

AT THE CENTER OF LIFE, AN ALTAR

The International Sunday School Lesson For October 21 is "The Temple Rebuilt and Dedicated."—Ezra, 3:8-13-6:14-18

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Tuesday, Sept. 24th, 1917. Tours, France.

Dear Mother: For once I have enough sleep to last me through the day. This flying certainly makes one sleepy and creates a prodigious appetite. Have not had much time to sleep during the last week, as weather has been very good and naturally we were kept right on the job, for you know I am flying alone now and have been for the past four days. It may be less than that, but so many things have happened to me since I took my first hop that it seems longer. If I was out looking for thrills, I sure got one yesterday, when my motor went dead on me and let me down among the grape vines. However, I was not looking for thrills. It was the spiral field I was looking for, which is some distance from the school. Two of our pupils work devoted to fly machines out to this field, but only one of us reached his destination.

Down He Goes It was one of these doggone Gnome motors that played out on me, and I was only up about 60 meters at that. We were running along nicely, climbing slowly higher, when I began watching scenery below me, when it occurred to me that open fields seemed to be very scarce in that vicinity. Furthermore, knowing the temperamental habits of a Gnome motor, I decided it was time to turn and fly over better landing ground, so I pushed a little on the rudder and started around—and then "poup" went the engine, just as if some one had hit it with a hammer, and everything stopped except the machine. Instinctively I pointed her down. Luckily she had stopped right over a little open place, so we kept on coming down, hitting by and turning all the time, because I had to turn, a house and barn being in my way if I had gone straight on. I won't say I was as calm as a mill pond because it would be a lie, but am glad to say I came down on that little space and landed safely, but my speed was so great that the machine ran along the ground and into a vineyard, going through three rows, taking wires, posts, grapes and everything along. By the time I had ambled through three rows his force was well spent, so she stood upon her nose to take a rest. About that time her tail went slowly up in the air and I, who was holding the strap around my tummy and looking at the gasoline tank below me. Seeing that she had finally decided to stop, I unbuckled the strap, and the gasoline tank pushed a lot of other necessary levers shut, and crawled out to take account of stock, or rather damage. Strange to say, there was none, not even a wire was broken or slack, so seeing that the airplane was standing partly on her nose and putting an awful lot of weight on the propeller, I crawled up the tail hand over hand, for all the world like I used to crawl up to the top of young poplar trees when I was a kid, and then bend them down by swinging my weight outward, and the tail came down, letting the whole machine flat among the grapes.

They had seen me go down from camp and soon two mechanics came riding out on bicycles to see what the damage was. Seeing there was none, they endeavored to start the motor and put me away again. But the motor refused to start, so they went back to camp after a new magnet, whichever way you wish. After sitting there some time, meaning my hard luck in silence, I noticed a plump little lady coming to look my bird and I over, so I proceeded to spring what few words of French I knew, which amounted to "Bon jour, Mademoiselle!" and "oui, oui, oui." But the bluff did not carry me far, as her first sentence simply swamped me, and, worse yet, she knew it. Then she tried a few phrases of English on me which sure did surprise me, for her pronunciation was very good. It was "dommage" (too bad) as I told her, that "je ne comprend pas Francis," and then I kicked myself again when she asked in excellent English whether I had a dictionary with me, for I had none. But, take it from me, the next time I get in one of those doggone Gnome motored airplanes there will be a dictionary among my equipment. Still, I did not do so bad, as I discovered she was selling

Juice of Lemons! How to Make Skin White and Beautiful



At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quarter pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is truly marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.—Adv.

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"Always Reliable"

Emblems of Freedom



What Will You Do To Preserve Them?

Freedom depends upon the will of the people, the future of this great Nation rests with YOU—If we make peace now we would surrender to autocracy and disgrace to a nation that provoked this unequalled war, trampled and oppressed the weak and innocent.

We must maintain the high and lofty principles that have made and kept US a great nation — We are not asking for glory, but we must finish our task with honor and victory — If our men and boys are willing to serve our country on the fields of battle to fight for a righteous cause we must do our part to bring victory nearer -- We can do much by

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Doutrichs is a store of service apart from what ordinarily some stores call service — HERE you have merchandising developed to the highest degree of perfection — This season signalled the opening of a chapter of "Big Business," the greatest in the History of this "Live Store" — You've never been to a store where there is as much activity and enthusiasm as you will find HERE — Our loyal patrons are eager to buy from us because they know we are absolutely dependable — It's a matter of principle with us and principle cannot be compromised.

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We haven't lowered our standard at Doutrichs, Good Clothes are somewhat higher, to be sure, but you needn't pay as much as some would have you believe — We buy enormous quantities at the very lowest market prices — We "get in" on the earliest quotations, enabling us to give you the greater values in a larger variety of styles, fabrics and colorings — Come HERE and look at our large assortment as well as test the unequalled Doutrich service.

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light, medium and heavyweight wool or cotton garments — warm and comfortable.

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"Stetson Hats"

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In Green, Brown, Gray and Black—

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Doutrichs Always Reliable

Bought a silver bracelet with my name on the other day. It's quite pretty and will make a good souvenir or Xmas present when the U. S. A. takes us over, for they don't allow them to be worn. WALTER.