

# Don't Waste \$10

The Oftener You Read That Headline the More the Message Will Impress You

## "Don't Waste \$10"

How apt is its application to the man who has for years paid \$20 for his clothes! Each season he gets a suit, and each time he feels that he must pay \$20 or he won't get his money's worth, and so often does this performance occur that it almost becomes a fixed habit.

But WONDER CLOTHES will break you of that habit. They are \$20 clothes in every essential and detail, except in price.

We Make Wonder Clothes Ourselves and thereby effect a tremendous saving. We have no fancy (and costly) frills of any kind—just guaranteed \$20 clothing sold direct to you at a positive saving of \$10.

NO ALTERATION CHARGES  
NO EXTRA OF ANY KIND

REMEMBER

It Is Satisfaction or Money Back

No More No Less \$10 No More No Less

# The Wonder

211 Market Street

## IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache is sign you have been eating too much meat.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Advertisement.

## Child Labor Bill Is Amended in Committee as Manufacturers Desire

It was learned to-day from a trustworthy authority that the Senate Judiciary special committee, which considered the Cox child labor bill, in executive session last night voted to amend the bill in several particulars, such as increasing the hours from 51 to 54 a week and from 9 to 10 a day, also reducing the age at which boys may sell newspapers from 12 to 10 years. The vote, it is said, was 9 to 6.

The committee decided not to report the bill to the Senate this week. Governor Brumbaugh had urged members of the committee to report the bill as it had passed the House.

### FRENCH AND JOFFRE: A COMPARISON

It is interesting to find the two great Allied Commanders compared in Cecil Chubb's biography of Sir John French (Stokes). In many ways, French bears, in character and temperament, a striking resemblance to his colleague in arms—General Joffre. Although Joffre is three inches taller than French—he is five feet nine—he is otherwise very similar in appearance. There is the same short, powerful physique, the narrow neck supported by a massive head and heavy jaw, and the same broad forehead, with bushy eyebrows. Neither of these men rule armies of undreamt proportions in the least degree of self-assertive. Indeed, both tend to be listeners rather than talkers. Both have the same trick of making instantaneous decisions. Both seem to be merely "smart" in outward appearance; both are devoted to efficiency in detail, and most suggestive of all, each finds himself eternally compared to General Grant! Probably the latter's dogged personality forms the best possible common denominator for these two remarkable men.

### WHO WON WATERLOO?

[From the British Weekly.]

Some few years ago, in the south of England, three men who were traveling were interested in the entrance of a stranger just as the train was starting. His bag and sword-case indicated that he was a military man, and after a moment he said, "That was a close shave, I've been waiting for you, and specially wanted to catch this train." Said one of the other men, "I am glad you have joined us, for we have been warmly discussing the comparative merits of Napoleon and Wellington. As a military man, we should like your opinion as to which of these was the greater general strategically. We are of opinion that Wellington was the greater. With considerable skill and gracefulness the stranger proved that strategically Napoleon held the grant! Probably the latter's dogged personality forms the best possible common denominator for these two remarkable men.

### MINERS' BILL PASSES

The bill which provides for bringing the anthracite mine workers under the proposed workmen's compensation law was passed finally by the Senate to-day and sent to the House.

### RACING BILL DEFEATED

The bill providing for a state racing commission, which was recently defeated and reconsidered, was again defeated in the Senate to-day, 21 to 25. It is now dead.

### BOXING BILL IS DEAD

The bill to create a commission to regulate boxing and wrestling and allowing ten-round bouts was defeated in the Senate to-day, 17 to 19.

## PEEVISH, CONSTIPATED CHILDREN LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Harmless "fruit laxative" cleanses stomach, liver and bowels

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has stomach ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in just a few hours all the foul, con-

stipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless fruit laxative; they love its delicious taste and it always makes them feel splendid.

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

# Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Copyright 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

The sharp featured woman with the long nose and the high arched brows rolled her electric coupe up to the door of her own house and went into the parlor.

June closed her eyes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and, running to the door, placed the tilted back of a chair beneath the knob; then she stood for a moment in earnest thought. She walked slowly to the wardrobe and opened it. Half a dozen pretty costumes hung there. She was about hastily to bring down the least conspicuous of these, and she chose instead one of the most elaborate, an afternoon gown richly trimmed with fur. With feverish speed she donned this exquisite garment, congratulating herself that it fitted her beautifully.

In the parlor Orin Cunningham sat with two young women. The young man was playing the piano, and a third young woman in the middle of the floor was laughing and executing a fancy dance step. Over by the window stood Gilbert Blye with Mrs. Russel. In his hand he held a tiny gold watch, and in the open lid there smiled a portrait of lovely June Warner.

"She is simply stunning," said Mrs. Russel appreciatively. "Do you suppose she will live here?"

Gilbert Blye smiled, and, shutting the watch with a decisive click, he put it in his pocket and walked into the hall. As he started up the stairs he stopped, surprised by the beautiful figure which emerged from a room and came down toward him with queenly grace. It was June, an entrancing vision of loveliness in her borrowed finery, and in her eyes was a new light.

"Will you give me a cigarette, please?" she gayly requested him, and he looked at her in astonishment.

"Why—why, yes," he stammered.

He produced his case, and she took a cigarette. Still studying her curiously, he lit his pocket lighter for her, and a slight frown twitched upon his brow as, puckering her beautiful red lips, she blew a long thin stream of blue smoke into his face.

"Come on," she called, and taking his arm, she tripped smilingly into the parlor, with a sidelong glance, however, as she left the hall, at the stalwart attendant who guarded the front door.

"Whose dress am I wearing?" she cheerfully demanded.

"It's mine," said one of the girls, jumping up from the side of Cunningham and winking all around her. "But, honey, I'm bound to say that it looks better on you than it does on me." And there was a trace of envy in the compliment.

"By George, you're a dream!" said Orin Cunningham, who had been too much astonished to rise until now, and, with a sidelong glance at Gilbert Blye, he walked across to her, and from his pocket he drew a long white leather case closed with a golden clasp. He opened it, drew something from it and, his eyes sparkling, held up a string of milk white pearls.

"How about it?"

She flashed her large, lustrous eyes at him, and her rosy lips parted in a smile; then she looked at Gilbert Blye. He hesitated a moment and nodded. Then she bent her head, and Cunningham threw the string of pearls around her beautiful white neck.

She put her arm through his and merrily danced across the room to a mirror, where with sparkling eyes she admired the pretty bauble.

"I think I'll have a cocktail, please," she said, turning suddenly to Mrs. Russel. "Why has no one offered me one?"

"Bless your heart, honey," laughed Mrs. Russel. "I didn't suppose you knew how to drink a cocktail."

June was a bubble, a sprite, a dancing effervescence, a gay little tantalization, until Mrs. Russel returned with cocktails for all of them. June drank hers with enchanting abandon.

Suddenly she whirled to the door and Cunningham was after her in a flash.

"No, no," she laughingly cried. "I'm going to surprise you. You must stay in here and wait."

"Not me," laughed Cunningham. "Then I won't surprise you." And she flounced into a chair with a pretty pout.

"Here, Cunningham," called the young man who had followed June. "we want that surprise."

"Sit down, Cunningham," said Blye, and he indicated where Cunningham was to sit while he held back the portieres for June to pass.

She stopped in the curtains.

"Now, mind, none of you is to come! And have another cocktail ready for me!" She whispered something in Blye's ear as she hurried into the hall.

He put his head out, however, and looked at the liveried attendant. That stalwart person stood stiffly at the door and cast his gloomy eyes on June. He was the type of man who would as lief murder a beautiful woman as an ugly one.

Halfway up the stairs June turned and found the eyes of the stalwart guard fixed steadfastly upon her. She smiled sweetly at him and beckoned. He hesitated a moment, then came stalking slowly to her. So long as she was within reach of him he need not be within reach of the door.

"What's your name?" and, folding her hands together, she beamed down at the big lout.

"Christian," and he actually grinned.

"Well, Christian, now listen," and she held up a warning finger. "I want you to help me play a little trick. Come on and I'll show you." She turned and tripped lightly up the stairs.

Christian, however, turned and stalked to the parlor and poked his yellow head between the portieres.

"It's mine," said one of the girls, shutting the window jamb, and dropped their bolt in place.

On the bed were the coat and hat which she had laid out. She grabbed these up and then, with a quick glance about her, closed her door softly from the outside and tiptoed down the stairs. She scarcely breathed as she slipped past the parlor portieres and covered the slight cough which she could not repress. Her touch upon the locks of the heavy front door was as deft and as light as a feather. As the big door swung slowly June stifled a shriek with the sharp intake of her breath. The portieres had swayed, and an elbow had come through! But it was only the young man with the fat little girl called Maizie, and June slipped out through the narrow crack which would accommodate her body. Closing the door behind her with a touch as soft as the breath of summer, June hurried lightly down the steps, crouching close to the stone wall.

"She wants me to help play a trick," he announced, and they all laughed.

"It's a safe trick if you help," chuckled Cunningham, and Blye motioned his assent. Thereupon Christian stalked up the stairs and entered the room where June stood anxiously awaiting him.

Her silvery little laugh came as she saw him, and she ran lightly to the window and threw it open. There was a tiny balcony outside which was entirely isolated and quite high above the street.

"Now, just stand out there," she directed, and he stepped obediently out. Gently she lowered the window.

"I'll tell you what to do next," she laughed, nodded to him and turned the window lock; then she slid the steel fire

shutters, which she had discovered in the window jamb, and dropped their bolt in place.

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Then, casting over her shoulder one glance, in which was all the agony of terror, she trusted to her heels and ran up the street at top speed. As she neared the corner she turned and looked back. The stalwart Christian, with his face to the window, was patiently waiting for instructions.

### CHAPTER III.

THE black curtained limousine, its bit of filmy gauze fluttering at the door and Bill Wolf holding on to the spare tires for dear life, swept from the road down into the long private drive to a beautiful residence overlooking the river, and Bill Wolf, with a long sigh of relief, prepared to unbend at last from his stiffening position. The car, however, never slackened. As it dashed past the porte-cochere its pale faced Italian driver bent and looked at his clock and swept around on the other side of the long curve just as the family car of the Moores whirled into the drive. The handsome collic yelped as he recognized the familiar spot, and the five people in the family car looked at each other in perplexity as Jerry curved round back to the road. How peculiar! The black curtained limousine was apparently heading into the city again, and a curved limousine came into the broad back of faithful Bill Wolf.

In the ornately decorated parlor Mrs. Russel served the cocktails and started upstairs with June's. They stopped her at the portieres.

"She's not to be disturbed," they all told her in their different forms of speech.

June Warner had fled far away from that section, hurrying on and on as if she could not put enough distance between herself and that hateful scene. She was in the more densely populated district now, on a street of cheap shops and rickety tenements, and the fourth or fifth pawnshop which she passed gave her a happy idea. She looked in at the next one. It was repulsive looking. She remembered a cleaner one which she had passed and went back to it. She hesitated a moment, then went boldly in.

There she found a pudgy, bowlegged little man.

"Is it anything I can do, miss?" he asked her.

"How much will you give me for this, please?" and from her hair she took an exquisitely carved tortoise shell comb studded with blue stones.

The pudgy little man glanced at it indifferently.

"Half a dollar, maybe."

"Oh!" And June picked up the comb in dismay. "Why, these are real sapphires. The comb cost—"

"Excuse me," the pudgy little man grabbed the comb from her hand and

trotted nimbly to the window, screwing a jeweler's glass in his bulging eye as he went. "Oh, \$8, maybe!"

"Why, the comb cost?"

"Sorry, lady," and rubbing his pudgy hands together, he smiled ingratiatingly at her, "but by the time you dig them little stones and sell them you waste so much labor that if I'd give you \$8.25 I'd lose money, maybe."

June slowly picked up the comb. She was outside the door before he called her back.

"Wait!" He smiled ingratiatingly at her. "You need the money, lady?"

"Very much, I fear," she confessed.

"And would you give me your promise that you take up the loan some time, with the interest?"

"Oh, yes!" This very eagerly. "The comb is a keepsake."

The pudgy little man sighed, and his face was full of sympathy.

"Then I give you \$8.50."

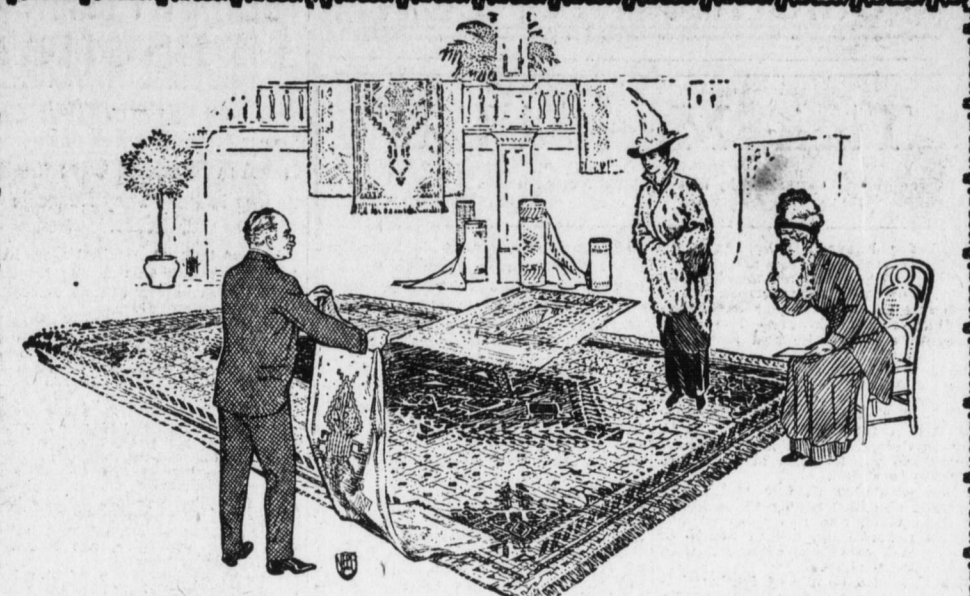
See Runaway June in motion pictures every Monday at the Victoria Theater. The pictures each week portray the episode published in the Telegraph the week previous.—Advertisement.

Runaway June will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

[To Be Continued.]

### PARTY PLACE BILL PASSED

The bill arranging the party name on election ballots according to the last general election instead of the last presidential election, as now provided by law, passed the Senate finally to-day and was sent to the House. The bill would put the Republican party back in the first column.



## ROYAL BENGAL RUGS

For those of Oriental taste, the Royal Bengal Rug is the only rug that possesses real convincing Oriental atmosphere in every detail. For those who pride themselves in possessing what is new and different—what is not seen in every neighbor's home—the Royal Bengal is the rug.

Made of best selected wool, and steadfast dyes. We know of no rug other than a hand made Oriental that will give as good service.

Made in Saruk's, Kazak, Kermanshah and Serebund pattern, sizes 27x54, 4x7, 8x10, 9x12 and runners 30 inches wide. Special sizes made to order.

- Body Brussels RUGS, 6-9x9 . . . . . \$13.50
- Body Brussels RUGS, 8-3x10-6 . . . . . \$20.00
- Grass Rugs, 6x9 . . . . . \$4.75
- Grass Rugs, 9x12 . . . . . \$7.50
- Inlaid Linoleum, Sq. Yd. . . . . \$1.00



A Large six-foot EXTENSION TABLE, solid oak, highly polished, 42-inch top, when closed, with an 8-inch round pedestal

GENUINE LEATHER ROCKER, large and massive; designed for rest and comfort; black or Spanish leather; best spring construction . . . . . \$21.60

## Leonard Cleanable One Piece Porcelain Lined REFRIGERATORS

The highest grade household Refrigerator built. Exclusive patented features not found in any other refrigerator; saves ice; prevents food spoilage; affords conveniences that are alone worth its full price.

Top Icer . . . . . \$6.50 up

Side Icer . . . . . \$18.00 up

ICE CHESTS \$6.75, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$13.50, \$15.50, \$19.50

YOU SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE EXPERIENCE THAT MADE POSSIBLE SUCH VALUES THROUGHOUT OUR WHOLE STORE

## The House of Liberal Credit

# ROTHERT COMPANY

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

1900 Washers \$7.50 \$10.00 \$12.50

FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL STOVES Blue Flame Smokeless Wickless

## CHILD LABOR LOCKS SENATE COMMITTEE

### Vare and Grundy in Sharp Tilt When Bill Is Under Discussion

The Senate Judiciary special committee, after deliberating for nearly two hours in executive session last night on the Cox child labor bill, favored by Governor Brumbaugh, did not announce its decision on the matter of reporting it to the Senate.

It was reported that the committee could not be confirmed.

Senator Snyder, of Schuylkill, chairman of the committee, said there was "nothing to report." All the members of the committee were pledged to secrecy as to what occurred in the committee.

Governor Brumbaugh had requested that the bill be reported to the Senate as it passed the House. Senator Snyder, who is opposed to the measure as it stands, had announced that he would try to amend it in committee and it was expected the proposed act would be brought out in some form.

Vare and Grundy Tilt

A sharp tilt between Edwin H. Vare, of Philadelphia, and Joseph R. Grundy, of Bristol, president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, was one of the features of the hearing before the committee, before the body went into executive session.

The hearing was open to all persons who desired to be heard for or against the measure, but as no one appeared for the bill, the time of the committee was taken up with hearing those who

objected to certain features of the proposed act.

It was at the very close of the hearing that Senator Vare asked permission to say a few words. He declared that in his experience as a legislator there has not been a bill presented in the Legislature in the interest of better working hours and conditions for children that did not meet the opposition of manufacturers. This aroused the ire of Mr. Grundy, who, interrupting and with some heat, declared that the manufacturers were now here in the interest of a bill that was more liberal than the one Mr. Vare voted for at the last session of the Legislature and that for Senator Vare "to have the effrontery" to say the manufacturers were opposed to all child labor legislation was at "variance with the facts."

This stirred up Mr. Vare, who, thumping the desk in front of him, vehemently declared that two years ago he and Senator McNichol fought for the bill regulating the working hours for women, section by section, against the opposition of the manufacturers, to reduce the working hours from sixty to fifty-four a week. Mr. Vare then went on to say that it was time for Pennsylvania to enact a good child labor law as other States had done. He read a letter from a University of Pennsylvania professor to Governor Brumbaugh in which the writer had commended the Governor for the stand he had taken on the question of child labor.

Here Mr. Grundy got to his feet to speak, declaring that he desired to correct a statement made by Mr. Vare that he (Vare) had fought to reduce the hours in the child labor bill from sixty to fifty-four. The bill provided for fifty-five, Mr. Grundy said, and was finally reduced to fifty-four.

Senator Vare insisted he was correct in his statement and further said that he "went down on his knees" two years ago and pleaded with Mr. Grundy to accept 8 1/2 hours in the child labor bill then before the Legislature. There was some further colloquy between the two men before the hearing adjourned.

The hearing was held in the Senate chamber. Chairman Snyder, in opening the hearing, said that the committee would first hear those who favored the bill. No one appeared to speak for the bill and the committee proceeded to listen to those who favored amending the measure.