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Cumberland Valley Railroad

TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915. TRAINS leave Harrisburg— For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:02, 7:52 a. m., 9:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 6:05, 7:52, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:27, 7:45, 11:00 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:16, 3:26, 6:30, 9:35 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5:02, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:16, 3:40, 5:37 and 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. J. H. TONGE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

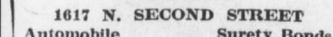
SHIRTS SIDES & SIDES

Fire Accident

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TELEGRAPH

WANT AD

WILL SELL THAT AUTO

HOME A NOVEL BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Altx Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Altx meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Altx. Altx is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Altx and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Altx leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Altx.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple House Collingford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Altx and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city.

CHAPTER XIV—Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XV—In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

CHAPTER XVI—Gerry pastures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

CHAPTER XVII—Collingford meets Altx in the city and finds her changed.

The cattle followed but the men had to beat the first through away from the gap. They had stopped to eat and had blocked the way. At last they were all in and the gap closed. One or two stood with straddled feet and continued to low, their lips just brushing the lush grass. "Poor beasts," said Lieber, the smile gone from his face, "they are too weak to eat."

He and Gerry went back to the house for breakfast. The herders sat and smoked. They had had coffee; it would see them through half the day. Before Lieber left, the horses were herded once more and with much trouble driven out upon the desert. Lieber turned to Gerry. "Don't let them back in until tomorrow, please," he said. "If you do, they'll founder."

"What about the cattle?" asked Gerry. "The cattle are all right. They haven't enough spirit left to kill themselves eating. They'll begin lying down pretty soon. Good-by, and remember, you'll get a warm welcome up at Lieber's whenever you feel like riding over."

"Thanks," said Gerry. "Good-by." He watched Lieber ride away on the road the priest had taken. Fazenda Flores, his isolated refuge, was beginning to link itself to a world. Man, like a vine, has tendrils. To climb he must reach them out and cling.

The reward of those long months of preparation was at hand. Once every spade thrust had seemed but the precursor to barren effort. Now every stroke of the hoe seemed to bring forth a fresh green leaf. Life fell into an entrancing monotone. It became an endless chain that forged its own links and lengthened out into an endless perspective. Days passed. The arrival of Lieber's foreman to see how the stock was progressing was an event. He brought with him an old saddle and bridle—a gift from Lieber to Gerry. "He says," the foreman remarked with a leer, on making the presentation, "you can ride anything you can catch."

Gerry felt the foreman needed putting in place. He went into the house and reappeared carrying something in his hat. He climbed the fence and called. The horses raised their heads and looked. Some were lazy after watering but the others trotted over toward him. They stopped a few yards off and scrutinized him as though to divine his intentions. Then they approached cautiously, with tense legs, refused to whirl and bolt. A greedy colt refused to play the game of fear to a finish. He strode forward and was rewarded with a large lump of sugar. The sugar was coarse and black, first cousin to virgin molasses, but it was redolent. The horses crowded around Gerry. They pawed at him. He had to beat them back. They made a bold assault on the empty but odorous hat. Gerry laughed and cleared the fence to get away from them. "I think your master must be mistaken," he said with a smile to the foreman. "Some of these colts can never have been backed."

The foreman looked his admiration. He began to take Gerry seriously; it was man to man now. He pointed out the horses that were broken to saddle and named their gaits and mettle. Then his shrewd eyes looked around for further details to add to his report to his master. He noted that a few, a very few, of the cattle were still lying down when they should have been on their feet and eating. These were herded into a corner of their own and old Bonifacio was tending them. Beside each was a pile of fresh cut grass. As they ate they nosed it away,

but Bonifacio made the rounds and with his foot pushed back the fodder, keeping it in easy reach.

The foreman's eyes caught on two new-born calves. They had been taken from their weak mothers and were in a rough pen by themselves. The foreman did not have to count the stock to see that none was missing. He was cattle bred. A gap in the herd or the bunch of horses would have flown at the seventh sense of the stockman the moment he laid eyes on the field. Instead there were these two calves. "Master," he said to Gerry, "you have made up your mind not to lose a head. You would save even these little ones, born before their time?"

Gerry nodded gravely. He had worked hard to save all. He winced at the mere thought of death at Fazenda Flores even down to these least weaklings. He himself had fed them patiently from a warm bottle. In trouble and valuable time they had cost him an acre of cotton. But an acre of cotton was a small price to pay for life.

A grip of the hand and the foreman was off in a cloud of dust. At the bridge he pulled his horse down to the shambling fox trot that spares beast and man but eats steadily into a long journey. A bearer of good tidings rides slowly.

Gerry turned to his work but a cry from the house arrested him. He dropped his field tools and ran to the house. Dona Maria glanced at him, clawed and hustled him out of the room—out of the house. The door slammed behind him. He heard the great bar drop. He was locked out.

Gerry paced angrily up and down the veranda. Calm came back to him. He saw that he had been a fool. He stopped and sat down on the steps of the veranda. Here, before he had made his benches, she had often sat beside him, caressed him, sung to him. How cold he had been. How little he had done for her. He remembered that as she had worked on baby clothes she had said she wished she had some blue ribbon. They had all laughed at her, but she had nodded her girl's head gravely and said, "Yes, I wish I had some blue ribbon—a little roll of blue ribbon." What a brute he had been to laugh!

Gerry still waited. It was terrible to wait. Then she called to him, "Gereel! Gereel!" He leaped up and pounded on the door but nobody came. Yesterday they had all been servile to him; today he was nothing. He shouted, "I am here! I shall always be here." She did not call again.

He paced up and down the veranda saying to himself, "A little roll of blue ribbon—a little roll of blue ribbon!" He stumbled on the saddle that Lieber had sent him. It held his eye. He picked up the bridle and ran down to the pasture. He caught the oldest and gentlest of the horses, opened a gap in the fence and led him out. Then he called Bonifacio. "Listen," he said, "you must take the fattest of the steers—the red one with the blazed face—you must drive him into town and sell him."

The darky demurred. "It is too late for market, master."

"It does not matter. You must do as I say," said Gerry angrily. "You must sell the steer. If you cannot sell him you must give him for blue ribbon. Do you understand? You must bring back blue ribbon for your mistress. She says you must have a little roll of blue ribbon."

Hours passed and Bonifacio returned. He laid a little package and some money beside his master. He unsaddled the old horse and turned him into the pasture; then he came back, sat down at Gerry's feet and slept. Gerry looked with wonder on his nodding head. Then the door opened and Dona Maria came bustling out. "Come in," she cried; "thou art the father of a man child."

Gerry went in and knelt beside the bed. Margarita looked at him and smiled faintly, proudly. He laid the little roll of blue ribbon in her weak hand. She turned her head slowly and looked down. She saw the glint of blue and understood. She turned her eyes, swimming black pools in a white, drawn face, to Gerry. To sacrifice she added adoration.

Chapter XVI

The calm which had settled on Altx's life puzzled her. She wondered if she was beginning to miss Gerry less. She was still debating the point when Collingford arrived in the city. Upon arrival he called on Mrs. J. Y. and then on Nance and then, of course, on Altx. As she came into the room he felt a strange fluttering in his throat. It stopped his words of greeting. He stuttered and stared. He had never felt so glad at the sight of any one.

(To be continued.)

PATTON FAVORS FAIRS

Secretary of Agriculture Charles E. Patton plans to attend the meeting of the State Association of Fairs which is to be held in this city this month. This organization held its preliminary meeting in Philadelphia and there will be a general discussion of ways and means to advance interests of the fairs and to attract attention to the purely agricultural displays.

Advertisement for Packard Light Service Trucks. Includes the headline 'Ask the man who owns one', an illustration of a truck, and the text 'The VITAL RELATION of Successful Delivery to Successful Business Should Impel Every Merchant to Use PACKARD Light Service Trucks'. It also features the Packard logo and contact information for Packard Motor Car Company of Philadelphia.

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A marvelous machine in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington, manufactures postage stamps. It completes twenty-one separate operations at the same time, and prints the stamps at the rate of 4,000 a minute.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which makes all of the paper money for the Treasury Department, as well as all of the stamps, is Uncle Sam's model factory. Great manufacturers concede that it is about as nearly perfect as such an institution can be made.

Especially is it a striking example of how efficiency may be increased by providing the most favorable environment for employees. The workers in this bureau are supplied with light from windows which make up over 50 per cent. of the walls and roof, and from electric globes of the highest power and softest tone. They are furnished with fresh air by an immense fan which distributes water-cooled air to all parts of the building, keeping it literally as fresh as the outdoors. These fortunate employees also get excellent meals at a restaurant in the building for very low prices, and during the summer months, dances are held during the noon hour on the roof.

As a result of all these measures for the welfare of the employe, when there was call for currency to meet the situation created by the European war, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was able to meet the situation with a display of speed and power that amazed everyone.

If you would like to know all the interesting things about the government you should read the great patriotic books, "The American Government" and "The Panama Canal," both by Frederick J. Haskin. See the details of the Telegraph's offer to its readers in the coupon printed elsewhere in this issue.

REAL JUMBO PEANUTS 12c LB.

Roasted fresh daily, also the famous home roasted coffee now to be had at the Imperial Tea Company, 213 Chestnut street. Phone orders delivered.—Advertisement.

Steckley's Shoe Store, in One Location For Half Century, Is Moved

The present trend of business improvement in the city of Harrisburg is not limited to the downtown section exclusively, as is demonstrated by the announcement of William W. Steckley, manager of the Steckley shoe store, 404 Broad street. Mr. Steckley announces that on or about the first of April the present location will be vacated and the business moved to the new store room, 1220 North Third street.

The Steckley shoe store is one of Harrisburg's oldest business houses, having been established in 1867 by Matthew Steckley, father of William W. and Warren Steckley, the present owners. The business was begun in a small one-story frame building, on the site of the present location and was enlarged from time to time to meet the requirements of business expansion. The building was enlarged three times during the forty-nine years and now again the present facilities have proved inadequate to handle the steadily increasing business.

Party Held in Honor of Miss Miller's Birthday

Special to the Telegraph. McVeytown, Pa., March 4.—Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Miller, of Horningford, entertained at their home in honor of the sixteenth birthday of their daughter, Miss Mabel Miller. Games were played during the evening and music was furnished by a number of the guests. Later in the evening refreshments were served to the following: Misses Mary Rodkey, Lorane Rodkey, Alice Buchanan, Myrtle George, Julia Morrow, Mary Espigh, Ida Hertzler, Margaret Kaufman, Ida Kaufman, Margaret Miller, Pearl Miller, Ruth Reninger, Catherine Harshbarger, Luella Youtzy, Effie Wagner, Gertrude Barton, Messrs. Walter

Harling, Arthur Swigart, Vance Esplugh, Alphonse Yoder, Elmer Miller, Thomas, Frank Dunmire, Charles Hucman, Mearle Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barton, son and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Krupp, son Miller, and two daughters; Mr. and Mrs. Gus Miller and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. John Shehan, son and two daughters and William Selbert, of Doyleburg, Franklin county, a great uncle of Miss Barton.

Advertisement for Mechanics Trust Company, Harrisburg, Pa. Includes the company name, address, and capital & surplus of \$600,000.00.

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