

GOOD ROADS MUST BE MAINTAINED

They Are Necessary Factors In Handling the Great Transportation Problem

"It cannot be too strongly urged upon every city, town, hamlet and cross roads corner to not put off getting their roads in proper shape before winter," says Henry Prensner of M. Brenner & Sons Motor Co., Local Distributors for Kissel Kars.

"It must be remembered that maintaining schedules when hauling products, goods, supplies and materials as well as the enormous crop now maturing, depends on the condition of the highways.

"In this connection, I wish to suggest that local booster organizations, commercial clubs, Chamber of Commerce and other industrial organizations cannot perform a more patriotic service than that of perfecting the highways in each community's vicinity to withstand the rigors of next winter. We are going to depend on the motor truck during the next six months more than ever before, and by providing roads that are navigable, it will not only enable trucks to maintain schedules throughout the winter months, but will in addition enable them to give uninterrupted service at an upkeep expense that is in proportion to the services they render. The poor road means high operating expense, as well as loss of time. Therefore it behooves every community to act now and every business man and property owner should bend every effort to anticipate transportation delays during the coming months and act accordingly."

of 387 names in war casualties 104 are killed

Sixteen Pennsylvanians Victims of Battle on the Fields of France

Washington, Sept. 28.—On the two casualty lists given out today by the War Department there appear 387 names. Out of a total of 104 killed in action, 16 are from Pennsylvania. The casualties were divided as follows:

Killed in action	104
Missing in action	20
Wounded severely	174
Died from wounds	54
Died from accident or other causes	3
Died of disease	23
Died from aeroplane accident	1
Prisoners	3
Total	387

The following Pennsylvanians were killed in action:

Lieutenant Lester J. Michael, Pittsburgh.

Need a Partner

The Americans, however, although itching to dance, could not see any fun in hugging a comrade. They wanted something a little sweeter and more intimate than the usual American impatience of "I want what I want when I want it," they proceeded to "chercher une femme." The fact that the none of them could speak a word of French mattered not at all. One big tall fellow who hailed from Utah, and who his companions jokingly called the "Meep" fellow, no time in upholding his state's reputation and proceeded to ask a giggling French miss to dance. I don't know what he said, but the lady would not dance and he came back to the group saying that she had explained that since her brother had been killed in the war she would not dance.

You can bet this plausible explanation brought a roar of laughter that nearly drowned the music. If your summer vacation could not speak a word of French he certainly couldn't understand any—but trust an American to save his face.

Identical Siblings

As usual, these Americans stared open-mouthed at my blue uniform as I spouted the good old American lingo, and even when talking with somewhat dubious as to my identity, although they admitted unwillingly that I certainly talked like an American.

On closer inspection they even admitted I looked like one also. What the distinguishing mark is I don't know, but it seems to be still there, thank heaven.

Salvaging Planes

These Americans were camped a few miles from our camp and were engaged in the unique work of salvaging planes brought down in the French lines—yes, French ones as well as Boche.

And gruesome were the tales they told of the things they had seen, among them being the story of a fight in the air between two Spads and a Boche plane. The two Frenchmen met the Boche a few miles from the front and the Americans surely thought it was the end, but the Boche had another trick up his sleeve. For to the surprise of the on-lookers he jumped from his plane trailing a parachute behind him.

Start After Him

The parachute soon opened and he began sailing serenely toward terra firma. But if the spectacle looked serene it had not that effect on the two Frenchmen who had caused it all, for they started at this sight, their quarry getting back to his beloved fatherland and not at all appeased at having got his plane, they promptly set on the parachute floater and shot to such good effect that he looked like a sieve before he reached the ground.

At that he landed on the French side and the Americans helped to bury him. Naturally, they didn't leave out any little gruesome details in relating it to me. However, the incident will point out how unpracticable is a parachute to a "chasse" pilot—sure he can jump, but oh, what a lovely target as he floats slowly downward.

Infant Diet

You know, I am back on an infant diet again. Being so far from the front has made this possible, and around here despite the fact that I have yet to see a cow. Goats seem to be quite numerous though—Billy and otherwise—and I wonder? —Still it tastes very good with my black coffee in the morning.

This morning I had chocolate, thanks to the kindness of an American lieutenant who just changed from the French service. He gave me a whole cake of Lowney's cooking chocolate, so you can bet for the next few mornings little Walter is going to apply himself diligently to filling that sweet tooth! It's needed attention for a long time.

As for the plane at which I buy the milk, I am still wondering how the family survive the awful combination of dirt and odor, for it's the usual type of rural dwelling, with a half stable and half home, with a dung heap for a front yard.

The other night when bringing my bottle to be filled with milk I passed by a woman and a baby carriage. The lady was occupied in keeping the flies off the baby who seemed to have discovered he was as sweet as his mother thought him. Judging from the number around, as politeness is quite a fixed custom in France, especially in bidding every-one to meet me, I was in quite a bit as I passed by saying "bonjour, Madame!"

Makes a Serious Mistake

"Mademoiselle!" responded the lady, with the most hurt expression I have ever seen on the face of a woman. And what could I do but promptly say "pardon!" for the mistake. I couldn't trust my voice to say any more, for I should have "busted" right out laughing, for she was the most unpleasant piece of femininity I ever hope to meet.

A dwarf in stature with a form that a sack of wheat would be insulted to be compared to, hair drawn straight back over a head out of all proportion to the body and skin that didn't help out any in the beautifying process.

A Rosy Future

With all this she was tending baby and since she looked so much like the other frousy spouses running around loose, how could I be blamed for the insult? It surely was that. Not that I have a jigger, but if such a woman still has hopes—golly, I sure have a rosy future ahead of me.

Another way I know when it's Sunday in this village is by the every body dolls up for Sunday school—or whatever one calls that in a Catholic church. The women are all tidied out in their black, get-to-meeting beads, and a lot of the men are wrapped in a calico gown to real shoes and a dress that makes some of them look pretty nifty.

Speaking about your Maud Mulryns, France is the only place I have ever seen them in reality. Believe

Hundreds of Car Buyers

who formerly bought new cars have within the past few months bought used cars from us. What caused this change? The answer is simple. The Government's request to practice thrift. Today those men are enjoying service equal to what they formerly enjoyed. Buy a used car from us, and invest the money saved in EXTRA LIBERTY BONDS.



1000 Cars Ready for Delivery.

1918 MURRAY "2" Touring car, excellent condition, splendidly equipped, a snap.

1918-17-16 BUICK Touring cars and roadsters, large selection, 4 and 6 cyl. models, at attractive prices.

1918 OLDSMOBILE, 7-pass. Touring, run 1700 miles, splendid condition, will sacrifice.

1918-17-16 CHANDLER chummy Roadsters, touring cars, 6-cyl. models, practically new, as low as \$450.

1918 LOCOMOBILE Touring, like new, run 2400 miles, cord tires, 2 extra.

1918 APPERSON "2" Touring, perfect condition, shows no wear, a snap.

1918 CADILLAC Touring, 7-pass., excellent condition, splendidly equipped, at a sacrifice.

1918 OWEN MAGNETIC Touring, 7-pass., very classy, a bargain.

1918-17-16 DODGE'S Touring cars and roadsters, large variety, excellent condition, at low prices.

1917 WINTON SIX Touring, tip-top condition, new tires.

1917 FAIRGEL Limousine, beautiful body, mechanically A-1.

Convenient Terms Arranged.

1917 MITCHELL SIX Touring, excellent condition, a snap, \$750.

1918-17-16 OVERLAND 4-cyl. cars and roadsters, 4- and 6-cyl. models, fully equipped and guaranteed, \$400 low.

1917 HAYNES Chummy Roadster, 4-pass. equal to new, wire wheels, cord tires.

1917 CHALMERS SIX Touring, small three extra, bumper and spot lights, \$475.

1917 JEFFERSON SIX Touring, 7-pass., run only 4000 miles, splendid equipment.

1918-17-16 CHEVROLET Touring cars, all models, large selection, fully equipped, at low prices.

1917 HUDSON SIX Touring, practically new, splendid equipment.

1917 GRANT Roadster, 6-cyl., very economical, fully equipped.

1918-17-16 OLDSMOBILE 4 Touring, tip-top condition, splendid family car.

1918-17-16 FORDS Touring cars, roadsters and coupes, at low prices.

1917 NATIONAL 12-cyl. Touring, very powerful, tip-top condition.

GORSON'S AUTOMOBILE EXCHANGE

238-240 NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

CLOSED SUNDAY. SEND FOR FREE BULLETIN. AGENTS WANTED

Looking For a Good Used Car?

WE STILL have several that are in first class condition, both as to looks and the machinery. These cars are real values and will give you good dependable service. Better see us now. Several have been sold in the past few days.

Crispen Motor Car Co.

NEW LOCATION
103 Market St.
Bell 3504

MAC'S

GARAGE

HASSLER

SHOCK ABSORBERS

FOR YOUR CAR

A CAR equipped with the famous Hassler Shock Absorber is much easier riding and is run much more economically than the car that is not equipped. The Hassler possesses many economic points—it absorbs all the shocks and takes the roughness out of bad roads; it absorbs with absolute resiliency all the jars; it gives absolute ease and riding comfort, and is a big saver on the wear and tear of your car.

We have just received a shipment of Hassler Shock Absorbers—the last we will receive till the war is over. We have a limited supply, so see us at once in order to be sure of your set.

We have expert mechanics to attach them.

MAC'S

NEW FIREPROOF GARAGE

117-19-21 S. Third St.

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
FORD SERVICE STORAGE AUTO PAINTING
Used Cars Motor Oils and Supplies

MAC'S

GARAGE

OF 387 NAMES IN WAR CASUALTIES 104 ARE KILLED

Sixteen Pennsylvanians Victims of Battle on the Fields of France

Washington, Sept. 28.—On the two casualty lists given out today by the War Department there appear 387 names. Out of a total of 104 killed in action, 16 are from Pennsylvania. The casualties were divided as follows:

Killed in action	104
Missing in action	20
Wounded severely	174
Died from wounds	54
Died from accident or other causes	3
Died of disease	23
Died from aeroplane accident	1
Prisoners	3
Total	387

The following Pennsylvanians were killed in action:

Lieutenant Lester J. Michael, Pittsburgh.

Need a Partner

The Americans, however, although itching to dance, could not see any fun in hugging a comrade. They wanted something a little sweeter and more intimate than the usual American impatience of "I want what I want when I want it," they proceeded to "chercher une femme." The fact that the none of them could speak a word of French mattered not at all. One big tall fellow who hailed from Utah, and who his companions jokingly called the "Meep" fellow, no time in upholding his state's reputation and proceeded to ask a giggling French miss to dance. I don't know what he said, but the lady would not dance and he came back to the group saying that she had explained that since her brother had been killed in the war she would not dance.

You can bet this plausible explanation brought a roar of laughter that nearly drowned the music. If your summer vacation could not speak a word of French he certainly couldn't understand any—but trust an American to save his face.

Identical Siblings

As usual, these Americans stared open-mouthed at my blue uniform as I spouted the good old American lingo, and even when talking with somewhat dubious as to my identity, although they admitted unwillingly that I certainly talked like an American.

On closer inspection they even admitted I looked like one also. What the distinguishing mark is I don't know, but it seems to be still there, thank heaven.

Salvaging Planes

These Americans were camped a few miles from our camp and were engaged in the unique work of salvaging planes brought down in the French lines—yes, French ones as well as Boche.

And gruesome were the tales they told of the things they had seen, among them being the story of a fight in the air between two Spads and a Boche plane. The two Frenchmen met the Boche a few miles from the front and the Americans surely thought it was the end, but the Boche had another trick up his sleeve. For to the surprise of the on-lookers he jumped from his plane trailing a parachute behind him.

Start After Him

The parachute soon opened and he began sailing serenely toward terra firma. But if the spectacle looked serene it had not that effect on the two Frenchmen who had caused it all, for they started at this sight, their quarry getting back to his beloved fatherland and not at all appeased at having got his plane, they promptly set on the parachute floater and shot to such good effect that he looked like a sieve before he reached the ground.

At that he landed on the French side and the Americans helped to bury him. Naturally, they didn't leave out any little gruesome details in relating it to me. However, the incident will point out how unpracticable is a parachute to a "chasse" pilot—sure he can jump, but oh, what a lovely target as he floats slowly downward.

Infant Diet

You know, I am back on an infant diet again. Being so far from the front has made this possible, and around here despite the fact that I have yet to see a cow. Goats seem to be quite numerous though—Billy and otherwise—and I wonder? —Still it tastes very good with my black coffee in the morning.

This morning I had chocolate, thanks to the kindness of an American lieutenant who just changed from the French service. He gave me a whole cake of Lowney's cooking chocolate, so you can bet for the next few mornings little Walter is going to apply himself diligently to filling that sweet tooth! It's needed attention for a long time.

As for the plane at which I buy the milk, I am still wondering how the family survive the awful combination of dirt and odor, for it's the usual type of rural dwelling, with a half stable and half home, with a dung heap for a front yard.

The other night when bringing my bottle to be filled with milk I passed by a woman and a baby carriage. The lady was occupied in keeping the flies off the baby who seemed to have discovered he was as sweet as his mother thought him. Judging from the number around, as politeness is quite a fixed custom in France, especially in bidding every-one to meet me, I was in quite a bit as I passed by saying "bonjour, Madame!"

Makes a Serious Mistake

"Mademoiselle!" responded the lady, with the most hurt expression I have ever seen on the face of a woman. And what could I do but promptly say "pardon!" for the mistake. I couldn't trust my voice to say any more, for I should have "busted" right out laughing, for she was the most unpleasant piece of femininity I ever hope to meet.

A dwarf in stature with a form that a sack of wheat would be insulted to be compared to, hair drawn straight back over a head out of all proportion to the body and skin that didn't help out any in the beautifying process.

A Rosy Future

With all this she was tending baby and since she looked so much like the other frousy spouses running around loose, how could I be blamed for the insult? It surely was that. Not that I have a jigger, but if such a woman still has hopes—golly, I sure have a rosy future ahead of me.

Another way I know when it's Sunday in this village is by the every body dolls up for Sunday school—or whatever one calls that in a Catholic church. The women are all tidied out in their black, get-to-meeting beads, and a lot of the men are wrapped in a calico gown to real shoes and a dress that makes some of them look pretty nifty.

Speaking about your Maud Mulryns, France is the only place I have ever seen them in reality. Believe

Flying With Shaffer

ITALIAN BAND CONCERTS

LETTERS FROM A DAUPHIN BOY TO HIS MOTHER

Dear Mother:—My efforts of an Italian band, I have been able to tell when Sunday comes during the last month. You see, lots of Italians are working around here making good buildings barracks and any other little job the French need and as a side issue give us music on Sunday.

Knowing how I like music you can believe that I for one, appreciate it. They really could play well and put so much in the music that it got into the feet of some Americans who were listening also. It had already reached the feet of the Italians and they were whirling around in the maddest two-step you ever saw. Even with my air raining I know I should have become dizzy trying the same thing.

Need a Partner

The Americans, however, although itching to dance, could not see any fun in hugging a comrade. They wanted something a little sweeter and more intimate than the usual American impatience of "I want what I want when I want it," they proceeded to "chercher une femme." The fact that the none of them could speak a word of French mattered not at all. One big tall fellow who hailed from Utah, and who his companions jokingly called the "Meep" fellow, no time in upholding his state's reputation and proceeded to ask a giggling French miss to dance. I don't know what he said, but the lady would not dance and he came back to the group saying that she had explained that since her brother had been killed in the war she would not dance.

You can bet this plausible explanation brought a roar of laughter that nearly drowned the music. If your summer vacation could not speak a word of French he certainly couldn't understand any—but trust an American to save his face.

Identical Siblings

As usual, these Americans stared open-mouthed at my blue uniform as I spouted the good old American lingo, and even when talking with somewhat dubious as to my identity, although they admitted unwillingly that I certainly talked like an American.

On closer inspection they even admitted I looked like one also. What the distinguishing mark is I don't know, but it seems to be still there, thank heaven.

Salvaging Planes

These Americans were camped a few miles from our camp and were engaged in the unique work of salvaging planes brought down in the French lines—yes, French ones as well as Boche.

And gruesome were the tales they told of the things they had seen, among them being the story of a fight in the air between two Spads and a Boche plane. The two Frenchmen met the Boche a few miles from the front and the Americans surely thought it was the end, but the Boche had another trick up his sleeve. For to the surprise of the on-lookers he jumped from his plane trailing a parachute behind him.

Start After Him

The parachute soon opened and he began sailing serenely toward terra firma. But if the spectacle looked serene it had not that effect on the two Frenchmen who had caused it all, for they started at this sight, their quarry getting back to his beloved fatherland and not at all appeased at having got his plane, they promptly set on the parachute floater and shot to such good effect that he looked like a sieve before he reached the ground.

At that he landed on the French side and the Americans helped to bury him. Naturally, they didn't leave out any little gruesome details in relating it to me. However, the incident will point out how unpracticable is a parachute to a "chasse" pilot—sure he can jump, but oh, what a lovely target as he floats slowly downward.

Infant Diet

You know, I am back on an infant diet again. Being so far from the front has made this possible, and around here despite the fact that I have yet to see a cow. Goats seem to be quite numerous though—Billy and otherwise—and I wonder? —Still it tastes very good with my black coffee in the morning.

This morning I had chocolate, thanks to the kindness of an American lieutenant who just changed from the French service. He gave me a whole cake of Lowney's cooking chocolate, so you can bet for the next few mornings little Walter is going to apply himself diligently to filling that sweet tooth! It's needed attention for a long time.

As for the plane at which I buy the milk, I am still wondering how the family survive the awful combination of dirt and odor, for it's the usual type of rural dwelling, with a half stable and half home, with a dung heap for a front yard.

The other night when bringing my bottle to be filled with milk I passed by a woman and a baby carriage. The lady was occupied in keeping the flies off the baby who seemed to have discovered he was as sweet as his mother thought him. Judging from the number around, as politeness is quite a fixed custom in France, especially in bidding every-one to meet me, I was in quite a bit as I passed by saying "bonjour, Madame!"

Makes a Serious Mistake

"Mademoiselle!" responded the lady, with the most hurt expression I have ever seen on the face of a woman. And what could I do but promptly say "pardon!" for the mistake. I couldn't trust my voice to say any more, for I should have "busted" right out laughing, for she was the most unpleasant piece of femininity I ever hope to meet.

A dwarf in stature with a form that a sack of wheat would be insulted to be compared to, hair drawn straight back over a head out of all proportion to the body and skin that didn't help out any in the beautifying process.

A Rosy Future

With all this she was tending baby and since she looked so much like the other frousy spouses running around loose, how could I be blamed for the insult? It surely was that. Not that I have a jigger, but if such a woman still has hopes—golly, I sure have a rosy future ahead of me.

Another way I know when it's Sunday in this village is by the every body dolls up for Sunday school—or whatever one calls that in a Catholic church. The women are all tidied out in their black, get-to-meeting beads, and a lot of the men are wrapped in a calico gown to real shoes and a dress that makes some of them look pretty nifty.

Speaking about your Maud Mulryns, France is the only place I have ever seen them in reality. Believe

INJURED MEN TO GET GOOD CARE

State Authorities Will Consider With Doctors Cases of Chemical Fumes

The Workmen's Compensation Board of the Department of Labor and Industry will put into practical operation its program for returning injured employees to suitable tasks in industry, at its meeting in Pittsburgh Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 1, 2 and 3, when seventy petitions for commutation or lump sum payments of workmen's compensation will be considered.

The Compensation Board will urge every disabled workman, asking lump sum payment of compensation, to use portions of his money to purchase artificial legs and arms, if necessary, to undergo proper treatment to restore his physical capability in a degree, or to take some form of educational training to fit him for a suitable industrial task.

Representatives of large corporations and compensation insurance companies have signified their intention of attending the first day session of the Board when the rehabilitation plan will be taken up in detail.

Whether the effects of T. N. T. poisoning are such as to bring its victims within the meaning of the Pennsylvania Workmen's Compensation Law will be considered by the Compensation Board at its session on Thursday at an open hearing.

Many prominent physicians and surgeons interested in the physical effects of working in the manufacture of this war explosive will attend this session.

At the session of the Board on Wednesday, appeals from decisions of referees in western counties of the State will be heard and a number of new hearings held.

Hold Song Recital at St. Paul's Tomorrow Night

Paul's Tomorrow Night

Musicians who hear the choir of St. Paul's Baptist Church give their first song recital in a monthly series in the church building to-morrow night are promised a rich treat. E. H. Barker is director. He announces the following program to be presented:

Anthem, "O Praise the Lord of Heaven" (J. Christopher Marks); Te Deum Laudamus, choir; hymn, "Now the Day is Over," choir; solo, "Jerusalem" (Henry Parker); Mrs. Hazel Hall; "The God of Abraham Praise" (Dudley Buck); violin solo, Samuel Jordan; duet, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," H. Row Shelly, Mrs. E. Baker and Mrs. M. Williams; solo, "I Have Finished My Course" (Trowbridge); E. H. Barker; anthem, choir; announcements and remarks by the pastor; "Great and Marvelous" (From "Farmer's Mass"), the choir.

Critics Say

It is impossible to distinguish an old brass bed, chandelier, silverware and other metal goods from new when we re-finish them.

The price we charge for the quality of work we do leaves no excuse why your chandeliers, silverware, nickelware, etc., should not always look their best.

Phone us to-day or drop us a card and get our estimate on the refinishing of your tableware, chandeliers, brass beds, automobile lamps, etc.

Willard

SERVICE STATION

Copyright registered, 1918

What's the Latest in Batteries?

Battery improvements are every-day affairs.

Important improvements come only once or twice in a decade.

Experts agree that the most important battery improvement in years is the perfection of Threaded Rubber Insulation by Willard—the invention that indefinitely postpones the need of battery insulation.

We carry a full stock of Bone Dry Batteries—every one as brand new as the day it left the factory. You're protected against delay in getting a battery—and against getting one that isn't in every sense brand new.

Ask for a copy of the booklet "196,000 Little Threads." It tells the story of this remarkable battery.

War Is More Than Conflict Between Nations

Prussian Born Speaker Says at Rally

"Carry on; and hold up your ideals!"

This was the message brought to Harrisburg last night by Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszman, representative of the Committee of Public Information, addressing a national patriotic meeting in Zion Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, Pa., where in Prussia, Dr. Groszman did not hesitate to express his antipathy to present German and Austrian ideals.

Speaking through his entire address was a thread of optimistic thought for the time after the war. "This war is not merely a strife of nations," he declared, "it is a God-given opportunity for men to purge themselves. There are political ideals at stake, but there are spiritual ideals at stake as well! The war means just this to you a new and wonderful opportunity for sacrifice for giving, for being truly religious."

High praise was given by the speaker to President Wilson for his stand in upholding the rights of loyal German-American citizens. He thanked in behalf of the German-born citizens of the country, the President for his efforts.

"This country is going through a period of regeneration," he declared optimistically. "We are gradually getting off the fetters of materialism and of superficialism. Think back a few years. How many of us thought the deep thoughts? This was a world of material progress. Things are changing now. We are willing to make sacrifices. We realize that life is made for other things than mere joy. We are living in a time that brings because it touches us 'way down in our hearts. It is a joy to live in these times.'"

The meeting was opened with an organ prelude. Hymns of the allied nations were played by the organist, Victor Hausknecht, a violin soloist, played Mascagni's "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Sanera's "Schon Parasole." Kipling's "Recessional" was sung to the setting of DeKoven by a chorus under the direction of Mrs. E. J. Deceve, Robert Smith singing an incidental solo, "The Americans Come." The organ postlude was "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." A social hour with refreshments closed the evening.

Front Market Motor Supply Company

109 Market Street

5-Passenger Touring Car \$925

3-Passenger Clover-Leaf Roadster \$925

Emsminger Motor Co.
THIRD AND CUMBERLAND STS.
Bell Phone 3515

YOU CAN HELP

"Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine"

By Buying LIBERTY BONDS of the Fourth Loan

DIAMOND T TRUCKS

Standardized in Every Part

The wonderful efficiency—as well as the favorable price—of the DIAMOND T, is due to the exclusive use of standardized parts.

Each part is the product of a specialist in that particular line.

And, furthermore, each part is the best product of the best specialist in the particular field.

From radiator to rear axle—from steering wheel to tire tread—it represents the best that money can buy.

As a result—no DIAMOND T has ever worn out.

We offer immediate deliveries in five standard sizes—1 to 5 tons.

Write or call for demonstration.

Miller Auto Co., Inc.

50-68 S. Cameron Street B. F. BARKER, Mgr. Harrisburg, Pa.
-DIAL PHONE 5660

MECHANICSBURG BRANCH, 52 W. MAIN ST. LEBANON BRANCH, 126 N. NINTH ST. C. Guy Meyers, Mgr. Harry Harkins

When It's Auto Supplies and Accessories

You Need—GET THEM AT

P. H. Kebock's

111 Market St.
Successor to FRONT MARKET MOTOR SUPPLY DEPT.
Retail Dept.

WHY WASTE TIME AND MONEY

in buying and waiting for automobile parts from the factory?

We carry a complete stock of second-hand parts of all kinds for any make of car

- Carburetors
- Magneto's
- Batteries
- Gears
- Crankshafts
- Axles, etc

All Sizes Used Tires
Give Us a Trial
Used Cars Bought and Sold

Chelsa Auto Wrecking
A. SCHIFFMAN
22-24-26 N. Cameron St.
Both Phones