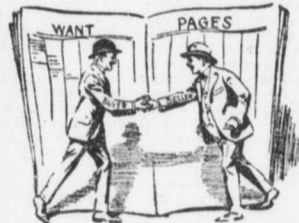


# The ADPAGE FAMILY ANTHOLOGY No. 6

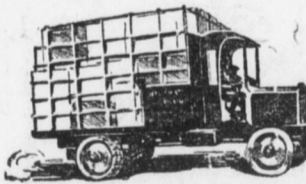


UNCLE WALTER ADPAGE.

When Brother John kept insisting that I Give up my little teeming business downstate And come to the city, I thought That his heart, rather than his head, Dictated what he said and that he Just wanted to have me near but when He kept it up I came to the city To take a look around and to show him That a small capital man, like me, Had no chance.



But when he showed me the "Business Opportunities" Offered in the evening Telegraph, I began to sit up and take notice. First, through the "For Sale" columns I sold My downstate business, and then I got acquainted with the big town and then, Through the automobile columns, I found A motor truck for sale, and bought it, And contracted for some hauling and soon I had so much business that I bought another truck And so on, until now I have, after ten years' work, Twenty trucks, doing capacity business.



But, as a matter of fact, It was advertising my service In the Telegraph that brought A great deal of my business, though it took, All the hustle and honesty I had To make good. But when folks tell me that a stranger Has no chance in the city I say: "Well you needn't be a stranger long— You can get acquainted with the town And become known through The Harrisburg Evening Telegraph."



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# Women AND THEIR INTERESTS

## What Happened to Jane

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER VI  
(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

Esra Hardy was awaiting his wife at the door of the farmhouse as she and her escort came pantingly up the path.

In spite of the large umbrella of which Reeves had made his boast, Mrs. Hardy was a much-dampened little figure as she stepped forward into the lamp-light of the front hall. Yet she was smiling.

"Mr. Reeves was so kind about bringing me home," she said. "Janie ran on ahead of us, but he took good care of me."

"Yes," Augustus added, "I thought that your daughter could take better care of herself than your wife could. So I insisted that Mrs. Hardy must stay under my big umbrella. But even that did not keep off all the rain, for the wind blew it in sideways."

Jane listening at the head of the stairs, giggled softly. How ready this man was to take to himself credit for the action that had been a ruse on her part to elude him! But her mirth was short-lived, as her father's voice rang out peremptorily, though kindly.

"Come down here," he called. "Come down here and see Mr. Reeves as soon as you're taken of your wet wads." Then she heard him add to his guest, "She got quite damp, though she missed the worst of the storm. But she was so heated up from running that I was afraid she'd take cold, so I sent her up to put on some dry things. Come right in and take a chair, won't you—unless you're afraid to stop in your wet clothes?"

"Oh, no; I'm not very wet," the visitor replied. "These clothes don't soak in the water much."

So he was going to stay and talk! Jane's heart sank. Where was she not escaping him this time. Fortunately her father and mother would be present, and that was much better than walking close to him under his umbrella.

Jane Comes Down to the Sitting Room. She took a long time to change her dress, but at last when she could descend for the ordeal no longer, she came slowly down into the sitting room.

"My! how hot it is in here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," her mother agreed, "the lamp makes it hot, but we don't dare sit outside in a thunderstorm, dearie."

"I suppose not," Jane said, sinking into the chair nearest the door. Then, as silence ensued, she added lamely, "What a heavy storm it is!"

"It's needed," Augustus said, with touch of reproof in his voice. "Until last Monday we hadn't had rain for three weeks."

His manner speaking to her as if she were a silly little child irritated the girl. She thought of how Ned Sanderson would have answered her remark about the storm with a hearty "I sure is!"

"You farmers always say that rain is needed," she observed flippantly. "I never yet saw a rain—no matter how"

inconvenient it was—that some farmer did not try to stop one's complaints with the remark, "It's needed!" For my part, I hate rain."

"You wouldn't make a good farmer," Her mother tried to laugh away her child's petulance.

"I shall never be a farmer," declared the girl. "The life doesn't appeal to me."

What ailed her to-night, mused her father, that she should say such things where Augustus Reeves was?

"And what Augustus Reeves queried pompously, "are your plans for your life?"

"I have expected to be a teacher," she answered politely, recalled to her better self and to more gentleness by the expression of anxiety on her parents' faces.

"Where?"

She hesitated, and as she did so regarded her speech asterners. She tried to correct the unfortunate impression she might have made.

"From my remark about not wanting to be a farmer," she said, "I may have given the impression that I do not like the country." She smiled faintly. "But I do—I like Milton, at least—and it's home to me. So I am sorry to think that I may have run away from here to teach in the Falls. But it looks now as if I must. I do not know what place I will go to, but I hope it won't be far from home and my people and friends."

"Then you wouldn't care about living in a big place like New York, would you?" Augustus asked.

She Gives a Queer Answer to Reeves. "Why, I never thought of it," she said simply. "But as I wouldn't want to live in any city where I had nobody belonging to me, I suppose I wouldn't want to live in New York."

What a while Mrs. Hardy's girl she was, he thought. Yet her speech mollified him and he talked long and with self-enjoyment of the advantages of the country over the city.

After a while Mrs. Hardy remarked that she "guessed she'd best be taking off her wet things," so if the others didn't mind and would excuse her she'd go to her room. Reeves told her good night without rising from his chair, a fact which did not escape Jane's notice. A few minutes later Mrs. Hardy called her husband, and as he left the room with the remark that he'd be back in a minute, Augustus turned to Jane.

"I was telling your mother," he said, "that if I wanted to I might use my influence to get you a place in the Milton school. I'm a big man on the board, you know."

"Oh!" Jane exclaimed, involuntarily, a wave of color suffusing her face, "how kind you are! I would be so happy if I could stay here at home!"

"Well, perhaps I'll decide to see what I can do about it," he told her loftily.

But as Esra Hardy entered at that moment he stopped abruptly without finishing his sentence.

By MAY MANTON



8845 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

### A SMART FROCK OF PLAID SERGE

The Pattern for This Design Besides Allowing for All Seams, Gives the True Basting Line and shows Diagrams for Cutting and Making.

Each Piece of the Pattern Also is Lettered for Identification.

Plaid serge is one of the prettiest as well as one of the most fashionable materials for girls' dresses. In this case, it is woven to give the bias effect, while in reality, the material is straight and it is trimmed with bands of taffeta. The effect is an excellent one, but as a matter of course, the dress can be copied in any reasonable material and some mothers will like it for linen, for pique and the like, while others will like it for gabardine, light weight broadcloth and the more dressy taffeta, for girls are wearing all these materials. The blouse is just as pretty full, the skirt is cut in three pieces and the two are joined by means of the belt. The neck can be finished with or without the collar.

For the 12 year size will be needed, 4 1/2 yds. of material 27 in. wide, 3 3/4 yds. 36, 3 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 1/2 yd. 54 in. wide for the trimming.

The pattern No. 8845 is cut in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS  
Druggists refund money of PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.—Advertisement.

# Every Live Man Knows He Must Have New Clothes

Why not the best to be had for your money? If you are keenly alive and ever up to the minute in your ideas you know we can UNDERSELL any clothing store, cash or credit in Harrisburg. 78 stores in a chain; 45 years in business. Outside high rent, high price district, saves you money.



You Can't Tell From Regular Tailor-made Only in the Price

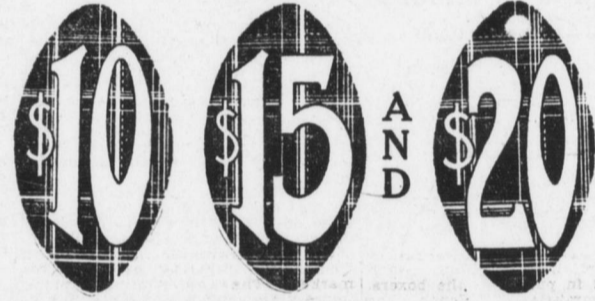
They fit, they have that smart snappy appearance and they put "pep" in all, who wear them.



## Get Your Overcoat NOW

We can fit you if you are on'y four years old or if you wear a 50-bust.

We Are Specializing This Week in Overcoats For Men and Young Men, at



We have them for \$4.98, \$6.98, \$7.50, \$9, \$12 and \$16 but our specials that show a saving of a \$5-bill in value are the \$10, \$15 and \$20 kind.

You can have your bill charged if you wish. No extra charge, no red tape or embarrassment, either.

Home Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co. Family Furnishers 29-31-33 and 35 S. Second Street Clothiers The Different Kind of a Credit Store

### THE WANDERING MAIL BAG

By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued from Editorial Page.]

sends a weekly report to Washington as to the number of bags on hand.

The greatest difficulty that the post office department encounters is that of keeping the great eastern cities adequately supplied with mail bags. New York alone requires a million a month to handle its outgoing mail, and this number must be increased at least 40 per cent. during the Christmas season.

In order to meet this increased demand, Congress not long ago passed an act permitting mail bags to be shipped by mail instead of freight from November 15 to January 15. By reason of this ruling the government has to pay the railroads nearly \$12,000 a year more than it otherwise would. It makes possible the shipment from Chicago to New York in forty-eight hours, whereas by freight it would require ten days.

The whole department of the postal equipment factory in Washington is devoted to the making and repairing of bags. Out of each load of 10,000 mail sacks, at least 1,000 usually need some sort of repair, while a few hundred will be found unfit for further service. Before a bag goes into the repair room, it is thoroughly cleaned. This is done primarily for the protection of the employees who would otherwise be in constant danger of contagious disease. Dilapidated bags are never thrown away, but are carefully cut up and every scrap is saved. Metal parts are sold as junk at so much a pound and the bits of cloth are used as patches. The rat is the worst natural enemy of the mail bag and sixty women with darning needles and sewing machines are needed to repair the ravages.

A Million This Year While a large number of mail bags have been purchased by contract an

increasing number are being manufactured in connection with the repair work. An average of 3,000 daily, or a full million, will be turned out this year. Making a mail bag is by no means a simple process. Each bag has to be handled by nearly a dozen workers before it is ready to go out. The canvas is unrolled by machinery on to a long table, where a sharp knife, run through a high folded pile, cuts out fifty at once. From the cutting table they pass directly to the marking stand where the letters, "U. S. Mail," are stenciled on indelibly. They are then passed over to the women machine operators who stitch them up on the machines with the strong Sea Island cotton thread which is manufactured expressly for mail bags.

During the last three months a number of tests have been made of collapsible hempers for handling parcel post mail, but none has proved practical so far. The trouble with the sacks now in use is that they have not been provided with locks, and a number of thefts of parcel post packages have been reported to the department. The superintendent of the supply factory is now designing a fastening which will not be easily opened, although less intricate than the locks provided for the first-class mail pouches. The lock shop is the most secret feature of the equipment factory, and a special permit is required to gain admission.

The rotary lock, now in use for the registered mail bags, represents the perfection of the locksmith's art. It is equipped with a registering dial which will register its number from 1 to 999, the figure being raised every time it is used. After the lock has been used 999 times, it is returned to the shop for readjustment. The serial number is written upon a slip of paper and fastened in the bag before it is closed. The clerk who opens the bag can tell by a glance at the lock and the slip of paper whether the lock has been tampered with since it was locked.

FORD TO EXPEND \$1,000,000 IN THREE NEW PLANTS

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 6.—Coincident with the return of Henry Ford, two important announcements will be made by the Ford Motor Company. One will be the expenditure of \$1,000,000 in three assembly plants in Milwaukee, Oklahoma City and Omaha, sites for which Mr. Ford has inspected on his trip. The other will be the inauguration of a still greater extension of the Ford Company's welfare system among its 20,000-odd employees.

MRS. PATTON DIES  
Mrs. Margaret L. Patton died at the home of her son, J. Hervey Patton, 1924 North Third street to-day. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

In place of tea or coffee, drink HUYLER'S COCOA for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Huyler's Cocoa is a food—very nutritious and easily digested. It does not stimulate or affect the nerves as do coffee and tea, and is splendid for children as well as adults.

**Huyler's COCOA**  
At Leading Grocers  
Huyler's Candy, like Huyler's Cocoa, is supremely good