

WRITES OF HUN AIR RAID OVER FRENCH CITY

Gordon L. Werner Tells How Zeppelins Dropped Destructive Bombs

A very lively picture of a night bombardment of Hun airships is contained in the last letter received from Gordon L. Werner, who is with the colors for the Y. M. C. A. over in France. He is writing to his brother, George A. Werner, Jr., son of George A. Werner, 2143 North Fifth street. Gordon graduated from Tech High in the class of 1917. His letter follows:

Somehow in France, Feb. 10, 1918.

Dear George:

Get your box of raisins to-day. You, quite evidently, are displeased with the kind of letters I write, but this stupid censorship takes all the enthusiasm out of a letterwriter. The things I would like to tell you would never get past a censor. Take it for granted, however, that the conclusions you have drawn some months ago with regard to conditions here, are very nearly correct. The Allies would certainly have "thrown up the sponge," as a British officer put it, had not the U. S. entered the scene.

"Well, I've just come back from (censored) said the lines, where six of us and a lieutenant were detailed on special sanitary work. My chances for promotion along this line, I am told, are quite fair. I had the opportunity of seeing quite a bit of the sensational while here, which shall always leave a vivid picture in my memory. One incident I can never forget, was a horrible air raid. But it was so beautifully and wonderfully picturesque, that I cannot say that my anxiety was not mingled with admiration. It all happened this way:

The German Raid

For some days, an insolent German prince had been threatening the city with a night visit. The French seemed to regard the threat as an idle boast. On a beautiful moonlight night, however, we were awakened by the clang of gongs, and the sound of explosions. As near as I can tell, it must have been about halfpast eleven. We put our heads out of the window (we were well quartered in a hotel) and saw a large number of French soldiers and civilians running in the street below for refuge stations. A bomb dropped on a building across the way and tore the whole roof off. At a high altitude searchlights could be seen glimmering like stars. They are coming from the direction of (censored). The French airplanes were soon in their machines, and were making a feeble show at defending the city. But they didn't seem a good show for the "Zepe." The explosions were so uncomfortably close to our quarters, that we made for the street and beat it for the nearest refuge station. They bombarded this sector of the city for about two hours, becoming bolder and venturing nearer the ground. At last one "sausage" came so close, that a bunch of French surrounded him and put so many punctures in his gas bag that it looked very much like a sieve when grounded. They made the Dutch prisoners. When the air fleet had dropped all their ammunition, (about twenty tons), they coolly sailed away again. The next day, the nervous Bavarian prince sent word to the (censored) that he'd visit them again in about a month. Oh, that was some night, believe me! Well, I guess I'll close for to-night. Will write soon again.

GORDON.

Calls Prison Home; Goes Back of Own Accord

Chicago—Old John Robinson and his seventy-four gray years have gone home.

Old John's residence is in Joliet. It has high walls around it and a look of solid permanency, but to him the prison is home, sweet home.

For the first time in the history of Chicago, a prisoner goes back to Joliet unguarded. He went back at his own request.

"I've spent most of my life in prison and I want to die there," said old John. "Outside there doesn't seem to be much room for me. Over there I'm one of the bunch—an equal—and I feel as if I had a right there. I am a lot of help around the big house, and I know Warden Murphy will be glad to see me back. And when I die I know I'll get a decent burial."

The old man gazed out of the window into the street. "This outside life is all right for those who like it," he said, "but me—I'm going home."

MR. SMITH URGES THRIFT STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad Superintendent Says Railroad Men Should Buy Them



Railroad men were to-day urged to buy War Savings Stamps by F. W. Smith, Jr., superintendent of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

"Railroad men should buy War Savings Stamps for two reasons:

"First, because in addition to being a first-class investment, it means practically buying insurance.

"Second, because no railroad man, any more than any other citizen, can afford to 'pass up' an opportunity for assisting the President and our Government in winning the war by 'giving now' and 'having later'—with interest."

U. S. Official Taster of Fancy Meats Draws Line at Eating "Molly"

The man who eats cat meat should be decorated for signal bravery, in the opinion of experts of the Department of Agriculture. He is in a class with the hero who swallowed the first oyster, they say.

"I have eaten horse meat, hippopotamus meat and other varieties," declared Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry; "but cat—well, not exactly."

While his division has passed upon some of the weirdest types of flesh on earth, including iguanas and buffalo, the chief of the meat inspection service of the department declares himself entirely unacquainted with tabby steaks or Thomas cutlets.

"I never heard," he said, "of a civilized or semicivilized people eating cats except as a last extremity. I should not care to try the experiment myself—not even with the greatest amount of seasoning. Viewed chemically, the flesh of cats undoubtedly contains the elements necessary to sustain life, but it is one of the carnivores, and as such would have a most disagreeable taste, in my opinion."

Vegetarian Told He Need Not Eat Germans

Galesburg, Ill.—Marshall O. Sanburn is a vegetarian. When he appeared before the local board with a plea for exemption he explained that his vegetarian principles should be regarded as a bar to his service in the National Army.

"You don't have to eat Germans—only kill them," A. O. Lindstrom, chairman of the board assured him. So Sanburn takes his place in Class 1.

POSLAM ALL QUALITY AND HEALING ENERGY

Would it surprise and please you to awake some morning to find that your torturing Eczema, your disgusting and embarrassing skin affection, had wholly disappeared.

This has been the experience of many after brief treatment with Poslam, the quick-acting skin remedy, which possesses the most highly concentrated healing energy, and which is intended and made effective for the very purpose of aiding YOU to have a better, healthier and more slightly skin.

Sold everywhere. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 243 West 47th St., New York City.—Advertisement.

Serves Cat to His Guests as Test; "Very Enjoyable"

Washington, D. C.—Mr. Hoover needn't be afraid of a food shortage as long as there are several million cats in the United States. Cat meat is as good as rabbit, and if properly inspected, just as clean,

according to Herbert Popenoe, assistant editor of the Journal of Heredity, who has been making experiments.

Mr. Popenoe has made five different experiments with all kinds of cats—from the high-bred Angora to the common back fence variety. His method was to cook the animal himself and then invite his friends to dine with him—telling them it was

French beaver, tree rabbit, or just ordinary "bunny."

"Most of them seemed to enjoy it," said Mr. Popenoe, "and after we had pushed back our chairs and lighted our after-dinner cigars, I told them. Some of them said it was as good as rabbit, while others said it had tasted funny, and later on began to get sick. Several Government scientists have been at these 'cat

feasts' and they thought the food was all right."

Mr. Popenoe's experiments have gotten him into trouble with his neighbors. The first time he was haled into the police court, but Judge Mulowny could find no law against eating cats. An attempt was then made to have his mental status determined with a view to sending him over near Congress Heights.

"The matter has quieted down now," he said, "and I shall continue my experiments to increase the food supply in case this country should ever be hard up for food like some of the European lands are now. My next experiment will be on dogs. Then I shall try horses, mules, canary birds, sparrows, buzzards, parrots and the like."

SCHOOL FOR ARMY COOKS AND BAKERS Manila, P. I.—A school for Army cooks and bakers has been established at Fort McKinley, and detachments of soldiers have been ordered from various Philippine Army posts to attend the course. The first class, now under instruction, is composed of over 200 soldiers.

"The Live Store"

"Always Reliable"



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

You remember that old song, "It's always FAIR weather when good fellows get together." Well, DOUTRICH'S have always been a good clothing store and Hart, Schaffner & Marx have always made good clothes.

It's going to be especially "fair weather" for now that we're together here in Harrisburg — It's a strong combination that

Means More Money in Your Pocket

You probably know that our two slogans are "Always Reliable" and "The Live Store." It means simply this: That you can always be sure of satisfaction here in stylish clothes and that we're wide awake and constantly striving to serve you in a bigger way. Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes fit right in with these service ideas of ours — They're fine all wool clothes beautifully tailored and supreme in style; they're guaranteed to give 100 per cent satisfaction.

These clothes help to intensify our slogans; they make this store "more reliable" than ever for you if such a thing is possible — Come in and see these clothes for Spring; it's the greatest style show and value-giving event ever offered to the men of Harrisburg.

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25,000 merchants who want to sell the best goods at the lowest prices are now using VIM Delivery Cars.

Full information about the VIM Deferred Payment Plan which enables the storekeeper to pay for the VIM gradually out of what it saves, on request.

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