

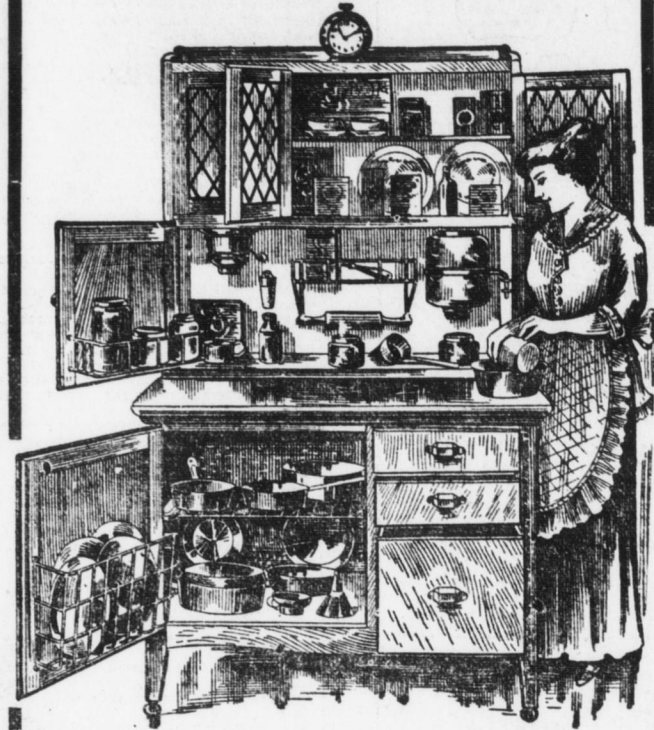
"You Pay Less for Better Quality at Miller and Kades"

Another Solid Car of This One Number Just Unloaded

GREATEST KITCHEN CABINET

Ever Offered to the People of Harrisburg

Only \$19.85



50 Cents a Week Will Deliver One to Your Home

Study the Illustration and Learn Its Many Points of Superiority

A Beautiful Kitchen Cabinet

It must be seen to be appreciated—it is one of the best constructed and most practical Kitchen Cabinets on the market—built of solid oak throughout—and possesses features that are usually seen in only the very finest and most expensive Kitchen Cabinets that sell at \$35.00 to \$40.00.

The China Closet at Top

Is beautifully white enameled and has Venetian Art Glass Doors—next to it is a 40-pound metal flour bin with sifter top and front of Venetian Art Glass to match the China Closet. The interior of the work section is also white enameled and protected by hinged doors.

The Sliding Nickeloid Table Top

Is one of the finest features about this Kitchen Cabinet—it is full draw-out style—25½ inches by 50½ inches in size—gives you a perfect working surface—cannot tarnish and will always keep nice, clean, bright and sanitary.

Other Extra Features

For example—the work section is fitted with glass sugar jar, large tea and coffee jar and four smaller glass spice jars, all with metal caps—there are several handy wire racks—removable kneading board, convenient cutlery, utensils and sanitary bread and cake drawer, metal lined with sliding metal top—and the lower section is divided by a wire mesh shelf.

MILLER & KADES

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT STORE

7 North Market Square

THE ONLY STORE IN HARRISBURG THAT GUARANTEES TO SELL ON CREDIT AT CASH PRICES

KING OSCAR

Buy your cigars like you buy railroad tickets.

Ask for King Oscar 5c Cigars

You'd never get anywhere if you just asked for a ticket.

You get there when you ask for King Oscar

Made of Good Tobacco They've Satisfied For 24 Years

It's Getting Close to Coal Time

Do you realize that it will be but a short time before we run into that weather when a fire in the house will be necessary to health and comfort? Better be prepared. Look after your bins now, phone us your order, and we'll send you the kind of coal that gives out the greatest amount of heat units—the kind that goes farthest.

J. B. MONTGOMERY

Both Phones Third and Chestnut Streets

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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

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

"Brrr," he exclaimed, as he walked away in disgust.

There was a gentle titter from the picturesque little group around the punch bowl. Inez touched Romanoff upon the arm.

"It is perfect," she whispered, "no one could ever tell."

The pseudo Romanoff glanced at her significantly, paced across the dancing deck and passed out upon the moonlit deck beyond. Inez, flirting with an officer, excused herself, beckoned to Joe Welcher, who came swiftly at her beck and call, and with her hand upon his arm she followed in the wake of Romanoff. As they reached the bow Romanoff turned suddenly and confronted them. He seized Welcher by the arm.

"Friend Welcher," he said, his grip tightening, "on the canvas curtains aft, on the port side, you will find one black cross mark on the curtain and one black cross mark upon the deck. They are my marks. You will dance with Annette Hington—"

Welcher hurried off and Romanoff with the beautiful Miss Irene Courtier upon his arm, strode slowly toward the lights.

With her escort she stood glancing out between the curtains at the moonlight upon the sea. Her escort, however, was not watching the moonlight—his eyes were fixed upon a motor boat that sported itself like some huge shark in the waters just beyond. He drew forth a white handkerchief. He stepped into the aperture between the canvas curtains, grasped the rail with one hand and shook the handkerchief.

Inez noted that a small black cross had been placed upon the canvas curtain. She looked at her feet. There was another cross upon the deck. Then she turned and faced the crowd watching with keen eyes.

Joe Welcher from far across the deck caught the glint of those same eyes—he had been watching for them. He bent over Annette.

"Look at the freak," he said, "that's tied up to Inez—I mean Irene Courtier. I always call her Inez somehow. Let's go and see the freak."

"The freak," said Annette, "has disappeared."

She was not the only person on the deck who noticed that. Some half dozen naval officers in spick and span uniforms noted it also and started double quick toward Inez Castro.

Half way they stopped, for her escort, M. Romanoff, had reappeared. He smiled as Joe came up with Annette and waved his hand.

"I've been looking at the moon," he said.

Annette, already bored—chiefly by the close proximity of Joe Welcher—glanced off toward Neal.

"Let's go and get some grape juice," she said.

Joe drew her out to the railing through the same aperture from which Romanoff had watched the circling motor boat.

"I'll get the grape juice," said Joe aloud. "Wait here until I return."

Annette started after him, but the aperture was closed now by the broad back of Romanoff, who talked vivaciously with Irene Courtier. Annette was not averse to looking at the moon, and she looked. But—all she saw was the moon itself. She did not see and could not know that a motor launch, silent as the night, had fetched up alongside of the anchor chain. She did not know and could not see a black shadow that stole along the railing behind the canvas curtains that hid the dancing deck.

Suddenly she gave a choking cry. The black shadow like some black panther had sprung upon her from the night and clutched her in its grasp. She cried out once more, or tried to. She found she could not. A strong wiry hand closed across her mouth and a wiry form forced her back across the rail.

With a superhuman twist of her little young body—and she was strong, was Annette Hington—for one instant she wrenched herself away and gave vent to a piercing scream. Neal Hardin at the punch bowl heard it. Forgetting all discipline—and all grape juice—he bounded across the dancing deck and with one sweep of his arm brushed the nonplussed Romanoff and his charming escort to one side. His eyes were blinded by the deck lights and as he rushed through the curtains he could only see that some terrific struggle was at hand.

In another instant it was all over. Two figures clutched at each other frantically darted suddenly over the rail. There was a splash below.

"Man overboard," yelled Neal.

He sprang to the rail and dove into the moonlit water—taking good care not to foul the other two.

Two minutes later it was all over. Annette was on deck half fainting in Neal's arm—but with a smile upon her face.

"Don't worry," she said to the crowd about her. "I haven't swallowed a drop of water. I assure you. I'm a regular little water rat—Neal knows that, don't you Neal?"

Half an hour later in the Courtier villa in Newport, Annette nestled in a huge arm chair in a kimono before a blazing fire. She laughed triumphantly. She seized a dripping little chamote bag and took from it a very damp old piece of paper parchment.

"This is what he was after—you can't tell me," she said. She spread it out and exhibited it to Inez Castro.

"Why, it is a blank piece of paper," said Inez Castro.

"Look at it closely," said Annette.

"Oh, yes," said Irene, "it has one word upon it—longitude."

"It has more than that upon it," said Annette. "Watch and see."

She spread it out upon the hearth to dry. "It is a piece of the map—of my map, Irene," she went on, "the map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. Scar-face got a portion of it—don't you remember at Crooked Crag—but a harmless portion. I got a part and so did Neal. Wait. Look. The piece is dry—see what the heat has done."

Inez Castro bent over her. "Where did the writing come from?" she demanded.

"The heat brought the writing out," said Annette. "See. Look now at the longitude. What does it say?"

Inez looked eagerly. "One hundred and twenty-three degrees," she exclaimed slowly, "and forty minutes west."

"That isn't all," went on Annette. "There's a message—a message from the past upon our pieces, Neal's and mine—a message that I've got by heart."

"What," queried Inez, yawning, "is the message from the past?"

Annette nodded proudly. "Granted to Hington, Spanish-American explorer, for distinguished services, by Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, the original grant, being in the possession of the fathers—"

"What was the rest of that?" she mused. "I can't remember."

"Think," persisted Inez, with curious insistence.

Annette laughed. "It has escaped me. I will have to ask Neal about that the next time I see him."

"Part of the message is on his portion, too?" said Inez. "And what about the latitude?"

Annette shook her head. "That I can't remember either," she returned, "stupid that I am. Yes, the latitude is on his piece too."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Unbooked Passengers.

"I think it's risky," said Neal Hardin. "Let me see that ad again."

Annette handed him the Providence, Rhode Island, morning paper. Under the head of ship notices appeared this item:

Fruit Steamer Coronado sails 15th this month. Bound for Bahamas, Colon, Panama, Lower California ports and San Francisco. Open for limited booking of passengers. Pier 1070 Providence, R. I.

PETER HANDY, Master.

Neal read the advertisement over and shook his head again.

"Risky, I tell you," he repeated.

Annette's eyes flashed. "But what am I to do," she protested. "You don't—you can't understand." Her lips quivered for a moment. "I have got to find my father, Neal, and for his sake, if not for my own, I have got to find my fortune. I've got to go some time. Why not now? The message was plain enough—the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California—I must see them. This is the easy way."

Neal folded up the paper and thrust it in his pocket. "At any rate," he said, "I'll look this captain up. If the Coronado is a likely ship and if you are bound to go, God speed."

He looked the Coronado up and found her quite a likely ship. He saw her captain and found him satisfactory.

The next day Annette and her friends, including Welcher, booked for the cheap trip on the Coronado.

"You're my only passengers so far," said Captain Handy, "and I don't care if I don't have any more."

Capt. Peter Handy sauntered down the wharf. A big, swaggering individual was looking the Coronado over.

"Bill," said Capt. Peter Handy, "I'll tell you how it is. I picked you out as a cheap bargain and took a chance on you, not knowing you before. This is a cheap trip down, Bill; I'll leave it to you to pick your crew. Pick them cheap, Bill; coming back I can make it up to you. Get the best for the money, Bill, and get 'em cheap."

"I got 'em already," returned Bill, "and I got 'em cheap. Leave that to me."

On the evening of the fourteenth, the four booked passengers boarded the Coronado and were assigned to staterooms.

(Be Continued.)



Little things make happiness

Thus Wrigley's, the Perfect Gum, though small in cost, is big in benefit. Joy immense for 5 cents. It's toothsome, soothing, refreshing. Made clean—kept clean—sealed air-tight against all impurity. No wonder its sale exceeds all others.

Write Wrigley's, 1230 Kesner Bldg., Chicago, for "Mother Goose" book.

They've rhymed King Cole Till the poor old soul Has had to take a rest; NOW throned in state King Spear the Great Reigns wisely and with zest!

Teeth, breath, appetite and digestion all have steady, ready friends in these Wrigley mints. Two flavors.

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Save the coupons—get the premiums

520

ATLANTIC COAST-LINE SINKING

By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued from Editorial Page.]

when it was made, Charleston harbor has sunk eight inches in that time.

Has Eaten 200 Miles

The coast survey work of the federal government reveals the fact that there is a line at a distance varying from 100 to 200 miles off the Atlantic coast up to which the water has a depth of less than 300 feet. Beyond that line the depth immediately becomes ten times as great. That line, the geologists are now convinced, was originally the coast line of the continent. The sinking of that coast line has eaten off 200 miles all along the eastern border of the United States. Out from New York harbor surroundings have revealed the presence of a deep channel which leads through comparatively shallow water until it reaches this ancient coast line. This is the bed of the Hudson river as it existed in ages past. Big ships still follow this channel in putting out to sea.

Geologically, it has been proved that Chesapeake Bay was originally but a river bed. The subsidence of the earth has widened it, century after century, until it has become a great arm of the ocean, an inland waterway of magnificent depth. Every river and creek that flows into it, the Potomac, the James and all those streams reaching into tidewater Virginia, hundreds of sluggish water courses carrying no important amount of water—are of such depth that they might furnish anchorage for the fleets of the nation. Unquestionably, these sluggish streams could not have eroded these beds for themselves. Their depth can only be explained by the subsidence of the coast line.

These evidences of subsidence are to be observed from Maine to Mexico. The whole Atlantic seaboard is undoubtedly sinking into the sea. The fact is admitted by all geologists.

The startling thing about these admissions is the evidence that must be drawn from them. If the Atlantic coast line is sinking into the sea, the great populous cities of the nation that are placed upon it must eventually be sucked beneath it. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, are bound to sink into watery graves.

In 10,000 years, according to the scale of slowest subsidence, the Atlantic coast line will be 100 feet lower than it is at present. The waters of the ocean will have slowly risen about the island upon which New York stands. As it advances there is no question but that embankments will steadily grow up about the great city. Centuries will continue to pass and these walls will grow higher and higher. Eventually, New York will be a city down a well—a center of teeming activity surrounded by a high wall against which beats the ocean.

Business on Manhattan will be transacted with more and more difficulty. The encroachments of the sea will submerge one after another of its suburbs. The ocean will work around and back of it and cut it off from the mainland. It is possible to become untenable or, perhaps, some calamity such as an earthquake will crack its walls and the floods will tumble in.

BIG SWEET POTATOES

Special to The Telegraph

Waynesboro, Pa., Oct. 12.—Clarence Beaver, tenant on the Daniel Dearth farm, at Waynesboro, has grown some large sweet potatoes this year. He is now digging out his crop and finds many of them that weigh from three to four pounds each.

THIEVES STEAL GOLDLEAF

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 12.—Burglars forced an entrance into the dental offices of Dr. C. W. Rabb and Dr. L. C. Watson at Bloomsburg, and took \$25 worth of goldleaf. A pile worth \$100 in another drawer was overlooked.

BRIDGE DIVIDEND DECLARED

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 12.—The Sunbury Bridge Company to-day declared a dividend of 3 per cent for the current six months. The price of strip tickets to automobilists was reduced from \$9 to \$8 for forty trips. The bridge connects Northumberland and Snyder counties.

SERVICES FOR APRIL MCOY

Special to The Telegraph

Funeral services for April McCoy, aged 68, 116 South street will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the funeral chapel of W. J. Hooper, undertaker, 604 Forster street, the Rev. William Stokes officiating. Burial will be made in Lincoln Cemetery.

Excellent Program For Sabbath School Convention

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Oct. 12.—On Thursday, October 21, the convention of the Mechanicsburg District Sabbath School Association will be held in St. Paul's Lutheran church on the State road, the Rev. S. S. Gurnes, pastor. The program includes devotional service in the morning, led by the Rev. F. W. McGuire, address of welcome, Harvey A. Guttshall; report of department superintendent, elementary, organized classes, teacher training, home, mission and temperance; address, "Sunday School Administration," W. D. Reel, State worker; address, "Present Needs of the Sunday School," the Rev. John S. Adam. In the afternoon, the Rev. J. J. Reah will lead the devotional service which will be followed by an address, "Teachers' Training," A. B. Harnish; address, "The Home Department and How Conducted," Mrs. C. E. Brindel; address, "Elementary Work," Mrs. T. E. Gray, county superintendent; address, "The Worth of the Boy," James L. Young. In the evening, address will be made by the Rev. George Fulton on "The Sunday School in the Church and the Church in the Sunday School" and Dr. W. A. Hutchison, on "John Barleycorn's Defense."

When you go to the San Francisco Exposition

"To neglect seeing this Exposition is to forego one of the most delightful experiences possible." —JUDGE GARY.

Maintain your contact with family, friends and business associates by using

WESTERN UNION

Day Letters and Night Letters

These provide quick and economical means of daily communication.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Neal of the Navy

SHOWN IN MOVING PICTURES

COLONIAL EACH WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Season's Greatest Movie Serial