Shaffer's Last Flight

[The continuation of Shaffer's thrilling experiences have been received and now will be carried on to their conclusion.]

I asked a French adjutant if he did not want to go along. He had been one of the six destined to leave that night, and not only knew trench warfare but something about the map thereabouts. He did not think the plan very prudent, but I quickly squashed that argument by pointing out that the trees and brush ran right down on the road and one could get in and away before anyone could follow. Anyway, darn it, a bullet was about as welcome as these doggone Boche lice. That was a clincher, for he was as sick of bugs as I was. Looking around, we were pleased to note that no guards were anywhere near us. Luck was all with us, and since the forest was drawing near we edged to the outside in readiness. It worked like a charm, and I was fifty meters in the forest and going strong before one could say Jack Robinson. Naturally, I thought the adjutant was right behind me, for that had been our agreement. Therefore, I was one surprised boy, when having penetrated some 100 meters into the forest I looked behind and saw nobody. Thinking he may have let me get a little lead before he started and thus lost me, I went back to a point near the road and searched for him. I gave this up, however, when I nearly ran into a Boche who was crashing his way through the underbrush. I thought it was the adjutant.

After that I resigned to my lonely condition, crawled under a brushpile and waited for darkness. I felt like a rabbit curled up under that brushpile and I felt more so when a Boche and his wife passed close by. He was too interested in telling her what he thought of her to notice me, and to make sure that no person would notice me I crawled a little further under the protecting brush. Then to make things more cheerful a German band began to play nearby. One would think this should have made me thankful, but it didn't. The music was so almighty doleful. Perhaps they were thinking of the happy ending—for the Allies—and were practicing upon the music. As an audience of one, however, I was not enjoying it, and was glad when darkness began to fall.

I lost no time in scrambling out of the brushpile and making for the road. It was a very big forest, and when I dove into it, I had directions fixed pretty thoroughly in m ymind, just the same, it took me an awful long time to get out of that forest, and then when I did get out I was completely lost. A pretty pass indeed, and I had neither map nor compass. The north star was no help because it was cloudy.

However, I needed no instruments to tell in which direction the front was, for the guns were banging away with all the ardor and noise of an ambitious girl practicing a music lesson. So I began marching in that direction, trying my best to keep myself headed for Montcornet. Once I reached that big city I was sure I could find myself, for many important roads branched out from there, and one of them I was going to take.

Off the Highway

Getting there though was not an easy matter, for I ran into many obstacles. I dared not stick to the road so early in the night—it was only 8 p. m.—for fear of meeting some Huns, or worse yet, one of their trucks with the headlights full on. I might get by the former in the darness but the latter would surely find me out for I was still wearing my blue uniform. And then there were the small villages. I ran into quite a few of them, and each one required going around to pass, for walking directly through was out of the question. It was too dangerous, and my newly-gained liberty was too sweet to take any great chances with.

Thus I stumbled on through the night, resting when I was too weary to walk any more, and then after a short rest, up and on again, for I wanted to retrace my steps to Montcornet if possible that night. That I had several narrow escapes that night goes without saying, for so anxious was I to find out where I was and if I were headed right that I took long chances climbing sign posts along the road. Once I was half way up the pole when I saw several Boche coming up a side road, for this was a crossroad. With a speed that threatened to get me seen I threw myself flat on some plowed ground near the roadside, and lay there hardly breathing, waiting for them to pass. Luck was with me, for they kept on going and I was soon back on the road and up the pole. The names thereon didn't tell me much, for they were as strange as they were unpronounceable, but since I was close to another village and a detour was necessary, I picked out a small road going my way and marched boldly down it. This maneuver nearly got me in 'Dutch' again for I promptly ran into a farmhouse which jutted onto the road. While I was deciding whether to take a chance and trusting to the darkness to hide me, walk past, a man came walking down the road behind me. I lost no time in making a decision then, but promptly jumped into an orchard nearby. It was a Boche, too, but he kept on walking, and soon I was back on the road again making tracks past that farm house. I got past all right, but nearly walked into a man coming down a side lane with a lantern.

Many Detours Necessary

He was only some thirty feet away when I saw him and you can bet I put on increased speed immediately. Farmhouses seemed to be pretty thick in that neighborhood for I ran into another one immediately. This one required a detour because not only was it ablaze with light, but men were in the yard near the road, and what was worse, there was a dog about. He made himself known quite loudly and I thanked him for it, for I could well imagine the yowl he would put up if he found me lurking about. So I went around back and found myself in a sugar beet patch. I was hungry by that time and pretty well fed up on black bread. Fresh vegetables sounded good, even if they were raw. Turnips in their natural state are not bad eating, and thinking that's what they were I was soon busy with knife, teeth and appetite. I soon discovered my mistake, however, but it was a vegetable, so why worry. If I had known then how regularly the Boche would feed me with that vegetable later I would not have been so keen on eating it then. But I was blissfully ignorant of the future and continued munching away. A little further on I ran into a turnip patch. This was the real thing, and not only did I eat some, but filled my sack as well. It wasn't a big patch so I nearly ruined it.

The River

As I had walked far enough out I now began making my detour of the town, and promptly bumped into a railroad and a river. The railroad was a simple matter but the river was not, for it was too wide to jump and too deep to wade, and I had no desire to swim, as I was nearly frozen then, for a summer uniform and B. V. D.'s are not a comfortable combination in October, and that's all I had. It looked as if I was up against it. Not only was the river worrying me, but what was the name of the town I was walking around? For Montcornet was the only town which had both a river and railroad so close together. Was I there or not? Anyway, I had to get across that river, so I walked along the bank looking for a small tree to swing across on. Luck was still with me, for I found a log fallen across the stream which made a fine bridge.

Being on the other side then, I did a lot of aimless wandering, soon losing myself so competely that I sat down and listened to find a main road. I did not have to listen long, for a Boche motor truck makes more noise than any other thing in the world, not excepting a yowling baby. It's the way they are constructed, as they have no rubber for tires, the wheels being of solid metal. You can imagine the racket they would make going over a rough cobblestone road.

On to Montcornet

In this way I soon found a big road and a sign which set me in the right direction for Montcornet. As it was then near midnight traffic and men were pretty scarce on the road, so feeling fairly safe I set out down the middle of the road, keeping a sharp lookout ahead just the same. That's why I was so surprised when a human shape hove itself out of a hole alongside the road. I thought itw as an animal at first, and when it spoke I was sure of it, for it was a Boche and in uniform. Thankful I was then that I had used a blanket for an overcoat and changed my jaunty blue cap for my soft leather flying one. In this outfit it was hard to tell just what I was in the dark. Apparently the Boche wanted something, for he started out with the word, "Kamerad," and that's the only word I got. Even had I understood the language I doubt if I would have heard much more. I was in too big of a hurry. No I did not run! That would have given my identity away entirely, but I did put on the third walking speed. Seeing which, the Boche stopped speaking respectable German and switched to the cussing end. I was leaving him behind rapidly, although his lurid explosions followed me quite a ways.

Expecting a Bullet

I fully expected a bullet to follow also and was all set to break some records for speed and distance when the fireworks began. None came, however, except the verbal ones, and they were growing dim with distance. I didn't wish the Boche any bad luck, but I hoped he would shake himself. The words he was using were quite long enough anyway. His question, I imagine, was quite innocent enough, probably a cigaret or what time was it, and to get "Nien" and a rapidly disappearing back for an answer must have seemed very strange indeed. No, I did not blame him for cussing, but I sure hoped he wouldn't shoot.

After this close call I not only kept a lookout ahead, but watched the roadside also. I reached Montcornet scon after without further mishap, which does not mean I hunted up the best hotel and asked for a room and a bath, much as I needed the latter. Oh, no, nothing like that! I was looking for a nice, thick brushpile, or some nice thick bushes. For dawn was not far off. With this idea in mind I began another detour. There did not seem to be any brushpiles, and the only thing resembling a bushy hiding place were apple trees. They seemed to be quite plentiful, and tired out with hunting vainly for a hiding place I had almost decided to climb into one of their thick tops and trust to luck and my guardjan angel that a Boche walking under would not look up. But remembering the eagle eye of one of my guards during that drive to prison through the moonlighted fields I changed my mind and continued the hunt. A mile and half an hour later I felt sure I had found it. A small clump of forest had been chopped down and all the brush left lay. It sure looked good. Just let me wriggle in there and even a ferret would never find me! It was good. It was too good, for when I came close to investigate I made out a platform in the center, with a searchlight mounted on it. No, I did not want to spend the coming day there. It was too close to my enemies—and I did not want to catch any more bugs, I had more than I cared to carry right then. So I walked around one end of it and nearly stepped on a camouflaged anti-aircraft gun—not the gun, the camouflage.

The Camouflage

The surprise was so great that I stood stock still looking at it for several minutes, and then curiosity getting the better of prudence, I walked up and touched the camouflage—probably to see if the paint was dry. It looked very strange up close like that, for the gun was surrounded by a circle of camouflage thirty feet in diameter, the camouflage being composed of big white, blue, red and black splashes of paint.

As for the gun there wasn't any. Merely a hole where it should have been. My curiosity being nearly satisfied—at least the paint was dry—it suddenly occurred to me that a gun generally has a crew. What they were doing that night will ever remain a mystery to me.

Everything was as still as the grave, not even a guard about. At least I saw none, but believe me, after my brain began its normal functions again little Walter lost no more time in that vicinity. The Lord may look after fools, but not forever, and its a cinch if I had pressed my investigations much further I would surely have stepped in a camouflaged hole. So I took me away from that highly decorated box, and believe me, I did it both silently and swiftly.

'Twas well there was another small forest several hundred yards away for I was very, very tired and sleepy. Just the same, with the lesson of what the other forest had contained in my mind, I did not come blundering up to this one so directly, but stood off and gave it the once over quite thoroughly. This one, however, seemed to be in its natural state, but still suspicious of its being tampered with for war purposes, I walked part way around it. It was all it seemed though, and soon I had crawled under a lot of thick bushes and fell asleep.

Little Ice Is Cut in the Up-State Towns

Williamsport, Jan. 30.—Little ice has thus far been harvested in the up-state towns, according to reports here. Some of the dealers in this region have a surplus of ice from last year, which would help in the event of a continued mild winter.

Donald Hill and Robert Rogers, of this place, have harvested about one hundred tons of ice from six to ten inches in thickness from Lycoming creek.

Other dealers who get their supply from Lycoming creek are waiting for colder weather to produce ice about eight inches thick before they begin cutting, that thickness being necessary before they can use horse and plow with safety.

Two years ago it was February 22 before an ice crop was assured; and the February before that also produced a good crop.

Winters in which the ice crop has been a real failure have been rare—1889 was one and 1895 was another.

During the recent cold snap Danville and other towns cut nine-inch ice. Captain E. S. Chase, who was down from Eagles Mere, said that ice nine to ten inches thick and of the very finest quality is being cut from the lake.

Lefts Lose 25 Seats in Parliament Election

Christiana, Jan. 30.—The party of the Lefts, headed by the Premier, Gunnar Knudsen, lost 25 seats in parliament in the election recently held. Instead of 80 seats which it controlled during the last session of the Strothing, the party now controls 55 seats. Opposition is divided between the Rights which have increased their membership from 24 to 53 and the Socialists who have 18 seats instead of 19 as in the previous parliament. The Knudsen party, or Lefts, still is the strongest division in the Storthing but now has considerable less than a majority of its 126 members. It is expected that this will involve the reconstruction of the cabinet.

The most conspicuous event in the election was the defeat of the speaker of the parliament, J. L. Mowinckel, of Bergen, who was regarded as politically one of the strongest men in the House and one of the most staunch supporters of the cabinet.

Natives of West Africa Hoarding Much Silver

London, Jan. 30.—The hoarding habits of the natives in West Africa is causing much difficulty among interests trading in that country. As soon as a supply of silver is let loose it disappears. Paper money has been introduced in one pound, ten shilling and two shilling notes but the native is not keen for these and much prefers silver. Now the experiment is being tried of issuing one shilling notes which will be legal tender and if the native takes to them, the problem will be largely solved.

In the meantime the West African Currency Board is buying as much silver as possible and shipping it by every steamer to West Africa.

Better Cattle on County Farms, Is Agent's Aim

Efforts are now being made under the auspices of the Dauphin County Farm Bureau to increase the grade of cattle kept on Dauphin county farms. County Agent H. G. Niesley is now endeavoring to secure the names of all southern Dauphin county farmers with the view to having as many of them co-opeate in a series of cow tests.

The plan as explained by County Agent Niesley is to have approximately twenty-five of the farmers to co-operate and employ an expert who will test the cows of each and give them advise as to their care, that they may keep most economically.

Making Scientific Expedition to Mexico

Mexico City, Jan. 30.—A combined commercial and scientific expedition is enroute to Mexico from Denmark, according to advices received by the Department of Foreign Relations. It is headed by Carlos Vatt, a Copenhagen millionaire. Extensive studies will be made into Mexico's relics of the stone age. What the expedition's commercial plans are has not been made public.

Digests Meal When Stomach Won't

Eat without fear of indigestion, gas or acidity. No dyspepsia or any stomach distress.

Millions know the magic of Pape's Diapepsin for dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach trouble.

When your meal don't digest, but turns into gases and acids or lays like a lump of lead, you can have instant relief.

Don't stay a dyspeptic! Upset stomachs feel fine! Costs so little at drug stores.

UPSET? **Pape's Diapepsin** WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

W.B. Formu Brassiere

Formu BRASSIERES

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

Bolero, Bandeaux 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 *low-priced* 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

Every Other Person Has Seborrhea

The prevalence of dandruff and falling hair is appalling.

Everyone knows that the men and women of America are losing their hair.

The tens of thousands of hair shops testify to the extent of the scourge.

For it is a scourge—the scourge of seborrhea.

But there is no need for people to longer suffer the ravages of this disease of the scalp.

The appalling sacrifice can be stopped tomorrow.

Famo Destroys the Bacilli

Famo is the remedy.

Famo destroys the dandruff bacilli.

It penetrates the scalp and cures seborrhea.

Three years were spent in perfecting Famo.

Famo was produced in one of the great laboratories of Detroit.

It is to these laboratories that the medical profession looks for its medicines, serums, etc.

The ingredients of Famo had never before been used in the treatment of the scalp.

But they were well known to medical science.

Nourishes the Hair

They stop disease and nourish the hair in a wonderful way.

When Famo is used the seborrhea germ dies.

The dandruff disappears.

The hair and scalp are healthy and clean.

The hair flourishes as it never did before and new hair is encouraged and stimulated.

There is a new lustre and sheen to the hair—the natural color is intensified.

Grayness is Retarded

Famo retards grayness. This is because it makes your scalp healthy.

The persistent use of alcohol on the hair dries the scalp and hastens grayness.

Famo stops falling hair and where there has been a tendency to waviness Famo helps to make the hair more wavy.

Every member of the family should use Famo regularly. Even where seborrhea has not made its appearance, Famo should be used to make sure that it is kept permanently away.

Famo is sold at all toilet goods counters—applications may be had at the better barber shops.

It comes in two sizes — a small size at 35 cents and an extra large bottle at $1.00.

Seborrhea is the medical name for a morbidly increased flow from the sebaceous glands of the scalp. The seborrhea excretion forms in scales or flakes and is commonly known as dandruff.

Mfd. by the Famo Co., Detroit.

CROLL KELLER,
C. M. FORNEY,

FAMO

Stops Seborrhea—Grows Healthy Hair

CROSS, FEVERISH CHILD IS BILOUS OR CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! See if tongue is coated, breath hot or stomach sour.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomachache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

Dyspeptics Can Eat What They Like

If they take two or three **Bi-nesia** tablets immediately after eating. No matter how badly you may suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, flatulence or acidity — no matter how many medicines you may have tried without success—don't give up hope. Thousands who once suffered as you now suffer—who have tried everything without obtaining relief—now enjoy perfect health and can eat most anything without the slightest pain or discomfort. You can do the same if you will go to-day to Geo. A. Gorgas or any other good druggist and get a 50c package of **Bi-nesia** Tablets. Take two or three after each meal or whenever pain is felt and if you aren't delighted with the results you can have your 50c back for the asking. Don't wait; don't delay. Get **Bi-nesia** to-day and forget you ever had a stomach.

SOUTTER'S 25 CENT DEPARTMENT STORE

Buy Here Not Alone Because Prices Are Lower, but Because Qualities Are Better

THE Sale of the Season Is Our Big

INVENTORY SALE

Which Starts at 8.30 O'clock Sharp

Tomorrow, Friday Morning

The one big event in our busy store has proved to be our regular Inventory Sale. Selling merchandise of quality at prices lower than elsewhere is always our aim, but during this big sale we are going to sell exceptional merchandise at prices that even outdo any that we have previously offered.

You must take advantage of early buying in order to get a selection from our full stock.

Jewelry Dept.

10c spectacle cases ....5c each
25c hand bags ....11c each
25c elastic belts ....5c each
25c gold top pins, three on a card 7c
10c beauty pins, 12 in a card 5c
25c pin cushions 11c
25c small sized belts 8c

Notion Dept.

Hooks and eyes ....1c card
Snap fasteners ....3c card
Children's hose supporters ....7c card
Pearl buttons ....3c card
5c hair nets with elastic ....3 for 5c
Basting cotton ....2 spools for 5c
Cap hair nets ....2 for 25c
Slip on veils 10c

Lace Dept

Oriental laces, value 25c 10c
Filet lace and insertion, value 8c 2c
Filet laces, value 10c 5c
Shadow flouncing cream, value 25c 15c
Cluny insertion, value 10c 5c
4-inch Val. laces and insertion, 10c values 5c

Ladies' and Children's Ribbed Underwear

50c value ladies' vests and pants 25c
50c value children's vests, odd sizes 25c
59c value 12-year unbleached union suits 39c
$1.00 and $1.25 value children's union suits, 8-10-12-14 year sizes 89c

Men's Furnishings Dept.

69c to 85c boys' fleece-lined and ribbed shirts and drawers 25c
$1.25 men's heavy ribbed work shirts, 14 to 17 size 98c
39c men's dress suspenders with leather ends, 25c
$1.25 boys' fleeced lined and ribbed union suits, sizes 4 to 17 years 98c
59c men's half wool hose, in gray and black, 45c
98c men's derby ribbed shirts and drawers, all sizes 85c
39c men's black hose with split soles, sizes 9½ to 11½ ....25c pair
$1.00 boys' ribbed union suits, sizes 4 to 6 years only 69c
$1.98 men's heavy ribbed union suits in ecru colors sizes 36 to 46 ....$1.59
35c men's double grip garters 29c

Household Goods

35c and 43c berry bowls 29c
50c Japanese cake baskets 25c
43c fancy china 25c
39c fancy china 19c
29c and 39c glass vases 25c
25c cups and saucers, choice of 4 styles 19c
75c large bedroom pitchers 29c
39c bread slicers 25c
69c and 75c mayonnaise sets 50c
25c 10-oz. goblets 12½c
China tea strainer, sets 25c
50c cedar oil polish, qt. size 39c
25c platters 15c
10c bread and butter plates 5c

Dry Goods Dept.

36-in. bleached muslin, 19c value 12c
36-in. unbleached muslin, 19c value 12c
27-in. flannelette, 22c value 12c
27-in. apron gingham, 19c value 12c
27-in. apron gingham, 25c value 19c
36-in. colored novelty voile, 50c value 25c
36-in. light and dark percales, 35c values 26c
27-inch. fancy striped voiles, 29c value, yd. 19c
27-in. plain white striped voiles, 29c value, 19c yd.
36-in. plain white crepe, 42c value 29c
36-in. white novelty voile, 59c value 39c
45-inch plain white tennis suiting, 59c value, 39c yd.
36-in. plain rose and garnet poplin, $1.00 value, 79c yd.
26-in. colors poplin, 69c value ....50c yd.
27-inch Canton flannel, bleached and unbleached, 33c value 25c
36-in. plain colors repp, 50c value ....25c yd.
27-in. colored stripe outing flannel, 33c value 25c
Cotton twill toweling, 15c value ....10c yd.
Cotton towling, 22c value ....16c yd.
39c all-linen toweling ....25c yd.
25c value turkish towels 19c
59c khaki color turkish towels 48c
$1.00 khaki extra heavy turkish towels, 75c each
15c value honey combed towels 10c
Remnants of 39c curtain scrim and marquisette, 20c yd.
Remnants of 19c and 25c curtain scrim and marquisette ....10c yd.

Miscellaneous Articles

Calendars with the picture of General Pershing and Marshal Foch, $1.00 value 25c
Ladies' initial handkerchief, 10c value 5c
Ladies' crepe handkerchiefs, 19c value 11c
Ladies' colored handkerchiefs, 10c value 5c
Lot of children's hose, 29c value, size 6 and 6½, 19c
$6.00 ladies' velour and Lyons silk velvet hats, $1.98
$2.50 and $3.50 ladies' velvet hats 98c
$1.00 children's trimmed hats 98c
50c children's trimmed hats 25c
50c soiled collars and sets 9c
29c soiled collars and sets 5c
25c soiled collars and sets 3c
39c 4-in. satin ribbon, very good value, 25c yd.
Fancy plaid ribbon, 50c value ....39c yd.
50c sleepers 15c
35c corset covers 15c

Art Needle Work Dept.

69c cretonne covered tie racks 49c
17c and 19c novelty braid 9c
Lot of 2 for 5c embroidery cotton ....1c pkg.
25c stamped linen centerpieces 12½c
$1.25 and $1.50 ladies' batiste gowns 98c
39c stamped made-up corset covers 25c
25c stamped pin cushions 12½c
50c infants' embroidered bibs 25c
25c lace pin cushion covers 15c

Ready-to-Wear Dept.

59c value children's knit sets 25c
25c value children's knit caps 11c
Ladies' sateen skirts 33c
50c value children's flannelette shirts 23c
75c knit shawls 43c
50c knit shawls 23c
50c black spats 21c

New Models in Spring Millinery

Friday morning we will show some attractive new models in trimmed and untrimmed hats for early spring wear; styles that are suitable for immediate wear; in all the leading colors,

1.98, 2.25, 2.48, 2.98, 3.48, 3.88, 4.48

Also new showings of the latest trimmings — flowers, fruits, quills, etc., at lower than elsewhere prices.

25¢ DEPARTMENT STORE

SOUTTER'S

25 Cent Department Store

Where Every Day Is Bargain Day

215 Market St. Opp. Court House