



The Real Buckwheat Flavor

Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Cakes have all the goodness of the old-fashioned cakes without any of the trouble.

For Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Cake Flour is all mixed, ready to use.

Even the milk—pure and sweet, in powdered form—is already mixed in the flour, which makes Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Cakes so wonderfully tender and delicious.

Just add cold water and they are ready for the griddle.

Have them for breakfast tomorrow.



AUNT JEMIMA'S BUCKWHEAT CAKE FLOUR

"Made in a minute—the milk's mixed in it"

ELISHA HEALS SYRIAN NAAMAN

Story of Thousands of Years Ago Made Modern by War News

GREAT MAN, BUT A LEPER

Seldom Ever So Great a Call Made Upon a Poor Preacher

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 17 is "Elisha Heals Naaman the Syrian."

By William F. Ellis How the newspapers nowadays bridge the gulf of the centuries! They link the old Bible right up with events of to-day; Bible places figure in the latest news and Bible incidents are paralleled in current events. All of us have been reading about Damascus as a military center in the present war and for many months the place where the civilian French, British, Russian and Italian, were interned by the Turks before they were carried off to Urfa, in Mesopotamia. Now, many millions of Sunday school members are studying about this same Damascus—the oldest living city on earth—in connection with a famous military general, a little girl, and a preacher. The incident is one of the most familiar and interesting stories of the Old Testament.

Zest for the human interest element in history leads us to accent the part borne by the little Hebrew serving maid in the miracle of the healing of Naaman, the leper. Because she was not ashamed of her race or her religion, and because she did not harbor any petty resentments, she did a great service for her nation and for her faith, and became one of the immortals of history. At the present time there are thousands of Armenian girls being carried off from devastated homes and murdered families into Turkish harems. If we can imagine one of these magnanimously seeking to save the life of Enver Pasha we shall have a fair analogy of the ancient story.

"A Great Man, But"—Every biography has its "but"—. "He was a generous man, but he drank." "He was brilliant, but unreliable." "She had charming manners, but was insincere." "They were wealthy and cultured, but their son was a prodigal." Ah, these "buts," these handicaps, these skeletons in the closets. The great Naaman, commander-in-chief of the Syrian armies, the brains of Syrian statesmanship, closest confidant of King Benhadad, "was a great man" but he was a leper.

That terrible fact took the sparkle from the jewels, the glitter from the gold, the flavor from the feast, the gratification from military and political honors. Nothing else in all Damascus, or in all the world, really mattered to Naaman outside of the fact that he was a leper. So sin, and its consequent sense of separation from God, mars all the successes and joys that come into a man's life. A man with a wretched skin disease at home, cannot get any peace out of prosperity or public honor. Little cared Naaman for the huzzahs that greeted him as he went forth on the streets of Damascus, he had a look of compassion in the eyes of the crowd, and no strong man wants to be pitied.

A Little Girl to the Rescue Nevertheless, it was the compassion of a golden-haired little Hebrew maiden, a slave-girl, torn from her home and people and a mere menial in Naaman's palace, that effected his deliverance. A rare character was this girl. She did not nurse grievances nor exult in the ill-fortune of her master. Her religion was uppermost in her mind. While busy about the tasks of her mistress, her thoughts were off in Israel, and she feasted her memory on the words and deeds of the prophets of God among her own people. Only such a hero-minded child of Jehovah could have been chosen to do so notable a deed for her faith. This loss is a famous illustration of the truth that it is possible to live a great life in a small place.

No mistaken modesty kept this Hebrew maiden from bearing witness to her faith. Unhappily "her heart was in her mouth" as she said to Naaman's wife, "Would that my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would he recover him of his leprosy." That ray of hope flashed through Naaman's household, and into the most sacred precincts of the royal palace itself, and reached the ears of the king.

Of course the king knew only one way of putting the idea into execution: he sent a formal embassy to the king of Israel. That is a blunder kings and rulers are forever making. They think that all things can be accomplished according to the ancient royal rules of order. Official processes, sometimes called "red tape," bind them hand and foot. They do not understand that the simple, direct measures of memorials and of the quiet, unobserved relations of the common people, are often more potent than the mandates of royalty. The greatest force in society to-day is not the decrees of governments.

Consternation fell upon Israel when this extraordinary embassy came from Syria with its message. That Naaman should be cured of his leprosy, the king, in terror, rent his clothes, crying, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive? Politically, the whole affair looked like a trick to embroil the Jews in war."

The General at the Preacher's Door While panic possessed the court, Elisha, the successor to Elijah, stepped forward with the audacious word—which nevertheless brought relief to the king—"Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Whenever the representatives of religion are prompt and bold and unflinching, and ready to assume their obligations and leadership, the good repute of the Cause rises at once. Elisha, like a true prophet, seized every opportunity to vindicate his God.

Now let us summon our imagination as we look upon what followed. Elisha was more of a settled prophet than Elijah and he had a house. It was not much of a house—the preacher's residence is not likely to be pointed out for its pretentiousness—probably it was a single-story, mud-brick dwelling, without windows. It was an average home for those days, but we have nothing poor enough to compare it with. Of course the neighborhood was not "select" and the neighbors were the common people.

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BAND'S PRIZE ON DISPLAY Special to The Telegraph Lemoine, Pa., Oct. 15.—The Silver Loving Cup awarded the Lemoine band by the Harrisburg Chamber of Commerce is on display in a window at H. B. Witman's store.

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