

Bolshevik Army in Esthonia and Livonia Continues Fighting

London, Feb. 18.—The seventh Bolshevik army in Esthonia and Livonia attacked furiously on all sectors of the Marva, Pskov and Volmar fronts Saturday, and the fighting still continues, according to the Daily Mail's Helsingfors correspondent in a dispatch dated Monday.

"The seventh army," says the correspondent, "consists of forty thousand men who have more than 100 guns, several armored trains and airplanes, from the Ural front."

Use McNeil's Pain Exterminator—Ad

For Piles

Send Today for Free Trial of Pyramid Pile Treatment and Find Real Happiness.

If you suffer so badly you can't wait for the free trial get a 50 cent box of Pyramid Pile Treatment at the nearest drug store. Take no substitute. The quick relief has been a wonderful blessing to a host of people who had itching, bleeding and protruding piles, hemorrhoids and such rectal troubles. Don't delay.



FREE SAMPLE COUPON
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,
201 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Kindly send me a Free sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Shaffer's Last Flight

(Continued From Yesterday)

I wanted a bath and some clean underwear so I stayed, no I had no cots then but in this big camp they had hot showerbaths, also a big steam canteen. They worked it this way. You see while we were taking a bath our clothes were put in these big ovens and thoroughly steamed. Incidentally this steaming simply ruined the uniform cloth, but I didn't know that. Anyway I needed the bath, and who knows but there might have been several cots sticking around yet. If they were, they surely were thoroughly thawed out.

There was an amusing incident happened in this camp while in the bath. I have already told you that while we were bathing our clothes were baked in the steam ovens. This would take a little time, as we bathed quickly and then we had to sit around in our underwear waiting for our clothes to get done cooking. We wrapped our clothes up in a bundle before giving them to the canteen, and when they came back via a small cart it was rather difficult to pick out one's belongings among all these steaming misspoken bundles. Many mistakes were made and it was not at all strange to see several men come out minus their trousers. And on inquiry it always proved that the trousers were very good ones, too.

This camp was under control of the English, but there were many French interpreters around to take care of the many Frenchmen coming in. When these interpreters found I was an American and an aviator they invited me to stay with them in an old mansion instead of going with the rest of the prisoners to an old fort at the other end of the town. It was this way wherever I went. My being an aviator and especially an American, got me the cream of everything.

I stayed with these interpreters some five days waiting for a train to take me to Paris. They sure were a fussy crew, and could not keep

anybody to cook for them any length of time, so most of the time they had to cook for themselves.

They were a motley crew indeed. For one was a Dutchman, one an Englishman and the others Frenchmen, but taking it all in all, they were a mighty nice bunch of fellows and they certainly did treat me white.

On the fifth day we were put in boxcars and headed for Paris. After riding a day and a half we were unloaded in a big city in the middle of the night. Naturally, I thought I was in Paris, but when dawn broke I discovered I was only in Arras, with the prospects of staying there some fifteen days before I was again headed for Paris.

I didn't like that at all, for naturally now that the war was over you would want to know what had become of me. Therefore I went to the interpreters again for information as to how to get word out, and if not, how to get me out quick.

Out of Luck!

It looked as if I was out of luck though, for there was no telephone or wire communication to Paris, not for me anyway, and as for trains, well, there was an express leaving for Amiens that day at 2 p. m., but nobody but officers could ride on it. "But take a chance anyway," said the interpreter confidentially. "You're an American and you might get away with it. Besides, if you do get caught, just tell them you are a liberated prisoner and they will surely let you stay aboard. I needed no second hint, but promptly gathered my few belongings together, dodged me a bit, for there was no conductor on the train. That certainly was some side, for we had to cross the battlefield, you know, and as the train went slowly had a good chance to see what I have always referred to as the front. It looked just like I have always read it described—indescrib-

ably barren and everything knocked as flat as a board. I won't tire you by giving my impression of it, so many people have written about it that I could not improve on their description. All I have to say is that a rabbit could not exist in that barren, shot-up land of trenches, mud and barbed wire. That night I got into Paris, feeling that my journey was nearly done. It was, as far as walking was concerned, but it took me just exactly three weeks to untangle the red tape that my fall had wrapped around me. And what's more I had to do it all in French. Going down to the dispatch office, I had to get papers signed and draw a nickel or so sure did get my goat. Besides I was still pretty weak from my loss of vitality while with the Hun. Why, I couldn't walk more than two blocks without sitting down and resting. And say, you should have seen me eat! Oh, my! I sure had some appetite. Just kept eating all the time and never got filled up.

Events More Rapidly

More things happened to me during the last months of the war than during all the rest of my bird-life put together. But first, I must tell you about my trip to Strasbourg, near which city my escadrille is now stationed. I found it a city, but what a time to get there. Even though I took an express train it took me two nights and a day to get there. I was in Strasbourg for seven miles. Fortunately, I had put a little bread in my sack before leaving, and that incidentally was all I had to eat during that time. And such packed train one never saw, for not only were all the seats taken but the aisles were packed to standing room only. And it was this way both going and coming. Naturally, I found myself hungry at my destination, I was one hungry boy, and would you believe it, they gave me black bread with my dinner—the very same was dust stuff I had eaten while I was a prisoner. Not only did it sour my disposition, but stomach also, for one has to get used to this bread, and it had become a time since I had fed on Boche grub.

And rain! Why, say, it's been raining steady ever since I hit Paris, and that was a month ago, and if the Lord don't show a rainbow pretty soon, I'll begin to doubt his word about there never being another flood. And getting out of the rain didn't get me away from the rain either. I had been told that my troubles were all over when I found my escadrille, and comrades. Everyone was so glad to see me that they forgot my wet and aching feet—I had walked three miles in the rain and the fact that I had had hardly any sleep for two nights. From the commander down to the lowest mechanic, all were delighted to see me alive and well; for I had been given up as dead by every one. Every rumor that came in regarding my being shot down only confirmed what they already knew. These rumors were all different and mighty conclusive as to what happened to me. One had me shot down in flames. That one interested me, for although I "crashed" I did not burn, and if anything burned around there it must have been that balloon. Anyway, when the commander received my letter from Paris, he was so glad to hear of my safety that he gave me the benefit of the doubt and proposed me for some more decorations. He hoped they would go through, for I sure tried my darnedest to get that balloon.

A Warm Welcome

My own mechanic would not even believe it was I who was in camp, and when he finally did see me, he shook my hand several times extra to make sure I was still all there. Indeed, I had no idea how well I was liked in my escadrille until I came back. It surprised me considerably. The fact that I was an American, though, was the cause of most of the admiration, and gave this wonderful race of men another boost by saying to all who expressed surprise at my return—practically from the dead—that it was very hard to kill an American.

The place where the escadrille was stationed was a former Boche aviation school, and for a school I have yet to see its equal. They sure had all the conveniences. Even the cement hangars were heated, and the barracks were just as well planned and built, having hot and cold water in every room. Heat was not so noticeable when I was there as they were shy on coal. It was, indeed, an interesting place and I spent a lot of time looking over the planes I had often fought with. They had all types there, even the famous Fokker. This particular plane was a disappointment, considering how it could perform in the air, for a more ugly and crudely constructed plane I have yet to see. Compared to my spud it looked like a fat Boche "Fraulein" beside a "chic" Parisian mademoiselle, and that's some difference, believe me! Naturally, I wouldn't have been an American had I not helped myself to some souvenirs. Hope I can get them home all right. At the escadrille I found three letters from you. I'll let you imagine the pleasure they gave me, for it indeed was a relief to know that you had finally heard of my success in getting "one." You can make it three now. I also learned where my baggage was, where to go to collect my back pay and also more of your letters were awaiting me at Digne. Three letters were filled with hope and anticipation of my furlough home. I don't suppose I can imagine how you felt when the news came that I had been brought down, but my cable from Paris after the armistice, must have made up for all that. I won't hold out any hopes of a quick return home, for you may be disappointed again, but I'm betting on beating this letter across.

Back to Paris

I was only at the escadrille one day, as I had to get back to Paris quickly, because I couldn't fly then. It was raining all the time, and when it was not raining it was foggy, so flying was out of the question. It was amusing to see how few pilots were there. Nearly all of them were in Paris on special permission. And I don't wonder, for they had nothing to do, being a combat escadrille with nothing to fight, and that with the rain every day sure gave everyone "cafard" aplenty. So everyone that could fix it got out. The few pilots remaining, however, gave me all the new gear for naturally I wanted to know whether all the others had been as lucky as I. It appeared some had not. One pilot, who had been shot down while playing around close to the ground, he ran into a church steeple, tore off a wing and came down in flames. A sad end, indeed, for such a good pal. Another pilot whom I did not know got lost in a fog while crossing the Vosges mountains and ran into the side of a cliff. Those were the only tragic happenings, but there were others very close to tragic, the principal story being about the escape of Garand. This was the plucky little Frenchman who followed me down when I attacked my last balloon. Seven Boches jumped on him and they put his motor out of commission the first few shots and then chased him down shooting all the time and forcing him to land be-

twice the first and second line French trenches. The machine was simply riddled with bullets although the aviator was unhurt, one ball only grazing his cheek, while another cut the gas throttle from his hand. Landing a spud is a ticklish job on the best of fields, but landing one in the trenches—well, that isn't a ticklish job—it's a ruin. Thus, when Garand hit, he turned a somersault immediately. Being unhurt, he lost no time in crawling out from under and starting to beat it in the direction of Paris. But Boche were not taking any chances of his getting away, and when he crawled out they were ready for him, and one after another the whole seven took pot shots at him as he ran. How he ever escaped will always remain one of the miracles of the great war. I am glad he did, though, for a more dependable flier and fighter I have never known. It was the mechanic which was sent out to get the guns off of this Frenchman's plane that apparently proved conclusively that I was dead, for no one inquired up there whether anything had been seen of anything—meaning me. Sure they had seen another one "crash." Another plane had seen on the side of a door, and there I was, dead as a foor nail! Do you wonder everyone was surprised to see me? It was like having one rise from the dead.

Another American

The escadrille had only arrived at this place a few days before I got there, and at that they had some time, what with the awful flying weather, such as to mention motor trouble. Out of eighteen planes which left for their new field, only six arrived. The rest were scattered all over the Vosges mountains. The one who I finally arrived at mountain and killed himself was among these eighteen. Another pilot's motor quit on him just as he was crossing a small town, and he made a landing in the public square, his wheels stopping just as he struck the curb. I knew this pilot well, but he only laughed when I saw him. It's all in the day's work is the way most of them look at it; but this incident ought to show where the fascination is that lies in the flying game. When I landed in the public square, I never knew what may happen, or how soon he will have to make a quick decision as to whether he shall land on a forest or drop into the forest. Unless you are a flyer you will not understand where the fascination lies. To you, landing in a public square sounds like a joke, but it is, but to do it and get away with it, there's the point, and naturally every pilot thinks he can.

There was another American at the escadrille, who had come after I had left for my "visit to Germany," and since there was nothing to do at the flying field, we got an auto and permission to go to Strasbourg. Sure, it was still raining, but we put in most of our time while there in restaurants and tea shops. They sure had some beautiful ones, and music in everyone, too. Wonderful music it was and made me crazy to want to dance, but pretty girls did not seem plentiful. Besides, they had such big feet that I feared if we had gotten out on the floor there would have been no space left.

That was the first thing my attention was called to—the women's big feet. "Look at their feet," said my American friend. I did and they were remarkable. Everyone had a foundation like the Woolworth building, and we amused ourselves most of the afternoon comparing different sizes of feet as they passed. We finally ended up in a restaurant for dinner where English and French was spoken. So it said on the door, anyway. It was, too, and quite fluently—by one man. The rest spoke Boche and we got a nice, chunky Boche maiden to take our order. We had a lot of fun out of it, though, but I've got to say I really wish the Boche word for "cheri" is.

The way my changed money up there got my goat though. They would take my French money and give one Boche nickel in change. It was a dickens of a system, and what made me sore was the fact that they would not take a twenty mark Boche bill I had, and yet for a French bill they would give me Boche change. As I said before, the system was utterly beyond me. I still have the Boche bill. Another thing that surprised me was the apparent abundance of sugar. They seemed to have "beaucoup." I got the biggest surprise of my life when I ordered some coffee and had some sugar served with it. They don't do that in gay Paris, you know. If one don't carry his own he goes without. Oh, say! You remember I told you I had my "certificate of loyalty." Well, I had it in my pocket when taken prisoner. Naturally, the Boche took it as a paper

of military importance. Sort of out of luck all around, eh? Ran into luck to-day though. Bought a bar of Hershey's chocolate in the Y. M. C. A. and say, tell Dad to begin to feed the fatted calf now, for the prodigal son is due to come ambulating home again soon.

Eighteen of Scorpion's Crew Marry Turkish Women; Others Home

New York, Feb. 18.—Eighteen of the fifty-six members of the crew of the United States gunboat Scorpion, interned at Constantinople from April 11, 1917, until last November, married Turkish women and have been left behind there, according to Lieutenant Commander Herbert S. Babbitt, of Houghton, N. Y., former commander of the Scorpion, who arrived here with forty other members of the gunboat's crew on the Italian steamer Dante Alighieri. A new crew had been sent to relieve the interned men soon after the armistice was signed. One of the crew's benefactors was Joseph Darley, the 66-year-old commander's yeoman, who requested permission to remain in Turkey on the eve of his intended departure for the United States because he said he wanted to marry "a beautiful Turkish girl about 20 years

old." His request was granted and an effort will be made to obtain his discharge and a pension.

Itching Rashes Soothed With Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Tubes 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. 8, Boston.

Gottschall's Liniment Stops Both Internal and External Pain

Nearly All Dealers Sell It

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the weaknesses and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil is enclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 5 drops each. Take them as you would a pill, with a swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney action and enables the organs to throw off the poisons which cause premature old age. New life and strength increase as you continue the treatment. When completely restored continue taking a capsule or two each day. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will keep you in health and vigor and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not wait until old age or disease have settled down for good. At the first sign that your kidneys are not working properly, go to your druggist and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. But remember to ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. In sealed packages.

THE sense of making Wm. Strouse Store

your main headquarters for furnishings is proved by the fact that nothing enters our stocks without passing our censorship as to quality and general merit. That is why it is a "sure winner" for you to buy SHIRTS here. And so we recommend Metric Shirts—the shirt that measures up to Wm. Strouse high standard. In madras, fibre silk, tub silk, crepe de chine, Pussy-willow and broadcloth silk.



Metric Shirts

\$2 to \$10

LEWIS Union Suits
fit the quality-gauge of
Wm. Strouse store and are made
to fit men. The service you get
from these union suits are characteristic of this store—top notch.

\$2 to \$7

FAULTLESS Pajamas—another line that aligns with the service-and-quality standard of this store. The name tells the story. We're ready to serve you with complete assortments.

\$1.75 to \$7

Wm. Strouse

The New Store

310 Market Street

"SET up" the best treat in America to your Soldier or Sailor when he sits at your table—he's deserving of it.



couldn't have been served in the trenches but now that the BIG MAN is home again with you, prove to him that the best is for him. He'll appreciate HERSHEY'S SUPERIOR ICE CREAM.

Hershey Creamery Co.
401 South Cameron Street
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dealers who want to give their customers the best sell Hershey's Superior Ice Cream

Make Yourself Fit

The bright, active, healthy, clear-minded man—with the elastic step, clear eye, clean, wholesome skin and sunny smile enjoys life. If you suffer from either dyspepsia or biliousness, your brain is disabled for the time, no matter what its capacity under favorable circumstances. You are utterly unfitted to think clearly and quickly and cannot hope to compete with those who are healthy and clear-brained.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

will fit you to fight life's battles by overcoming your digestive disorders. Beecham's Pills will positively do you more good than all the brain tonics and nerve foods you have ever tried. They make you fit both mentally and physically. They cleanse the digestive tract, put your digestive organs in order, eradicate the poisons that are polluting your blood and lowering your mental activity, they will fill your arteries with pure, fresh blood, and



Clear Your Brain

Directions of special value to women are with every box.

At All Druggists, 10c, 25c.