Makes Boys Grow

Splendid for growing children because it is very nutritious, tasty and wholesome. Children like it. But for their sake as well as your own be sure it is—

Moxley's SPECIAL
OLEOMARGARINE
Where Quality and Economy Meet

"Try it with your next meal"

There are of necessity, many grades of butter. There are several kinds of oleomargarine. Moxley's Special is always the same the best that can be made.

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Write for 64 page book of Famous Recipes—FREE.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES NAVY MEANS TO ME

As in the past we were favored with exceptionally good weather up the Chilean coast on our way to Valparaiso. Our schedule did not mention Valparaiso. It was only at a special request of the Chilean Government that the fleet payed that city a flying visit. On the morning of February 15th, a Chilean cruiser and three torpedo boats were sighted, and acted as escorts to the fleet. February 18 we sighted Mt. Aconcagua sixty miles away, standing over twenty-two thousand feet above the sea, the greatest altitude in South America. Upon entering the harbor, we found the beach, house tops, and every other available place crowded with spectators, eager to see the fleet, and extend a hearty welcome. An incidents that stood out prominently above all others was the word "Welcome" formed on an elevated point of land by natives clad in white, with a green back ground. We, "went right in and turned around, and went right out again." We soon found ourselves out of the harbor taking a last look at Valparaiso, and bexan on our way up the coast for Callao, Peru.

On the morning of February 19th a Peruvian man-o-war was sighted, she being sent out by the Government to act as our official escort. February 20th, found us anchored in the harbor of Callao. Every available craft from Ocean going steamers, to canoe's filled the Bay with thousands of curious people, anxious to get a first gitmse of the fleet. Lima the capital of Peru, with a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand, is about seven miles from Callao, and can be reached by trolley cars in about thirty minutes. Lima is well supplied with interesting places, such as, Government Palace, Court House, Senate Chambers. The ceiling of the chamber is considered one of the most notable specimens of carving in Latin American. The State's Prison, National Library, Exposition Grounds, and Zoological Gardens were other places of interest.

On the afternoon of February 24th, thirty-two hundred officers and men from the fleet, were the invited and honored spectators of six bull fights, given as a mark of respect by the Government. For the benefit of those that have never seen a bull fight, I will briefly attempt to describe one. When everything is in readiness, the door is opened, and a mad and starved bull rushes out into the open arena, here he is met by a man on horse back, the "torril" as he is known. With much difficulty and skill the torril avoided injury, but his horse was soon gored so bad, that it was found necessary to draw the bulls attention until a change of horses was effected. After about five minutes of the above, the torril withdrew entirely, leaving the bull to a dozen or more men on foot, who constantly kept teasing him with a mantle spoted with blood, until the bull was partly exhausted. These men soon gave way to the "banderilleros." Each member was armed with a pair of steel darts about a yard long, with a harpoon edge, exciting the bull, and awaiting an opportunity to thrust the darts well in his shoulders, the harpoon edge preventing their withdrawal. This of course infuriated the bull anew. After the "banderilliers" were finished with their artistic work, they gave way to the "matador." He with much pump and honors, entered the arena armed with a sharp sword, and after infuriating the bull for some time, with a careful aim he thrust the sword into the shoulders of the bull penetrating the heart, which thrust invariably proves fatal, consequently is the cause of the bull falling to the ground dead. The "matador" leaves the arena amid cheers, and applause. The final reports for the day showed the following deaths and casualties. One man, and six bulls killed. One man, and one horse wounded. Still the natives persist that such pastime is no worse than our national pastime namely base ball.

While here many men of the fleet took advantage of excursion trips to the Andes Mountains, and surrounding villages.

On February 29th, with regret we bid farewell to Peru. Amid a remarkable demonstration in honor of the fleet, we headed out to sea on our way for Magdalena Bay, Mexico.

Aug. B. Skolosky,
Chief Turret Captain, U. S. Navy,
Johnstown, Pa

FIVE COMPENSATION CLAIMS ARE ALLOWED

Referee Jacob Snyder, of the Sixth workmen's compensation district, with the assistance of his secretary, W. Walter Henry settled five compensation claims in this district during the past week. Three of these claims were fatalities and two for accidents.

The claims adjusted are:

Frank Freightner, of Spangler, a miner, killed in the Lennox mine in February. Compensation allowed $3,915.10, payable to widow and six children under 16 years of age.

James H. Ellenberger, of Boswell, Somerset county. Compensation $2,500 to widow and four children under 16 years of age.

Austrain miner of Ralphton, Somerset county. Compensation $100. No relatives living.

James Guido, miner of Royal, loss of eye while blasting on February 11. Compensation $918.75, to be paid in lump sum.

George D. Albright, of Roaring Spring, injured February 4, while felling trees. Injury to hip. Allowed $5 weekly during disability.

The accident to Frank Freightner, the miner, left ten children fatherless. In addition to the $3,915.10, allowed in weekly payments, the widow will be allowed $100 for funeral expenses. In the case of the Austrian miner the $100 allowed represented funeral expenses, and this was the total claim paid, as the man had no living relatives. As a result of the loss of his eye in blasting, James Gudio was allowed $7.63 weekly, but he filed a petition asking that he be paid in a lump sum as he desired to rejoin his family in Italy, and the request was granted.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is a blockhead?

Paw—A blockhead is a fellow who goes around carrying a chip on his shoulder, my son.

Advice.

That talk is cheap you hear each day,
But don't let your tongue clack;
You'll find the less you have to say
The less you need take back.

Ouch!

"I saw the doctor call at your home this morning," remarked Mr. Gabb. "Was it anything serious?"

"Yes, it was dern serious," replied Mr. Nayoor. "It was both serious and painful."

"An accident?" asked Mr. Gabb.

"No, it wasn't an accident," replied Mr. Naybor. "He wanted the money we owe him."

Giddap!

Don't try to touch old Mr. Key,
For he'll say "No!" and moan,
"I am so weak financially
I cannot stand a-loan."

Wuff!

"I attended a loan exhibition last night," said the grouch.

"Where was it? At the Art museum?" asked the old fogy.

"No," replied the grouch. "Young Hardup took me to his room and showed me his collection of pawn tickets."

Can't Trust Anybody.

Faith in your fellow man must die
And you get quite a shock
When he looks you straight in the eye
And sells you phoney stock.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Faith in your fellow man will steal
Away and quickly shrink
When he begs cash to get a meal
And spends it all for drink.
—Butler (Pa.) Citizen.

Did He See Red?

Dear Lulie—I attended a trial here in which Pink Green, a black woman, was frozen white in a cold waiting room. When the jury returned a verdict in her favor the railroad's law agent turned yellow and cussed a blue streak.—H. C. G., Williamsburg, Ky.

Time.

Don't waste your time, young man, I plead,
For time with speed doth fly;
And you will find that you will need
It all before you die.

One Brand Luke Never Tasted.

Dungan is an earnest preacher and overflowing with spizzerinktum.—Exchange.

Poor Old Father!

Mrs. Walter Jenkins and daughters were up a few days recently cleaning up the old man, who had become a little seedy since his mother had left for a stay with her daughter.—Clark County (Mo.) Courier.

Nuf Ced.

Dear Luke—Hazel Nutt is suing Adam Nutt for divorce in this city.—Minneapolis, Minn.

Yes, but Whadda You Mean?

For Sale.—Pair of bronco horses. Good weight, sound, broken. Owner in hospital.—Ad. in Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader.

Things to Worry About.

Dust from a vacuum cleaner is a fine fertilizer.

Names Is Names.

Jack Cass lives at Dayton, O.

Our Daily Special.

Don't lose your grip or you'll get the sack.

Luke McLuke Says:

The average wife spends a lot of time wondering why she didn't marry a man who could understand her.

One nice thing about being punctual when you keep an appointment is that you will have a half hour in which to sit down and rest while waiting for the other fellow to show up.

Always get a receipt from the man who brags about his honesty.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to sleep between two feather beds in winter?

If a woman has faith in her doctor he can give her bread pills and soon cure her. But if she doesn't like the doctor all the medicine in the world will not help her any.

Some men who are so suspicious that if they see an early bird they know that it was up all night.

When a man's only choice is to take it or let it alone you can bet that he will take it.

Every husband has one set of rules for himself and another for his wife.

Somehow or other we never put off until tomorrow the things we shouldn't do at all.

Some of the sociable scientists are thinking of forming an ichthyophagous club in this country. But how the heck will a member be able to tell his wife where he was when he gets home about 3 a. m. after attending a club meeting?

There are a whole lot of communities in this country where the waterworks could shut down for a whole day and lots of the citizens would never know it.

It is to be hoped that the women will sit down on the effort now being made to revive the bustle.

Sewing can be either — Work or Play

It all depends on the light. Sewing by the glimmer of the ordinary flickering, smoking, smelly lamp is work, difficult work. Hard on the eyes, ofttimes the real cause of throbbing, nervous headaches.

But it's a real pleasure to pick out the finest stitches by the radiant, soft, white light of a **Rayo Lamp** burning

ATLANTIC
Rayolight OIL

A Rayo Lamp makes a heap of difference—the difference between work and play. And it's beautiful—actually improves the appearance of a room. Your dealer can show you special designs, specially made for your very parlor, sitting room or kitchen, and inexpensive, too—from $1.50 up. Cleans easily and lasts for all time.

Gives the best light when filled with **Atlantic Rayolight Oil**—the kerosene that burns without smoke or smell, that does not char wicks, but that does yield a marvelous white, soft light and unusually intense and economical heat.

And thousands and thousands of knowing housewives say money can't buy anything as good as **Atlantic Rayolight Oil** for whitening clothes (one-half cup to the boiler), and for cleaning stoves, hair brushes and combs, for dusting, brightening faded carpets, polishing furniture, etc.

Buy it by name—**Atlantic Rayolight Oil**—from any dealer who displays this sign:

Costs no more than the unknown, unreliable kind.

ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Philadelphia Pittsburgh

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is the *real tobacco* for jimmy pipes and makin's cigarettes

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Get a Fresh Start!

For men who got away to a false start on a pipe or home-made cigarettes Prince Albert has a word or two for what ails *their* smokeappetites!

Forget you ever *tried* to smoke, for Prince Albert is so different, such a fine flavor, so cool and cheerful and friendly, you'll get a new idea of smoke joy! The patented process fixes that—and *cuts out* bite and parch!

And this little preachment is also for men who *think* they're on the right track. All to be said is that the sooner you lay out a nickel or a dime for a supply of Prince Albert, the sooner you'll make a discovery that'll be worth a lot to your peace of mind and tongue!

Get the idea of smoking *all* you want without a comeback—*that's P. A.!*

Buy Prince Albert all over the civilized world. Tuppenny bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine shape—always!

On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made thirsty men smoke pipes where once smoked bakes!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

One Little Ad. Won't Do It All

You've Got to Keep Them Going

Don't Delay—Write It Now