

Do You Feel Headachy? Look to Your Stomach

It is an unusual thing for a druggist to sell medicine under a guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. Yet this is the way that nearly every druggist in Harrisburg is selling Mi-o-na, the standard dyspepsia remedy.

Druggists say that never before have they had so large a number of customers tell them that a medicine has been successful with Mi-o-na. People who a few months ago suffered continually with their stomachs to-day are ruddy and vigorous with perfect digestion and good health. They say Mi-o-na did it.

There no longer seems any need for anyone suffering or making their friends suffer on account of dyspepsia. Mi-o-na can always be relied upon. The percentage of success is so great that there is little risk in guaranteeing to return the money if the medicine does not relieve.

Headaches, all forms of indigestion, sickness before the meals, dizziness, poor sleep, ringing in the ears and all forms of liver trouble are helped by Mi-o-na. A few bottles will show you considerable gain in health, while a complete cure often follows rapidly.

These days of the year, the whole year for the enjoyment of good health, and Mi-o-na will put you in such perfect condition that you can enjoy every minute of them. Sold and recommended by H. C. Kennedy and other leading druggists.—Advertisement.

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE!

People Notice It. Drive Them Off With Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanse the blood, take the bowels and the liver with Olive Tablets. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are the successful substitute for calomel, their effect is gentle and safe.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

Take one or two tablets for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 25c and 50c packages. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural rosy complexion free from freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions, instead of the hundreds of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-checked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated should be urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both looks and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation.

TO END CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head noises go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and 4 ounces of granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

Use Zemo for Eczema

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can be cured of itching eczema quickly by applying Zemo. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment it is used. In a short time usually every trace of pimples, blackheads, rash, eczema, tetter and similar skin diseases will be removed.

For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, zemo is an exceptional remedy. It is not greasy, sticky or watery and it does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for all skin troubles.

Merchants and Misers Trans. Co. FLORIDA TRIPS "BY SEA" BALTIMORE TO One Way \$2.00 Round Trip \$3.50 1,500 MILES—7-DAY TRIP. \$15.00—SAVANNAH—\$26.20

NEAL of the NAVY By William Hamilton Osborne

(Copyright, 1915, by William Hamilton Osborne.)

"It is all right, senior," said the man at the tiller; "we are about all hours of the night. No one thinks of us one way or the other." He pointed out to sea. "You perceive," he said, "there are other fisher boats."

"Good," said Hernandez, "the more the merrier."

Without lights they kicked to within almost hailing distance of the Albany. Then Hernandez showed a light. It was immediately answered from the deck. "It is good," he said, "we understand each other."

"Inez hastened from the deck and entered her cabin. Her cabin was Annette's as well. Her plans well laid—and she had felt they were the only plans to make—she retired for the night, but not to sleep.

At three o'clock she rose, and untwisted the bundle that Joe had fished for her. She sighed with satisfaction as she shook it out of its folds. It was a uniform—one of Neal's. She donned it swiftly—hurriedly—silently. There was no light in the cabin, save the moon, sitting in through port holes. Annette's face was bathed in light. But Annette was fast asleep.

She was totally oblivious to the presence of the prowling figure in male uniform who stole near and ever nearer—who now groped about her neck.

Suddenly, with one quick and final tug Inez wrenched at the chamois bag. Annette woke with a scream upon her lips. But the hand of Inez was quicker than Annette's voice. Inez's hand closed over Annette—her knee crushed down her breast.

The wildcat in Annette rose. She was a fine fighter. She squirmed with one twist out of the grasp of this unseen foe, and grappled with her assailant. Inez was no match for her, and soon found it out.

Annette dragged her to the ray of moonlight and looked at her. She gasped and dropped her hold. "You—Irene Courtier," she cried.

But Irene—Inez Castro if you please—was no longer there. In that instant—and that was the instant for the last few seconds she had waited for—in that instant she had leaped for her feet and made her getaway.

And Inez knew the Albany—every part of that huge battleship she had studied with the care of an engineer. She knew just what to do and where to go, and how to elude pursuit. She rushed to one spot where safety lay, reached the rail, leaped over it, and with the agility of a professional diver struck the water with scarcely a splash.

"Now," said Hernandez to his helmsman, "like mad for that spot of white." Inez, fresh and supple notwithstanding her struggle—in fact the struggle had nerved her up—swam toward the fishing boat and the boat steamed toward her. Within a short time—almost less time than it takes to tell it—Ponto was once more kicking the Brute. And the Brute in turn leaped over the side of the kicker, and with the sweep of one powerful hand and arm, drew a dripping object from the water. It was Inez, gasping for breath.

"Now, like the devil for the shore," whispered Hernandez. They obeyed. But if Inez now gasped for breath, Annette had ceased to gasp for breath. Her first coherent thought was to feel for her chamois bag. It was safe. Her next effort was speech. She screamed at the top of her lungs. Her third was action. She darted to the deck and gave the alarm.

Within a moment a launch was manned and had put off from the cruiser—Neal in command. Suddenly one of Neal's men pointed toward the shore. The searchlight of the cruiser was playing upon a kicker making full speed south.

"That's our boat," said Neal, "like the devil now." In five minutes they caught her. Neal saw at a glance she showed no lights. It convinced him. Without a word he swung his launch alongside and his men leaped across the gunwale. Every jack tar either had his man by the throat, or was tickling his ribs with a knife.

"We've got 'em all," said somebody. "Where's the woman?" queried Neal. But there was no woman—no Inez Castro. What's more there was no Hernandez, no Ponto, no Brute.

"No use," said Neal, "the birds have flown. No use chasing them," he conceded, "when those birds fly, they fly. We've got to give 'em credit."

"Annette," he told that young lady later, "I think now we're safe. The job all along has been an inside job—Irene Courtier has been handing you—yes and me—over to the enemy. That was the game—and the game is ended. That's the way it looks to me."

(To Be Continued Friday.) SERVICE FOR OLD PEOPLE

NEAL OF THE NAVY Season's Greatest Movie Serial.

AMUSEMENTS

ORPHEUM To-night—David Bispham and his Co. in Music and Drama. To-morrow, matinee and night—"The Tango Queens."

DAVID BISPHAM "Adelaide, in which as 'Beethoven,' David Bispham will be seen at the Orpheum this evening, is founded upon fact and depicts a romantic episode in the life of the great composer. In conjunction with the presentation of 'Adelaide,' Mr. Bispham and his company of actor-musicians will give a simultaneous concert called 'The Rehearsal,' supporting Mr. Bispham will be Marie Nardie, the Australian mezzo, who recently concluded a long tour in joint recital with John McCormack.—Advertisement.

MAJESTIC VAUDEVILLE "A Mile a Minute" continues to be the speed of the vaudeville by the Majestic Theater. Or rather, "A Mile a Minute" is the most startling spectacle ever seen on a local stage, and this in turn is supported by a bill of Keith hits of sterling worth. This startling spectacle reaches its climax in three months the climax of the "New York Winter Garden." The story that hinges on the race is a love affair and an engagement. The young lovers slip away in the automobile, while they are pursued by the girl's father on a train. A splendid comedy novelty, entitled "The Musical Coach," featuring Gordon and Noye, is one of the clever supporting novelties. Of interest to music lovers is the novel and real wonder play, "A Foot of Ismed's," Mack and Sangster, a nice girl act, and the Wood Brothers, comedy artists, complete the bill. With the exception of the headliner, "A Mile a Minute," the bill for the last half of the week will be changed entirely.—Advertisement.

COLONIAL TODAY To-day the management of the Colonial holds forth as its tempting attraction Clara, the mail young in her latest success, entitled "The Tiger and the Blue Ridge," and owing to the popularity of the reviewer screen star the present management has arranged to present each patron with a good sepiat print of Miss Young. This picture is about 10x12 inches in size and is a very attractive likeness of the popular star.

Blatina, the mountain maid, with a pet bear, the female center of attraction in a lawless moonshining district. Miss Young has to endure all kinds of hardships, escapes and striking adventures. She has two lovers, an admirable young countryman, and a vicious moonshiner. The moonshiner is killed in an encounter on the cliffs with the hero, who rescues and marries Blatina. There are superb settings in this picture, with a supporting cast that includes Chester Barnett and Robert Cummings, is wonderfully well acted. It is a fine and exciting offering.—Advertisement.

BLANCHE SWEET AT THE REGENT IN "THE CASE OF BECKY" In which Jesse L. Lasky presents Miss Blanche Sweet in the stellar role of the Paramount program, the intelligent play, "The Case of Becky," is one of the greatest dramatic successes ever produced by David Belasco, by whose consent and sanction the picture was made. Edward Locke is the author.

Miss Sweet assumes a dual personality, that of a young woman stamped with two characters, one pleasing and happy, the other mean and vindictive. These two personalities, in the one person struggle against each other for mastery. There is a plot involving a theme of mysticism and hypnotism, subjects that are handled with all the skill and discursive command of the Lasky producing force.

Friday and Saturday—"The Famous Players Film Company" presents a picture, "Zaza," with Pauline Frederick, the supreme comedienne of the screen, in a picture of the immortal drama, "The Merchant of Venice," from 10:30 till 2 and from 4:30 till 7 p. m.—Advertisement.

"THE MELTING POT" AT THE ROYAL AND NATIONAL David Quixano is left an orphan through the massacre of orthodox Jews in Kishineff by forces under the direction of Baron Ravendal. Wounded by the ball of a bullet, he is taken to the home of a Jewish family. In the meantime, Vera, the daughter of the Baron, is attracted to David because of her presence in the home of a revolutionist, although she has come to the city to marry a Jew. She at last quarrels with her father, is arrested, thrown in prison and sentenced to Siberia and the Russian Empire against her. By changing clothes with a Jewish woman who is told off for transportation to America, she makes her escape.

David is exiled to the United States with other Jews. He returns to his home with his uncle and grandmother, but finds a place in an East Side concert hall, where he meets the sons of the hall. There Vera, who has become a worker in an East Side mission, meets him and their common love for music brings them closer and together. Until a "re-ater love becomes the big thing in the world."—Advertisement.

Henry Houck to Lecture on Bifurcated Lamp Posts Before Alricks Members

Scientific matters of more than usual weight will be discussed by the Alricks Association on Friday evening after its monthly business meeting at St. Andrew's Parish House, Nineteenth and Market streets.

The discussion will be led by Secretary of Internal Affairs Henry Houck, who, according to announcements by officers of the association, will lecture on the following abstract subjects: "I Should Worry," or Some Reconstructive Directions on the Concatenation and Misconception of Diffusely Bifurcated Lampposts, With Scientific Observations Personally Made Thereon in Possum Glory, Mertly and Odith, Prezmysl and Other Noted Seaports."

Officers of the association also said to-day that they had arranged to have in hand in case it becomes necessary to illustrate involved points.

PARCEL POST SALE Special to The Telegraph Dauphin, Pa., Nov. 10.—On Friday evening the Mite Society of the Presbyterian Church, will hold a parcel post sale at the home of Mrs. Sabra M. Bell in the part vacated by Nimrod Smith. Coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches will be served and candy will be for sale.

PUPILS' GOOD RECORD Special to The Telegraph Bain, Pa., Nov. 10.—Pupils of the high school attending every day of the second month; Merle Stricker, Lester Kern, Mary Mumper, Edith McVey, Mabel Weber, James Weidigh, Florence Gutshalk, Louise Thomas, Ruth A. Pryor and Verda Pryor.

GERMANY AND THE WAR! Last chance to see and hear ROBERSON--The Telegraph's Travelogue--in the most powerful of all TRAVELOGUES TONIGHT 8:15 CHESTNUT ST. AUDITORIUM MOTION PICTURES Scenes in the trenches on Germany's Eastern front—Infantry charging—Heavy artillery in action—Sharpshooters firing—Red Cross nurses at the front—German troops marching in Warsaw—Desolation caused by Russian shells in Prussian and Galician cities—Treatment of wounded at front—Scenes in prison camps—War spirit in Berlin—Crowds gathered about war maps and thronging the "Unter den Linden"—A battery of artillery moving through Berlin—Reserves called to colors—French wounded prisoners brought into Germany—AN INTIMATE VIEW OF KAISER WILHELM LEAVING FOR THE FRONT and General Von Hindenburg with his staff. COLORED VIEWS— War and peace time scenes in Berlin, Hamburg, Heidelberg, Munich, Cologne, Weisbaden, Wurzburg and Leipzig—The Rhine—Helgoland—Kiel Canal—the estates and palaces of the Kaiser—the country districts and the interesting places. SPECIAL PROGRAM GERMAN MUSIC—Miss Sara Lemer, violin. Charles Mackey, piano. 7.30 to 8.15. (Stieff Piano Used.) LAST TRAVELOGUES Friday afternoon (4.15)—"Beautiful America." (School Matinee) Friday Evening—"Italy." Saturday Evening—"Paris and London." (NO TRAVELOGUE THURSDAY) Admission 10c With Coupon on First Page of Telegraph. Seat in Reserved Section 25c

Women and Their Interests

Parents and the Child

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER Copyright, 1915, Star Company

"Should parents encourage or curb a child's ambition?" A journal reader has written this question. It is not an easy one to answer. Much may depend upon what the ambition is.

We remember the various ambitions of our childhood. They were wonderful. I fancy there are few small boys who have not determined at some stage of their early career to be engine drivers. Many of them at one time or another have planned to become soldiers.

Parents have no need to curb such ambitions. As years pass wild fancies are replaced by dreams of other kinds. "I hate to see my boy making a fool of himself," complained one father. "He is planning a career that is absolutely impracticable. His every thought and effort tend in the direction of one idea."

"Is the idea one that interferes with his usefulness?" asked an elderly friend. "Well, no. I'll tell you what it is. He plans to make enough money in his regular line of work to buy a ranch in the West and settle out there to spend the rest of his days by the time he is forty-five."

"I think it is a mighty good thing," the friend remarked gravely. "Can't you see that everyone works better with some objective in mind, with some cherished idea for which he works? Let the lad alone."

What Happened to Jane

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water (Copyright, 1915, Star Company.) CHAPTER I

The Sunday evening service was over in the Dutch Reformed Church in the little village of Milton. Jane Hardy had sat near the door and was among the first of the worshippers to go out, into the fragrant June night. But swiftly as she had come out, Ned Sanderson was awaiting her on the front steps. She felt her heart beat with pleasure and a sudden shyness she stepped forward and greeted her, his hat in his hand.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked with boyish frankness. She looked back over her shoulder into the church down whose aisle the congregation was now moving slowly. "Father is here," she said hesitatingly, "and he may expect me to wait for him."

"Well, I'll go in and tell him that I'm going to see you home safely," Sanderson volunteered. The bashfulness common to the country lads to whom Jane Hardy was accustomed was not a characteristic of this fellow. She wondered now if his lack of embarrassment was due to the fact that he was what the young people here in Milton called "a city chap."

Touching her elbow lightly, he drew her to one side of the vestibule apparently unconcerned by the stares of the passers-by who nodded and smiled to him and the girl. He bowed pleasantly to them all. This was the second summer in which he had made occasional visits to Milton. Last year he had spent his two weeks' vacation here. This year he had run out every few weeks for a Sunday. This was one of these visits. He would return to town and to work to-morrow.

On his stays in the village he had taken in everything—church societies and picnics included—and had been "thall fellow well met" with everybody. But he had paid especial attention to no girl except Jane, and to the bucolic mind this meant that the pair were

will see that she reaches there safely."

A shade of disappointment crossed Ezra's face, and his companion drew his dark brows together. "I am sorry," the latter said to Jane, "that I am not to have the chance of a chat with you. But perhaps I can see you later at your home."

A Perfect Evening "Thank you," the girl returned. Then, obeying Ned's touch upon her arm, she added "Good night," and went with him down the church path to the street.

It was a perfect June night, and the moon cast long shadows across the quiet village street. The elms on each side joined their branches overhead and the light filtering through the leaves made white blotches on the road. The air was fragrant with the smell of honey suckles growing over the fences of the yards of the young couple passed.

Ned Sanderson drew in a deep breath of enjoyment. "This is some night!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry you don't live two thousand miles between the parent and herself. She is a loving daughter, yet she insists that she has a 'career' before her. The mother will be left at home alone."

"The girl is selfish," disinterested relatives exclaim. "She owes a duty to her parent. Think what that woman has suffered and renounced for her!" "But," the girl pleads, "mother may live for years—and how about my career? When she is gone it may be too late for me to take it up. I must live my own life."

"The mother must not be considered in such a matter," said one woman to whom I spoke of this case. "She has had her youth and her life. Would she dwarf her daughter's existence?" "Yes, we echo—and try to keep a note of sadness from our voices—it is the rule of the ages!"

"I tell you he never asked me, Sissy! he's years older than I am!"

point

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"I heard a man say the other day that Reeves is considered a very good catch." Ned remarked dryly. "And he's steady, too, my informant says. He's a deacon in the church, and what cuts more ice, is a very prosperous farmer."

"Not one who just makes enough to live on, like poor father," the girl commented with a touch of bitterness. "Your father's worth a thousand of old Reeves!" declared her companion stoutly. "I mean when you count worth in character."

"Father's worth a million of him if you count it that way!" she corrected. And they both laughed like light-hearted children.

Another instalment will appear in an early issue of the Telegraph. It

Washing Won't Rid Head of Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

Do this to-night, and by morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.—Advertisement.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915. TRAINS leave Harrisburg— For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:05, 7:52 a. m., 2:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and Intermediates at 5:05, 7:52 a. m., 2:40 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 3:26, 6:30, 9:35 a. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:05, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:16, 3:46, 5:37 and 6:39 p. m. *Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. H. TONGE. H. A. RIDDLE. G. F. A.

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