet positive, in its action, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the recognized remedy for constipation in countless homes.

DR. CALDWELL'S Syrup Pepsin

The Perfect Laxative

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

50 cts. (For 30 Days) \$1.00

A TRIAL BOTTLE CAN BE OBTAINED, FREE OF CHARGE, BY WRITING TO DR. W. B. CALDWELL, 459 WASHINGTON STREET, MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

SKATES Sharpened While You Wait

Federal Machine Shop

Cranberry Street Between Second and Court Streets

Democrat Warns Party to Stop Extravagance

Washington, Jan. 15.—A warning against extravagance in appropriations was voiced in the Senate yesterday during discussion of an amendment to the census bill increasing the director's salary from \$8,000 to \$1,500. The amendment was accepted, 54 to 27.

"I warn the Democratic party," said Senator King of Utah, Democrat, "that their extravagance will react disastrously on the party. No one can tell when a financial panic will occur, and it is about time to call a halt to expenditures."

French Deputies Are to Accord Wilson Reception

Paris, Jan. 15.—The Chamber of Deputies has decided to receive President Wilson at a formal meeting. The ceremony will be preceded by a reception to President and Mrs. Wilson and the members of parliament in the rooms of the President of the chamber. The date has not been fixed.

SOLDIERS GET FREE TICKETS

Any man in the service, whether he be a soldier, sailor or marine will be admitted without charge to the series of entertainments to be given by Stevens Memorial Methodist Church in the near future. It was announced last night by the Rev. Clayton Albert Smucker, pastor, that the American Girls Company is scheduled to appear on the evening of January 31 and the Woodland Singers, March 10. These entertainments are given at the closing numbers in the Capital City Lyceum Course.

More Time For Pleasure

Buy a **Dutch Kitchenette** NOW

Every housewife must have time for diversion if she wishes to be healthy and happy. The Dutch Kitchenette has converted household drudging into a pleasure in thousands of homes.

Do not put off buying a Dutch Kitchenette. Come to our store and select a cabinet that particularly meets your requirements.

Buy your kitchen cabinet on the Bowman Club plan \$1.00 delivers a cabinet to your kitchen, convenient payments takes care of the balance.

Demonstration and sale in the Furniture Department.

BOWMAN'S—Fifth Floor.