

"Outwitting the Hun"

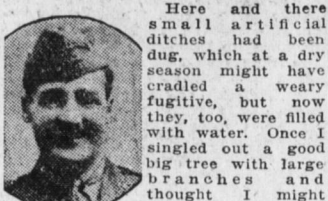
By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien
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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
After recounting his enlistment in the R. F. C. in Canada, May, 1917, and his transfer to France via England for active duty, Lieutenant O'Brien tells of bringing down two German airplanes and of his last flight, in which he was brought down, wounded, behind the German lines.

After recuperating he was sent to an officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he planned his escape, and by great sacrifice saved two daily rations of bread. He also cleverly confiscated a map of Germany. Just half an hour later he was on a train for a prison camp in Germany. On the train, deciding it was his last chance for liberty, he opened a window and jumped while the train was going thirty miles an hour, before his guard realized what he was contemplating. Although badly bruised and suffering from the reopening of his wound, he was sound of limb and free. For nine days he crawled through Germany, hiding during the day, traveling at night, guided by the stars, subsisting on raw vegetables, sleeping only from exhaustion. He covered

seventy-five miles before reaching Luxembourg, where for nine days more he struggled on in a weakened condition toward Belgium. Now go on with the story.

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Here and there small artificial ditches had been dug, which at a dry season might have cradled a weary fugitive, but now they, too, were filled with water. Once I singled out a good big tree with large branches and thought I might climb into it and go

the more I realized that it would be to sleep, but the longer I looked at it, the more I realized that I had in my present weak and exhausted condition, so didn't attempt that.

Finally I chose a spot that looked a bit drier than the rest, concluded to take a chance on being discovered and threw myself down for a nap. I was extremely nervous, though, throughout that whole day, and would scarcely get settled into a comfortable position and doze off for a few minutes when, startled by some sound in the woods, I would suddenly awake.

After what seemed like a year or more, night finally came, and with a "dud" sky, low-hanging clouds and still more rain. There was not a star in the sky, of course, and that made it very bad, because without the aid of the stars I had absolutely no way of knowing which direction I was going.

It was just a case of taking a chance. I probably would have been better off if I had simply picked out a place and stayed there until the weather improved, but naturally I was impatient to be on my way each day without food only lessened my strength and my ultimate chances of reaching the frontier.

So I left the woods and struck out

in the direction which I thought was north. I hadn't been at all sure of my bearings the day before, and as it had rained the sun failed entirely to help me out, but I was almost sure I had the right direction and trusted to luck.

That night I found more rivers, canals and swamps than I ever found in my life before, but I had the good fortune to stumble on to some celery, and after my diet of beets it surely was a treat. Perhaps it's unnecessary to add that I took on a good supply of celery and for days I went along chewing celery like a cow would a cud.

One Whole Day Lost.
Along toward morning, when I supposed I had gotten in a fairly good lap of my journey—perhaps seven or eight miles—I began to recognize certain objects as familiar landmarks. At least I thought I had seen them before and as I traveled along I knew positively I had seen certain objects very recently.

Off to my right—not over a quarter of a mile—I noticed some fairly good sized woods and thought I would go over there to hide that day, because it looked as though the sun was going to shine and I hoped to get my clothes dry, and perhaps get a decent sleep. I had this celery and a large beet, so I knew I would be able to live the day through.

Finally I made my way over to the woods. It was still too dark in among the trees to do much in the way of selecting my quarters for the day, and I could not get a step farther. So I waited on the edge of the forest until dawn and then set out to explore the place, with a view to finding some nook where I might sleep.

Imagine my disgust, and discouragement, too, when an hour or so later I came upon the exact place where I had spent the day before, and I realized that all night long I had been circling the very woods I was trying to get away from. I think perhaps I had gone all of a quarter mile in the right direction, but then had lost my bearings entirely, and daylight found me with nothing accomplished.

The sun, however, did come out that day, and I welcomed its warm rays, as they, perhaps, have never been welcomed before. I was very tired—just about all in—but I spent a better day in the woods than the previous one.

That night the stars came out; I located my friend, the North Star, and tried to make up for lost time. But when one is making only seven or eight miles a day, or rather a night, one night lost means a whole lot, especially when each day keeps him from freedom.

Harder to Bear Than Hunger.
Such ill fortune and discouragements as this were harder to endure, I believe, than the actual hunger, and the accompanying worry naturally reduced my weight. At times I was furiously angry with myself for the mistakes I made and the foolish things I did, but I always tried to see something funny about the situation, whatever it might be, that relieved the strain a bit and helped to pass the time away.

I think if a man is overburdened with a sense of humor and wants to get rid of it, this trip I took would be an excellent remedy for it. Right at this time I would have welcomed anything for a companion. I believe even a snake would have been a Godsend to me.

With a name as Irish as mine, it is only natural that I looked for goats along the way, thinking that I might be able to milk them. There are very few cows in this country, and the opportunities for milking them fewer than cows themselves because they are housed in barns adjoining the homes and always alertly watched by their fortunate owners. I did hope that I might find a goat staked out some place in the fields, but in all my travels I never saw a goat or a pig, and only a few cows. Several times I searched nests for eggs, but somebody had always beaten me to it, as I never even found so much as a nest egg.

There was no chance of getting away with any "bullying" stuff in Luxembourg. I knew, because the young men have not been forced into the army and are still at home, and as they are decidedly pro-German, it would have been pretty hard for me to demand anything in that part of the country. It was not like robbing things away from old men and women or robbing people that could not stop me if they choose to do so.

I thought at this time that I was suffering about the worst hardships any human being could ever be called upon to endure, but I was later to find that the best of my journey was made up about this time. There were plenty of vegetables, even though they were raw, and these were much better than the things I was afterward compelled to eat or go without.

(To Be Continued)

Molasses Used in Making of Alcohol

Bloomington, Ill.—Central Illinois distillers, whose plants were suspended when the Government recently issued orders to discontinue the manufacture of whisky, are reopening to manufacture alcohol from molasses instead of corn.

In order to manufacture alcohol from molasses, it was necessary to make some changes. Three huge tanks have been erected at one place, which, combined, hold 2,750,000 gallons of molasses.

The saccharine product comes largely from New Orleans, Cuba and Porto Rico, and is shipped in tank cars holding 30,000 gallons each. Ultimately it is hoped to utilize the Gulf and Mississippi river, moving the molasses in huge tank steamers.

It is imperative that a large quantity be kept in reserve, owing to the irregularity in transportation and the anxiety to avoid a shutdown, due to a shortage of material. By-products are becoming more and more important in the manufacture of alcohol from molasses.

The residue is being utilized as a food for cattle and has many fattening qualities. It is planned to feed many thousands of cattle annually. The residue is also utilized in the manufacture of potassium salts. Prior to the war, these salts came almost exclusively from Germany.

The Central Illinois plants are consuming 70,000 gallons of molasses each day, and this will be gradually increased to 100,000. Solid trainloads of tank cars will move here from the south in order to keep the plants in operation without interruption.

Woman, 104, Sees Five Generations of Family

London.—Still in good health and keen enough for a joke now and then is Mrs. "Granny" Lambert, of Edmonton, who has just celebrated her one hundred and fourth birthday. At a party recently she entertained four generations of her family, thus making five generations at the party. The youngest was only 10 months old.

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Be Careful in Using Soap on Your Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle. The best thing to use is just plain milled coconut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

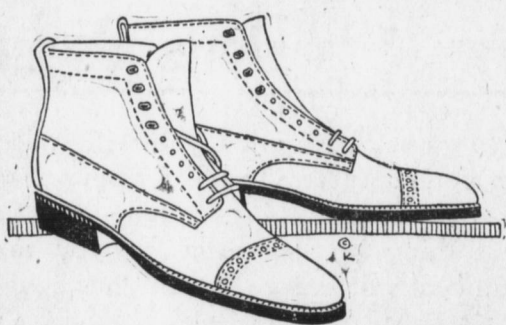


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Fore Loin Steak	25¢
Pin Bone, lb.	28¢
Sirloin, lb.	28¢
Club Delmonico, lb.	28¢
Sliced Liver, lb.	10¢
Pickled Tripe, lb.	12 1/2¢
Pickled Pigs' Feet, lb.	12 1/2¢
Beef Brains, lb.	16¢
Smoked Sausage	19¢
Garlic Sausage	19¢
Frankfurts, lb.	21¢
Fresh Pigtales, lb.	20¢
Spare Ribs, lb.	22¢
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ALL-DAY SPECIALS	
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Cottage Ham, lb.	35¢
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BUTTERINE	
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5 pounds, \$1.30	
B. B. Special, lb.	30¢
Gem Nut, lb.	30¢
Premium, lb.	33¢
Creamery Butter	47¢
Mixed Pickle, pt.	15¢
Stuffed Olives, pt.	20¢
Plain Olives, qt.	20¢
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Cream, lb.	35¢
Long Horn, lb.	35¢
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Limburger, lb.	38¢
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