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Our new Fall selection is just in. For the next two weeks we will be busy assisting the men who come here regularly each season, having learned to depend upon the Hub's values and to appreciate that our merchandise is well selected from the makers.

You will find many things to interest you in the new Fall suits. New fabrics, new little touches in the styling, many new color effects including the popular Tartan plaids—big selections at

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The makers are one of the largest in the country and specialize on STYLEPLUS quality. By doing this they are able to give excellent all-wool fabrics, hand tailoring where hand tailoring counts and a style element that is the production of a master fashion artist and the price is

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THE HUB

320 MARKET STREET



The Last Shot

By FREDERICK PALMER

"We do not want war. We know you outnumber us, but we know you would not take advantage of that. If we are wrong we will make amends; if you are wrong we know that you will. Let us not play tricks in secret to gain points, we civilized nations, but be frank with each other. Let us not try to irritate each other or to influence our people, but to realize how much we have in common and that our only purpose is common progress and happiness."

At the turn of the road in front of the castle she saw the gunners of the batteries making an emplacement for their guns in a field of carrots that had not yet been harvested. The roots of golden yellow were mixed with the tossing spadefuls of earth.

A shadow like a great cloud in mad flight shot over the earth, and with the gunners she looked up to see a Gray dirigible. Already it was turning homeward; already it had gained its object as a scout. On the fragile platform of the gondola was a man, seemingly a human mite aiming a tiny toy gun. His target was one of the Brown aeroplanes.

"They're in danger of cutting their own envelope! They can't get the angle! The plane is too high!" exclaimed the artillery commander. Both he and his men forgot their work in watching the spectacle of aerial David against aerial Goliath. "If our man lands with his little bomb, oh, my!" he grinned. "That's why he is so high. He's been waiting up there."

"Pray God he will!" exclaimed one of the gunners.

"Look at him volplane—motor at full speed, too!"

"Into it! Making sure! Oh, splendor!" cried the artillery commander.

A ball of lightning shot forth sheets of flame. Dirigible and plane were hidden in an ugly swirl of yellowish smoke, rolling out into a purple cloud that spread into prismatic mist over the descent of cavoring human bodies and broken machinery and twisted braces, flying pieces of tattered or burning cloth. David had taken Goliath down with him in a death grip.

An aeroplane following the dirigible as a screen, hoping to get home with information if the dirigible were lost, had escaped the sharpshooters in the church tower by flying around the tower. However, it ran within range of the automatic and the sharpshooters on top of the castle tower. They failed of the bull's-eye, but their bullets, rimming the target, crippling the motor, and cutting braces, brought the crumpling wings about the helpless pilot. The watching gunners uttered "Aha!" of horror and triumph as they saw him fall, gliding this way and that, in the agony of slow descent.

"Come, now!" called the artillery commander. "We are wasting precious time."

Entering the grounds of the Galland house, Marta had to pass to one side of the path, now blocked by army wagons and engineers' materials and tools. Soldiers carrying sand-bags were taking the shortest cut, trampling the flowers on their way.

"Do you know whose property this is?" she demanded in a burst of anger.

"Ours—the nation's!" answered one, perspiring freely at his work. "Sorry!" he added on second thought.

Already parts of the first terrace were shoulder-high with sand-bags and one automatic had been set in place. Marta observed as she turned to the veranda. There her mother sat in her favorite chair, hands relaxed as they rested on its arms, while she looked out over the valley in the supertranquility that comes to some women under a strain—as soldiers who have been on sieges can tell you—that some psychologists interpret one way and some another, none knowing even their own wives.

"Marta, did any of the children come?" Mrs. Galland asked in her usual pleasant tone. So far as she was concerned, the activity on the terrace did not exist. She seemed oblivious of the fact of war.

Marta's monosyllable absently answering the question was expressive of her wonder at her mother. Most girls do not know their mothers much better than psychologists know their wives.

"Marta, whatever happens one should go regularly about what he considers his duty," said Mrs. Galland. "They have been as considerate as they could, evidently by Colonel Lanstron's orders," she proceeded, nodding toward the industrious engineers. "And they've packed all the paintings and works of art and put them in the cellar, where they will be safe."

The captain of engineers in command, seeing Marta, hurried toward her.

"Miss Galland, isn't it?" he asked. "I have been waiting for you. I—well, I found that I could not make the situation clear to your mother."

"He thinks me in my second childhood or out of my mind," Mrs. Galland explained with a shade of tartness. "And he has been, so polite in trying to conceal his opinion, too," she added with a comprehending smile.

[To Be Continued]



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Try Telegraph Want Ads.

DEATH OF EDWARD C. JOHNSTON

Special to The Telegraph
New Germantown, Pa., Sept. 18.—Edward C. Johnston, a lifelong resident of Toboyne township, died at his home one and a half miles west of this place on Tuesday afternoon. He was 72 years old. He died on the farm on which he was born and lived all his life. He had a stroke of paralysis in October, 1909, and although able to go about on crutches, never recovered from the stroke, which was the immediate cause of his death. He had been a member of the United Presbyterian Church for years and

was a staunch Republican. He never married and leaves two brothers, Samuel A. Johnston, of Spring Run, and Alexander A. Johnston, of Scotland, and one sister, Miss Margaret J. Johnston, of this place. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon in the Presbyterian Church at Blain.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. —George Elliot.

90 STUDENTS ARE ENROLLED IN U. P. EXTENSION SCHOOL

Need a Hundred Before Sept. 21; Faculty Members Are Announced

Ninety students have enrolled to date in Harrisburg's Wharton Extension School of Accounts and Finance of the University of Pennsylvania.

All that is needed is an enrollment of 100, and the 100 must be signed up by Monday, September 21. Prof. Wendell P. Raine, who is in charge of the work with Dr. Ward W. Pierson of the extension school faculty are now sure the necessary number will be matriculated.

Committees who will have charge of the details were announced to-day including the committee on education of the Harrisburg Rotary Club, the committee on organization, and the University of Pennsylvania alumni committee. The faculty which will have charge of the lecture series has also been announced. The committees and faculty are as follows:

Committee on Education of Harrisburg Rotary Club—C. Harry Keane, Prof. W. Sherman Steele and Dr. Samuel Z. Shope.
Committee on Organization—Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, chairman; Charles S. Boll, E. P. Burns, Dr. C. C. Cocklin, Dr. John F. Culp, Rt. Rev. James Henry Darlington, G. Allen Donaldson, William M. Donaldson, Prof. F. E. Downes, Prof. Thas. B. Fager, John E. Fox, Spencer C. Gilbert, A. Boyd Hamilton, W. T. Hildrup, Jr., Paul Johnston, C. Harry Keane, Dr. D. B. McAllister, William B. McCaleb, Donald McCormick, J. Horace McFarland, Dr. Hiram McGowan, Dr. George R. Moffitt, Rev. Lewis S. Mudge, Dr. D. J. Reese, John V. W. Reynolds, E. J. Stackpole, Prof. W. Sherman Steele, Dr. Henry M. Stine, Dr. Samuel Z. Shope, D. E. Tracy, G. F. Watt.

University of Pennsylvania Alumni Committee—Dr. C. C. Cocklin, G. Allen Donaldson, C. Harry Keane, H. M. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Hiram McGowan, W. B. Mausteller, Thomas Lynch Montgomery, Dr. D. J. Reese and Dr. Henry M. Stine.

The faculty will include:

Officers and Faculty
—Edgar F. Smith, Ph.D., Sec. D., L. H. D., Provost; Josiah H. Penniman, Ph.D., LL.D., Vice Provost; Roswell C. McCrea, Ph.D., dean of the Wharton School and professor of Economics; Ward W. Pierson, Ph.D., professor of Business Law and chairman of the faculty; Gordon B. Anderson, B. S. in Economics, instructor in finance and secretary of the faculty; Edward S. Mead, Ph.D., professor of finance; Thomas Conway, Jr., Ph.D., professor of finance; Edward P. Moxey, Jr., A. M., Ph.D., C.M.P.A., assistant professor of accounting; G. S. Taylor, accounting; James T. Young, Ph.D., professor of public administration; J. Russell Smith Ph.D., professor of industry; Solomon S. Huebner, M. L., Ph.D., professor of insurance and commerce; John J. Sullivan, A. M., LL.B., assistant professor of corporation law; Herbert W. Hess, Ph.D., assistant professor of commerce; Scott Nearing, Ph.D., assistant professor of economics; Clyde L. King, Ph.D., assistant professor of political science; George A. MacFarland, B. S., in economics, instructor in accounting; Clarence D. Coughlin, LL.B., lecturer in commercial law; Walter L. Schanz, LL.B., lecturer in commercial law; Wendell P. Raine, B. S. in economics, A. M. instructor in commercial law; Arthur Cameron, B. S. in economics, instructor in accounting; Richard A. Stoyke, LL.B., lecturer in finance; Irving D. Rosheim, B.S. in economics, assistant in accounting; Robert J. Sterrett, A. B., LL.B., lecturer in constitutional law.

Calendar
The calendar for the year is as follows: Sept. 23 to Oct. 12, registration of candidates for admission, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 7 to 9 p. m.; Oct. 12, Monday, session begins at 7:45 p. m.; Nov. 19, Thursday, Thanksgiving recess begins, 9:45 p. m.; Nov. 26, Monday, Thanksgiving recess ends, 7:45 p. m.; Dec. 17, Thursday, Christmas recess begins, 9:45 p. m.; 1915, Jan. 4, Monday, Christmas recess ends, 7:45 p. m.; Feb. 1, Monday, second installment of tuition due; April 1, Thursday, Easter recess begins, 9:45 p. m.; April 12, Monday, Easter recess ends, 7:45 p. m.; May 24, Monday, final examinations begin, 7:45 p. m.

French and English Statements Coincide

By Associated Press
Paris, Sept. 18, 6.24 a. m. — The great battle of Aisne continues. All that is known officially of its progress is that the Germans are yielding slightly at some points on the left. Although this fact was given out officially by the French yesterday, it evidently refers to the situation on Tuesday, since it accords with the English press statement of Wednesday. The many wounded prisoners coming in from the front indicate that the allies have made the Germans give ground, later leaving their wounded behind.

The army of Crown Prince Frederick William has finally turned on its pursuers at Montfaucon, to the northwest of Verdun, encouraged no doubt by advice of reinforcements coming from the Rhine garrisons, and the line of defense is now clearly established from Noyon, sixty-five miles northwest of Paris, to Montfaucon.

In addition to the difficulty of reorganizing their forces to withstand the attack on the new line, the Germans are no doubt troubled about their rear. The resumption of activity by the Belgians means more than that its troops have had time to rest, and no doubt there is good foundation for the many rumors that King Albert's forces have been reinforced though from where is only a matter of conjecture.

Some experts still think that the battle is only intended to ensure the safety of the Crown Prince's army, which had great difficulty in disengaging itself from the defiles of the forest of Argonne and is not yet, according to opinion here, by any means safe. The prolonged rains also make it necessary to have more time in which to get the artillery out of the chalky mud of Northern and Eastern Champagne.

HAWKS DEVOURING POULTRY

Special to The Telegraph
New Germantown, Pa., Sept. 18. — Hawks are abundant in Toboyne township and are devouring the farmers' poultry. As there is a premium on only the goshawk and a fine for killing all other kinds, very few are being shot, men and boys are afraid of bringing down the wrong kind. H. N. Hart, who owns a piece of timberland near his home, says these woods are full of young hawks. Owls are also a plentiful crop and on moonlight nights their hoots can be heard in every orchard and around the buildings.



"I Saw a Funny Thing

last night," writes a Philadelphia man. "I was in the men's cafe of the ... Hotel. A few tables away, and close to a window, was a rather rough-looking man of about fifty.

on up to the sixth—he had similar mishaps. By that time, I had become tired of the spectacle, so I walked over to him, handed him a Safe Home Match and said: 'Here! Try this! It's a REAL match!'

He took a cigar out of his pocket, bit off the end, put the cigar in his mouth, took a match out of the match box, and tried to light his cigar. The match broke in two. He took another. The wind blew it out. With the third, fourth—

He lit it and, in spite of the fact that the wind was coming in the window as hard as ever, lit his cigar." Now the question is this: If one Safe Home Match will do what six ordinary matches failed to do, what is the relative value of Safe Home Matches and ordinary matches? The price is the same. But what is the relative value?

5c. All grocers. Ask for them by name.
The Diamond Match Company