MASONS BANQUET ON ST. JOHN'S DAY

Good Samaritan Lodge of Gettysburg Celebrates With More Than 100 Present

OUARANTINE TO BE LIFTED

Area Affected by Cattle Disease Will Soon Be Greatly

Gettysburg, Pa., Jan. 2.—Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 338, F. and A. M. celebrated St. John's Day with a banquet at Hotel Gettysburg, on Monday evening. 104 members and invited guests were present. An excellent feast was provided for the occasion.—Tripping in some manner as she was descending the celler steps at her home. Mrs. Charles J. Tyson, fell several feet to the bottom of the flight and injured her left shoulder.—It is reported that orders modifying the quarantine for the foot and mouth disease will be issued by the State Livestock Sanitary Board and that the area now under quarantine will be considerably reduced. —At a stated meeting of Battlefield Council, No. 717, O. of I. A. Monday evening, the semiannual election was held. — The handsom ne Arendtsylle school building. To gressive School Board of that borough, at a cost each of the cold weather has brought to a standstill the work of finishing the inside of the building.—Robert Garlach, of San Menito, Texas, sent to his bunk, Mrs. Anna Kitzmiller, of Baltimore street, a Ponderoso lemon that measured 16½ inches by 16 inches, and weighed one pound and thirteen ounces. — Miss Etta Margaret Speese, of this place, and William Earl Strevig, of York, were married at the home of the bride's parents, in Hanover street, on Thursday afternoon. The

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no ment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your chil-dren trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child—the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine diffi-entities by day or night.





Perry County's Member in State Legislature Is Prominent Businessman



Never Mind How Strong You Are-

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
—not brawn—that win. "What d'ye KNOW?" is the

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

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 CAN "make good" on a big job?

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.

No matter where you live, how old you are, what hours you work, or how limited your education—if you can read and write and are ambitious to learn the I. C. S. can train you in your own home, during your spare time, for a more important and better-paying position.

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 imple and easy 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 NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

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

Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Electric Wireman
Tel. & Tel. Engineer
Architect
Architectural Draftsma
Structural Engineer
Building Contractor
Concrete Construction
Mechanical Engineer

Civil Engineer
Surveyor
Loco, Fireman & Eng.
Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
Bookkeeping
Steno. & Typewriting
Window Trimming

Show Card Writing
Advertising
Advertising
Salesmanship
Teacher
English Branches
Agriculture
Poultry Farming
Plumb. & Steam Fit.
Chemistry
Automobile Running

City State

FIREMEN MAKE 500 CHILDREN HAPPY NEW LIEUT-GOVERNOR

Christmas Gifts Distributed by the M. S. Hershey and J. E. Snyder

THE COLUMN ASSESSED ASSESSED AS SECURITY OF THE COLUMN AS A SECURITY OF THE COLUMN AS

Reinforced Concrete Bridge at Mount Holly Springs



TOWER CITY HOME

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Jones En-





329 Market St.

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

WINTER TERM SCHOOL OF COMMERCE 15 S. MARKET SQUARE HARRISBURG, PA.

And here is your LAST BARNYARD STORY. Next week I am going to start a new series for you—and it is going to be a KITCHEN SERIES. Now don't laugh—for I know you will learn you have lots of good friends among the poor dumb folk of the kitchen, as well as you have among the poor dumb folk of the kitchen, as well as you have among the beasts and birds and crawling things. Now listen to the story of

Why Speckley and Noisy Guinea Fowl Turned Blue.

Once upon a time in Barnyard Village lived Speckley Guinea. The other fowls called her Spec for short—because Speckley was too long to say when they were in a hurry. You see her mother had named her Speckley because her dress was the most speckley black and white one you ever saw—just as she had named her twin brother Noisy, because he made the most noise she had ever heard come from such a tiny mouth. But the funny thing was that she might as well have named Speckley, Noisy, and Noisy, Speckley, for all the neighbors knew no difference—for Speckley was as holsy as Noisy was, and Noisy was as speckley as Speckley was as noisy as Noisy was, and Noisy was as speckley as Speckley was like—and mostly talk allke.

But at least Speckley and her brother Noisy thought that when they grew older they would be different. For really Noisy expected he might grow a fine red beard like old Cock-a-doodle-doo, his rooster neighbor—and then he was sure folks would not always be taking him for a girl—he was tired of being called Spec. But although Noisy grew bider and older, no big red beard grew—neither did he wear a beautiful red comb on top of his head—so at last he gave up in despair and just turned up his feathers a bit when some one took him for a girl. As for Specky—she really did try hard to tone down her voice to a low sweet "cluck-cluck-cluck"—so that if ever she did have babies she could cackle lullables—but at last she too gave up and decided if one was born with a loud harsh voice, one would always have to use it. So she helped her brother and sisters warn the farmer when anyth

on they scannered—through the gate—ub the John-ver the say good-by to their folks.

"Guinea breast, good to eat! dinner party," oh, dear—oh, dear! It was dreadful and that was all there was to it."

"Come on Noisy—I'll run till I'm dead before I let those folk catch me," said Speckley.

"And so'll I," said Noisy. "And I'll yell until their ear-drums break, and they'll be glad to let me alone.

So one and on they ran, until all out of breath they stopped before a large tree." said Noisy. "Your skin's all blue under your feathers, What's," said Noisy. "Your skin's all blue under your feathers, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" shouted Speckley. "Tm scared—that's what's the matter—and you needn't say so much—if you'll look under your own feathers you'll see you are just the same."

Noisy looked and sure enough—his skin was as blue as indigo.

"It's the nature of guinea fowl to get blue when they're scared—and we surely are scared—My. I never ran so hard in my life."

"And when I get my breath I'm going to run some more," answered Noisy. "If my skin gets as blue as the sky."

And in another minute off started the twins on another grand run. Perhaps some day when you come suddenly upon a field or barnyard you will see two guinea fowl, jump in front of you screaming like mad and running for dear life. Don't try to catch them. Let the poor things go, for I think you know them to be Noisy and Speckley Guinea running from the farmer who thought Guinea breast the best meat he had ever tasted.

Lovingly,