ALL THE NEWS OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

SECOND ELOPEMENT WAS SUCCESSFUL

Samuel Reiner and Miss Marie The Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Treibley Doyle Married at Hagers-

Young Tower City Couple Caught Thompsontown People Entertain on First Attempt and Returned Home

8 N. MARKET SQUARE

—not brawn—that win.

you and the Boss.

Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Electric Wireman Tel. & Tel. Engineer

Tel. & Tel. Engineer Architect Architectural Draftsma Structural Engineer Building Contractor Concrete Construction Mechanical Engineer

Never Mind How Strong You Are-

What d'ye Know?

Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to.

one great question that draws the line be ween defeat and victory-between "wages" and "salary"-between

superintendent, or manager? If not, why don't you mark

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For 23 years the I. C. S. have been showing men how to do better work and earn bigger salaries. Every month over 400 students write of promotions or salary increases through I. C. S. training. What the I. C. S. are doing for these men they can do for YOU.

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It will cost you nothing to investigate—it may cost a lifetime of remorse if you don't.

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Piease explain without any obligation to me how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

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That's the point—"What d'ye KNOW?" ttle of wits-and

In the fight for good jobs and big salaries it's brains of brawn—that win. "What d'ye KNOW?" is the

What do YOU know? Are YOU so expert in some line of work that you can "make good" as a foreman,

RECEPTION GIVEN **NEWLY-WED PASTOR**

Honored by Lutheran Congregation

MARIE'S MOTHER VERY ANGRY ABOUT 150 GUESTS PRESENT

Many Out-of-Town Visitors Over Fourth

Fill the shriveled arteries with pure, rich blood, increase the weight in solid flesh and muscle that give you strength, the brain and preves with fresh vital fluid that force new life and vigor into every part of the body. WEIGH YOURSELF BEFORE TAKING Price 50 cents; Special Strength 75 cents.

Pr. Chase Co., 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARIETTA TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS

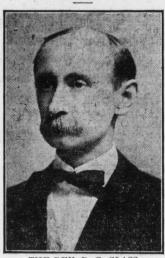


The First Allement and Reform Coap P. Joint Commission.

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DAUPHIN COTTAGES

Many Visitors Enjoying Life at Odd Fellows Orchestra at Me-Beautiful Up-River

Ladies' Aid Society of United Junior C. E. Society of U. B. Evangelical Church Entertained at Heckton

SERENADE GIVEN FILLED WITH GUESTS NEWLY-WED MEMBER

chanicsburg Tenders Royal Reception to Bride and Groom

MOUNTAIN HOMES ARE LIVELY SCHOOL BOARD ORGANIZES

Church Holds Picnic Near Shirmanstown

To educate and develop young men along the line of sound scholarship and genuine manilness is our business. Our system provides: A full day session; small classes with attention to the individual pupil; experienced masters; supervised study periods; wholesome associates; ideal environment and good athletic facilities.

For information about the Day School, Boarding School, School for Small Boys and Summer Coaching School, communicate with Headmaster, Arthur E. Brown, Post Office Box 617, Bell Phone 1371J.

Summer Tutoring School

An Ideal Vacation Awaits You in Estes Park, Colorado

Wouldn't you like to spend your you can climb mountains, play golf or tennis, ride, drive or motor, fish or camp out, with a climate of a wonderful quality and an air that is erisp and sweet, and will make your glow and refresh you?

cheeks glow and refresh you?

Wouldn't you?

Estes Park, with its streams abundant with gamey trout; its beautiful and rare wild flowers; its stupendously high Longs Peak; its drives through wonderful mountain scenery; its living glacier; its fine hotel and boarding accommodations; will do all this for you. Truly, it is the ideal vacation place.

Let me send you our Estes Park folder with many pictures and a fine colored map of the Park and everything about its high class hotels and comfortable ranch houses, where you can live at very moderate cost. Let me tell you the best way to go and all about the low excursion fares. I'll be very glad to attend to all the details. Call or write for an Estes Park folder—to-day before you forget. Wm. Austin, General Agent Passenger Depts., C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., 836 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.





Aunt Este's Stories For Children

Aunt Este herewith begins a new series of short stories to be published in the Telegraph every Saturday. To preserve them in book form cut out the cover page and picture in one piece. Fold them in the middle for a cover and inside paste the story, also folded in the middle. Repeat each week and at the close of the series you will have a complete book of stories.

Aunt Este's

STORIES FOR

Little Folks

TENTH SERIES

And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed."

Now this funny old women was not always cross—no indeed. That was only when she had a hard day trying to clean that shoe house and the children had been naughty; and one of them had stumped his toe, and another had let the kitten scratch her, and the wee baby had emptied the coal bucket all over the sole floor of that shee house. Poor old woman! Can you blame her for whipping the children and putting them to bed witnout any bread on such a day? But as I saids those days were not always so, of course not, and there was one special day those children loved. Can you guess what day it was? Why market day, and can you blame them? For is there a better day in the week than the day when mother or cook or whoever does the marketing, comes home with a basket full of good things, and you all stand around the kitchen table and watch this package and that package come out, and you get a little nibble of this and a bite of that.

Well, I suppose when your mother goes to market you sing something like this, do you not?



Now that's a very suitable song for little boys and girls like you—but that is not what the little children who lived in the shoe, sang. No, indeed. They had never seen oatmeal and cornflakes and shredded wheat. As for eggs and soup bones—I don't know—but they sang:

Now wasn't that a funny song to sing when their mother went to market? And what queer people they must have been to bring home pigs and hogs instead of nice sliced ham and good bacon. I can't for the life of me see where the old woman could have kept all the things she bought, can you? And where do you suppose they cooked that pig and hog? I guess she must have used the buttonhole for the holes in the stove, and the shoe buttoner for a stove lifter. The heel of the shoe would have made them a right nice little dining table, if she could get them all around it.

And where do you suppose those children slept? Well, their beds were away down under the eaves in the toe of the shoe. And you ask, where did the children play? Well, I do hope the shoe had an extended sole, so that they had a front porch on which to play and now which would you rather be? One of the children of that funny old woman who lived in a shoe, and went to market a "jiggity jog" or just a little 20th century boy or girl, having all sorts of nice times, and nice homes with good little beds to sleep in, and great big windows to put up at night and let in plenty of fresh air? I think I could guess but I'm not going to.

P. S.—If you wish to hear a story of an special Mother Goose rhyme—drop a letter to Aunt Este—care of the Telegranh, Harrisburg, Pa.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig, Home again, home again, jiggity jig: To market, to market, to buy a fat hog, Home again, home again, jiggity jog: To market, to market, to buy a plum bun, Home again, home again, market is done.

My dear little ones:

I have been thinking hard to know just what kind of a series you would like to have next. And of a sudden I thought of those dear little rhymes you all love so well—the "Mother Goose" rhymes—and I thought why that is just the thing for a summer series. So your next series will be stories about the dear little Mother Goose rhymes you love so well—and this one shall be

THE OLD WOMAN GOES TO MARKET

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do, She gave them some broth, without any bread, And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed."

To market, to market a jiggity jog, For a big box of oatmeal for Johnny and Bob;