

DAUPHIN FLYER DODGES SHRAPNEL OVER HUN LINE

Walter J. Shaffer Gets First Experience Under Fire and Returns Safely to French Base

Walter J. Shaffer, the aviator who writes such exciting narratives to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Shaffer, of Dauphin, has lately had his first experience aloft over the line, right amidst the deadly shrapnel, and he tells about it in this present message.

Somewhere in France, Dec. 22, 1917. Dear Mother— I hope you will pardon the paper, but this is all I have now and I am too busy flying to go to town and get more. Incidentally, this paper was bought for me as a diary, something which I kept very faithfully until things got too interesting, which was right after my first flight on—and now the paper has gone out again. Darn these open fire places anyway! This living in a chateau is all right in summer time, but oh, son, winter!

The last two days being fairly clear, I have flown regularly morning and afternoon, having been on patrol duty three times to date. These patrols go in groups of four and five and one has his allotted place—to the right and above the leader, or behind or left as the case may be—and he is supposed to stay here. Something which is easier said than done, for many a pilot loses his life by being out of position on a turn, and falling behind, when down comes a Boche lickity split—and one more man is missing.

Officer Monroe Praises Tanlac

Harrisburg Official Much Improved in Health Now

Officer W. S. Monroe, who lives at 731 Sixth street, Harrisburg, and is so popular among visitors to the park, said: "My kidneys had gone back on me entirely. I was constipated and my kidneys troubled me greatly. Tanlac hunted out the trouble and before I had finished the first bottle I felt a hundred per cent better."

KIDNEYS WENT WRONG

"Tanlac is now being introduced at the Harrisburg Drug Store. Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. Station; at Carlisle at W. G. Stephens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles B. Carl; Middletown, Colin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence C. F. Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse.—Ave.

NO MORE CATARRH

Catarrh cures come and catarrh goes, but Hyomel continues to heal catarrh and abolish its disgusting symptoms, whether civilization or not. Every year the already enormous sales of this really scientific treatment for catarrh grow greater, and the present year should show all records broken.

The Home Treatment for EPILEPSY

Those who suffer from this nervous disease, accompanied by its usual attacks of unconsciousness and convulsions, will be glad to know they can be relieved by the use of Koline. We want the most skeptical to try the Koline treatment, for the success of this treatment in the past has proved it to have unusual merit.

TO-NIGHT AT BEDTIME

If you feel out-of-sorts, run-down or "all in" from over-exertion, run-down or are constipated, or your liver is out of order, take Bliss Native Herb Tablets.

Bliss Native Herb Tablets

In severe cases of sick headache or rheumatic pains, two tablets may be taken. You will get up next morning feeling very much better.

Bliss Native Herb Tablets sold by Kennedy's Drug Store and local agents everywhere with me.

know about as much about building a fire as I know of cooking—and you know that, as for if I had to cook my meals for a week I'd starve to death. Then they are so eager to hunt food too, generally willing until the fire goes out before hunting any. Who, me?

Oh, I furnish the matches. This is the afternoon of a beautiful day and I sure was sore that I could not fly, but the mechanics said the motor was broken and could not be used with safety until to-morrow. The sad part of it was that I was not content to let it alone, but I had here's a whole perfectly good afternoon gone to waste, because there are lots of things I wish to practice. I was out this morning with another American, and a seasoned flyer to lead us, and am glad to say he considered my flying "not so bad."

After we came back, I discovered I had passed over "Rheims" and been flying along the front half an hour, but I did not notice any striking thing about it, because I was too busy playing tag with the leader, to notice much else.

This morning we went out again. Four of us were supposed to go, but one fellow went on "patrol" near the front and another could start at all on account of engine trouble. So the two of us started. I being the near man, taking my place behind him, and above, still without map, compass, or anything else. It was rather misty, with here and there thick, fleecy clouds, which made it necessary to fly close or we would lose each other soon.

Naturally I followed not knowing where I was, but quite interested nevertheless. I had just noticed a large space of ground beneath me which was clear of snow and looked as if it had had a bad case of smallpox, for it sure was pock marked. "Well! thinks I, this must be the front." I was not left in doubt long, for Zowie went something like a low buzz, and I took a look in the looking-glass—yes we have one right in front of us to see if our goggles are on straight— which gives me a clear view behind, but no German was in sight, so I concluded it wasn't a German trying to "hookmark" me—and then an owl flew off, hitting me in the forehead with a little lead. Still I did not know what was up but my leader did, and he was heading into a cloud with all the motor at his command. Yes, me-an, I was right behind him, not because I was particularly scared of the shots.

I was curious about them, and was wondering what they were, but I was afraid of losing that Frenchman, for without him I was lost. And that's just what I did do, altho I stuck so close to him in the cloud I never ran over him, but lost him all the same. Incidentally, coming out of the cloud standing one way. Fortunately he had to catch him, which was quite easy, since I had a much better motor than his. In fact, it was so good that I could not throttle it down low enough to follow him very difficult, since I was always overrunning him and to prevent this had to make figure 8's all the time in the air.

Shelled By Shrapnel. He did not try any more daring sorties over the lines and we got home without further adventure, where I was told that we had been shelled by shrapnel. This afternoon we went out again, only I knew something of the country this time, for I had a map. Of course every patrol is made up of different pilots each time, with an "old" flyer to lead it, for we are not fighting as yet, altho we go armed, being still in training. I'll say the leader we had this afternoon was some flyer, for he sure could handle a plane. Then along at a low altitude for some time (about 1,000 meters) and flew all of a sudden he stood his plane right on its tail and began climbing.

It, so can I, so up I goes after you can do it for a greenhorn I don't think I did so badly, for he didn't beat me by much. We nearly lost the other Frenchman, I think, either didn't want to or couldn't climb that steep, for it takes a good motor to climb that way. I began to notice things this afternoon, looking down curiously at the "sausage balloons" and zigzagging trenches, which made me think of a bunch of kids playing in the snow, but shrapnel bursting some distance ahead of us and shells throwing spurts of dirt in the air below removed the idea of Atlantic City very quickly. We were nearing Rheims at the time, and was wondering whether my guide was going to run into the puff balls, which denoted shrapnel ahead of us, when he suddenly shook his wings up and down like a duck shaking water off his back (a signal that he had seen a Boche) and doing a vertical vee, dodged back over his tracks. I did not get around as quick as he but I beat the Frenchman anyway. I thought we lost him, but knowing whether he had seen a Boche or not, I decided it wouldn't be a bad idea to load my gun. This was a matter of a few seconds but required steering with my left hand rather hard for me, as my left hand knew not what my right hand had done. Naturally the plane performed some queer gyrations during the loading process. The fact that I was armed and ready didn't give me the confidence you might imagine because I doubt if I could hit the side of a barn, anyway. Fortunately for me no Boche appeared and we landed again with "yours truly" a little wiser. One never hears the word airplane here, but the French use two nick names for a plane. One is "Zang" and the other "cookoo," the latter probably because the wires sing when one goes too fast. I never have discovered the origin of the word "Zang" unless it's for the same singing reason, for those wires sure do sing sometimes.

Maybe I didn't get the merry Ha! Ha! the other day when I insisted on flying when no others would, and broke the "Becky" while making a bad landing. That is not the name given the skid on the tail, probably because she proves so unfaithful at times. She sure let me down hard. Oh no, the weather had nothing to do with it, altho the clouds were as low as 50 meters. It was merely a bum landing and I taught me a number of things. Today I got all my instruments, altimeter, compass, map and watch, the latter being a young alarm clock, also some paper gloves, which sure are necessary. Nearly froze my fingers this morning and then I was only 2,000 meters. So what would I do when at 5,000? We get paper shoes, but they have not got cold feet yet. My hands are cold now too. The fire's out too.

Walter. Somewhere in France, Dec. 23, 1917.

No Flying. I'm at it again, flying—building, I mean, not flying, and considering my inexperience am making some head way. At least the fire is burning extra hard. Oh, no, the weather had nothing to do with it. These doggone Frenchmen living with me

of wine very valuable. There is no fine for drinking soup so we have quite a little music. They make it pretty hard for us three Americans because when they get all lit up with "pinard" and feel in a singing mood, they want us to sing American songs to them. And no amount of insisting that only singing of ours would bring in the gendarmes would turn them from their desire. The fact that they had heard us humming in our rooms did not quite uphold our statements of being unable to sing. We did not sing, not being used to audiences and they were very much disappointed.

Getting hungry now and that's time to stop writing, for all my interest centers in my stomach then. Walter.

4TH QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Marysville, Pa., Feb. 11.—On Wednesday evening Dr. Maurice E. Swartz, of Carlisle, will preside at the fourth quarterly conference of the local Methodist Episcopal Church in the church building at 7.30 o'clock.

I sure thought I saw one this morning, and he had me worried, because I had no idea the course of action necessary for me to pursue, having been ordered to follow the "chef de group." I was doing this all right, and apparently the sight of the plane off to our left caused him no uneasiness for he kept right on going. So did I, but I got my gun cocked and ready nevertheless, and I noticed the leader looking over his eye on that suspicious-looking plane as it swung around, behind and above us. If it was a Boche he sure gave me good reason to think especially myself for he was directly in line of fire, because he had the sun in his back.

An Important Point. That's a very important point, let me assure you, if you come at a man with the sun at your back, he can't see you until you are very close. Just about the time that plane secured this coveted position, the leader shook his wings up and down, a signal that he had seen a Boche. There I was up a tree, for I had no orders when to do in a case like this, whether to attack on my own hook, or wait to see what the leader does. The leader kept on going to the left, edging up a little closer to the leader and keeping one eye on the "Boche." I had been looking for identification marks for some time on this plane, and as he came closer I found them—not the big, black iron cross I had been expecting, but the red, white and blue tail of a "Spad."

I assure you, I was somewhat relieved, and gave more of my time to studying the landscape below, watching shrapnel bursting a short distance away, when I noticed a shell hitting the motor, and wondering what that little red toy balloon was doing so high (3,800 meters) all by its lonesome, and then I discovered this being the plane I had thought was a Boche was using this balloon to practice maneuvering. Gee Whiz! but it was cold too, one of those bitter cold mornings when one's breath looks like a stream of smoke and getting out of bed goes hard, especially since it took all night to get up and me floating high. Do you wonder I was cold, even with paper gloves on. Those paper gloves are quite an idea. And are made of pliable paper and put on under the fur-lined gloves.

For our feet we have sheepskin lined shoes, and also paper ones to slip on over the regular shoes. My feet have never gotten cold, but oh, my face! That's where I mind it. I thought my nose was froze this morning, and for checks, tell the girls it's a sure remedy for rosy ones, and beats anything a drug store ever advertised—you notice I didn't say sold? It sure makes it bad tho, to fly when one has a cold, even a small one, for one must needs wipe his nose before it runs all over his face—and freezes there, for a 12 mile gale of December air is not by any means warm.

This necessitates letting go all controls and digging for a handkerchief. Yes, she'll fly along by herself, but did you ever notice how hard it is to find one when you need it? I'm beginning to get the lay of the land now and could even distinguish the sharp cracks of exploding shells above the roar of my motor. It's very interesting to look down on all this and I am very curious to see what close range you know what curiosity did to the cat tho. But then, I'm a bird, and that's different!

Spirit of the Men. What struck me so forcibly when I first arrived here, was the spirit of the men. Everyone was on the hop and interested in everything going on around them, and made a point to make the newcomer feel at home—at least, so I thought until they insisted on hearing me sing an American song. From my four months of association with Frenchmen in clerical and official positions in the different schools I passed through I was acquainted with a very bad opinion of the French as a patriotic race. So many "ambuscades" holding down jobs and delighting in showing their authority, I never did see but here at the front it's all different.

Everyone is anxious and willing to do his part for the cause, and my only regret is that I cannot talk or understand enough French to learn the things I wish to know, for after we come back from each patrol the leader tells us our mistakes, and I having to get it translated, lose a lot of it. So I have to use my eyes to catch the rest. My powers of observation are fairly keen tho, and don't miss much, only I do discover some things a little late sometimes. I have a prince of a Captain tho, and he generally gives me the benefit of the doubt, knowing how anxious I am to learn the game, for so I always have regarded it. It sure is getting some interesting now, and I realize I have an awful lot to learn or perchance my next move will be to the cemetery and then my mail will have a Sam Hill of a time reaching me.

Plenty to Eat. Grub is quite good and plentiful here and they have a lot of rules with fines attached, which you might do well to copy, viz: Being late for meals, 10 centimes; coming to table without proper dress, 10 more centimes; hats off while eating or you lose 20 centimes; spilling a glass of "pinard," one franc, or even forcible exit from the room, for Frenchmen consider this brand

Derry Street U. B. Church Pledges Members to Vote and Work For Prohibition

Adding their forces to those of the Grace Methodist Church, the entire congregation of Derry Street United Brethren Church and its Young Men's Bible Class resolved yesterday to make every effort to help toward establishing the national prohibition amendment. The keynote of further activity was struck by the Rev. J. A. Lyter, who said, "If the members of the two organizations which have adopted these resolutions do not stand up for them when it comes time to vote in the primary election then they will not be doing their duty as Christians."

Lehigh Stands Ready to Hand Over Institution to Government During War

Lehigh University is prepared at short notice to turn over its establishment to the War Department, related Dr. Matt Emery, vice-president of the famous Pennsylvania institution, and within twenty-four hours most of the plant could be converted into a soldiers' training camp. Dr. Emery was in Harrisburg to attend the alumni dinner at the University Club on Saturday evening. He and Walter Okeason, secretary of the Lehigh Alumni Association, were the guests of the occasion.

Pine-Street Sunday School Begins Its 61st Year With a Big Celebration

Almost 1,000 members of the Pine Street Presbyterian Sunday school attended the sixtieth anniversary observance yesterday afternoon in the many interesting stories of his experiences in his travels around the world. He said that on these tours he and his secretary had persuaded 3,000,000 persons to carry the Bible and to read a chapter daily.

mary and kindergarten boys and girls; prayer by the Rev. Dr. L. S. McDuffie; benediction by the Rev. H. H. Baldwin. Announcement was made by Mr. McCormick that Thomas L. Wallace, librarian of the Sunday school, who had not missed an anniversary service in fifty-nine years, could not be present yesterday because of illness. A letter from Mr. Wallace was read. The address by Dr. Chapman was on "How to Find Christ." He gave a short outline of the messages of the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. During his talk he told many interesting stories of his experiences in his travels around the world. He said that on these tours he and his secretary had persuaded 3,000,000 persons to carry the Bible and to read a chapter daily.

BELLANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

Boorman's

HARRISBURG, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1918.

Help Conserve the Nation's Resources. Illustration of a car and a factory.

Patriots--Trade at Home. Relieve the express companies and the railroads of the burden of delivering small packages to you. Help to conserve man-power, coal, transportation facilities. And at the same time, help yourself to the best goods and values right here in your home town.

With Malice Towards None, With Charity For All. Tomorrow---We Celebrate the Birthday of a Great American Abraham Lincoln. Let us at this time pay tribute to the memory of him whose character, patriotism and service to country, towers so lofty that we may all look to his life as an example for shaping our own lives.

Early Spring Models

The most favored of the new season styles which have so far been endorsed by Dame Fashion have already gathered here to interest women who are anxious for a glimpse of advance Spring apparel.



Coats Dresses Suits Skirts

The Spring magic of these authentic fashions for dress, business and sport wear featured here will charm women anew.

And a Final Clearance of Women's Winter Apparel

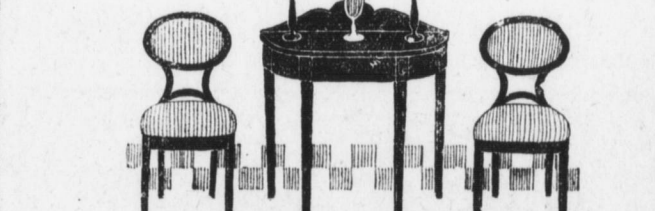
This clearance offers exceptional opportunities, for from it one may positively choose distinctive and fashionable garments at really commonplace prices. The quantities of this apparel are somewhat limited, emphasizing the urgency of an immediate selection. Especially directing your attention to the Lovely Coats at \$12.00, \$19.50 and \$35.00. The highest grade models—the finest fabrics—the best colors. This coat sale enhanced by a special purchase which gives you a remarkable choice at remarkable prices.



A Wall Paper Suggestion

This is the best and most logical time to make your wall paper selection—for. The new and beautiful Spring stock comprises a full complement of patterns and the services of our paper hangers can be had now at your convenience. Do not wait until the big Spring rush begins—make your selections now! As a special incentive to start your papering we offer some very splendid values: High class tapestry, foliage and woven effects—suitable for halls, living rooms—and dining rooms. Roll ..... 40c. Sunfast duplex oatmeal papers, shades of pink, brown, green, tan, gray—sold with matched borders. Roll .... 30c.

BOWMAN'S—Fourth Floor.



Furniture Holds the Center of the Stage

This Month Inducements are of such a nature as to prompt many to buy for future as well as for present requirements. Such furniture as we offer is absolutely reliable—honest all through and comes from the most reputable and responsible factories. If you could see all the way through any of the pieces we offer—see the details of master construction you would find it to correspond with the representations we make. You Cannot Be Too Particular in Purchasing Furniture. As far as mere outside appearance goes, there is often no particular difference; but the degree of life and comfort is determined by what it is made of and how. The February Sale prices should secure the attention of every one having home interests at heart.