

Women and Their Interests

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The writer and her brother are president and cashier, respectively, of our bank. We also conduct an insurance business. In addition, the writer is president and manager of a telephone company besides being interested in various minor enterprises. The writer goes to his office every morning at six. He happens to be so situated that it does not inconvenience any member of his family in doing so. I return to lunch at noon and stay at home with the family until I have had my full hour. We finish the day's work at from five until six. The evening is invariably spent with the family. In nice weather and good roads we use the automobile. Although on Sundays, lodges, it is very seldom that I go. I allow no business of any kind to intrude upon my evenings or Sundays, as all of that time belongs to my family. Every other week I have one day from business. My brother enjoys the same privilege. On these days we do not go to the office, but spend the time at home with the family, or take them for a ride, or spend the day in the woods, or any way that we choose. At any rate it is with the family. Business men, as a rule, will say that they cannot take a day every two weeks from business. They can. Where there is a will there is a way. We do it, and we are always busy.

a thorough system in our business. Men owe it to their families to give them more of their time, and to add to their happiness, which, at the same time, adds to the happiness of the men. There would be more happiness in the world if they would do this.

BUSINESS MAN.

This expression of one man's views of home life is interesting, and must come as a surprise to our foreign visitors, who are all, more or less, imbued with the prevailing belief that American men are so absorbed in business that they never give any time to their families.

Such Men Do Exist, But They Are Not In the Majority

In every part of the world one hears the denigrator upon; hears the American woman discussed as a brilliant, extravagant, attractive and neglected being, and the American man described as a slave to ambition, chained to Mammon's car, dragged through the world by the Tyrant Fortune, while his wife and children sit at home, alone, or dependent upon others for entertainment.

The writer of the letter quoted above is exceptionally devoted to his family. Doubtless he has a wife who understands the art of keeping her husband interested. She knows how to make herself so attractive and entertaining that he enjoys himself better in her society than anywhere else.

That is the greatest of all arts. Such a woman must be of an amiable disposition, and she must have a sense of humor; she must see the fun in things

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Pussy-Purr-Mew is Temporarily Lost, and the Search For Her Evokes Warren's Derision and Helen's Emotion.

It had stopped snowing and was growing bitterly cold. The two lighted globes before their apartment shone out cheerfully just ahead. Helen released Warren's arm and ran up the steps. Her thin evening gown and wrap were inadequate for so wintry a night. The hallway opened the door and Helen's drawn shoulders rounded under the grateful warmth within.

"No wonder you're cold," grumbled Warren, as they went up in the elevator, "with that flimsy little wrap."

"Oh, it's nice and warm here," when they entered their own apartment.

More steam had been put on and the dining-room radiator was thumping resolutely. As Helen went out to open the valve she noticed the lighted transom of Nora's room.

Nora was always in bed and her light out by 10, and now Helen turned in astonishment when the door opened and she came out fully dressed.

"Why, Nora, what's the matter?" "It's the kitty, ma'am," said she here anywhere, ain't seen her since you've been gone."

Then Helen realized that Pussy Purr-Mew, who always came stretching and yawning to meet them, had not appeared to-night.

"She must be shut up in some of the closets."

"I looked in all the closets—I looked everywhere, ma'am."

"Well, she's here somewhere, of course."

Helen then began a hurried search, but Pussy Purr-Mew was not in any of her favorite hiding places.

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded Warren, when Helen came into the library and peered behind the gas logs with his cane.

"Dear, we can't find Pussy Purr-Mew! Nora hasn't seen her since we left."

Warren, who was having his smoke and his paper before he went to bed, answered only with an unsympathetic grunt.

Then Helen went back to her own room and looked through all the drawers into which Pussy Purr-Mew, being of investigating mind, loved to climb. She had a marked predilection for fluffy lingerie, and more than once Helen had found her shut up and asleep on her best "frillings."

Every drawer was opened, but none of them disclosed a curled up furry ball. Helen began to feel worried. When had they seen her last?

Nora was positive that she had been in the kitchen before dinner, but did not remember seeing her afterwards. Helen began to feel how to her rubbing against her dress when they were at the table, though it might have been last night—she was not sure.

"Warren, TRY to remember," pleadingly. "Did you see her while we were at dinner—or just before we left?"

"How in thunder do I know? I've got something else to do besides keeping tab on the cat."

Helen was now thoroughly alarmed. Helen looked in every possible hiding place, the and Nora began a search of the impossible ones—behind even the refrigerator and the oven.

"Then, woman-like, Helen repeated her search in circles, looking in the same places over and over again."

"She couldn't fall out the window, could she, ma'am?" asked Nora.

"I don't know," said Helen, "but I kept Helen in a state of constant anxiety because of her stubborn determination to sit nonchalantly on the very edge of the window sills. But when the bathroom windows and one in the kitchen were open now."

A Horrible Thought

The window in Helen's bathroom was high and narrow, and Helen stood on the edge of the tub to peer down into the dark, airless, eight flights below. Could she be lying down there bruised and bleeding in the snow?

Impelled by this harrowing picture, Helen interviewed the elevator boy. But he had not seen Pussy Purr-Mew. Then Nora was questioned sharply. Was she QUITE sure she had not left the kitchen door open? Nora stoutly maintained that she had not, but Helen knew that when the stove smoked she WOULD open that door.

Finally Helen went back to the library with a gasp.

"Dear, she's NOT in the apartment; Nora and I are going down to see if she has fallen out the window."

"Not! Cats don't fall out of windows."

"Well, she's gotten out some way! She'll freeze a night like this!"

"Huh! Trust a cat to make itself comfortable!"

But Helen already had a scarf over her head and was now getting into a long coat. Warren threw down his cigar with muttered profanity.

"You must make a fool of yourself, suppose I'll have to go with you. You and Nora can't be poking around alone this time of night. Turn off those lights! You've got the whole blamed snow going."

The first search of the basement, engine room, coal cellar and laundry. Then out to the back courtyard, where Warren used up a box of matches lighting into dark corners and under some old scaffolding.

"Oh, we must find her—we MUST find her," insisted Helen, frantically. "She's gotten out to the street," her mind blazed with harrowing pictures of Pussy Purr-Mew half frozen under some snowy doortops.

Grumpily Warren led the way back through the basement, out the delivery entrance and up into the street.

"Oh, if it were only light, we might see her tracks in the snow!"

"Now look here; we won't pull off any Pinkerton stunts. We've carried this thing far enough. Now you come on upstairs!"

"Oh, wait, dear! There's a policeman stationed down there. Won't you ask him?"

"Ask him what? To call out the reserves to find a cat?"

Unheeding his sarcasm Helen darted down the street. Warren followed, swearing under his breath. The big officer, welcoming a break in the monotony of his beat, met Helen as she ran toward him.

"Have you seen anything of a cat?" she panted breathlessly. "Not a cat?—a real Persian cat—with long fur?"

No News

The policeman was most solicitous. Had he been stationed on that corner as a custodian of wayward cats, he could not have been more concerned. But, unfortunately, not a single cat had crossed his beat. Apparently a snowy night was not a popular one for a feline promenade.

"Now, that's enough of this tomfoolery," snapped Warren. "Here's where you go to bed," in answer to Helen's pleading to "look around the block."

With an anxious face Nora met them at the door.

"We're coming back to a catless

JURY OF PHYSICIANS BRIGHTS DISEASE

"They were not genuine cases of Bright's Disease." Then how about cases like this?

R. C. Bell, Broadway and Battery Street, is the manager of one of San Francisco's big corporations. His son had Bright's Disease. He called two physicians, one of them an Army surgeon. Usual albumen and protein swollen with dropsy. The doctors declared the case incurable. The father then ordered Fulton's Renal Compound administered. Patient began to mend in six months. The father could hardly credit it and had two other physicians examine the patient and analyze samples. Both reported normal.

Thus a jury of physicians decided the patient had Bright's Disease and was incurable and another jury of physicians later determined his recovery. As permanence, this was nine years ago and patient is in business in San Francisco at this writing. (Feb. 14.)

The ability of Fulton's Renal Compound to reduce albumen in many cases of Bright's Disease is not a matter of opinion but a FACT. IN PHYSICS and we will mail formula for albumen test that will show the percentage from week to week. Also the albumen declines improvement commonly follows, recoveries having been reported in thousands of cases. Write for literature mailed on request. John J. Fulton Co., San Francisco, Cal., H. Bohrer, druggist, 209 Market Street, a local agent. Ask for pamphlet.—Advertisement.

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Improve The Complexion

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c. No woman should fail to read the valuable directions with every box.

HARRISBURG SUFFERS LEAST IN STORM

(Continued from First Page)

Winds shrieking through the city streets at a speed of 38 miles an hour fell this morning into every corner, drifting streets and nearby country roads into almost impassibility. The lowest temperature last night was 12 degrees.

The cold weather and high winds closed twelve of the city schools today, including Central High School. In other cities traffic and business were at a standstill. In this city, however, cars were running on most lines although they were from five to fifteen minutes behind schedule time. All telephone, telegraph and electric light wires were reported in good shape, except in a few outlying districts. A pole belonging to the Independent Telephone Company lay across the tracks of the Rockville trolley line, but was removed.

Storm General on Seaboard

The storm howled about its fringes of suffering and destruction to-day from Eastport, Maine, to Savannah, Ga. while a cold wave, rolling down from the great lakes country, overspread the Atlantic States as far south as Florida. Lowest temperatures ever recorded in March were registered at Charleston and other points in the Southeast. Centering over Southern New England to-day the storm brought heavy snows north of Maryland and east of the Chesapeake along the Atlantic coast. No major disasters had been reported. Still colder weather in New England was predicted to-night but a warmer wave saving off the coast is expected to-day promised relief for the entire coast by to-morrow and Wednesday.

The delivery wagon of the Bricker bakery of Lemoyne was overturned early this morning on the Walnut. Bread, pies and cakes were scattered everywhere, but the driver, Harry Kockenderfer, was not injured. The wind turned the wagon completely.

The police ambulance skidding down the driveway of Capitol Park at Third and State streets, collided with the truck of the city about 7 o'clock this morning. A woman who had become ill while working in the Capitol was being taken to her home. No one was injured, but the front part of the ambulance was so badly damaged that it will have to be put in the repair shop for a day or two.

A maple tree six inches in diameter at the front of the home of Charles Bishop at Washington Heights was torn from its roots by the heavy winds last night.

Man Blown From Car.

Adolph Hain, 33 years old, of 2243 North Front street, drove in his 1912 Marquette car from the Pennsylvania railroad was blown from the top of a box car in the yards and seriously injured. At the Harrisburg Hospital all day, Hain is shifting his right leg was found to be broken. Many bruises covered his body.

"Cave of the Winds." It was almost impossible to cross it during the night. The force of the storm which howled through the railroad yards and over the bridge broke many of the light shades on the bridge.

Telegraph communication with New York and Philadelphia was very uncertain, few wires remaining open. The railroads are having their greatest troubles on the New York and Philadelphia divisions of the Pennsylvania and on the Reading between here and Allentown. The middle division is drifted in some places, and on the Philadelphia division at Downingtown a drift nine feet high is reported. Trains are running from one to four hours late, and some of the New York trains due here last night came in at noon. They were snowed up between New York and Philadelphia.

Extra Signal Men

An extra corps of signal men is doing duty at Rutherford, Enola, Marysville and other yards with instructions to keep the signals in working order. Trainmen were also ordered to take special precautions and to stand by hand. All trains were under orders to run slowly and not faster than ten miles an hour unless the tracks were clear ahead.

Only one train was moved over the Rockville Bridge at a time. The Pennsylvania Railroad is having most of its trouble between Harrisburg and New York. It was almost noon when Philadelphia papers arrived in Harrisburg to-day.

Relief Train Stalled

On the Reading the workmen's relief train was stalled near Rutherford for a time. Those on night turn who were not ordered to remain on duty, came to Harrisburg two hours late. The Reading is having trouble between Lebanon and Reading and on the other branches. Between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh the Pennsylvania Railroad is running trains by the block system, one train at a time and at very slow speed. No attempt will be made to pick up scheduled time until the blizzard has passed, the tracks cleared of snow, and the drifts eliminated from the cuts. Only perishable freight will be moved until further orders.

Traveling Men Held Up

Hundreds of traveling men operating from this city were held up to-day by the storm and few left for their various fields of operation. Cars and trains which crossed country districts were almost empty. Livermen reported that those men who drive into the country districts from Harrisburg made absolutely no calls to-day for teams.

Officials of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania Railroad say the storm resulted in the worst tie-up in several years. While most of the trains on the New York division were held up awaiting New York connections. Express trains due here this morning at 10 o'clock, which bring large supplies of bread to local dealers, had not reached Harrisburg at noon.

READING TRAINS HELD UP

Reading passengers en route from New York to Harrisburg, via of Allentown and Reading, due here at 10:10 last night, were held up between Reading and Allentown and reached Harrisburg at 11:30 this morning. On the New York division there are many snow drifts and several trains were cancelled. Between Harrisburg and Reading several freight trains were stalled which helped in making traffic slow.

The Cumberland and Northern Central lines were hard hit by the storm, but trains moved more regularly. At the Philadelphia offices of the Reading railroad at noon to-day the following information was given out:

No trains are running between Philadelphia and New York since late yesterday except between Philadelphia and Trenton.

"The Bethlehem branch was opened at 10 a. m. Trains are running between Philadelphia and Reading. The road to Harrisburg, Shippensburg and Gettysburg has not been blocked. The line between Philadelphia and Pottsville, Williamsport was opened at 10:30 a. m.

"The road to Atlantic City is open. Telephone and telephone lines are prostrated, but the company expects to have all lines open by to-night."

Twelve City School Buildings Are Closed

The storm hit the Harrisburg school district the hardest of any interest in the city. Twelve of the city school buildings were wholly or partly closed because of the cold. The central high school was closed early this morning because the high winds interfered with the heating of the building. The other buildings wholly or partly closed were the W. W. Cameron, Susquehanna, Rely, Melrose, Penn. Harris, Vernon, Stevens, Maclay and Webster.

Four teachers who have been visiting schools in New York City since Wednesday were held up last night when the Manhattan Limited was snowed in near Bristol. They were Miss Grace McLaughlin and Miss Flora Bentzel of the Stevens building and Miss Caroline Patterson of the Melrose building. The Cameron building. Two teachers were injured by falls on the way to school this morning. They are Miss Margaret Latham of 119 Locust street, and Miss Katherine McHenry of 605 North Second street, both of the high school faculty. Neither was seriously hurt.

Barn Burns.

A barn and house back of Summerdale, belonging to E. Frank Shuman, were burned last night. The fire started in the driving gate, and the Shuman family driven out into the storm. They were given shelter at an adjoining farm belonging to a brother-in-law, Mr. Shuman.

While Mr. Shuman, his wife and three children were sitting about the fire at the house last night, smoke began to fill the house. When the flames reached the second floor, flames were leaping from the ceiling. A bucket brigade formed by neighbors who were attracted by the flames was called out to save the house and burning timbers carried by the wind ignited the barn. Several men climbed to the roof of the barn and tried to extinguish the fire. The house was burned and ignited. The cattle in the barn were saved with difficulty. The total loss is estimated at \$12,000.

Roof Blown From Houses.

At Marysville the roof was blown from a double house owned by E. B. Leiby. The house is occupied by two families—those of Merle King and Theodore Shakespeare. They were saved by the blowing of the wind, tearing of tin and wood, and found their house open to the sky. They spent the night at the home of neighbors. Both couples are newly married.

Trees were blown down in many places and walking in the city streets was dangerous last night as flying signs, blown from in front of business places, littered the air.

The Susquehanna Fire Company saved the home of Daniel Ceely, 504 Shaffer street, last night during the height of the gale when they were called out to extinguish a fire started by a defective fuse. Chemicals were used with good effect, and the flames were kept under control and soon extinguished.

Windows Broken.

Windows were broken in many homes and business places, chimneys were thrown into the street, and the air was filled with flying branches. Part of the scaffolding at the Y. W. C. A. building was blown down and fell to the street, but no one was passing at the time.

The streets were practically deserted. Trees were blown down and flying every person who possibly could stay inside did so. It was dangerous to walk through the streets. In many places are lights were blown out by the wind, the globes being shattered by the whirling street bridge was a

Home. declared Warren, melodramatically.

Helen turned to him sharply. "Oh, how can you be so heartless?"

"Think I've been pretty darned good-natured, poking around down there after you—just you get ready for bed—quite—no dawdling! I'll not be kept awake for all the cats in Christendom."

Helen's mind was still torn with pictures of Pussy Purr-Mew, shivering, and possibly injured. Warren went promptly and unfeelingly to sleep, but she lay awake, planning the morning's search and wording an advertisement where the cat also, until her thoughts grew confused.

It was dawn when she awoke, conscious of a vague sense of trouble. What was it? Then like a flash it came—Pussy Purr-Mew! She was in an instant she was up. It was almost light now; she would make another search of the basement before the house was astir. Being careful not to awaken Warren, she went softly into her room. But hardly had she started to dress when he called out peremptorily.

"What are you up to now?"

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean to awaken you! I just want to look through the basement again before the delivery men come."

"You've got a cold already, and I'm not going to stand for any doctor's bills," and muttering something about wanting to "bring that blamed cat's neck," Warren went to bed.

Helen protested, but he was firm, and unwillingly she crept back to bed. Without waiting to shave, he dressed with grumbling haste.

As he slammed the door to the front door she longed to follow him, for she felt she would not look carefully. If only he had not awakened—and she could have gone herself!

Then, woman-like, Nora moving around in the dining-room, so she, too, was awake, though it was only a little after six.

It was hardly ten minutes before the hall door again opened and closed. Helen's heart leaped. Had the cat been found? Would he be back so quick if he had not. She sat up in bed with a gasp.

Then Warren came into the room gripping, none too gently, at his gingham, wriggling, terrified, coal-black cat.

"On a ladder in the coal bin," as he stood on the bed beside Helen.

It was a dramatic moment. Helen felt vaguely that in some way she must live up to it, so as she took Pussy Purr-Mew into her arms, she burst into tears.

But Pussy Purr-Mew fell wholly to respond to this emotional reception. She in no way "acted up" to her part of the returned prodigal. Her violent wriggles to get away showed a woeful lack of appreciation. "Touching scene," sneered Warren, as he slammed into the bathroom to wash his hands.

Left alone, Helen felt suddenly rather foolish, her tears ceased, her hold relaxed, and Pussy Purr-Mew scuttled away.

The combined unresponsiveness of both the cat and Warren had a decidedly chilling and repressing effect on Helen's emotionality.

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TO HOLD EXAMS FOR FOURTH CLASS POSTMASTERS

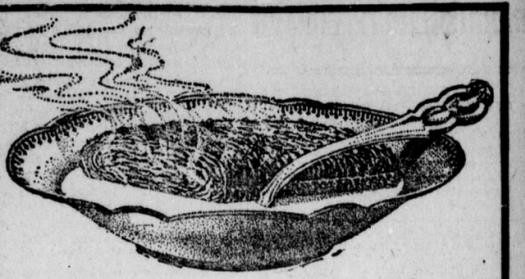
In compliance with an executive order issued by President Wilson with respect to competitive examinations for positions as fourth class postmasters, the United States Civil Service Commission announces that an examination will be held in the principal cities and towns of Pennsylvania for the purpose of testing the fitness of applicants for the position of fourth class postmaster. In all cities of this class the annual compensation of which is \$180 or more. This examination will be held in Harrisburg and other cities and towns enumerated in the commission's list on April 18, 1914. Information may be had from the secretary of local boards of civil service examiners at the Harrisburg post office.

JEWISH SOCIETY FORMED

A local branch of the "Azudas Jisroel," a society whose object is to solve Jewish problems, was organized in this city at two meetings held at the corner Israel Synagogue yesterday and Saturday. More than 500 Jewish people of this city became members of the organization. Rabbi Levenberg, of Jersey City, manager of the American Society and Rabbi Lick, of New York City, conducted the meetings.

PLAN MEMORIAL SERVICES

Arrangements are being made by the members of Post 58, Grand Army of the Republic, for the holding of the annual Memorial Day services. The Rev. H. Hoy, chairman of the Memorial Day committee, will call a meeting of the three local posts within the next few weeks to arrange plans for the affair.



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