

"Outwitting the Hun"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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One man—and I think he was the smallest eater in camp—won it on three successive days but it was well for him that his luck deserted him on the fourth day, for he probably would have been handled rather roughly by the rest of the crowd, who were growing suspicious. But we handled the drawing ourselves and knew there was nothing crooked about it, so he was spared.

We were allowed to buy pears and being small and very hard, they were used as the stakes in many a game. But the interest in these little games was as keen as if the stakes had been piles of money instead of two or three half starved pears. No man was ever so reckless however, in all the betting as to wager his own rations.

By the most scheming and sacrificing I ever did in my life I managed to hoard two pieces of bread (ruthlessly spared at the time from my daily rations), but I was preparing for the day when I should escape—if I ever should.

It was not a sacrifice easily made either, but instead of eating bread I ate pears until I finally got one piece of bread ahead; and when I could force myself to stick to the pear diet again I saved the other piece from that day's allowance, and in

PETERSON'S OINTMENT BEST FOR ECZEMA

First Application Stops Itching of Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles

"Live and let live is my motto," says Peterson. "Druggists all over America sell PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 30 cents a large box and I say to these druggists, if anyone buys my ointment for any of the diseases or ailments for which I recommend it and are not benefited give them their money back."

"I've got a safe full of thankful letters testifying to the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for old and running sores, eczema, salt rheum, ulcers, itchy nipples, broken breasts, itching scalp and skin pimples, blackheads, blind, bleeding and itching piles."

John Scott, 283 Virginia St., Buffalo, writes, Peterson's Ointment is simply wonderful. It cured me of eczema and also piles, and did it so quickly that I was astonished."

EAT LESS MEAT AND TAKE SALTS IF KIDNEYS HURT

Says a tablespoonful of Salts flushes Kidneys, stopping Backache.

Meat forms Uric Acid, which excites Kidneys and Weakens Bladder.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. These famous salts are made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

GAS ON STOMACH SOUR STOMACH INDIGESTION HEARTBURN

Instantly Relieved by BISURATED MAGNESIA IN 5 GRAIN TABLETS AND POWDER FORM

BISURATED MAGNESIA is Magnesia especially prepared for the safe, speedy and certain correction of dangerous stomach acidity. It comes only in the form of five-grain tablets and powder in sealed blue packages. Do not confuse with commercial magnesia, milk of magnesia or citrate of magnesia. Look for the word BISURATED and get the genuine from DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. G. A. Gorgas.—Advertisement.

RIGHT Glasses Will Save Your Eyes

Distressing headaches and dizziness will be but a memory. A delightful change from dim vision to good vision. Our experience, skill and accuracy assure you of satisfactory service.

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days to come I had cause to credit myself fully for the foresight. Whenever a new prisoner came in and his German hosts had satisfied themselves as to his life history and taken down all the details—that is all he would give them—he was immediately surrounded by his fellow prisoners, who were eager for any bit of news or information he could possibly give them, and as a rule he was glad to tell us, because if he had been in the hands of the Huns for any length of time he had seen very few English officers.

The conditions of this prison were bad enough when a man was in normally good health, but it was barbarous to subject a wounded soldier to the hardships and discomforts of the place. However, this was the fate of a poor private we discovered there one day in the plain, suffering from shrapnel in his stomach and back.

All of us officers asked to have him sent to a hospital, but the doctors curtly refused, saying it was against orders. So the poor creature went on suffering from day to day and was still there when I left—another victim of German cruelty.

At one time in this prison camp there were a French marine, a French flying officer, two Belgian soldiers and of the United Kingdom one from Canada, two from England, three from Ireland, a couple from Scotland, one from Wales, a man from South Africa, one from Algeria, and a New Zealander, the latter being from my own squadron, a man who I thought had been killed, and he was equally surprised when brought into the prison to find me there. In addition there were a Chinaman and myself from the U. S. A.

It was quite a cosmopolitan group and as one typical Irishman said, "Sure, and we have every nation that's worth mentioning, including the darn Germans with us whites." Of course, this was not translated to the Germans, nor was it even spoken in their hearing, or we probably would not have had quite so cosmopolitan a bunch.

Each man in the prison was ready to uphold his native country in any argument that could possibly be started, and it goes without saying that I never took a back seat in any of them with my praise of America, with the Canadian and Chinaman chiming in on my side. But they were friendly arguments, we were all in the same boat and that was no place for quarreling.

Every other morning, the weather allowing, we were taken to a large swimming pool and were allowed to have a bath. There were two pools, one for the German officers and one for the men. Although we were officers, we had to use the pool occupied by the men.

While we were in swimming, a German guard with a rifle across his knees sat at each corner of the pool and watched us closely as we dressed and undressed. English interpreters accompanied us on all of these trips, so at no time could we talk without their knowing what was going on.

Whenever we were taken out of the prison for any purpose they always paraded us through the most crowded street and evidently to the populace an idea that they were getting lots of prisoners. The German soldiers we passed on these occasions made no effort to hide their smiles and sneers.

The Belgian people were apparently very curious to see us and they used to turn out in large numbers whenever the word was passed that we were out. At times the German guards would strike the women and children who crowded too close to us.

One day I smiled and spoke to a pretty Belgian girl, and when she replied a German made a run for her. Luckily she stepped into the house before he reached her, or I am afraid my salutation would have resulted seriously for her and I would have been powerless to have assisted her.

Whenever we passed a Belgian home or other building which had been wrecked by bombs by our airmen our guards made us stop a moment or two while they passed sneering remarks among themselves.

A Photographic Souvenir

One of the most interesting souvenirs I have of my imprisonment is a photograph of a group of us taken in the prison courtyard. The picture was made by one of the guards, who sold copies of it to three of us who were able to pay his price—one mark apiece.

As we faced the camera I suppose we all tried to look our happiest, but the majority of us, I am afraid, were too sick at heart to raise a smile, even for this occasion. One of our Hun guards is shown in the picture seated at the table. I am standing directly behind him, attired in my flying tunic, which they allowed me to wear all the time I was in prison, as is the usual custom with prisoners of war. Three of the British officers shown in the picture, in the foreground are clad in "shorts."

Through all my subsequent adventures I was able to retain a print of this interesting picture, and although when I gaze at it now it only serves to increase my gratification at my ultimate escape, it fills me with regret to think that my fellow prisoners were not so fortunate. All of them by this time are undoubtedly eating their hearts up in the prison camps of interior Germany. Poor fellows!

Despite the scanty fare and the restrictions we were under in this prison we did manage on one occasion to arrange a regular banquet. The planning which was necessary helped to pass the time.

At this time there were eight of us. We decided that the principal thing we needed to make the affair a success was potatoes, and I conceived a plan to get them. Every other afternoon they took us for a walk in the country, and it occurred to me that it would be a comparatively simple matter for us to pretend to tire and sit down when we came to the first potato patch.

(To Be Continued)

WM. L. SPICHER DIES
Liverpool, Pa., April 18.—William L. Spicher, an aged resident of Liverpool township, died at the home of his son, Wesley Spicher, on Tuesday from a stroke. He was aged 76 years and is survived by four sons, Elmer and Wesley Spicher, of Liverpool; Joe Spicher, of Williamsport, and Jacob Spicher, of Ligonier, and a number of grandchildren.

LIVERPOOL BOYS PROMOTED
Liverpool, Pa., April 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Johnson have just received word that their son, Lawrence Johnson, Ambulance Company Detachment, B 40, at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Recently their other son, Elmer Johnson, Company L, One Hundred and Thirtieth United States Infantry, at Camp Cody, New Mexico, received appointment as a corporal.



Save the flour they need

ENOUGH flour is wasted annually in dusting on the bread boards alone in our homes to feed millions of our soldiers!

A single pound of flour saved every month in each of our 20,000,000 homes would mean an annual saving of 1,200,000 barrels of flour.

And every barrel saved is daily food for 300 of our fighting men.

Do the women of America know this?

The national need today is wheat. More and more of our men are going to the front. Wheat must be had for them, for our millions at home, and still more millions abroad who need our help.

Is there wheat for all?

There is wheat for all, *only* if everyone of us does his and her part to save.

The Food Administration asks every woman and man to help conserve the nation's wheat supply.

The bakers of America are under regulation of the Food



Administration. The bread they now make meets with the Government's regulation for wheatless days. They are making their bread with 25% other cereals than wheat flour. This is the Victory Loaf which you should eat every day and may eat on wheatless days if no other wheat substitutes are available.

But you can help in other ways, too.

How every woman can help

These things will mean a real conservation—will stop the enormous waste of bread and flour—the most important food of all—to save.

Have one No-wheat meal every day in your home.

Observe two wheatless days each week, Monday and Wednesday.

Stop the waste of bread in *your own home*. Buy only as much bread as you can eat and eat all you buy. Save slices, crusts and ends.

Order your bread regularly in advance. The baker will then bake only as much bread as will be sold and eaten.

The bakers—in co-operation with the Government—are making a real and definite saving of wheat. They can make 1,000,000 loaves with far less waste than 200,000 homes can make five loaves each. The flour wasted by unsuccessful baking and on the baking boards alone in American homes amounts to thousands of barrels a year.

Women of America, will you do your part?

Your sons are giving their lives in this fight for the World's Democracy. Will you insure them the food so necessary for their health and victory?

Begin now—help win the war by saving bread and wheat.

Schmidt's Bakery
Harrisburg, Pa.

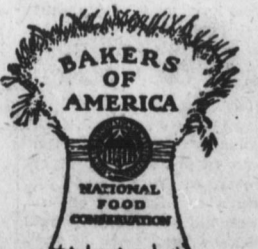
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Dandy Baking Co.
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EVERY AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE SHOULD SIGN THE PLEDGE CARD OF THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION