

### Mothers Here Interested in New Treatment

Relieves Colds Over Night and Croup in Fifteen Minutes—Applied Externally.

NOTHING TO SWALLOW. NO DOSING THE STOMACH

Druggists Below Have Arranged to Sell 25c, 50c and \$1.00 Packages on 30 Days' Trial.

Local druggists report a great deal of interest among the ladies, especially among mothers with small children, in the new external treatment, Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve, recently introduced here from the South.

This new treatment does away with injurious internal medicines, flannel jackets and vapor lamps, in treating the various forms of cold troubles. Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" comes in Salve form, and is applied over the throat and chest, covering with a warm flannel cloth. The body heat releases medicated vapors that are inhaled with every breath all night long through the air passages to the lungs. These vapors loosen the phlegm, and clear the air passages. In cases of deep chest colds, first apply hot wet towels over the throat and chest to open the pores. Vick's is then absorbed through the skin, taking out that tightness and soreness.

While the profit on Vick's is smaller than on the old-time preparations, the druggists, whose names are given below, have the welfare of their customers more at heart than the interest of their pocket books, and have arranged to sell Vick's on 30 days' trial, giving with each sale a refund blank that is good for your money back if you are not delighted.

- AGENTS IN HARRISBURG ARE**
- Hindle Phar.
  - J. Nelson Clark, Corter's Phar.
  - C. M. Stoney
  - John K. Garland, Chas. F. George, Golden Seal Drug Store, Geo. A. Gorgas.
  - HAINBRIDGE, PA.**
  - H. Wilson Snyder.
  - HILLSBURG**
  - M. W. Britcher.
  - DUNCANNON**
  - E. C. Smith.
  - ENOLA**
  - Holme's Drug Stores.
  - F. Z. Gross.
  - Kaufman's Drug Store.
  - Orell Keller.
  - C. F. Kramer.
  - H. C. Kennedy.
  - Kitzmiller's Phar.
  - P. G. Ledlich.
  - Logan Drug Co.
  - HALIFAX**
  - Nace's Phar.
  - HERSHEY**
  - Hershey Store Co. Drug Dept.
  - Wm. E. Marshall.
  - C. A. Moller.
  - Park's Drug Co.
  - A. M. Rickert.
  - W. F. Street.
  - Thompson's Phar.
  - A. Thorley.
  - Walt's Phar.
  - E. K. Wilhelm.
  - MARYSVILLE**
  - Holme's Drug Stores.
  - HILLSBURG**
  - John W. Starr.
  - NEW CUMBERLAND**
  - Eby's Modern Phar.
  - LIVERPOOL**
  - E. M. Shuler.
  - STEELTON**
  - W. K. Martz.
  - D. A. Peters, Est.

**NEW BANK CASHIER**  
Special to the Telegraph  
Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 28.—Guy B. Rickenbaugh, of Tarentum, the new cashier of the Bank of Waynesboro, will come here to take up his duties March 1.

**\$1.35 FOR WHEAT**  
Special to the Telegraph  
Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 28.—Our millers are paying \$1.35 for wheat. They expect it to reach \$1.50 before many more weeks.

### TIRED WORKING MEN

A Local Druggist Suggests a Remedy For Overworked, Rundown Men.

The following letter from Manager Hodas recounts the experience and condition of many Harrisburg men. Read this letter and our offer which follows:

Brooklyn, N. Y., "I am a general office manager, and became so nervous and rundown in health that I lost my appetite and finally my health broke down completely, largely because of overwork. I tried Beef Iron and Wine, and other remedies without help. I saw Vinol advertised, and soon after taking it I noticed an improvement. I now have a hearty appetite, sleep better, feel better and have gained considerable in weight." Samuel Hodas, 501 Stone Ave.

The reason Vinol is so successful in such cases is because it contains the three oldest and most famous tonics viz.—the medicinal elements of fresh cod livers without oil, peptonate of iron and beef peptone.

We ask every run-down, overworked man in Harrisburg to try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that their money will be returned if it fails to help them as it did Mr. Hodas.

George A. Gorgas, Druggist; Kennedy's Medicine Store, 321 Market street; C. F. Kramer, Third and Broad streets; Kitzmiller's Pharmacy, 1325 Derry street, Harrisburg, Pa.

P. S.—In your own town, wherever you live, there is a Vinol Drug Store. Look for the sign.—Advertisement.

### IT NEVER FAILS TO END MISERY OF PILES

"Hundreds of people in this vicinity," says Peterson, "know of the mighty healing power of PETERSON'S OINTMENT in eczema, salt rheum, old sores, itching skin and ulcers. They know it cures these ailments—that it is guaranteed to cure them."

Now I want to say to every sufferer from piles, either blind, bleeding or itching, that I will guarantee that a 25 cent box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT will rid you of piles or your druggist will return your money.

For years I suffered terribly with itching and bleeding piles. I tried everything and despaired of ever getting rid of them. It gives me great pleasure to state that Peterson's Ointment entirely cured me, and I sincerely recommend it to all sufferers.—Yours truly, David A. Seymour, Supt. of Parks, Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

### SERBIAN REFUGEE CAMP PITCHED IN MUD AND WATER

1,200 Are Crowded Into Twenty-Five, Ill-Drained and Disease Haunted Tents

SUFFERING IS DREADFUL

Have Insufficient Clothes and Food; Winter Hits Them Hard

Saloniki, Greece, Jan. 28.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—The temporary Serbian refugee camp lies in the vacant lot back of the Russian hospital. For only a short time ago Saloniki was a Turkish city, and as in all the leading towns of the Ottoman empire each nation with any important colony had its own hospital, its own schools, its own post office, as it had its own consulate. So there is a Russian hospital at Saloniki.

It is an imposing and well-equipped building in an elaborate setting of formal gardens—such as might surround the railway station of any prosperous American suburban town. In contrast, the vacant lot behind the hospital grounds is barren, a dumping ground of mud holes, undrained and morose.

Here are pitched some twenty-five tents that shelter over twelve hundred men, women and children whose whole stock of worldly possessions is what they carried with them on their flight from war-torn Serbia. Some came by train, before it was too late. They have beds, a trunk or two of clothing to a family—possibly an American sewing machine. But most fled afoot in the last hours of Serbia's agony, tearing their peasant hearts reluctantly from their native soil. They have the clothes they stand in. Perhaps there is a homespun blanket between two or three.

From the inside, the canvas of the oval tents shows yellow and opaque, under the rain of every day. The ground is wet with the continual coming and going of muddy feet, shod only with flimsy sandals. Badly guttered around the edges the canvas walls of the tents let tiny rivulets trickle across the floor. In some, the women, haunting the allies' docks and camps, have salvaged a few planks, torn from box tops. These nailed together serve to raise sleeping blankets an inch or two above the ground. Luxury! The greater part have spread their wet blankets on the wet earth.

**Few Men**  
The men in the camp by day are old—those too old to fight. Or they are the maimed relics of battle. The Serbs who might fight did not flee. They are with what is left of their country's army, still fighting in the mountains of Albania somewhere, or on the borderland of Greece. The women do not know where they are. They do not even know if they live. And if they are dead, they will never know where they died—nor where they lie buried.

One tent after another reveals misery indescribable. Around their sides, in the pouring rain, feeble old men clad in patched rags seek to dam the torrents that continually break through the earth dikes and seep into the tents. Others lie on the ground within, wrapped in blankets, too wretched to move. The hospital is full of the more seriously ailing—there is no room for those who are simply slightly ill, or weary.

At one end of a tent, seated on a petroleum box as if enthroned, is a young woman, a shawl drawn over her head. She is rocking to and fro, moaning. From time to time she buries her face in the torn rag of what was once a pillow slip, held clutched in her lap. Her shoulders shake with the rhythm of expressed grief. Old women, squatting on the ground about her in a semicircle at little distance fumble at inconsequent tasks, chattering like a Greek chorus. No one speaks to her. Only occasionally the children come and stand staring with the cruel curiosity of youth, whispering among themselves.

### Mother Goes Mad

Her baby was ill when she left Ghevneil a week ago. There was no food for him on the journey afoot. The bitter wind of the Vardar Valley bit through the inadequate shawl. The boy died at last in her arms. She had to bury him there, in a shallow grave hastily dug by a French soldier.

Such fairly able-bodied men as there are among the refugees are employed by the allied armies in construction work, on the fortifications now hurriedly building around Saloniki. The French pay them four francs a day, the British three—principally wages that help the little colony vastly. Meanwhile the Russian relief committee has been busy at work. A hundred and fifteen thousand drachmas have been collected—a large part of the sum in Macedonia itself—wherever to feed and clothe the more destitute. Princess Demidoff, the wife of the Russian minister at Athens, is head of the work, herself on the ground directing everything with the assistance of the Russian Consul at Saloniki. Her work is the immediate relief of those whose misery cannot wait the long process of the establishment of an elaborate permanent refugee camp at Volo projected by the British Serbian Relief Committee.

Night falls. The few men creep in from their work on the French and British trenches, covered with mud. The lamp, hanging on a string from the middle of the tent, is lit. A few soldiers, Serbians, who have also been at work, stroll in, followed by a Serbian policeman or two, who themselves are the sole guardians of the law in their own camp. The mass of them heats up the tent notwithstanding the dampness. Four men sit at a corner table, playing a game of cards—four men, with a huge bass viol that is played with a pick, not a bow; a mandolin string, however, like a guitar; a guitar-shaped instrument whose doubled strings are those of a mandolin, finally a tiny instrument no bigger than a porridge bowl, with a long neck and a plaintive tenor voice that sings the melody. The music begins—the primitive music of a simple people, in the minor, with poignant repetitions.

Some one in the shadow starts to sing softly. Others join, one by one—the infinitely sad voices of those to whom music is alone left. Songs, cousin to the minor harmonies of the Russian folk songs; Slav songs, race songs—the voice of a people, one and indomitable.

And far at the end of the tent in the semidarkness still rocking to and fro, to the beat of the music now, the mother sits alone accustomed her arms to their loneliness for the baby she left by the somber road from Serbia.

The Broad Street Market ad on page 13 is for YOU. Read it, and then remember, the Market is only a 5 cent cartage away. You'll save that much on most any purchase.—Advertisement.

## The Greatest January Sale this Store Has Ever Known Will Close Tomorrow Night

# 50 New and Used Pianos and Players Will Be Sacrificed For Quick Clean-Up Last Chance---Act at Once

If you are ever to have a piano now is the time. Tomorrow night this sale closes. About 50 new and used Pianos and Players remain to be sold. Rather than hold them for what they are worth—we have slashed the prices for a quick clean-up—and will turn them into whatever money they will bring—at once. If you miss this last opportunity you'll miss the one big chance of a life-time. Remember—this is a clearance for quick results only. Seeing is believing. If you hesitate, your chance is lost. Act now, come early. Come prepared to buy. Make your own terms.

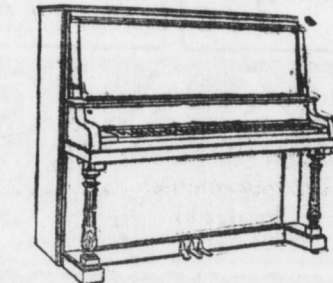
### Big Extra Specials For Today and Tomorrow

Jewel Upright Piano

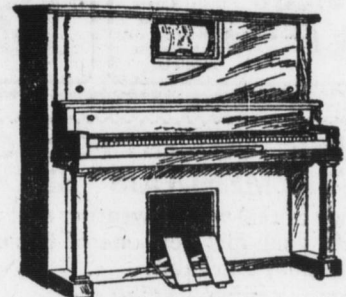
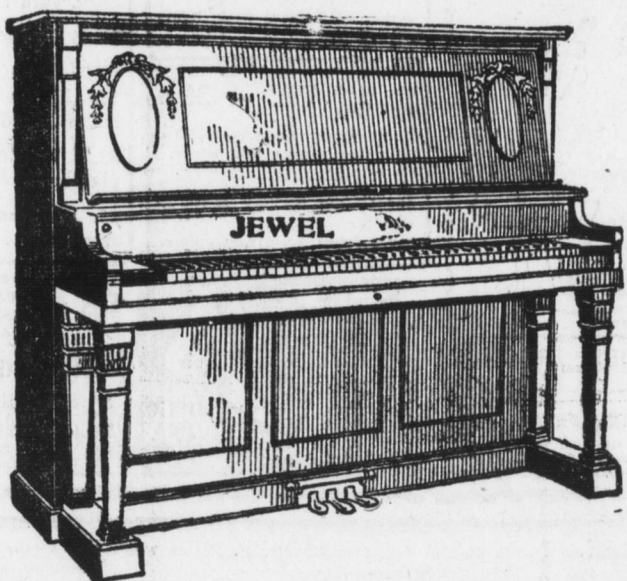
**\$50**



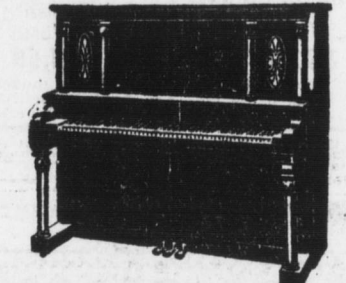
**\$89.00** WAS \$250  
Martin Upright Piano, large size, mahogany case. Good tone and action.



**\$127** WAS \$325  
Meiser Upright Piano; full size, mahogany case.

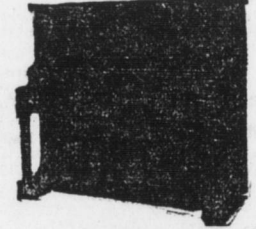


**\$195** WAS \$550  
Large-size Player Piano; mahogany case, fine tone. 12 rolls of music free.

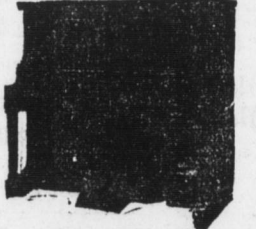


**\$133** WAS \$300  
McCammin Upright Piano. Full size, mahogany case.

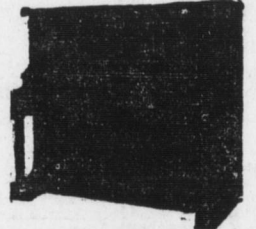
### Loose No Time Now. Last Opportunity. See these Bargains at Once



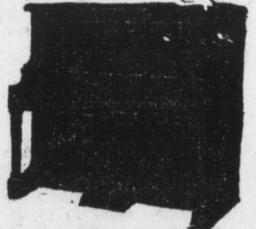
**\$149** WAS \$330  
Steiff Upright Walnut case, late design.



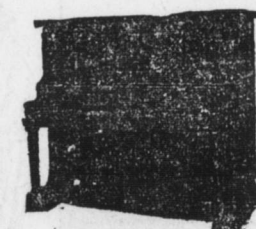
**\$313** WAS \$500  
Latest 86-note Player; medium size, like new. 12 Rolls of Music FREE.



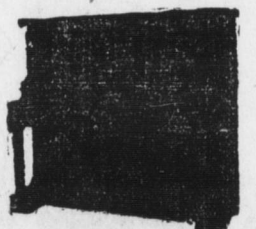
**\$220** WAS \$375  
Kimball Upright. Large Size—like new. Mahogany case.



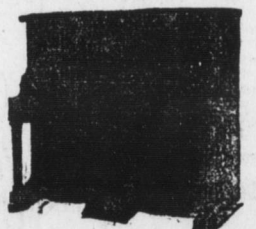
**\$339** WAS \$550  
Sample 88-note Player. One lot of the best makes.



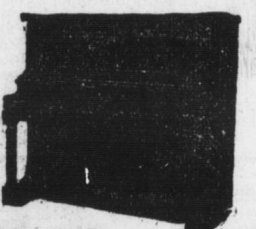
**\$187** WAS \$500  
Hardman Upright; ebony finish; one of the best bargains.



**\$243** WAS \$350  
New Upright Piano. Old, reliable make. Fine mahogany case.



**\$367** WAS \$600  
Floor-worn 88-note Player Piano; like new. 12 Rolls of Music FREE.



**\$289** WAS \$500  
Knabe Upright. One of the best; large size, handsome case.

Many Other Bargains Await You. Don't Delay. Sale Closes Tomorrow Night Store Open This Evening Until 9 O'clock

## J. H. Troup Music House

Troup Building

15 S. Market Square

#### DIES AT SOLDIERS HOME

Special to the Telegraph  
Elizabethtown, Jan. 28.—Amos Beltz, a native of this place, died at the Soldiers' Home, at Hampton, Va., yesterday, aged 81 years. He was a shoemaker by trade, and is survived by four children.

#### SEARCHING FOR WOMAN

Special to the Telegraph  
York, Pa., Jan. 28.—Constables and deputies searched the upper end of York county almost to Cumberland yesterday in an effort to find Mrs. Margaret O'Brien of this city, aged 40 years, who on January 19 wandered away from home and is still missing.

#### TREE FALLS ON MAN

Special to the Telegraph  
Mechanicsburg, Pa., Jan. 28.—While chopping down a tree near Boiling Springs yesterday Oliver First, a carpenter, engaged in the erection of a barn, was badly injured when the tree fell on him. He is under the care of a physician at his home here.

#### CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING

Progress, Pa., Jan. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Packler, yesterday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their home here. Mrs. Packler before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Louisa Hoak. Mr. Packler is a retired carpenter and a veteran of the Civil War, serving in the Army of the Potomac.

#### CHANGE IN AGENTS

Waynesboro, Pa., Jan. 28.—A change was made in the agents of the Adams Express office here yesterday. W. F. Sipe, who has been in charge of the local office for the past three years, has been transferred to Tyrone, Pa., and Herbert Adams, who has been at the office in Hanover, will succeed Mr. Sipe here.