

## Shaffer's Last Flight

(Continued From Yesterday)

We were awakened early in the morning, long before daylight, in order to get the soup the Boche had prepared for us. They might as well have left me sleep as I could not eat the soup anyway. It was "Julian." So I merely picked the meat out and gave the rest to a Frenchman. I was lucky, finding two pieces. They were only the size of domino sugar, but they were meat and if horse it was I never enjoyed beef more.

The meal being over, we went on the march "toute d suite," traveling through the same peaceful beautiful country as the day before. Truly, war had not touched this particular region, for the cattle in the fields, the well cared for crops, the pretty, spick and span villages with no marks of exploding shell or bombs therein all looked so peaceful and homelike that it was hard to believe there was a war on. And then one would hear a guttural oath and a sharp order from a Boche guard as he addressed himself to a Frenchman who had broken for a turnip patch, and this happy line of thought was broken.

**Cooties Disturb Reverie**  
Or maybe several "cooties" would decide on an extra meal, and that would remind one again that the war was still on. It was indeed a beautiful country however, and the roads were very very well made and kept up; which made me decide that if ever this war ended, and if the Boche didn't starve me to death, and I got a tin Lizzie, I sure would tour this country after the war.

There are an awful lot of "ifs" there, I know, but they were all necessary—even now. I'm shy the "tin Lizzie," although minus the other two.

**Dry Bread Greedily Eaten**

Of bread of bread the kind farmer's wife had given me was soon

gone, but I sure felt like a millionaire as I ate it. I had butter with it too, for the same lady had given an adjunct a big chunk of butter, so we went 60-50. I furnished the bread and he the butter and we were both happy.

But by the end of the day I was as footsore and weary as ever, even though I had good shoes. I was not used to marching and it went hard, for in France when I traveled anywhere I went via airplane. There is quite a difference you know, and I was discovering how much—very painfully.

To make things worse as we arrived at the village where we were to spend the night, a cold wind came down on us and it began to rain. And we were compelled to wait in the public square under such conditions while places were being found to bed us down for the night.

We waited a long while too, for there were some 3,000 of us and this town had seen some war when the Huns came through in 1914. It was mostly wrecked houses, so we had little hope of finding much shelter that night.

**Prisoners Escape**

Certainly it would not be a hay-mow. We would be lucky if we had a roof over us, and we were it. The rain and cold I like to freeze, and if I had not been so miserable I surely would have beat it (several did that night).

But I was nearly famished and my feet hurt so much I could hardly walk, so all I could do was huddle up against a wall and hope a place would soon be found for us.

Since our bunch were in the camp of discipline for punishment we figured the worst quarters would be given us for we were always kept together; but it happened the other way around.

**Segregate Russians**

The Boche probably figured, and rightly, too, that if they put us in a roomless, shell torn house, the next morning there would not be enough

of us left to guard. Therefore we were all jammed in a small room. The Russian prisoners were pushed in with us, but the Frenchmen absolutely refused to stand for that, as the Russians were so disgustingly dirty they would not sleep in the same room with them. So the Russians were given another room alongside. That thinned the population out somewhat and we could stretch out our blankets and legs in being an open fireplace in the room, something resembling comfort. There and several energetic Frenchmen finding some wood, we soon had a roaring fire going, which not only thawed us out but served to cook a few potatoes several fellows had picked up along the way.

As usual we were given nothing to eat, not even the acorn coffee. So the civilian in whose house we were imprisoned kindly made us some coffee, and since the Boche gave us nothing the guards allowed him to bring it to us.

**"Julian" Soup Again**

Next morning we had the usual soup—"Julian"—and this time there was not even any meat in it. Not in my portion. I had to eat it. Although I never felt as hungry in my life, I could not eat it. The taste nearly sickened me, and besides I had seen its effect on men who ate it. Men whom hunger had made so ravenous they would eat anything despite the consequences.

These were quick and sometimes fatal, for when it came to getting results a "secret" had nothing on "Julian" soup. Therefore no matter how hungry I was I gave my share to some Frenchman. There were so many takers and they were so glad to get it they could not thank me enough.

The pleasure however, was all theirs. I wanted some real grub, so remembering the good bread and butter we had eaten the day before, the adjutant and I dodged a guard and into a house. There we asked for bread and offered to pay for it, knowing, of course, she would not take anything.

**Belians Liberal**

The Belgians were that way. Not a cent would they take, and yet they would divide their last potato with a prisoner. Yes ma'am, I'm here to say that the Belgians are the kindest people in the world, bar none.

But if the madame had no bread she had some potatoes and gave us a whole sack full, and what's more she cooked them for us. During that day's march I lived on potatoes and my former day's rations of black bread.

Many watched me hungrily as I munched away while we were resting, but although I pitied them, I had learned from better experience that if one did not look out for No. 1 nobody else would. Certainly not the Boche. And my portion of potatoes was not big enough to last even me more than one day—after that, well, a French shrug was about the only answer.

**Fighting For Sustenance**

Besides, eight medium-sized potatoes would not go far among all those hungry men. They were all hungry, all of the time, and it was one continual fight to get enough to keep alive. Never have I had the fact that life is a continual combat impressed upon me so forcibly as during this march. Each prisoner was a keen-eyed scout on the trail of something to eat, and if one found anything, he ate it himself, or if he had a very, very good pal he divided.

What a thing to eat were given the prisoners as they marched along the road, but on the third day this was forbidden by the guards, as a loaf of bread appearing in a window always made a break in the ranks "toute de suite."

This source of supplies being practically stopped, late in the afternoon the prisoners were getting very hungry indeed. The prisoners still managed to get a few gifts on the sly, but the Boche did all they could to stop this, by marching us around the towns we came to, or if we did march through them, we went by back streets.

**Dump Furnished Food**

Once we passed by the town dump, and here the Russians saw some potato peelings, and promptly got down on their knees and rooted among them for small potatoes. They found some, too, but half rotted as they were, took them, ate them. Not a word, but they took the peelings also. Never have I seen anything so disgusting.

And they actually ate that mess. What it didn't kill them is a mystery. Several Frenchmen tried the same thing and died. After that, the Frenchmen were down on the Russians more than ever, for the odor of rotten potatoes clung to them wherever they went. That night we slept in a stable. The horses were taken out and we were put in. It even looked as if we were going to use the original bedding of the horses, until the kind farmer offered us some straw.

When we went for the straw we found a lot of bundles of beans—coarse stalks, about a yard long, whose branches were covered with bean pods. After that everybody huddled beans for all he was worth, and since we stayed there two days, some had quite a lot to show for it.

Of course, the farmer had not given us permission to use the bean bundles too, but when one is hungry he does not stop to think whether he is using one of the Ten Commandments or not. Those beans were good eating. We were hungry, so we huddled away for dear life. As they were very hard to keep there a while to cook them, it took us a while to cook them, and we had no wood. So we used corn stalks to keep the fire going.

**Are Given Rest**

It was a big farm yard where we were imprisoned, and not only was the house large, but the yard was enclosed by a high wall—with Boche guards all around, outside of course. Having been on the march for three days, it was decided by the Boche to keep us there a day to recuperate; for there were many prisoners too weak to stand the continuous marching, and already the sick list was large and growing rapidly.

The rest was indeed a godsend, for we all needed it, and having nothing to do, everybody swiped bean bundles and laid in a good supply of eats. But this work was too confining and tiresome and I soon tired of it. What I wanted was a little liberty, and beginning to feel better from the rest, looked around for ways and means to gain it.

Also, I had heard of several prisoners getting out the night before, going down into the village and getting some real meals, afterward returning to camp. So I began making arrangements to do likewise.

(To Be Continued.)

## Magic Relief for Bad Stomachs

### For Indigestion, Gas and Acidity

Great stuff! Stomach feels fine!

When your meals sour and turn into acid and gases; when your food lays like lead refusing to digest—then you realize the magic of Pape's Diapepsin.

Relief is instant! No waiting!

Sick, sour, upset stomachs are put in order at once. Truly!

Costs so little—Any drug store.

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

## "What Will Save His Hair?"

### Quick Action Needed

But It Can Be Done Says Man of Much Hair Knowledge

—A Simple Inexpensive Home Treatment.

This Hairless Man Urged Not to Delay. Parisian Sage Is Just What Is Needed.

Thousands of men and women are growing hairless every day and don't know the reason why. This is indeed a pity, says a specialist, because loss of hair usually comes from neglect.

Few of us get held in a day and we all have ample warning when our hair is thinning out.

Parisian sage is a most efficient hair invigorator, but to immediately stop any further loss of hair and quickly start a new growth it must be rubbed into the scalp. The scalp starved hair roots can really absorb it and get the vital stimulation so badly needed. You will surely be delighted with the first application, for your hair and scalp will look and feel 100 per cent better.

Parisian sage is not expensive. It's a scientific preparation that supplies all hair needs—a clean, non-sticky, antiseptic liquid that is sold at Kenedy's and drug and toilet counters everywhere with guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Good looking hair is half the battle in any man's or woman's personal appearance. Neglect means dull, thin, lifeless hair and finally baldness, while a little attention now insures thick and lustrous hair for years to come. No matter what your hair troubles try a Parisian sage massage tonight—you will not be disappointed.

HERE'S QUICK RELIEF FOR YOUR TIRED, STRAINED MUSCLES

When your muscles become tired and swollen and the joints become stiff, your circulation poor, and your suffering makes you irritable, an application of Sloan's Liniment gives you quick relief—kills pain, stimulates a good circulation, relieves congestion. It is easier and cleaner to use than mussy plasters or ointments, acts quickly and does not clog the pores. It does not stain the skin.

For sprains, strains, bruises, "black and blue" spots, Sloan's Liniment reduces the pain and eases the soreness. Certainly fine for rheumatism, stiff neck, sciatica, lame back, toothache. You don't need to rub—it penetrates.

Its use is so universal that you'll consider Sloan's Liniment a friend of the whole family. Generous size bottles at drugists everywhere.

## Sloan's Liniment

The World's KILLS PAIN

30c, 60c, \$1.20

## Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Small Pills Small Dose Small Price

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

Scranton, Pa., Feb. 6.—Orders are issued by the D. L. and W. Company closing down all collieries in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties, twenty-one in number, to-morrow. Just how many days they will be idle in the succeeding weeks has not yet been determined.

# 286 Dealers

at this writing—

## Have Gunzenhauser's Bread For You

¶ You may judge the success of Gunzenhauser's bread in Harrisburg by the fact that nearly every grocer in this community sells it.

¶ When we started in to make bread for the people of this community, we had one idea in view and that was to meet the judgment of the people as to what was considered good bread.

¶ Of course, we felt pretty sure that we would please the people because we had been making bread in Lancaster for years and constantly kept to a quality-standard that built for us the largest bread business in that city.

¶ That same quality-standard was brought to Harrisburg and we are glad to say that the people here know good bread, and when they once tasted Gunzenhauser's bread, they demanded it again.

¶ Naturally, this demand reached out all over this section and the grocers were being continually asked for Gunzenhauser's bread.

¶ As the good news spread among the people, the grocers realized that here was a bread that would please their customers and merit patronage.

¶ It required several weeks for us to see all the grocers and make arrangements to have them sell our bread. But on the other hand, during this time, many of them requested Gunzenhauser's bread, due to the demand by their patrons.

¶ We are indeed very proud of the wide patronage accorded our bread, and assure you that our high quality-standard will be maintained, so that you will like Gunzenhauser's bread more and more.

¶ It may be that you have not tried Gunzenhauser's bread. Perhaps your grocer might be one of the few who do not have it as yet.

¶ It will be an advantage to you to look over this list of grocers who sell Gunzenhauser's bread; your grocer might be selling Gunzenhauser's bread and you might not know it.

¶ What do YOU think of Gunzenhauser's bread?

## These Dealers Will Serve You With Gunzenhauser's Bread

HARRISBURG	HARRISBURG	HARRISBURG	HARRISBURG	RUTHERFORD
L. Palmer, 416 Forster St.	Koons Meat Market, 3rd & Kelker St.	David W. Raub, 16th & Liberty.	A. Strock, 15th & Naudain Sts.	Geary Cigar Store, Rutherford, Pa.
Jacob Arch, 1091 Cowden St.	Harry Denon, 1724 N. 3rd St.	Samuel P. Hetrick, 18th & Briggs.	A. Hunter Sts.	R. S. Kramer, Rutherford Heights.
M. Brenner & Son, 623 Herr St.	Hull Bros' Meat Market, 1718 N. 3rd St.	Lewis G. Orr, 2017 Forster St.	J. C. Kellam, 16th & Swatara Sts.	J. H. Long, Rutherford Heights.
A. Viener, Cowden & Cumberland Sts.	J. H. Frantz, 3rd & Hamilton Sts.	C. Z. Huffer, 1703 Regina St.	A. Criswell, 1438 Derry St.	
M. Tuck, Seventh & Cumberland Sts.	W. A. Jefferies, Green & Harris Sts.	Geo. Dehl, 13th & Bally Sts.	A. Neff, 1624 Derry St.	
A. Walborn, Wallace & Broad.	Kinsley Grocery, 1537 N. 3rd St.	J. D. Miller, 70 N. 13th St.	Mrs. C. Blumenstein, 1528 Derry St.	
John Miller, 1334 N. 6th St.	G. W. Blair, 319 Hamilton St.	Harry Miller, 1250 Walnut St.	J. C. Hoffman, 1531 Derry St.	
Wm. Clompus, 416 Calder St.	Miller Ralston, 4th & Hamilton Sts.	Mrs. Mary Kambeltz, 124 Linden St.	Miller's Grocery, 17th & Swatara Sts.	
Charley Frick, 428 Rely St.	B. Baer, 1729 N. 4th St.	Lewis Asemowitz, 127 Balm St.	C. F. Behney, 19th & Derry Sts.	
H. E. Crownshield, 1532 N. 6th St.	N. B. Imboden 4th & Muench Sts.	Hugh Roberts, 1216 Walnut St.	S. Levy, 19th & Derry Sts.	
A. Rhoads & Son, 1647 N. 8th St.	L. G. Martin, 1726 N. 4th St.	Harry Katzman, 42 Balm St.	Mrs. Smith, 21st & Derry Sts.	
L. Baer, Hamilton & Wallace Sts.	J. Heller, 4th & Peffer Sts.	Harry Sherman, 1238 Baley St.	Mrs. E. Pannell, 942 Dunkle St.	
Wm. H. Weigle, 1601 N. 4th St.	W. W. Witman, 1945 N. 4th St.	Mrs. M. Stapp, 47 N. 14th St.	M. Magaro, 504 Market St.	
S. S. Pomeroy, Second & Rely Sts.	D. Bowman, 1816 N. 4th St.	Economy Grocery Co., 1240 Market St.	John Smith, 1948 Swatara St.	
D. Rhoads, Second & Calder Sts.	Hefkins Grocery, 2026 N. 5th St.	C. C. Stevens, 11th & Market Sts.	A. T. Kise, 1954 Kensington St.	
Mary C. Neff, 1323 N. Second St.	S. H. Garland, 2000 N. 5th St.	Kline's Grocery, 121 N. Cameron St.	J. H. Lutz & Sons, 1852 Derry St.	
J. Gentslider, 266 Broad St.	B. Olevine, 1820 N. 5th St.	Mrs. Rosen, 506 N. Cameron St.	J. C. Hinkle, 2022 Derry St.	
J. H. Trippner, 312 Broad St.	H. Bates, 1724 N. 6th St.	W. Orstn, 1427 N. Cameron St.	Geo. Foerster, 640 Race St.	
John Smith, 323 Broad St.	G. C. Tripner, 1640 N. 5th St.	L. Foster, 11th & Cumberland Sts.	M. Landis, 117 Paxton St.	
John Selsam, 400 Broad St.	B. B. Drum, 6th & Kelker Sts.	A. Gordon, 11th & Broad Sts.	H. H. Hocker, 104 Tuscarora St.	
J. H. Swiler, 431 Broad St.	S. P. Moses, 1827 N. 6th St.	W. H. Washington, 1130 Cumberland St.	C. H. Raine, 571 Race St.	
Peoples' Tea Co., Second & Broad Sts.	W. L. Lantz, 6th & Peffer Sts.	B. H. Isaacman, 7th & Herr Sts.	Geo. Anderson, 700 Race St.	
Port. Smith, Second & Cumberland Sts.	N. Gross, 2015 N. 6th St.	Louis Mueller, Third & Briggs Sts.	John Bailets, 713 S. Front St.	
Wm. McBride, 1801 N. 5th St.	D. Sherman, 7th & Peffer Sts.	Gaul's Grocery, North & Green Sts.	Mrs. Aeri, 113 Dock St.	
Mr. Hurwitz, North & Cowden Sts.	M. Brenner & Sons, 7th & Muench Sts.	Pollock Grocery, Forster & Green Sts.	Farver's Grocery, 707 S. Front St.	
M. Gross, 1318 N. 7th St.	W. D. Carroll, 515 N. Second St.	Peters' Grocery, 3rd & North Sts.	Joe Smith, 1015 S. 9th St.	
Wm. Clompus, 2109 Green St.	Jas. Thompson, 208 South St.	Studebaker Grocery, 2nd & State Sts.	Geo. Young, 1000 S. Cameron St.	
Landis Bratten, Green & Woodbine Sts.	Isaac Nuriel, 509 Walnut St.	S. S. Rutherford, Caterer, 318 N. Second St.	W. Wenrich, 1049 S. 9th St.	
M. Brenner & Sons, Green & Woodbine Sts.	Meyer Gross, 15 N. 5th St.	J. T. Sharp, 517 East St.	J. C. Kennedy, 1080 S. Cameron St.	
W. Gernert, 4th & Woodbine Sts.	Daniel Pollock, 19 N. 4th St.	C. Presler, 6th & Briggs Sts.	J. A. Gordon, 1176 S. Cameron St.	
W. Hoy, 412 Woodbine St.	Michael Lock, 321 Cherry St.	Calvin Etter & Son, 917 Cowden St.	R. J. Robert, 1316 S. Cameron St.	
I. Ingram, 611 Mahanongo St.	E. Galdino, 138 S. 3rd St.	Louis Mueller, Third & Briggs Sts.	Frazer's Store, 12th & Hanover Sts.	
Mrs. M. Burk, 621 Wisconsin St.	Wm. Weismann, 33 S. Second St.	Gaul's Grocery, North & Green Sts.		
M. Stober, 2718 Jefferson St.	D. P. & S., 4th & Market Sts.	Pollock Grocery, Forster & Green Sts.		
Mrs. M. Burk, Division & Jefferson Sts.	Excellent Grocery, 6th & Boas Sts.	Peters' Grocery, 3rd & North Sts.		
Oscar Lewis, 543 Woodbine St.	Anna Nolson, 20 Cowden St.	Studebaker Grocery, 2nd & State Sts.		
Steffen & Neils, 565 Woodbine St.	Mrs. Davidson, 14 N. 5th St.	S. S. Rutherford, Caterer, 318 N. Second St.		
H. Reese, 2200 N. 6th St.	Miller's Grocery, 1091 N. 6th St.	J. T. Sharp, 517 East St.		
H. Prowser, Moore & Macley Sts.	Mrs. Clara M. Bittner, 32 S. 18th St.	C. Presler, 6th & Briggs Sts.		
S. H. Harris, 1913 N. 6th St.	Frank K. Zarker, 26 N. 19th St.	Calvin Etter & Son, 917 Cowden St.		
Chas. Greenwald, 2001 N. 6th St.	Elias K. Mountz, 1700 Regina St.	Harry Snavely, 1226 Derry St.		
Mrs. Wagner, Jefferson and Woodbine Sts.	Amos P. Kitchen, 98 N. 17th St.	B. E. Sheaffer, 431 S. 10th St.		
Druppen & Kerbs, 6th & Emerald Sts.	Shamno Bros., 17th & Walnut Sts.	Michael Mahek, 950 Paxton St.		
J. Zimmerman, 6th & Curtin Sts.	Rachel McGran, 1606 Walnut St.	M. Morrison, 1347 Vernon St.		
W. H. Uhler, 6th & Ross Sts.	E. L. Morrell, 16th & Regina Sts.	W. E. Koons, 13th & Vernon Sts.		
Shepherd Grocery, 616 Schuykill St.	Wm. M. Hunkle, 15th & Regina Sts.	Pollock's Grocery, 15th & Derry Sts.		
John Elliott, 2537 N. 6th St.	Pollock Store, 15th & Market Sts.	H. Bower, 1247 Mulberry St.		
J. R. Sneeringer, Green & Hamilton Sts.	Monroe A. Morrison, 14th & Regina Sts.	Fountain Market, Mulberry & Derry Sts.		
A. L. King, Green & Kelker Sts.	Abraham Gordon, 1543 Walnut St.	W. A. Gernert, Crescent & Mulberry Sts.		
W. H. Diffenderfer, Green & Muench Sts.	Francis H. Seidler, 15th & State Sts.	C. H. Kell, 235 Crescent St.		
Klinger & Crockerd, Penn & Muench Sts.	Pollock Store, 16th & State Sts.	Mr. Gardiner, 1231 Swatara St.		
Pollock Store, Green & Peffer Sts.		Elmer Zelders, 1316 Swatara St.		
Brenner's Grocery, 238 Muench St.		Israel Brenner, 18th & Berryhill Sts.		
Hoffman & McPalls, 1838 N. 3rd St.		C. Fisher, 15th & Berryhill Sts.		

THE GUNZENHAUSER BAKERY

18th and Mulberry Sts.