# ALL THE NEWS OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

## **CHOCOLATE FACTORY** HOURS ARE CHANGED

Employes Now Begin Work at 7 A. M. Instead of 6.20

CHANGE PLEASES WORKMEN

Christmas Sale Is Profitable to the Hummelstown Dorcas Society

Hummelstown, Pa., Dec. 5.—Don't forget to attend the entertainment entitled, "Farm Folks," in the Band hall to-night, under the auspices of the I. T. I. Club of the Lutheran Sunday School.—The funeral of Solomon Cassel, of Grantville, was held Tuesday forenoon, with services in the Lutheran Church and burial in the Hummelstown Cemetery.—Pay day on the Philadelphia & Reading on Monday brought about a very noticeable stir in business.—Ross Nissley, of Elizabethtown, paid a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Nissley, this week.—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Conrad and daughter, Katherine, spent last week with friends at Washington, D. C.—The Christmas sale held on Thursday afternoon and evening the bargers Scienty of the United nast week with friends at washington, D. C.—The Christmas sale held on Thursday afternoon and evening by the Dorcas Society of the United Brethren Church was largely attended and a large amount of money realized.—The working hours at the Hershey chocolate factory have been changed from 6:20 to 7 a. m. and all those who live outside of Hershey are especially glad for the forty minutes.—George W. Cassel was on the sick list several days this week.—John Hemperly slaughtered a heavy porker on Tuesday.—J. B. Rhodes, of Harrisburg, made a trip to town on Thursday.—Oscar Skinner moved in C. H. Miller's house in East Second street.—Not for many years has the Swatara creek been so low as at present.



### Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, \*7:50 a.m., \*3:40 p.m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, \*7:50, \*11:53 a.m., \*3:40, 5:32, \*7:40, \*11:00 p.m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a.m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 a.m.
For Dilisburg at 5:03, \*7:50 and \*11:53 a.m., 2:18, \*3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p.m. m. M. All other trains daily except unday.
H. A. RIDDLE,
G. P. A.



-not brawn-that win.

CAN "make good" on a big job?

you and the Boss.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNI VERSARY OF WELL-KNOWN LEBANON CO. COUPLE



### Mr. and Mrs. John S. Risser Dauphin Girl Will Take Celebrate at Lawn Home

SATURDAY EVENING.

By Special Correspondence Lawn, Pa., Dec. 5-The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Risser was a great day for the aged bride and groom. The guests came loaded with many gifts and flowers. All the married life of this venerable All the married life of this venerable couple was lived in the same house. Those in the picture are: Mr. and Mrs. John S. Risser, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Risser, Joseph S. Risser, Christian M. Shenk, John A. Shenk, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Risser and children, Ezra S. Risser and son, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin M. Killian, John R. Killian, Pauline Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Noah W. Risser, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Risser, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Risser, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mease, Clarence Mease, T., Frank Mease, Paul Mease, Helen Risser, Abram Risser, the Rev. Speicher, John Hellman. The places represented in the gathering were Elizabethtown, Palmyra, Florin, Hummelstown, Bachmansville, Cressona, Reading, Lawn and other places.

### **Proved for Merit** 80 Years Continuous Sale

### Schenck's Mandrake Pills SUGAR COATED

Constipation, Billiousness

&c., &c.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calome
without its Mercurial after effect DO NOT GRIPE OR SICKEN DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Phila

"What d'ye KNOW?" is the



### MECHANICS' OFFICIALS Columbia Minister Is Called "Chief La AT MECHANICSBURG

Representatives of National and State Councils Visit

GIVES LECTURE ON GERMANY

Lewis M. Neiffer, of Harrisburg, Entertains Mechanicsburg Woman's Club

By Special Correspondence

Integrity Council, No. 197, Order

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Dec. 5.—A arge delegation from the councils of the order, represented in the South-

United American Mechanics, on Monday evening. About fifty members THE REV. OSCAR M. KRAYBILL

## nbia Minister Is Called "Chief Laborer" FARMERS' PARTY OLD-TIME GARMENTS

Buckwheat Cake and Sausage Sup per at the Updegrove Home

**OLD-TIME DANCES AND GAMES** 

Parent-Teachers' Association Is Organized at Tower City

By Special Correspondence

Tower City, Pa., Dec. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Updegrove were host and Dauphin Gri Will Take

Course at Wet Chester

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All nostess at an old-time farmers' party. All guests were dressed as farmers and some real old-time garments were worn. Games and old-time dances were enjoyed and a buckwheat cake



Fall term, September first. Day and night. 29th year. Harrisburg, Pa.

Business Local

KELLBERG DOESN'T CARE KEILBERG DOESN'T CARE
If the sun never shines. He can take
pictures of the finest kind with the
aid of the new powerful light that is
as efficient as sunshine in producing
the best results. Sittings every day
up to 6 o'clock. Ample facilities for
Christmas deliveries, but "procrastination is the thief of time." so do
not delay but arrange for appointments now to be assured of Christmas deliveries. Kellberg Studio, 302
Market street.



## Aunt Este's Stories For Children

My dear little ones:

I want to tell you the queer story of a few little ducklings tonight—so open wide your ears—and don't make a bit of noise until it is finished.

The Tale of Mrs. Gray Duck and Mrs. Black Hen
Once upon a time in a beautiful big Barnyard Village lived a great number of wibbley-wobbley ducks—they were queer sort of creatures, with their funny hard beaks and their webby, wobbling feet, and their beautiful glossy yellow raincoats—so that no matter where they went, or how hard it rained, they were always dry, no matter how wet the other inhabitants of Barnyard Village were.

Now among these wibbley-wobbley, webby-footed folk was an old gray duck—who hid away a nest of eggs for a long while—for you see like old Mother Hen, she was just crazy to have a family. She just thought that little yellow fuzzy-wuzzy ducks you see like old Mother Hen, she was just crazy to have a family. She just thought that little yellow fuzzy-wuzzy ducks you see like old Mother Hen was no excitement—such as rooster fights, or the dress parades of Mistress Peacock, Mother Hen and old Mrs. Gray Duck had arguments.

"You can't tell me." Mother Hen would say, "Ducks indeed! There's nothing in the world to come up to little chickens. Why a little duck's feet are enough to mark them as freaks. Just watch how much more graceful the dear baby chicks are."

"Ducks for me—every day," answered Mrs. Gray Duck, "Have you ever seen such a helpless thing as a chicken in the water?"

But as I said, Mrs. Gray Duck just hid away a whole nest of pretty big eggs—intending to hatch them out as soon as she got time. But one day Mrs. Gray Duck came to find her eggs—and what do you suppose? They were gone! Plum, gone! My but she was cross—and she was crosser than cross when she came by Mother Black Hen's house one day an found that she have been hiding are all gone—I don't see why it is some fowls have all the children and others none. Here you are again sitting on another fine hatching of eggs."

"You guess it's a fine hatching!" said Mother B

"Come over and see my new bables—they're pecking the eggs."

Poor old Mrs. Gray Duck walked sadly over and saw little
yellow heads peeping out from under Mrs. Black Hen's wings.
One after another until Mother Black Hen's wings would hardly
cover the brood.

yellow heads peeping out from under Mrs. Black Hen's wings. One after another until Mother Black Hen's wings would hardly cover the brood.

"They're fine fellows," said Mrs. Gray Duck, "In fact, they look good enough to be ducks."

Well, Mother Black Hen just too care of those little babies day after day, but neither she nor Mrs. Gray Duck ever once took a look at their feet—until one bright day—when they were quite pretty little yellow fellows—Mother Black Hen asked them to take a walk with her, and she asked Mrs. Gray Duck to go along. On they went until they came to a little stream in which Mrs. Gray Duck decided to take a ride. Old Mother Black Hen stood on the bank to watch her, and told her yellow peeps to do the same—"for," said she, "if you get near that water you'll be drowned as sure as fate."

Well, Mother Black Hen turned around and looked to her house a bit—and all of a sudden she heard a flapping of tiny wings—and would you believe it? Every one of those little babies had followed Mrs. Gray Duck right into the water. Mrs. Gray Duck screamed and Mrs. Black Hen screamed—but instead of seeing them drown—what do you suppose? They saw them swim over as gracefully as you please—off, off, down the stream.

Mrs. Gray Ducked looked at Mrs. Black Hen, and Mrs. Black Hen looked at Mrs. Gray Duck and when the babies came back they looked them over—and what do you suppose? Mrs. Black Hen had hatched them out, never knowing the difference.

Then old Mrs. Gray Duck laughed and laughed.

"They're my babies—and I never had to sit at home to hatch them out."

"They're my babies—and I never had to sit at home to hatch them out."

"They're my babies—and in helt little yellow ducks—and then Mrs. Gray Duck (Mrs. Black Hen both laughed—for of course they knew that little chickens would have said; "Peep-Peep."

"Well," said Mrs. Gray Duck, "livess we'll have to let you be foster mother to them—and we'll both look after them—you on the land and I on the water.

And so the ten little ducks had two mothers and they never kn

Box 1331, Scranton, Pa. Please explain without any obligation to me how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Never Mind How Strong You Are-

What d'ye Know?

That's the point-"What d'ye KNOW?" To-day it's a battle of wits-and brains win Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. In the fight for good jobs and big salaries it's brains

one great question that draws the line between defeat and victory — between "wages" and "salary" — between

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.

do for YOU.

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Mark and mail the attached coupon—it won't obligate you in the least—and the I. C. S. will show you how you can acquire this salary-raising ability by their timple and easy methods.

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methods.

It will cost you nothing to investigate—it may cost a life-time of remorse if you don't. Mark and Mail the Coupon

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What do YOU know? Are YOU so expert in some line of work that you can "make good" as a foreman, superintendent, or manager? If not, why don't you mark and mail the attached coupon and permit the Interna-tional Correspondence Schools to show you how you

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Refrigeration Engineer
Civil Engineer
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Poultry Farming
Plumb. & Steam Fit.
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