

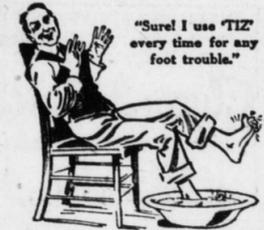
LULL IN STORM, FRENCH PREMIER SAYS OF TRUCE

War is Won, But it is Well to See all Possibilities, He Declares

Paris, Feb. 10.—"While I have said that the war has been won, it would perhaps be more accurate to say that there is a lull in the storm," said Georges Clemenceau, the French premier, in the course of an interview with The Associated Press. "At least," he added, "it is as well to face squarely all the possibilities."

"TIZ"—A JOY TO SORE, TIRED FEEL

Use "Tiz" for aching, burning, puffed-up feet and corns or callouses.



Good-bye, sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, tender feet, tired feet. Good-bye, corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "Tiz" is magical, acts "right off." "Tiz" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "Tiz" and wear smaller shoes. Use "Tiz" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" now at any drugstore or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

HOW WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN QUICKLY GAIN VIGOROUS HEALTH AND STRONG NERVES

7 A DAY FOR 7 DAYS

A Vigorous, Healthy Body, Sparkling Eyes and Health-Colored Cheeks Come in Two Weeks, Says Discoverer of Bio-feren.

World's Greatest Health Builder—Costs Nothing Unless It Gives to Women the Buoyant Health They Long For.

It is safe to say that right here in this big city are tens of thousands of weak, nervous, run-down, depressed women who in two weeks of time could make themselves so healthy, so attractive and so keen-minded that they would command the admiration of all their friends.

The vital health building elements that these dependent women lack are all plentifully supplied in Bio-feren.



LONG FLAME FURNACE COAL

Our customers say—"Never had coal to last so long before. Going to fill my bins with it next Summer." Claims he gets more heat out of it than any other coal.

Price, \$8.85 Ton
Half Loads . . . \$4.70

Just Phone—Bell, 600—Dial, 2345
No Coal Cards Needed
Suburban Deliveries

J. B. MONTGOMERY
Third and Chestnut Sts.

URGES CLOTHES BE SENT SERBS

Madame Grouitch Here to Aid Stricken People of That Country

New York, Feb. 10.—"Send a shipment of clothing to Serbia," is the plea of Madame Slavko Grouitch, wife of the minister of this country from the new kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, who started today an organized effort to obtain from the American people the material desperately needed by Serbs.

Not only manufactured clothing but cloth by the yard and especially footwear is desired, according to Mme. Grouitch, honorary chairman of the Serbian Aid Fund Clothing Committee, which has undertaken the task of collecting the clothing and which has its headquarters at 338 Madison avenue, this city. Arrangements have been made to receive there all express or parcel post shipments. Transportation to Serbia has been arranged through the Washington legation of the new Jugo-Slav kingdom.

"In many Serbian families there is but one wearable garment," said Mme. Grouitch. "During the war Serbia was so nearly inaccessible that relief work was almost impossible. Since Serbia is 96 per cent a farming country, there was little merchandise in the whole kingdom, and the first Austrian invasion of 1914 completely devastated the richest quarter. In successive invasions, all movable goods, furniture, clothing, plows and cattle—were stolen, so that upon their return from exile, the Serbians found their country stripped of everything. In order to live, they must work their farms. The men are making rude implements and the women trying to construct looms. But they have no raw materials with which to work and unless clothing is sent in time for the planting season they cannot start their crops, and will be faced by famine."

Wherever I went some newcomer would notice the uniform and ask me to come up and ask for the history of my capture, and my being an American only made his pity and admiration the greater—pity that I was brought down, and admiration that I was an American volunteer in the French army.

Several civilians came to see me, twelve men the next day, keen-eyed and efficient business men they were, the usual curiosity as to my being there was aroused, and they would have my story.

Gets More Sweet Rolls. I got several more sweet rolls that day, and that evening the owner promised to bring us some real eats. We stayed here two days, you know, and this was the second day I speak of. I forgot to say that, during "the first night" which, as all twelve sat around the red hot stove having a sock-drying party, the civilian owner and his little daughter paid us a visit, bringing us some chocolate and some nuts. The member who had been living on black bread and "Julian" soup for nearly a month, and little of that to boot, and you will get an idea how thankful we drank that chocolate and ate those small cakes.

And the next day a committee of civilians brought a change of underwear for us—a much needed change considering how many crotches we had. Not only us, but all the prisoners. Of course, there was not enough to give each a complete outfit, so some drew a shirt, others pants and others socks.

That made about eight biscuit apiece. I drew a flannel undershirt for my share of the change of clothing, and like the rest, immediately put it on, thinking that now I had a clean undershirt and shirt, on, the crotches wouldn't bother me so much. Which just goes to show how blissfully ignorant I was, for the next morning I was scratching at industriously.

The "Eats" Arrive. That evening the promised eats arrived—a whole bushel bag full of vegetables of every kind, and wonder of wonders, French beans, domino sugar. How our eyes did open when we beheld that sugar, for our allowance of sugar had been so small—one teaspoonful every two days—that we didn't think there was so much sugar in all the world.

It was too good to be true and we would not believe our eyes. Only a taste would suffice, so each of us ate a lump. That made us hungry for more, so the dutiful cook command and divided it. We didn't waste any time making the soup either, for every one pitched in and helped peel the vegetables, and soon we had a soup cooking away that was thick enough to walk on and it was good eating too.

I was out of luck again, though, for despite the clean shirt and the warm fire, I still felt very sick. You can imagine how sick when I say I could not eat my share of the soup. However, I guarded my sugar jealously and my share of the potatoes that had been boiled with the skins on, preparatory for the next day's march. Just the same, I had no intention of marching with the rest in the morning. I was too sick.

On Sick Roll. The next morning I was worse, and when we were mustered out in line to resume our tramp Berlinward, with the aid of an interpreter, I informed the commander I could not march. A French adjutant who had hurt his knee the night before also made a holler for the hospital, so we two were given in charge of an old grizzled guard to be taken to a hospital in Germany, Belgium, and we were to go by train, too.

To get to the station we had to walk a considerable distance, but despite his wounded knee that foolish, apple-legged Frenchman would carry all his baggage with him, composed of two big boxes, a roll of blankets and four sacks. Calling him a fool didn't help any, so I finally took pity on him and carried several of his "trunks," for as always I was traveling light—one sack and my blanket. Arriving at the station we had to wait about 15 minutes for the train, which was waiting there, a Belgian woman noticed my uniform and immediately came over and inquired our history and where we were going, she was moved to pity by the story of our sufferings and gave me a sack containing some two quarts of small biscuits.

Not content with that she hunted up her husband and he gave us each a pack of cigars. Mine was not any use to me, as I don't smoke so I stuck them in my pocket until I would meet some of my comrades who did. And what do you think that French fellow did with his?—opened them up and offered them to several Boche sitting along side of us.

After that I knew he was weak in the head, and told him about it, but he did not do any good. Just because a Boche spoke French to the effect that he hoped peace was not far off, was no reason why he should be treated like a friend. Not to my way of thinking, anyway.

Shaffer's Last Flight

(Continued From Saturday.) One thing I knew. If I did not escape very soon I never would, because I would not have the strength. Being with the Boche I never gained a dandy. I lost. What I needed was a rest and a little heat in my starved, skinny and cottle-covered body, so I eased myself up beside the stove and stayed there.

Several times I wandered out in the hallway to hear the latest news and see what was going on. During one of these trips I met a young civilian and after talking awhile with him, he pulled something stealthily out of his inside pocket and slipped it to me. It was a small sweetened roll of white bread and very good eating. My only regret was that there was no more, but I did not make the mistake of asking for more.

It was not necessary in my case, for my whipcord uniform trimmed with silver buttons made me a marked man among the other prisoners whose uniforms of the usual Polish wool were both ugly and shapeless. Not that it was their fault. For one cannot inhabit trenches and look presentable. I just tell you this because you might think I was conceited enough to think it was my personality that drew all the attention, for draw attention I did.

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CALLED GERMAN HUNS, GETS YEAR

British Airmen, Captured, Sentenced For Message He Wrote

London, Feb. 10.—Because he referred to the Germans as "Huns" Sergeant E. A. Boyd, a British airman, who was captured and sentenced by them to a year's imprisonment. He has not returned to England.

patrolling off the Belgian coast in the hands of the Germans. The two airmen were taken to Bruges where they were sent by Admiral Von Schroeder.

"He was frightfully angry over my message," Boyd relates, "and began to swear in broken English. The only thing that we understood clearly was that on the following day one of us was to be shot. I had told him that I had written the message."

"Later I was court-martialed and the court held that by calling the German 'Huns' I had insulted the officers and men of the German destroyers, and I was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment."

"For the first six months I was absolutely starved. I gave away my watch for a slice of bread."

German Children Made Sick by Yanks' Chocolate

Trier, Prussia, Feb. 10.—A carload of chocolate billed to the American Army of Occupation was wrecked near Trier recently and several German children of families living nearby ate such quantities of the sweets that doctors had to be called in to treat them. Many of the children had never tasted chocolate before, this form of candy being among the luxuries which Germany was virtually unable to supply during the war and, before the American salvage crews got to work the youngsters consumed their fill and then started homeward with all they could carry.

Use McNeil's Cold Tablets. — Adv.

Wm. Strouze

The Ground Hog Saw His Shadow---

And you know what that means!
King Winter will have a merry old time from now on and the fellow who is not well overcoated will pay up for his laxity with chills running up and down his back.

Yes, we've had pretty mild weather for a long spell, but Winter will come in the winter time, even if he comes late.

And when he does come along you'll know it — for he's generally escorted with High Winds and his old pal Zero.

Now here's OUR story. Listen. We've started a 15-Day Clearance Sale that is scheduled to end this coming Saturday.

It's one of those sales we hold to clear stocks at the end of the season. And it means that low prices come into the limelight on all our winter overcoats and suits.

We've been liberal with the reductions. And the fact that every suit and overcoat in our stock is high grade — regular stock — the same as we carry all season — is reason why you BUY right if you buy RIGHT NOW.

We won't carry any over — it's against our policy. It might seem unwise to reduce the prices on such good merchandise when merchandise of the better grade is not easy to get. Or if you will have it this way, we'll say, when by holding these suits and overcoats we could get more next season.

We've got a lot of fine overcoats and suits here for you at Clearance Prices and we feel mighty certain that if you'll come in and look them over you'll have just as high regard for them as we have.

Here's the way we've reduced the prices. And they mean savings.

\$25.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$19.50
\$30.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$24.50
\$35.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$27.50
\$40.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$33.50
\$45.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$37.50
\$50.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$41.50

Wm. Strouze Store 310 Market St.

The Peace Time Quality of King Oscar Cigars

will be remembered long after the price, which conditions compel us to charge, has been forgotten.

7c—worth it. John C. Herman & Co. Makers



Now you'll sleep well baby

"Kondon's will keep your nose clear—prevent dangerous mouth-breathing—make your sleep sweet and refreshing."

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY
If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, croup, whooping cough, chronic catarrh, nose-bleed, headache, etc.—we'll pay your money back.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend of mine had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss Flo Kelly, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of the trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

FRESH AIR HEAT IS HEALTHY HEAT

ONE HEATER TO TEND
NO RADIATOR TO FREEZE
FRESH AIR CONSTANTLY
SMALL AMOUNT OF FUEL

ONE-PIPE Bengal FURNACE

A FEW GOOD POINTS
ASSURES the comfort of warm air in every corner of the house, not merely in overheated zones around the stove or radiators. SAVES time, dirt and fuel by having ONE heater, and that in the basement. GIVES extra comfort and beauty through the house by doing away with ugly and cumbersome stoves, radiators and pipes. AIDS good health through fresh air constantly in motion, purified by a water bath after each circulation. AFFORDS no chance for freezing and bursting radiators and their pipe connection with attendant discomfort and expense. NOT NECESSARY to close rooms to keep the house warm.

And you get full value from your fuel. No such roundabout method as first heating pipes which in turn heat water or steam, which in turn again heat pipes which finally heat the air in the rooms. All air is heated directly and so at a fraction of the cost of other methods of heating.

Write without delay for a descriptive folder telling you how time, money, health and comfort are saved by installing a One-Pipe Bengal Warm-Air Furnace.

WARM ROOMS For the Family
COOL CELLAR For Vegetables
INVESTIGATE!



No Red Tape, Here Is Our Guarantee
We will install a One Pipe Bengal Furnace and allow you to operate it during zero weather, before we ask you to pay us one cent. If the furnace does not heat your home perfectly we will take it out and there will be no expense to you.
W. H. Snook, Stoves, Spouting 332 Kelker St.