

BIG EATERS GET KIDNEY TROUBLE SAYS AUTHORITY

Take a tablespoonful of Salts to flush Kidneys if Back hurts.

Omit all meat from diet if you feel Rheumatic or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from over-work, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time. — Advertisement.

Aeroplane Flights at Newport Fair Next Week

Special to The Telegraph

Newport, Pa., Oct. 9.—Next week the thirtieth annual Perry county fair will be held on the society's grounds here, beginning Tuesday and continuing until Friday. Secretary Stephens and his committees have been busy for weeks getting things into shape and the prospects for the best and greatest fair ever held here are very bright.

John Domenjas a Swiss by birth, who has been for two years attached to the Bleriot factory and who at one time was professor at Pegoud will give two or more aeroplane flights daily during the fair with a machine equipped with a 60 horsepower "Gnome" motor. He classifies his flying in four parts, namely, ordinary flying, flying upside down, loop-the-loop and volplaning.

CASCARETS SELL TWENTY MILLION BOXES PER YEAR

Best, safest cathartic for liver and bowels, and people know it.

They're fine! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy or constipated.



Enjoy life! Keep clean inside with Cascarets. Take one or two at night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand. Your head will be clear, your tongue clean, breath right, stomach sweet and your liver and thirty feet of bowels active. Get a box at any drug store and straighten up. Stop the headaches, bilious spells, bad colds and bad days—Brighten up. Cheer up. Clean up! Mothers should give a whole Cascaret to children when cross, bilious, feverish or if tongue is coated—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.—Advertisement.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915. TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:03, 7:52 a. m., 3:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 7:03, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 2:46, 3:27, 7:46, 11:00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:16, 3:26, 6:30, 9:55 a. m. For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 3:16, 3:40, 5:37 and 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. H. TONGE, H. A. RIDGLE, G. F. A.

School of Commerce

Trout Building, Phone, Bell 1940. 25 So. Market Square, Harrisburg, Pa. Fall term begins: Day School, September 1; Night School, September 6. Office open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone, write or call for catalog or further information.

Harrisburg Business College Day and Night School

Sept. 7, 1915 Business, Shorthand and Civil Serv.

Office Training School

Kaufman Bldg., 4 S. Market Sq. NOW IN SESSION Day School and Night School Call or send for 32-page booklet—Bell phone 694-R.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catapaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne

"Serve us nothing," said the ensign sternly. "We are looking for a smuggler who you have got. He is here. We know he is here and we are going to get him."

Meantime Hernandez had entered the room where he had confined Annette. Once more he locked the door behind him and without a word crossed the floor toward her. Annette had made up her mind just what to do. She must fight with a woman's weapons and she had a woman's weapon—a hat pin.

She waited until Hernandez was within three feet of her, then she raised the weapon and sunk it deep into his outstretched arm.

His face white with anger, Hernandez caught her roughly by the throat. But he had forgotten something—forgotten that she had inherited tremendous strength. Young and graceful as she was, her every muscle was well trained. With one strong sweep of her arm, she threw him off and then plunged into a fight, the fight of a wildcat against a wolf. She tore at his face and head, clutching for his eyes, trying for a hold upon his ears. Time and again she repulsed him, then with one wild clutch she caught him by the hair and held him with a strong grip of her right hand while she pummeled his face with a small but energetic left.

Hernandez retreated to the door, unlocked it and gave vent to a low whistle. His whistle was immediately answered. Ponto entered the room, dragging with him the huge brute. "Seize her," he demanded of the brute.

The girl stared at this huge figure with terror in her eyes.

The brute started across the floor, and then whimpering, with hands hanging at his sides, turned away from her. Hernandez nodded to his assistant, Ponto. Ponto drew his ever-ready whip and lashed the brute into obedience. The huge man, still whimpering, caught the girl in his arms and held her.

Hernandez, without the slightest compunction, tore open Annette's waist.

"You vixen," said Hernandez between his teeth, "I will get that map if I have to fave you."

Meantime, one by one, on the lower floor, the ensign's cohorts had struggled in. Each saluted as he came.

"It's no use," they whispered to the ensign. "Solinger's got us beat. We can't find anything."

Neal was the last to come. He had made a thorough search.

A seaman ran lightly up the steps into the office and saluted.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I found this in a crevice in a rock behind the house. It looks bad, sir."

He handed over the message which Annette had scrawled upon the card of Irene Courtier—the message that she was confined in an upper room,

the room with the barred windows in the rear.

"The handkerchief is tied there, sir," exclaimed the seaman, "and I feel sure that we can locate the room."

The ensign read the card and handed it to Neal. Neal touched his hat.

"May I—do I have to wait for orders, sir?" he cried.

"No," roared the ensign.

They reached the third floor corridor and darted into an open room and thrust heads out of an unbarred window. The sailor plucked Neal by the sleeve.

"There," he whispered. "It's next door to this. The two windows, the bars and the handkerchief tied on. Come on."

They darted out once more into the corridor. There was no door, no opening; but this mattered not to Neal. He stepped to the far end of the hall and seized a fire ax, which hung

and it was the voice of a girl beside herself with agony and fear. "Neal, it is I—Annette. Come, for God's sake, come."

Neal delivered one more crashing blow, then he motioned to his fellows. "Come, boys," he said, "there's not a second to lose. This thing has got to go."

The corridor was fairly broad. The little squad of sailors withdrew and huddled against the opposite wall. Then as one man this human battering ram lunged and lurched across the hall and propelled itself against the already splintered partition.

With a crash the secret door went down, and with a bound Neal was in the room. Annette, her dress torn, her hair disheveled, struggled with the brute in one corner of the room. Ponto had released her. With a bound he crossed the room and jerked aside the fireplace, disclosing a secret exit. He crawled through the aperture and disappeared.

Hernandez, stupefied with astonishment, yet had an expression of triumph and glee upon his face. He was thrusting a yellow parchment into his pocket. Annette with a final struggle slipped from the brute's grasp and darted toward Hernandez, calling to Neal.

"Neal, Neal," she cried, "he's got my father's map."

With one spring Neal was upon Hernandez. He snatched back the hand with which Hernandez was pushing the map into his pocket. The map came out torn and crumpled. Annette, beside herself, snatched at it with both hands. Neal grabbed at it and also got a hold. Hernandez still held it in his iron clutch.

All this took place in an instant. In another instant the three had fallen back, each in a separate direction. The map had parted and each clutched a piece of it.

Hernandez, with an oath, turned and dived into the secret passageway.

Five minutes later the fastest boat along the shore—the boat which Inez Castro called her own—was chugging out to sea with three figures huddled in her bottom—the brute and Ponto and their chief, Hernandez. They had wriggled somehow through the surrounding circle, had zig-zagged in and out of shots—had made good their escape.

When the chase was over Neal returned and half apologized to Inez.

"Sorry, Miss Courtier," he said, "but they've made away with your fast motorboat. We couldn't get to ours in time. We landed half a mile or so just up the shore. How do you feel?"

"Better," exclaimed Inez. "It's the excitement, the noise, the pistol shots—they have made me well again."

Neal thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled forth a crumpled piece of parchment.

"What did you get, Annette?" he inquired.

Annette thrust her hand into her dress and pulled forth her own tattered portion. Inez, watching, bent her head to listen. Neal and Annette spread their two pieces of the map out upon the little stand. Between them they had the bulk of the lower portion of the map. It was a blank surface, save for three things—a little tail of the island sticking down and the words "longitude" and "latitude," and nothing else. Annette laughed in glee.

"We've got everything we want," she said to Neal. "What is here is important. What the man with the saber cut upon his face has got is of no use to him or us. We beat him to it, Neal, we beat him to it."

Over on the bed Inez, in her cringing attitude, still listened, wondering

(To Be Continued.)

THE PANAMA CANAL AT WORK

[Continued from Editorial Page.]

By Frederic J. Haskin

strata of soil and clay and broken and metamorphosed rock lying like a cape over the shoulders of the mountain. Take a round iron bar to represent the igneous core of Culebra Mountain and pour a handful of earth over it, and you will see exactly the relation of this soft material to the core of the range. You will likewise see that if you file a cut through this bar you would have a nice clean hole through the iron but the dirt would come sliding down. Thus, you would have a perfect miniature of the slides at Culebra.

This is the situation to-day. For twenty-two hours out of twenty-four they are digging mud out of the cut with four dipper dredges, one suction and one ladder dredge. There are three shifts of men for each dredge, and they have been working from twenty-two to twenty-four hours a day, seven days in the week, ever since October, 1912. This equipment is digging out 30,000 cubic yards of earth and rock every day at an expense of about \$12,000. This \$12,000 is almost half of the operating expense of the canal. The cost per cubic yard is from thirty to forty cents, which is about one-half that of dry excavation. The spoil of the dipper dredges is hauled to Gatun lake and dumped. That from the suction dredges is pumped into the Rio Grande a river over the hill from the canal.

But in addition to eating up all the profits, the slides are delaying the

ships. November 1 has been set as the date when the canal will be clear after the last great movement of the slides, which is the most serious that has occurred since its opening. Besides this last movement, there has been one delay of a week, and no others of more than two or three days' duration.

So the slides are the crux of the whole situation. When they are conquered the biggest operating expense will be done away with, and all delay and hindrance to navigation will be gone. What then, are the prospects for complete and final conquest of the slides at Culebra?

Will Conquer Them

The engineers who have been working upon these slides through all the years from the early construction days who have thought again and again that they had them opened, only to meet with fresh discouragements and begin the Herculean task all over, still assert that the slides must and will be ultimately conquered. This confident assertion they base upon the fact that every material must have its angle of repose. As new material breaks away from the mountain at the top of the slides, the material that lowest down into the canal itself, the angle of the slope is being constantly made smaller. In the course of time the whole mountain-side, or all of it that is not solid rock, would slide into the canal. That, perhaps, would take centuries. But there must be a point at which the material of the slides will reach its natural angle of repose.

Long ago, the slides had been reduced to an angle at which almost any known material would stand, but still for some mysterious reason they moved. This fact is explained upon the ground that the material of the slides is not homogeneous. Masses of solid material are slipping over other masses of slippery wet clay, so that the movement requires very little slope. Still, the engineers insist, any material on earth, no matter how composed, has some angle of repose, and that in time this will be reached. In eighteen months, at the present rate of work, according to these engineers, the slides will be practically stopped. In three years they will be inert forever. This, of course, is only a prophecy, but it is made with the utmost confidence and is based on years of study and experience at the cut. Its fulfillment will mean the final triumph of the greatest liberty man has ever taken with nature.

PENN STATE FRESHMEN BUILD SHACK TO CUT COLLEGE COST

State College, Pa., Oct. 9.—Short on money, but long on grit, Frank L. Le Chapelier and Roland E. McDuff, young boys from Cambridge Springs, Crawford county, Pa., who are in the freshman class at the Pennsylvania State College are building their own college "dormitory" in which they will live during the next four years. They

are constructing a small cabin in the woods on the outskirts of the village, half a mile from the campus.

Unassisted, they are erecting the cabin from pieces of material picked up here and there. They are slowly getting the place in shape before the cold weather sets in, but so far they have been able to work only two or three hours a day. Studies and military drill keep them busy until

late in the afternoon, and from 5 o'clock until sundown they toil with odds and ends of lumber and rolls of building paper.

La Chapelle, who is 20 years old, and who was graduated with McDuff, 18 years old, from Cambridge Springs High school last June is the designer and boss carpenter. He knows something of carpentry, and with McDuff's assistance is fashioning a two-room

structure, the dimensions of which are 12x19 feet.

La Chapelle is studying mechanical engineering, while McDuff has fixed upon scientific agriculture for his life's work. Neither had sufficient funds to finance his college course, so they figured that by building their own quarters and doing their own cooking they could reduce expenses to a minimum.



Homes of Refinement

These artistic homes are located on North Seventeenth Street, near Briggs and Boas Streets. Careful restrictions have been placed around this territory, which with the ample lawns and space between buildings, make it one of Harrisburg's most desirable residence sections.

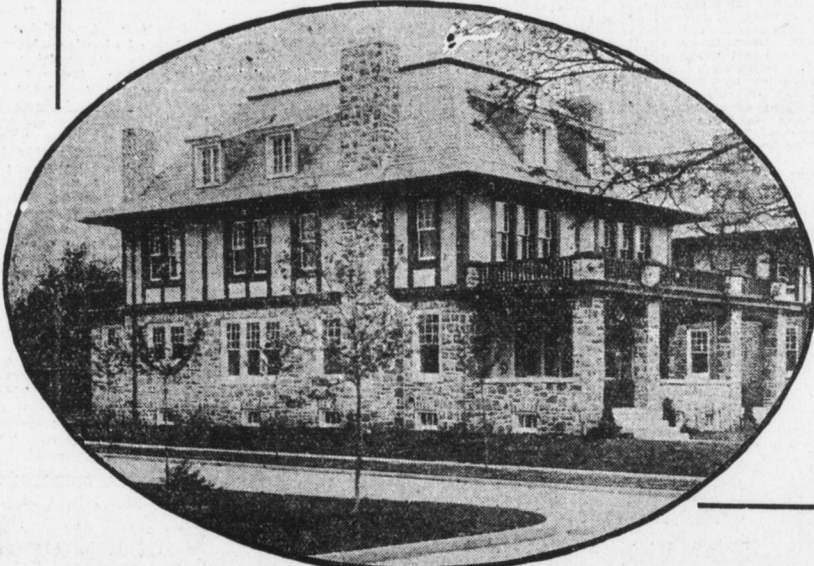
The houses are extremely well built and finished. In the house shown in the lower illustration, there is a splendid living room finished in ivory white, dining room in mahogany, upper floors in ivory white.

The homes shown in the upper illustration are equally well finished in Flemish Oak, birch mahogany and ivory white. A pantry adds to the convenience of the kitchen. A sleeping balcony is provided at the rear of the building.

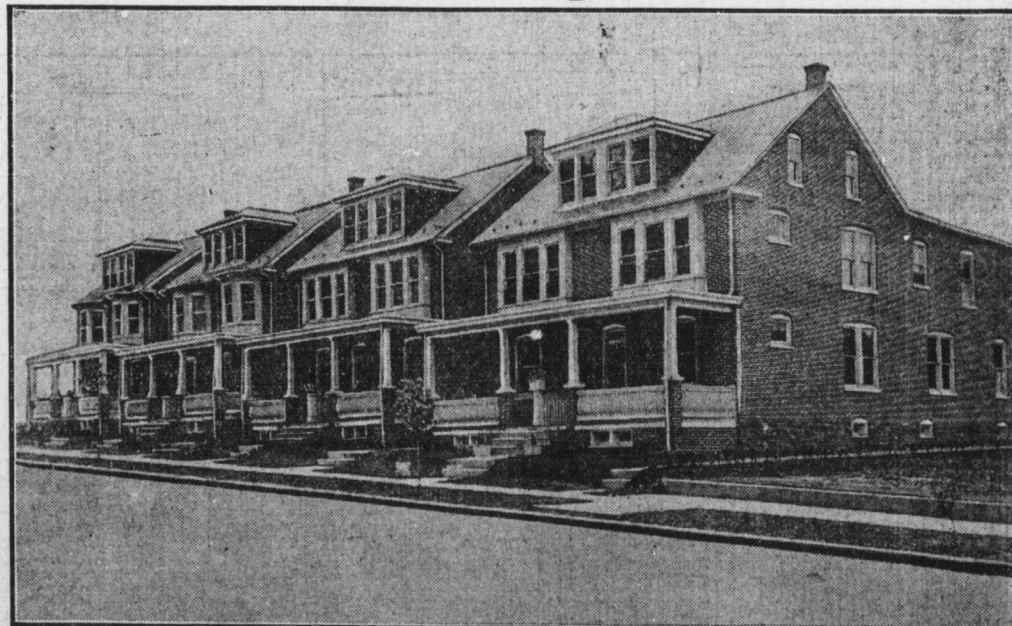
The interior decorations are selected by an expert decorator, who gives personal attention to the effect in each room. The houses are steam and vapor heated; have complete electric and gas service, with the best fixtures—in fact, no modern convenience has been omitted. Lawn sodded, shrubs and trees planted; street paved.

The houses are open for inspection at any time. See them at your convenience, and be assured you will not be annoyed by agent or representative.

GEORGE A. SHREINER - - - SEVENTEENTH & FORSTER STS.



New Houses Facing Arsenal Park



1825-1827 Herr street. Three-story brick houses, never occupied. All improvements. Eight rooms and bath. Chestnut finish. Electric and gas lights. Open stairway. Side entrance. Cement cellar. Concrete walks and steps. Grass plots. Slate roof. Front and back porches. Steam heat. Houses open for inspection. Sold on easy terms.

Inquire CHAS. BARNHART, Owner, 1821 Whitehall Street