

SURGEONS WILL HELP WORKERS

Discussion For Next Tuesday's Conference to Deal With Accidents in Mills

Physicians and surgeons connected with the iron and steel and other industries of Pennsylvania will meet here Tuesday for a conference on ways and means to care for soldiers who may be disabled and the workers who may be hurt in the mills and factories, among the speakers listed being Major Edward Smith, noted Philadelphia surgeon; Dr. Alfred Stengel and others.

The State Department of Labor and Industry is arranging the meeting which will have topics pertinent to the war and the speeding up of industry.

Dr. Loyal A. Shoudy, chief surgeon of the Bethlehem Steel Company, will speak on "The Nation's Neglect—The Failure to Reconstruct and Rehabilitate the Wounded in Industry."

Dr. Edward Martin, of Philadelphia, now a major in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, will discuss that topic.

"How the Industrial Surgeon Can Best Co-operate with the Government to Win the War," Major Joseph C. Bloodgood, of the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, will also discuss that topic.

Whether hernia should be classed as a compensable injury or a disease will be considered in addresses by Dr. A. W. Colcord, Surgeon of the Carnegie Steel Company and Dr. Charles B. Lauffer, medical director of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

"Women in Industry and Industrial Hazards to Their Health," will be the topic of Mrs. Samuel Simple, woman member of the industrial board of the Department of Labor and Industry.

"Reconstruction and Rehabilitation of the Disabled," will be discussed by Dr. Alfred Stengel, professor of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania and by Dr. J. B. McAlister, past president of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania.

Two years' experience with the Workmen's Compensation Law of Pennsylvania, will be the subject of a symposium in which the viewpoint of the physician will be given by Dr. Frederick L. Van Sickle, president-elect, Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania; the viewpoint of the insurance company will be discussed by William H. Hollings, counsel, United State Casualty Company; viewpoint of industry by C. R. Abel, director, Standards, Processes and Materials, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company; viewpoint of labor, Roger J. Dever, attorney, Anthracite Mine Workers' viewpoint of the board, Harry A. Mackey, chairman, Workmen's Compensation Board.

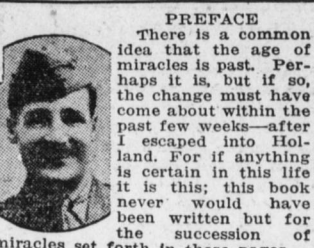
FIRE DRIVES SOLDIERS
Portland, Me., April 6.—Soldiers sleeping in the barracks at Fort Williams, on Cape Elizabeth, were driven out early today by fire which destroyed three buildings. All the men escaped without injury and saved most of the movable property in the barracks. With the aid of motor apparatus sent from this city, soldiers and firemen prevented the spread of the flames.

Don't Worry
About anything when you take a pleasure spin up the river road.
STAHLER
Keeps all kinds of Auto Accessories, Tires and Tubes—Atlantic Gasoline, Oils and Grease. Everything Guaranteed.
Stabler's Auto Repair Shop
Ft. Hunter, Pa.
DIAL PHONE

REO
Ask the Garage Man—He Knows
ASK ANY GARAGE MAN—those who do not also sell automobiles—about the various makes of motor cars and motor trucks.
ASK HIM WHICH ones come to him most—which last often.
HE'LL TELL YOU TRUE for it is a strange fact that though you'd expect him to be partial to those that come oftenest and run up the biggest repair bills, as a matter of fact his attitude is just the opposite.
HE LIKES THE KIND that, being well made and accessible, are soon out of the shop with a reasonable bill for adjustment or repairs—and a satisfied customer.
THE OTHER KIND cause frequent wrangles and endless enquiries—in other words, they come once, stay over long, leave in an unsatisfactory condition and seldom return.
SO HE DOESN'T like those cars.
HE LIKES REOS—never heard of a garage owner or foreman that wasn't a warm friend of Reo's.
EVEN WHEN HE DOES sell some rival make of automobile or motor truck, he will admit, if you ask him, that Reo is "next best" to the one he sells.
ASK SEVERAL such agents and you'll find that, almost without exception, Reo is "next best"—and putting the replies all together you have the answer.
ANY MECHANIC in any garage will tell you that the Reo is the most accessible car he has ever worked on.
HE'LL TELL YOU—for this is a point that your garage man considers of the utmost importance—that Reo cars have the best bearings at every point ever put into a car or truck.
WE COULD go into details and explain why this is so but space forbids. Besides, we are suggesting that you ask an impartial judge—one who knows. He will tell you in more convincing—and more forcible garage language why Reos stand up—why the mechanic likes them and why the upkeep is so low.
HARRISBURG AUTO CO.
Fourth and Keller Streets
Duplex Four-Wheel Drive Hubbert Trucks
Cleveland and Beman Tractors
Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.
Price is f. o. b. Lansing and the special Federal tax must be added.
Reo Six Touring 7-Passenger \$1550
THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien
(Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien.)



PREFACE
There is a common idea that the age of miracles is past. Perhaps it is, but if so, the change must have come about within the past few weeks—after I escaped into Holland. For if anything is certain in this life it is this: this book never would have been written but for the succession of miracles set forth in these pages.

Miracles, luck, coincidences, Providence—it doesn't matter what you call it—certainly played an important part in the series of hairbreadth escapes in which I figured during my short, but eventful appearance in the great drama now being enacted across the sea. Without it all my efforts and sufferings would have been quite unavailing.

No one realizes this better than I do and I want to repeat it right here because elsewhere in these pages I may appear occasionally to overlook or minimize it; without the help of Providence I would not be here to-day.

But this same Providence which brought me home safely, despite all the dangers which beset me, may work similar miracles for others, and it is in the hope of encouraging other poor devils who may find themselves in situations as hopeless apparently as mine oftentimes were that this book is written.

When this cruel war is over—which I trust may be sooner than I expect it to be—I hope I shall have an opportunity to revisit the scenes of my adventures and to thank in person in an adequate manner every one who extended a helping hand to me when I was a wretched fugitive. All of them took great risks in befriending an escaped prisoner, and they did it without the slightest hope of reward. At the same time I hope I shall have a chance to pay my compliments to those who endeavored to take advantage of my distress.

In the meanwhile, however, I can only express my thanks in this ineffective manner, trusting that in some mysterious way a copy of this book may fall into the hands of every one who befriended me. I hope particularly that every good Hollander who played the part of the Good Samaritan to me so bountifully after my escape from Belgium will see the pages and feel that I am absolutely sincere when I say that words cannot begin to express my sense of gratitude to the Dutch people.

It is needless for me to say how deeply I feel for my fellow-prisoners in Germany who were less fortunate than I. Poor, poor fellows!—they are the real victims of the war. I hope that every one of them may soon be restored to that freedom whose value I never fully realized until after I had had to fight so hard to regain it.

PAT O'BRIEN.
Morningside, Ill., January 14, 1918.
CHAPTER I.
The Folly of Despair.
Less than nine months ago eighteen officers of the Royal Flying Corps, which had been training in Canada, left for England on the "Megantic."

If any of them was over twenty-five years of age, he had successfully concealed the fact, because they don't accept older men for the R. F. C.
Nine of the squadron were British subjects; the other nine were Americans, who 'ired of waiting for their own country to take her place with the Allies, had joined the British colors in Canada. I was one of the latter.

We were going to England to earn our "wings"—a qualification which must be won before a member of the R. F. C. is allowed to hunt the Huns on the western front.
That was in May, 1917.
By August 1st, most of us were full-fledged pilots, actively engaged at various parts of the line in daily conflict with the enemy.
By December 15th, every man jacked of us who had met the enemy in

France, with one exception, had appeared on the casualty list. The exception was H. K. Boyesen, an American, who was a prisoner of war on the Italian front still unscathed. Whether his good fortune has stood up to this time I don't know, but if it has I would be very much surprised.

Of the others, five were killed in action—three Americans, one Canadian, and one Englishman. Three more were in all probability killed in action although officially they are listed merely as "missing." One of these was an American, one a Canadian, and a prisoner in Germany. I know nothing of the others.

What happened to me is narrated in these pages. I wish, instead, I could tell the story of each of my brave comrades, for not one of them was drowned, I am sure, without upholding the best traditions of the R. F. C. Unfortunately, however, of the eighteen who sailed of the "Megantic" last May, I happened to be the first to fall into the hands of the Huns, and what befell my comrades after that, with one exception I know only from the reports of the others.

The exception was the case of poor brave Paul Raney—my closest chum—whose last battle I witnessed from my German prison. I shall tell in its proper place.

In one way, however, I think the story of my own adventures may, perhaps, serve a purpose as useful as that of the heroic fate of my less fortunate comrades. Their story is written to inspire others to deeds of heroism, but mine, I hope, will convey the equally valuable lesson of the folly of despair. In a hostile country, where discovery of my adventures and my name is tantamount to my being a friendless, hundreds of miles from the nearest neutral territory the frontier of which was so closely guarded that even if I had been there it seemed too much to hope that I could ever get through, what was the use of enduring further agony?
And yet here I am, in the Land of Liberty—although in a somewhat obscure corner of it—the little town of Morningside, Ill., where I was born—not very much the worse for wear after a year of the war, and, as I write these words not eight months have passed since my seventeen comrades and I sailed from Canada on the "Megantic."

Can it be possible that I was spared to convey a message of hope to others who are destined for similar trials? I am afraid there will be many of them.
Years ago I heard of the epitaph which is said to have been found on a child's grave.
"If I was soon to be done for,
What, O Lord, was I ever begun for?"
The way it has come to me since I returned from Europe is:
"If, O Lord, I was not to be done for,
What were my sufferings e'er begun for?"

Perhaps the answer lies in the suggestion I have made.
At any rate, if this record of my adventures should prove of any material in sustaining others who need encouragement, I shall not feel that my sufferings were in vain.
It is hardly likely that any one will quite duplicate my experiences, but I haven't the slightest doubt that many will have to go through trials equally nerve-racking and suffer disappointments just as disheartening.

It would be very far from the mark to imagine that the optimism which I am preaching now so boldly sustained me through all my troubles. On the contrary, I am free to confess that I frequently gave way to despair and at times, felt so dejected and discouraged that I really didn't care what happened to me. Indeed, I rather hoped that something would happen to put an end to my misery.

But despite all my despondency and hopelessness, the worst never happened, and I can't help thinking that my salient point has been designed to show the way to others.
CHAPTER II.
I became a Fighting Scout.
I started flying in Chicago in 1912. I was then eighteen years old, but I had had a hankering for the air ever since I can remember.

As a youngster I followed the exploits of the Wrights with the greatest interest, although I must confess I sometimes hoped that they would not really conquer the air until I had had a whack at myself. I got more whacks than I was looking for later on.

Needless to say, my parents were very much opposed to my risking my life at what was undoubtedly at that time one of the most hazardous "pastimes" a young fellow could select, and every time I had a smash-up or some other mishap I was ordered never to go near an aviation field again.

So I went out to California. There another fellow and I built our own machine, which we flew in various parts of the state.
In the early part of 1916, when trouble was brewing in Mexico, I joined the American Flying Corps. I was sent to San Diego, where the army flying school is located, and spent about eight months there, but as I was anxious to get into active service and there didn't seem much chance of America ever getting into the war, I resigned and, crossing over to Canada, joined the Royal Flying Corps at Victoria, B. C.

I was sent to Camp Borden, Toronto, first to receive instruction and later to instruct. While a cadet I made the first loop ever made by a cadet in Canada, and after I had performed the stunt I half expected to be kicked out of the service for it. Apparently, however, they considered the source and let it go at that. Later on I had the satisfaction of introducing the cadets to the regular course of instruction for cadets in the R. F. C., and I want to say right here that Camp Borden has turned out some of the best fliers that have ever gone to France.

In May, 1917, I and seventeen other Canadian fliers left for England on the "Megantic" where we were to qualify for service in France. Our squadron consisted of nine Americans, C. C. Robinson, H. A. Miller, F. S. McClurg, A. A. Allen, E. E. Garner, H. K. Boyesen, H. A. Smeeton and A. A. Taylor, and myself, and nine Britishers, Paul H. Raney, J. R. Park, C. Nelmes, C. R. Moore, P. L. Atkinson, P. J. Conroy, A. Muir, E. A. L. F. Smith and A. C. Jones.

Within a few weeks after our arrival in England all of us had won our "wings"—the insignia worn on the left breast by every pilot on the western front.
We were sent to a place in France known as the Pool of Pilots Mess. Here men gather from all the

training squadrons in Canada and England and await assignments to the particular squadron of which they are to become members.
The Pool Pilots Mess is situated at a few miles back of the lines. Whenever a pilot is shot down or killed, the Pool Pilots Mess is notified to send out the plane to be repaired.

There are so many casualties every day in the R. F. C. at one point or another that the demand for new pilots is quite active, but when a fellow is itching to get into the fight as badly as I and my friends were I must confess that we got a little impatient, although we realized that every time a new man was called it meant that some one else had, in all probability, been killed, wounded or captured.

One morning an order came in for a scout pilot and one of my friends was assigned. I can tell you the rest of us were as envious of him as if it were the last chance any of us were ever going to have to get to the front. As it was, however, hardly more than three hours had elapsed before another wire was received at the Mess and I was ordered to follow my friend. I afterward learned that as soon as he arrived at the squadron he prevailed upon the Commanding Officer of the squadron to wire for me.

At the Pool Pilots Mess, it was the custom of the officers to wear "shorts"—breaches that are about eight inches long, like the boy scouts wear, leaving a space of about eight inches of open country between the top of the puttees and the end of the shorts. The Australians wore them in Salonica and at the Dardanelles.

When the order came in for me, I had these "shorts" on, and I did not have time to change into other clothes. Indeed, I was in such a sweat that I never had time to change. I had been in my pajamas I think I would have gone that way. As it was, it was raining and I threw an overcoat over my shoulders, into the machine, and we made record time to the aerodrome to which I had been ordered to report.

As I alighted from the automobile, my overcoat blew open and displayed my manly form attired in "shorts" instead of in the regulation flying breeches, and the sight aroused considerable comment in camp.
To Be Continued

Four Contracts Let for State Roads
The State Highway Department has announced the award of contracts for the construction of important sections of highway in Oxford and Kennett Square Boroughs, Chester county; Greene Township, Erie county and Wilson Township, Northampton county.

The contract for the work in Oxford borough was awarded to the low bidder, the Juniata Company, of Philadelphia, at the price of \$1,444,005; the Kennett Square project to B. F. Wickersham, of Kennett Square, at his low bid price of \$22,287,000.

In awarding the contract for a section of road in Greene township, Erie county, another link is added to the important artery connecting the Pennsylvania and New York. The Summit Construction Company, of Akron, Ohio, was awarded this contract at their low bid of \$90,868,700.

With the award of this contract to McInerney and McInerney Company, of Easton, for that section of highway in Wilson township, Northampton county, at their low bid price of \$22,870,12, the last link of the main highway between Easton and Allentown is taken care of.

Advertising Manager Finds Rest in Work
"Busy as a bee" is a universal expression used to denote great activity. Busy in Akron, Ohio, the phrase is changed to "Busy as the 'B' the 'B' in this instance being Edward S. Babcox.

In the advertising department of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, one of the largest national advertisers in the country, Mr. Babcox is the advertising department alone numbering more than 100. Mr. Babcox is vice-president of the association of National Advertisers and an active committee member in the Akron Chamber of Commerce, director of several local undertakings chairman of the war committee of the A. N. A. which is soliciting definite offers of advertising space from its 280 members, and a prolific writer on advertising subjects.

Mr. Babcox also takes a deep interest in church work and is now conducting an important application of business methods in religious work in his home church. His recent article by him on the "Business Man and the Church" has attracted widespread comment.
And just to keep from getting rusty, Mr. Babcox makes at least one address a week before big business organizations in various parts of the country.

Free Mail Delivery in Effect at Mifflintown
Mifflintown, Pa., April 6.—Mifflintown has free delivery of mail, which went into effect April 1. E. Southard Parker, 3rd, of Mifflin, has been appointed mailcarrier at a salary of \$52 per month. Ensign Robert F. Kulp, United States Navy, who is stationed at Hoboken, N. J., spent several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kulp. — Miss Rosa Lutz, of Germantown, spent the week-end with Miss Gladys McCauley. — Clarence Keiser, Corporal Elmer Stoner and John Shottsberger who are at Camp Meade, Md., were home on furloughs.

AUTOMOBILE STORAGE
ALL ACCOMMODATIONS LIGHT—HEAT—FREE AIR RATES REASONABLE
Hoffman Garage
Seventh and Camp Sts.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Overland Freight Delivery Makes Record Time

In making the recent 533 mile trip, over land from New York to Akron, Ohio, in 60 hours, total time, and in 49 hours actual running time, a loaded 3 1/2-ton MACK truck beat the fastest Pennsylvania Railroad freight delivery by 48 hours.

This remarkable feat of overland truck transportation was at the instance of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, which maintains a through truck service between Akron and Boston. The Rubber Company now has eight trucks running on regular schedule, and what is more important, these trucks have been operated through the deep snows of the present winter.

These "overland trips" serve a dual purpose, says Commercial Vehicle, "although the principal reason is to test out the giant pneumatic tires being produced by the Goodyear Company. The carrying of freight serves the practical purpose of relieving railroad congestion and gives test to the tires and trucks under the same conditions to be met in actual service. At first the truck manufacturers were skeptical as to the possibility of the project but the Goodyear Company insisted and finally started a truck on the first leg of the journey from Akron early in April of last year. The trip took 17 days. Today the same truck and others of the fleet make the identical run in 4 days, and in several instances a complete round trip of 1480 miles has been made in 6 1/2 days.

"On the MACK record run in December, 1917, the roads were deep with snow all along the route and the thermometer registered 13 below zero for a considerable portion of the run. Due to the fact that the truck was fitted with giant pneumatic tires all around, it was able to make a speed which would have been impossible with tires of the solid

Middle-West Dealer May Be From Missouri?

Last week it was necessary for a Middle Western distributor of Hupmobiles to convince a subdealer, before he would sign a contract, that the new Hupmobile series "R" could make more than sixty miles an hour. A test was arranged and it is reported that from a standing start forty-five miles an hour was reached in fifteen seconds and that the speedometer showed sixty-three miles in exactly forty-five seconds. The car in the test carried four men and the top and windshield were up; second speed was used in starting. Even the war with its demand that economy of operation, strength of construction, and all around performing ability, shall be considered above all other qualities, cannot quite down the average American's desire for speed.

The Thrift Car
Overland
TRADE MARK REG
O. K. in Every Respect
You cannot get complete satisfaction from a car of less satisfactory appearance, performance, comfort, service or price.
Model 90 has a powerful, fuel-saving motor; narrow turning radius; rear cantilever springs; 106-inch wheelbase; 31 x 4 tires, non-skid rear. Auto-Lite starting and lighting and vacuum fuel system.
Appearance, Performance Comfort, Service and Price
Light Four Model 90 Touring Car, \$250—f. o. b. Toledo—Price subject to change without notice
The Overland-Harrisburg Company
OPEN EVENINGS
York Branch 212-214 North Second St. Newport Branch 128-130 W. Market St. Opp. Railroad Station
Service Station and Parts Department, 26th and Derry Streets.

The 8 with 80 Less Parts—and Tire Economy
THE new, compact, simplified Apperson 8 motor cuts tire costs below the already extraordinary moderate Apperson rates. For the elimination of 80 parts gives greater smoothness of action. Vibration is reduced. The pick-up is rapid—but never jerky. Uneven power ruins tires. Smooth, gradual acceleration saves them.
Apperson owners report astonishing mileage. A Chicago owner reports 12,000 miles from one casing and over 19,000 miles from three others. 6,000, 8,000 and 10,000 miles per tire are common records. And there are scores running as high as 15,000.
is notable not only for tire economy but for fuel saving. The Apperson is rarely in the repair shop.
Though a big car the Apperson costs less to operate than many smaller cars. The 130-inch wheelbase with its long, fine lines, the deep cushions, the smooth motion, are not extravagances.
The new 8 motor with 80 less parts is just one of many proofs of Apperson originality.
Let us prove this new Apperson motor and every detail of the car by a punishing demonstration. You plan the tests—decide whether the Apperson stands up to them. The Apperson is ready when you are.
E. L. COWDEN, Distributor
108 Market Street - - - - - Harrisburg, Pa.

RADIATOR FENDER—LAMP BODY REPAIRING
OF ALL KINDS
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Auto Radiator Co.
Formerly with Nuss Mfg. Co.
125 S. CAMERON ST.
BELL 4193 DIAL 4154

OWNERS OF REOS
5-Passenger Touring \$865
Roadster \$865
3-Passenger Clover-Leaf Roadster \$865
Ensinger Motor Co.
THIRD and CUMBERLAND STS.
Bell Phone 3515

NUSS MFG. CO.
11th & Mulberry Sts.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Don't envy your friends who have such bright new looking brass beds, chandeliers, etc., in their homes.
At small cost we can replate and refinish your old pieces so they will defy the most critical examination—they will look like new.
We replate gold and silver ware, also repair and refinish auto lamps, radiators, band instruments, etc.