

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK CROSS, FEVERISH

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver, bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once if bilious or constipated.

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.

Women Save \$5 Using Gasoline

Says it is so easy to dry clean and nothing shrinks, fades or wrinkles.

Save \$5 to \$10 by doing your own dry cleaning. Here is a simple and inexpensive way to clean and brighten children's coats, suits, caps, woolen garments, Swiss, lawn, organdie and chiffon dresses, kid gloves and shoes, furs, neckties, ribbons, silks, satins, lace, yokes, silk shirtwaists, draperies, rugs, in fact, any and everything that would be ruined with soap and water.

Parades and Receptions on First Day of Celebration of Penn's Creek Massacre

Selingsgrove, Pa., Oct. 13.—Tomorrow the three-day celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Penn's Creek Massacre will open here with parades, receptions and band concerts. Friday and Saturday will have interesting features during the day and evening.

The program for to-morrow is as follows: 7:00 a. m.—Official opening by heralds in Market Square.

Safe Home Remedy For Skin-Troubles

Eczema, ringworm and other itching, burning skin eruptions are so easily made worse by improper treatment that one has to be very careful. There is one method however, that you need never hesitate to use, even on a baby's tender skin—that is the Resinol Treatment.

YOUR PRINTING NEEDS

we'll be best supplied where the facilities for such work are the best. When you consider that the printed material you use represents a cash investment which you calculate should bring to you many times its cost—

Which doesn't mean that the price needed, or should be, exorbitant. The Telegraph Printing Co. produces the highest grades of work in its respective lines.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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

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

(Copyright 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne)

Bill left the captain snoring in his bunk and stole across the deck and down the gangplank to the wharf beyond. Once upon the river front he turned east and strode on rapidly for a quarter of a mile. He darted into a narrow alleyway, reached a dimly lighted window in an old board house on the shore and rapped sharply on the window pane. A door was opened stealthily and he shambled in.

Huddled at tables and fung carelessly in corners were the forms of sailors, supine, drunk, drugged. Bill took an electric flash light from his pocket and examined carefully each of these slumbering objects of humanity.

"I'll take him," said Bill, "and him there with the broken face; and him—and that chap over there."

Ten minutes later he nodded in a self-satisfied way and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward another door.

Is he inside?" he queried. "Oh," said the proprietor, "the three of 'em is there."

There were three men in that small room, a strangely assorted trio. One was a huge individual, bigger and stronger than Bill himself; another was an uncanny, fat, little Mexican with dangerous eyes; the third was a Portuguese with a saber cut cross his face.

Bill grinned. "Huh," he said, "we're all here, mates. Outside I picked up enough men to fill up the Coronado's crew and here I run against three of her passengers."

Hernandez smiled and showed his teeth. "Three unbooked passengers," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Trickle of White Powder. Hernandez motioned toward the door. Ponto, the Mexican, closed it noiselessly and swiftly and shot the bolt. "You understand the terms," Hernandez said. "This stuff has just come in to us tonight. We have it loaded in our launch outside."

"You understand then," said Hernandez, "that when this cargo of cocaine is sold, your share will be many hundred dollars—a thousand—over a thousand."

Two mornings later, a sailor lying in his bunk against a bulkhead in the hold—kept wakeful by his battered face a gift from Bill. On this particular morning, however, the unusual thing that attracted his attention was a quantity of fine white powder that sifted through the knot hole.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed joyfully within himself, "this ain't no fat thing, ain't it? This here's cocaine."

By noon the whole forecastle knew about the rat hole and what is more had sampled it—or rather the strange white powder that came trickling through.

Next day something happened. Bill, the mate, gave Snooks an order that Snooks declined to fill. Bill was accustomed to being disobeyed, and for every ill he had a remedy. He seized a capstan bar and aimed it at Snooks' head; but there was a glitter in Snooks' eye that Bill did not understand. Snooks leaped for him and wrestled with him like a wildcat. He forced Bill, panting, up against the rail, bellowing meanwhile like a mad bull. Bill felt for a belaying pin, found it, clutched it, raised it high in the air and brought it crashing down upon Snooks' shoulder. It broke a collarbone, but it might have been a feather for all Snooks cared.

"Mates," cried Snooks, "you ain't going to see me licked. Come one and all."

They came. Some sprang down from the shrouds; some appeared from companionways; some came hurrying along the decks. They were men battered and broken—but all had one uncanny characteristic—their eyes glittered, glittered fearfully and fearlessly.

Bill sprang away from the clutching grasp of Snooks and drew his gun. "Captain Peter Handy," he roared. "Mutiny."

And mutiny there was—a mutiny based not so much upon the ill treatment of Bill the mate as upon the effect of the trickling white powder.

The captain responded to the call; so did one or two others of the undrugged crew.

The four booked passengers heard the riot—it could have been heard half a mile away. They rushed on deck and watched. Annette, who had inherited quickness of mind, saw what was happening and turned to Mrs. Hardin.

"You and Irene," she said, "go into the wireless room. Let us all go—even Joe."

Just as she said it a mutineer rushed past her, stopped, leered into her face and grasped her by the hand. With a sudden wrench he closed the

door of the wireless, shutting the three people inside—Welcher and the two other women—and then with a glare into Annette's eyes, he drew her toward him and crushed her struggling form against his breast.

Below there were other passengers who watched the fight—Hernandez and his two companions. The brute watched stupidly—Ponto and Hernandez with polite interest. But suddenly the brute looked up toward the deck. He growled deep in his throat. "Hold him," said Hernandez to Ponto.

But it was too late. With one bound the brute dashed up the companionway and reached the deck. With another bound he was upon the sailor who had caught Annette. In an instant Annette found herself released, hardly knowing how it had happened.

She wrenched open the wireless door, sprang in, slammed it shut and shot the bolt.

"Where is the operator?" she inquired. "There was no answer. The operator was not there."

Annette seized the wireless apparatus, donned the headgear and sent out the S. O. S.—that long wall of terror that is heard far out across the sea.

On the deck of the destroyer Jackson, a naval vessel which had left Newport a day or two before on a practice cruise, the wireless operator reported to his lieutenant. He saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have an S. O. S. from a steamer Coronado, five miles south. Mutiny on board."

A seaman standing near started forward. "Godfrey," he exclaimed under his breath, "the Coronado—Annette's ship."

The lieutenant gave an order. "Put her about," he said. Forced draft ahead."

When the destroyer reached the Coronado, the Coronado was in dire straits. The mutineers, maddened and emboldened, and strengthened with renewed doses of the white powder, were in possession of the ship. The mate and Capt. Peter Handy lay unconscious on the deck. Every sailor had a bottle in his hand—a bottle full of strong drink.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Jackson was upon them—she had launched a boat and her boat had reached the Coronado's side. With the agility of perfect training the Jackson's men swarmed over the rail, boarded the Coronado and without an instant's hesitation attacked the mutineers, their lieutenant at their head. Neal drew a deep breath and nudged the man next to him.

"This is war," he said, "it is what we're looking for. Come on."

There was a fight—no arms-length fight at that. It was man to man.

It was a melee—it was a riot—it was pandemonium. In the midst of it there was a resounding crack. Neal's lieutenant, off his guard for once, received a well-aimed blow upon his head—a blow from a capstan bar. He fell like a log and three brutes leaped for his head—seeking to batter him into a shapeless mass.

Neal saw his peril and sprang into the midst. Never in his life had he fought as then he fought.

The blood rushed into his brain; unwonted strength flowed into muscles; his eyes were everywhere—his voice strong and fearless.

"All together now," he shouted. One—two—three."

There was a mighty superhuman rush, a ringing shout—then it was all over. The mutiny was quelled. Neal leaped upon a bridge and waved a cutlass. He said the first thing that occurred to him—the thing he felt he had to say.

"I am in command," he shouted. "The first man who disobeys me will be shot."

There was a clutch upon his arm. He looked down. He found that his right arm was bleeding from a cut, but he found something else. A small hand was grasping it quite tenderly. He turned. Annette laughed hysterically.

"What about any woman who disobeys?" she said.

S. B. Nissley Wins Cup in Colonial Club Play

The match play—golf tournament which was started at the Colonial club the latter part of September has been completed except for the first eight of the second sixteen.

S. B. Nissley by defeating Prizer, 8 up and 6 to play in a thirty-six hole match, wins the tournament and the cup which was presented by the members of the club. The other cup winners were Prizer, runner-up in the first eight, M. A. Seely, who defeated C. S. Sauer, 5 up and 4 in the beaten eight; Thomas Devine, Sr., who won from Geo. F. Watt, 7 and 6 in the second beaten eight, and the winner of the first eight in the second sixteen, which hasn't been played off as yet.

Glenwood Just The Other Day a new Glenwood range was shipped to K. Mitsvi, Vice-Minister of Foreign Office, Tokyo, Japan, and one to John D. Rockefeller, Pocantico Hills, New York, and yet a Glenwood range with all its goodness is within reach of all—at about the price you pay for a good suit. The Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range is said to be the most perfect piece of machinery yet devised to make house-keeping drudgeless. It's made in natural black iron finish—so smooth and easy to clean—the "Mission Idea" applied to a range. Burns either coal, wood or gas and you can get just the right size to fit your kitchen. Call and look them over and you will understand more about why Glenwood Ranges Make Cooking Easy. George C. Fager & Sons Harrisburg

FAST RACES AT NEWPORT FAIR

Big List of Entries in Trotting and Pacing Events For Tomorrow

Newport, Pa., Oct. 13.—Yesterday the annual exhibition of the Perry County Agricultural Association opened with a large attendance and with a fine exhibit in every department. The races to-day were trotting and pacing for Perry county horses without record and trotting and pacing, class 2.16.

Newport Trotting and Pacing: Class 2.27; purse \$300: Sam Wheeler, b. R. D. Eschbach, Milton; Dan C. b. g. F. B. Sipe, Jenners; Dr. L. b. g. W. H. Finkenbinder, Carlisle; Silver Mine, s. g. O. P. Green, Highspire; Carrie Hal, b. m., Elmer E. Lay, Carlisle; Robert, br. m., C. S. Middagh, Mifflin; Ashland Rose, b. s., G. H. Ritter, Ellittsburg; Jolla P. b. g. J. Page, Derry Church; Puzzle, b. m., Thomas Gibbons, New Martinsville; Orphan, b. g., Louis Von Lunen, Johnstown; Honest Robert, b. g., U. H. Cook, Johnstown.

Trotting: Class 2:9; purse \$300—Nash, bl. h., R. W. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tobe Ward, c. g., C. S. Middagh, Mifflin; Uncle Ike, br. g., Geo. Rhoades, Maytown; Puzzle, b. m., Thos. Gibbons, New Martinsville; Candy Boy, b. g., F. H. Smith, Johnstown.

BATTERIES BOMBARDED Constantinople, Oct. 13, via London.—The war office makes the following announcement: "Near Anafarta on Sunday our artillery hit an enemy torpedo boat which was cruising to the north of Kiretch Tepe, whereupon another torpedo boat and an enemy cruiser successfully bombarded our batteries for ten minutes."

GREECE'S POSITION IN DOUBT Paris, Oct. 13.—"What will Greece do now" is a question which is being asked on all sides to-day. Her treaty with Serbia expressly stipulates that if one of the contracting parties, already engaged in war against a third power, is attacked by Bulgaria as well, the allied general staffs of Greece and Serbia must consult with a view of immediate action.

THREATEN TO STRIKE East Liverpool, Ohio, Oct. 13.—Kiln firemen in the various potteries to-day presented a demand for an increase of 50 cents a day, bringing their pay to \$4, with the alternative that they would strike on Monday next.

TRINKLE LEAVES STATE'S SERVICE

Public Service Counsel's Resignation Accepted With Regret by Attorney General

Attorney General Brown last night announced his acceptance of the resignation of William N. Trinkle, of Philadelphia, as counsel for the Public Service Commission, with expressions of regret. Mr. Trinkle, who was the first man to be appointed counsel, took office in the latter part of 1912 and has won considerable notice by his work. The correspondence between the Attorney General and Mr. Trinkle was as follows: October 1, 1915. Hon. Attorney General, Harrisburg, Pa. Dear Sir: In confirmation of the intention ex-

pressed to you orally about three weeks ago, I submit herewith my resignation of the office of Counsel of the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania, to take effect as soon as possible. As I have previously explained, I am actuated in so doing, solely by my desire to engage more actively in private practice. I wish again to express to you my genuine appreciation of the courtesy you have always shown me, and of the pleasant relations which existed between us during the time I have had the honor to serve under you, as Counsel for the Commission. Please believe me, Yours sincerely, (Signed) W. N. TRINKLE. Mr. Brown replied: October 16, 1915. Honorable William N. Trinkle, Public Service Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. My dear Mr. Trinkle: I have your communication of the first instant, resigning the position of Counsel of the Public Service Commission. I have had no other thought than that you would continue in the service, though I appreciate the force of your desire to engage in private practice. I regret the severance of a relation which has been most congenial. You have my best wishes for the future, and service to clients as earnest and faithful as it has been to the Commonwealth, will surely achieve the suc-

cess which your ability deserves. With assurance of my regard, I am as ever, Very sincerely yours, (Signed) FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN, Attorney General. LAST ELEPHANT SEALS Zoologists have a special reason for deploring the present situation in Mexico, because it prevents their securing protection, by the Mexican government, of the last colony of elephant seals in the world. If this protection is not speedily granted, the species will become extinct. The seal colony, or harem, is located on Guadalupe Island off the north coast of Mexico. It now numbers less than 200 seals, including the young ones. This species was once numerous along the south-western coast of North America. It has been practically exterminated by the heavy demand for the tough leather of its hide. It is a great, clumsy beast, sometimes attaining a length of 22 feet, with a mouth which terminates in a long snout. It is entitled to protection as a rare and valuable zoological species.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!! Nature does her best to make all women attractive. By reasonable care of the hair every woman may increase her personal charm. The Modish World Endorses NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE The great success of Herpicide is due entirely to its dependability. Persons suffering from dandruff and falling hair turn to this well known scalp prophylactic and germ remedy knowing that the desired results will follow its intelligent use. On account of its exquisite odor, Newbro's Herpicide finds favor among those of the greatest refinement. The ladies are enthusiastic because of the brightening effect upon the hair which it keeps always light and fluffy. Herpicide is a delightful hair dressing. Stops itching of the scalp due to dandruff almost instantly. Send 10c, stamps or silver, to The Herpicide Co. Dept. 127-B, Detroit, Mich. for sample bottle and booklet. Applications at the better barber shops. Sold and guaranteed at all toilet goods counters. See Window Display at the Following Druggists: Kennedy's Medicine Store Special Agents 321 Market Street CLARK'S MEDICINE STORE, 300 Market Street. JOHN K. GARLAND, 1820 N. 6th Street. CHARLES T. GEORGE, 1306 N. Third Street. GOLDEN SEAL DRUG STORE, 11 S. Market Square. E. Z. GROSS, 119 Market Street. GRUNDEN'S DRUG STORE, Sixth and Boss Streets. P. G. LEIDICH, Front and Vine Streets. JAMES C. MEALISTER, Second and Calder Streets. MEHRING'S DRUG STORE, Fourth and Peffer Streets. EDWARD F. D. SWANGER, 305 Broad Street. W. O. WAITE, 824 N. Sixth Street.

Neal of the Navy SHOWN IN MOVING PICTURES COLONIAL EACH WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY Season's Greatest Movie Serial