



"Why, Honey, the flour is different that's why"

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR

makes better griddle cakes — muffins and waffles, too.

A most nutritious food — delicious and economical.

Comes in a bright red package

Coupon on top tells how to get the Funny Rag Doll Family

HOW I MADE MY HAIR GROW

Woman With Marvelously Beautiful Hair Gives Simple Home Prescription Which She Used With Most Remarkable Results

I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair. I tried many advertised hair preparations and various prescriptions, but they all signally failed; many of them made my hair greasy so it was impossible to comb it or do it up properly. I think that many of the things I tried were positively injurious and from my own experience I cannot too strongly caution you against using preparations containing wood alcohol and other poisonous substances. I believe they injure the roots of the hair. After my long list of failures, I finally found a simple prescription which I can unhesitatingly state is beyond doubt the most wonderful thing for the hair I have ever seen. Many of my friends have also used it, and obtained wonderful effects therefrom. It not only is a powerful stimulant to the growth of the hair and for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but it is equally good for removing dandruff, giving the hair life and brilliancy, etc. I do not use the purpose of keeping the scalp in good condition. It also makes the hair easier to comb and arrange in nice form. I have a friend who used it two months and during that time it has wonderfully increased its growth, and it practically restored all of his hair to its natural color. You can obtain the ingredients for making this wonderful preparation from almost any druggist. The prescription is as follows:

Bay Rum, 6 oz.; Menthol Crystals, 1/2 drachm; Lavender de Compose, 2 oz. If you like it perfumed, add 1 drachm of your favorite perfume. This, however, is not necessary. Apply night and morning, rub thoroughly into the scalp.

—Advertisement—

Don't Suffer

the distressing itching or burning sensation of FROST BITES, when, for 25c you can get a guaranteed relief in

Forney's Frost Bite Lotion

Does the work quickly.

Forney's Drug Store

426 Market Street

GENL HARTMAN

5 CIGAR

MFGD. BY C. E. BAIR & SONS

GEO. H. SOURBIER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

1310 NORTH THIRD STREET

PEPTONOL

FOR ALL AGES BOTH SEXES

RESTORATIVE-RECAPITATIVE-VITALIZER-TONIC-CORRECTIVE

AT DRUG STORES \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

THE PEPTONOL CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CREME LLAS

Non-greasy Toilet Cream — keeps the skin soft and velvety. An exquisite toilet preparation, 25c.

GORGAS DRUG STORES

16 N. Third St., and E. R. H. Station

Try Telegraph Want Ads.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

"All right, Jean; I think I understand you. I'll see what I can do today. First I must find out a few things. Drake and I will go together."

"Thanks," said the young man drily. "I have a notion that I'm about fed up with your plans and plots."

Before Wilkerson could respond with the bitter reproaches ready on his lips Mrs. Darnell interposed, curbing her own unruly temper.

"George," she said, looking at him with suddenly soft eyes, "I know just how you feel. But it means everything to me—to all of us. I have trusted you so, and if you fail me now—She threw out her arms in a gesture of pleading. Then she came closer to him.



"I've got my scheme and my man."

and whispered, "And are you going to give up the stake you are playing for? You are in love with her!"

"That's but little reason why I should help Harry here out with all kinds of preposterous plans. That one of last night nearly did for us all. If she hadn't escaped as she did the police would be at the door now."

"John Dorr is a stupid fool," Wilkerson broke in. "It's been more luck that's helped him so far. Nobody ever crossed Harry Wilkerson yet and got away with it. Old Tom Gallon found that out."

Jean Darnell glanced at his feverish eyes and understood him. She knew that the reaction from the thought that he had caused Dorr's death—the sudden surprise of finding him alive and in San Francisco—had shaken his nerve. He would hereafter seek the devious and obscure ways he knew so well. Her eyelids almost closed till she was looking at him through narrow slits. She seemed satisfied and turned to Drake. "Please do it for me," she urged again. "I know Harry has some good, safe plan in view."

Wilkerson nodded. "We'll be back before very long, Jean. Better stay right here so that I can get you on the phone if necessary."

"Oh, I'll stay here," she mocked. "That seems to be my role—staying where you put me."

He stepped very close to her and looked into her stormy eyes. "And if I put you where you most want to be in the world?"

She saw the passion flaming, as if the man's soul were on fire, and drew back fearfully. Wilkerson understood that movement and laughed grimly. She feared him, and he feasted on the terrors he inspired, even where he also loved.

Once out on the street, Drake sullenly followed his companion's lead into a still lower quarter of the town. Busy with his own thoughts and still shaken from his experiences of the morning, he did not notice that Wilkerson was evidently on the lookout for some one. Once or twice he stopped to think. Once he greeted an old acquaintance and carried on a low voiced conversation, of which Drake heard nothing except the name "Pell" and "he usually hangs out around Adam's poolroom."

When Wilkerson rejoined him Drake said peevishly, "Where to now?"

"I've got my scheme and my man," was the reply. "It'll be plain sailing from now on."

A moment later Drake was surprised to see Wilkerson step to one side directly into the path of a pale faced, quietly dressed young man of about thirty years of age. The individual stopped, stared at the man who had so rudely interrupted his walk and then recoiled.

"Harry," he stammered.

Wilkerson smiled cruelly, but said nothing. The other repeated the name and went on. "Are you here? Why are you here?"

His dread was so evident that Drake

looked at him curiously. It was strange what a number of queer acquaintances Wilkerson had and how deeply most of them seemed to fear him. He listened intently to his companion's drawing tones.

"Yes, I'm Harry Wilkerson. I was looking for you, Pell."

The man he addressed licked his dry lips and essayed a smile. "Long time I no see you?" he said in an attempt at a jesting tone.

"How long is it, now?" Wilkerson said as if to himself. "You got five years—"

"For God's sake, man, be quiet!" whispered Pell. "I—no one knows me here, and I'm on the square now too."

"You mean the police don't know you," grinned Wilkerson. "But, then, I know you, old sport. You wouldn't say now that I wasn't an old friend, would you?"

Pell grudgingly accepted the hand held out and shook it feebly.

"We'll just go to some nice place and sit down and talk over old times," Wilkerson remarked pleasantly.

"But I've got a date! I'm working downtown!" protested Pell miserably.

"Working?" demanded Wilkerson mockingly. "Since when has old Sam Pell been working? Answer! Since he was broke." He laughed loudly.

"I came out here to live on the level," pleaded the other, his foxlike face white with fear.

"Things too hot for you in the torrid east? Well, I never went back on a pal, did I, Sam? And I'm not going back on you now. I'm going to put you in the way of some coin."

At this point they turned into a small Greek cafe, and Wilkerson ordered coffee all around. When they had been served and were alone he introduced Drake and Pell and remarked to the former: "Sam Pell is known as the slickest man in his line. Ain't you, Sam?"

"I ain't working that lay any more," was the sullen answer.

Wilkerson leaned across the table, and his lean face held a very evil expression on it. "Not working? But you'd do a turn for an old friend, wouldn't you, 'specially when there's lots of good, safe money in it?"

As if hypnotized, Pell stared into the dark eyes fixed on his and swallowed chokingly.

"I knew you would," said Wilkerson, willfully misinterpreting his inarticulate groan. "Now to business, Sam!"

"Henry?" gasped the other. "My name's Henry now. Don't call me Sam."

"Well, Henry," said Wilkerson soothingly. "I declare, I do forget names so easily. Now, I want to explain my little proposition. It's just in your line, Sam—Henry."

Pell bit his finger nails and squirmed on his seat. But when the man opposite him casually pulled out a heavy purse and as he heard the clink of gold he subsided.

Very rapidly and curtly Wilkerson told him of the existence of a bundle of papers that he wished to "recover." He laid only enough emphasis on their character to enable Pell to identify them on sight and concluded by saying: "It's worth money in your pocket to locate them and get them back. Find a girl named Ruth Gallon in one of the hotels here. She has the papers."

Pell rose nervously. "Not for me, Wilkerson."

Wilkerson rose, too, quite undisturbed. "We'll just walk down the street, apiece with you, Sam—Henry, and I can explain a little more clearly."

The outcome was that half an hour later Pell took \$50 advance from Wilkerson and promised to recover the papers for him. Before they parted the latter made several little jokes which Drake could not see the point of, but which seemed to make Pell kick with terror.

"Who is that fellow?" Drake demanded as they were returning to their lodgings.

Harry Wilkerson laughed bitterly. "The best hotel worker and second story man in America," he replied.

"But he's lost his nerve."

"I don't like the way we're getting mixed up with all sorts of crooks in this business," said Drake crossly. "I went into this to oblige Jean and—"

"Help yourself," Wilkerson finished for him. "I notice that Mrs. Darnell and I are putting up the coin and doing the work so far. Where's your kick?"

The evil spell that Wilkerson had cast over so many weaklings closed about George Drake, and he was silent.

Just how it was that she found her self again in the same room in the hotel Ruth could not have told after her terrible experiences of the night and morning. But John had hurried her into a cab, ordered it driven to the Marx and quickly made arrangements for Ruth to occupy his room with a maid to look after her.

(To Be Continued Friday)

DAUPHIN MUTUAL ELECTS

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Dauphin County Mutual Fire Insurance Company to-day the following officers were re-elected: President, Calvin S. Cassel, West Hanover township; secretary, Samuel S. Miller, Penbrook, and treasurer, John H. McInchey, this city. The board of trustees include these officers and Isaac S. Hoffman, Halifax; M. D. Monawitz, Millersburg; A. S. Ritzman, Gratz, and H. H. Hain, Penbrook.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Hitchcock*

DR. PRUMBAUGH IS VERY PLAIN TALKER

Tells Philadelphians That They Can Have His Support if They Play Fair

"In Harrisburg, as in Philadelphia, people will find it easy to work with me if they work in the square, honest, open light, but if they try to put over anything on me they will find me just as stubborn a Dutchman as ever lived."

In this fashion Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, last night served notice on folks that just as long as they work for the good and welfare of Pennsylvania they will have his co-operation; but that if measures detrimental to the interests of the State were brought forward they would meet with his vigorous opposition.

The address by Governor-elect Brumbaugh was the principal feature of a dinner tendered to him by those who were members of his "official family" during the years he served Philadelphia as the superintendent of public schools.

In his speech he said:

"I am going to have certain facts known throughout the entire Commonwealth. I mean every word that I said to the people of this State a few weeks ago and I am going to fight to get them until they come. In going to Harrisburg I am not looking for a comfortable position. I do not care for the honors, great as they are. But now that the opportunity is presented, I have a most sincere desire to make good, for the sake of the teaching body of this great city and State, for the fact remains that I am a school teacher and proud of it."

"I have loaned myself for a little while to politics, so that I might see how the game goes. After that I shall retire again to syntax and algebra."

"You people have seen me in action in Philadelphia and you will see me in action soon in Harrisburg. Although the Legislature only assembled to-day, there has already been a little action."

"I ask your sympathy, support and confidence and request that you suspend judgment until the ninth inning before deciding whose game it is."

The former superintendent of schools paid a high tribute to those who were associated with him in his school work, and particularly to Dr. William C. Jacobs, who on Monday was selected by the board of education as his successor. He declared:

"I am glad to see that one of my own family has become my successor. Now the continuity of purpose will be carried on. I am glad that the board of education had sense enough to see that they had men just as good, just as wise, right here at home as some others may have appeared to be when still in the far distance."

Civic Club Sues New York Trust Co. to Get the Fleming Residence

Suit to gain possession of No. 621 North Front street, the property bequeathed by Mrs. William B. Fleming last June to the Civic Club of Harrisburg was begun to-day by the club against Frank Payne, the tenant.

The action was instituted by Attorney John Fox Weiss and primarily is intended to recover several months' rent. Mrs. Fleming died in New York last June and the Central Trust Company of New York was appointed executor and trustee. It refused to turn over the Front street property to the Civic Club, however, on the ground that the organization was not incorporated at the time of Mrs. Fleming's death. Since then the Civic Club has been incorporated and wants title to the property.

Mr. Payne has a lease which does not expire until next year. He is willing to pay rent but is at a loss as to whom he shall pay it, whether to the Civic Club or the New York Trust Company. The question will now be tested in the courts.

PALMER AND RUPLEY SAY PENROSE SPENT MILLION

Washington, D. C., Jan. 6.—Representatives Palmer and Rupley, of Pennsylvania, alleged before the Senate elections committee to-day that more than a million dollars was spent on behalf of Senator Penrose in his recent successful campaign for reelection. They didn't say anything about the vast sums spent by the Democratic committee to defeat the Senator. The committee deferred action until Mr. Penrose could be asked if he wishes to appear.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

Whenever you feel a cold coming on, think of the full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on box. 25c.—Advertisement.

AMUSEMENTS

Photo Play Today

EVERLYN NESBIT THAW AND HER SON

RUSSELL WILLIAM THAW

Featured in a 5-act Lubin Drama,

"Threads of Destiny"

TOMORROW

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN Featured in "Every Woman's Choice"

Palace Theater

333 Market St.

TO-DAY

Miss Belle Bennett, Henry King and Henry Stanley in a gripping 3-reel film play.

"BITTER SWEETS."

produced by the Nemo Film Co.

Miss Carol Hathaway in 2-reel detective drama by theclair company.

"A GAME OF WITS."

Frontier Western drama.

"HER HIGHER AMBITION."

Admission, 10c. Children, 5c.

RECOVERS FROM ACCIDENT

Richard Klester, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Klester, 17 South 35th street, is recovering from the effects of an automobile accident several weeks ago, in which he sustained a fracture of the leg. He was hit by an automobile owned by the Schmidt Bakery, on Eighth street, opposite the Forney school building.

WITNESSES FROM FLORIDA

Witnesses from Florida will be subpoenaed to attend court next week and testify in the case of H. R. Mercer and Harry LeBarr, charged with forgery and false pretense. Detective Joseph Blach left last night for Jacksonville, Fla., to serve papers on the witnesses.

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HEINZ Spaghetti

COOKED READY TO SERVE

In place of a vegetable with meat for dinner—as an entree for an important dinner—as a main dish for supper or luncheon—as a cold dish for a picnic.

There are a dozen ways to use it, and it is good to eat in all the ways.

ONE OF THE 57

MOTHER! GIVE CROSS SICK CHILD ONLY "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

If peevish, feverish, tongue coated, give "fruit laxative" at once

No matter what ails your child a laxative should be the first treatment given.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign your "little one's" stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. I am kind to see that your child doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, system full of cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in just a few hours all

the clogged-up, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless fruit laxative. Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Advertisement.

AGED WOMAN SAVED FROM FIRE BY BOY PENNSY DEBT MAY BE RAISED \$100,000,000

Youth Carries Mrs. Ida Blair From Burning House in Early Morning Blaze

An aged woman was severely burned when the flying head of a match set fire to a curtain in the home of A. C. Blair, 615 Schuykill street, early this morning. Adjoining houses were damaged by fire and an explosion of artificial gas.

Mrs. Ida C. Blair, aged 62, was unable to sleep because of illness and she attempted to light the gas. The head flew from the match and she attempted to smother the flames with her night clothing.

Her screams summoned Claude Lentz, 18 years old, from next door, who carried her to the street. Mrs. Blair was taken to the hospital, where she is suffering from burns of the face, arms, feet, hands and shoulders.

MUST FILE TAXES

The Public Service Commission to-day decided that the railroad companies which yesterday made an application for authority to establish, upon their lines, an increase of 2 percent, in rates for the intrastate transportation of freight, must file and post tariffs for thirty days, the statutory period, before becoming effective.

WHEAT AT DECLINE

Chicago, Jan. 6.—For the first time since the beginning of 1915 the wheat market to-day started at a decline as compared with the previous night. Opening quotations this morning were down 5-8@3-4 to 1 5-8@13-4.

AMUSEMENTS

Opheum

Harry Fern & Co. in

"VETERANS"

Mellough's

"School Playgrounds"

Cheebert's Manchurians

and a Big Show that will please everybody and maybe break another record.

MAJESTIC THEATER

TO-NIGHT—LAST TIME

REAL PICTURES OF REAL WAR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE'S

BELGIAN BATTLEFIELD

MOTION PICTURES

50 Per Cent. of the Sale of the Pictures is given to the Belgian Red Cross.

WAR AS IT ACTUALLY IS.

PRICES 25c, 25c, 15c

Country Store

Fix it so as you will be able to see

George the Fixer

the early half of this week and don't forget to SHOP EARLY

at the Colonial's Wednesday Evening

Twin Beds

FUNNIEST FARCE IN YEARS

PRICES: Mat. 25c to \$1.00; Eve. 25c to \$1.50.

Harry K. Thaw

In Movies Today

2 OTHER GOOD FEATURES

PENNSY DEBT MAY BE RAISED \$100,000,000

Stock