Frost-bites, Chilblains, Corns, Callouses and Sore Feet. Quick Cure.

Many persons dread the approach of winter on account of chilblains and frost-bites which causes a soreness and itching at times almost unbearable, frequently bringing on a nervous condition. The following treatment gives immediate relief. "Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for 15 minutes. Repeat this for several days until the trouble disappears." The action of Calocide compound for all foot ailment is really remarkable. It works through the pores and removes the cause. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. Sweaty, smelly feet and tender, aching feet need but a few applications. Bunions get relief instantly. Any druggist has Calocide in stock or will get it from his wholesale house. A twenty-five cent package is usually sufficient to put the worst feet in fine condition. Each package contains valuable instructions on care of the feet. Published by Medical Formula laboratories of Chicago.

PILES are curable. All kinds mean suffering and danger. The CAUSE is always internal. Dr. Leonhardt's HEM-ROID tablets produce amazing results by attacking the INTERNAL CAUSE. The piles are dried up and permanently cured. 24 days' treatment, $1.00. DR. LEONHARDT CO., Buffalo, N. Y. (free book)

Sold by Kennedy Medicine Store, Harrisburg, J. A. McCurdy, Steelton, and dealers.

TAFT MINGLES LAUGHS WITH LAW IN COLLEGE CLASSES

Brightens Study With Jests, But Makes Students Under Him Work Hard to Keep Up; His Exams Are No Joke

New Haven, Conn., an. 10.—At the end of his first three months as a "teacher" ex-President William Howard Taft finds himself as popular as any professor or instructor at Yale.

Professor Taft's real teaching began with the opening of the university last Fall. As Kent professor of law he delivered a course of lectures last Spring at the university, but they were open to the public and there were no quiz sections. Real classroom work is on in earnest now, however. Mondays and Tuesdays at 10.30 o'clock Professor Taft calls to order the sixty-odd seniors and graduates who are taking his course.

The secret of Professor Taft's popularity is to be found in the respect that his wide range of knowledge and experience inspires and in the former President's ready wit. It is said that more jokes are told in his classroom than in any other in the university. The jokes all have a bearing on some phase of constitutional law, for Professor Taft doesn't believe in telling anecdotes just for the sake of making his students laugh, although he can do so if it seems necessary to counteract the effect on the spirits wrought by a drizzling, cold rain that is a feature of New Haven weather.

Brightening a Rainy Day

On a Monday morning several weeks ago the rain, which had fallen steadily all Saturday and Sunday, still continued. Professor Taft arrived at Hendrie Hall, where he holds his classes, with a huge umbrella. The outlook for a good-natured classroom hour was dubious. Circumstances helped, however, rather than hindered.

The first man to recite had failed to study his lesson, but was not ready to admit it. The student, in endeavoring to answer one of Professor Taft's questions, floundered about for some time in an effort to create something that might sound plausible. He was about to give up when suddenly he noticed an open book about five feet away. The student became almost cross-eyed in his attempts to read the print. Professor Taft looked on calmly for a time and then said: "Can't see quite so far, eh?"

"Apparently you don't know the point, so I'll tell you," he continued. "Its about the constitutional privilege a man has of not testifying against himself. My father told me this one. A man had borrowed some money from a friend and refused to give it up. The e had been no witnesses to the transaction. When the lender sued the borrower took advantage of his constitutional right of not testifying against himself, with the result that the lender was unable to recover. When they met in the street some time later the lender ran up to the borrower and shouted: 'I've got four witnesses anyway who know that I loaned you the money. God and I know it and the devil and you know it'."

Introducing a Jest

It is'nt always the wit alone in Professor Taft's jokes that makes them "go," either. The ex-President's contagious smile has as much to do with it as anything. Students in his classes have come to know when the time is ripe for an entertaining story. The class is usually in the midst of a discussion over some point when Mr. Taft lowers his head and peers over his glasses in a way that is very characteristic of him. Then he slowly removes the glases, holding them on a level with his mouth. Synchronously with this operation appears a broadening smile. It starts in two dimples in his cheeks and extends over his broad face.

Scarcely have the two dimples begun to appear before the faces of the men in the class broaden in smiles of prospective appreciation, and before the story is half told every man in the room is shaking with laughter. Professor Taft laughs too, and sometimes so hard that tears come to his eyes. He gets out his handkerchief, though, and goes on with the story to the end.

No joke has made its appearance twice yet. Last Spring in his public lectures and this year in the classroom there have been jokes and jokes. Professor Taft's experiences in the Philippines, as a lawyer, as a federal judge, as Secretary of War, as President and now as a professor are being drawn upon for anecdotes. Students are wondering whether he will ever have to turn the barrel of jokes upside down and begin over again.

For all the fun in the classroom, none of the students taking constitutional law is allowed to do any loafing. At the beginning of the year many of the students thought perhaps constitutional law under Profesor Taft might be a "pipe" course. At the first few recitations several men in response to their names answered "unprepared." For once Professor Taft's smile vanished wholly as he said:

"You thought this business of studying the Constitution was going to be very easy. Let me tell you that if you don't study your lessons you'll regret it at the time of examinations. If you cram them you won't be saturated with the subject. Your knowledge will pass away the next day. Gentlemen, your professors and instructors are not half as severe on you as your clients will be." The smile appeared again as he added: "Your clients will be much more unreasonable. They will object strenuously if you go out to lunch with the opposing counsel, even."

Mr. Taft has two methods of "getting at" his students, two ways to make a man remember his work. One is to get a student on his feet and ply him with qustions, and it is this method that Professor Taft uses as often as practicable with his rather large class. When the "victim" sits down after his questioning there is but little doubt that he will remember what has been taught him. The other method and the one he more often uses is of serving the "meat" of the subject to the students in sugar-coated pill form. This he does by either giving the gist of the matter in some pithy phrase or, more generally, by brightening up an obscure point with a joke that is really applicable.

He is a very exacting instructor and although he is always willing to lend a hand where there is some difficulty, he sees to it that his students do their work. Students may ask all the questions they want to during classroom recitations, but they must be able to pass the examinations. Professor Taft has alreday given two examinations "to see how sympathetic they are with the subject," he says. This is a departure from the usual custom in the Yale law school, where one examination is usally given at the completion of the subject. Professor Taft will give his classes another examination immediately after the Christmas holidays.

The business of teaching constitutional law is fully as interesting as being President of the United States, Professor Taft says. He is so absorbingly interested in his work that he often runs over the allotted time for the recitation. Explaining why he so often runs over the allotted fifty minutes, he said:

"That reminds me. Whenever I come home from any gathering my wife asks me, 'Did you have a nice time?' and when I answer 'yes,' she adds, 'you must have been doing all the talking'."

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

EVERY PERSON IN HARRISBURG AND VICINITY TO GET FAT AT OUR EXPENSE

Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol!"

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud —a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company 244-P, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof? Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried —who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy "for me."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided that you have never tried it), and that 10c is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 244-P, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

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CRIMINAL TENDENCIES HIDDEN IN EVERYONE

The Other Side of Personality Chained Deep Inside May Be Released by Accident

The American Magazine has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled "What Is a Criminal?" Three prize-winning letters are published in the February number. The following won first prize:

"Hunting for the criminal, are you? Can't find him anywhere? How strange that when we search for him his very existence seems as impossible as the giants and dragons of fairy tales. Yet he surely exists, otherwise why have we laws, governments, prisons, gallows, electric chairs with which to rid ourselves of his presence? But kill and imprison as many as we may there is no cessation of crime. The criminal is still in our midst, unseen, unknown, but undeniably present. Then who, what, and where is this criminal—this other fellow, who, like the proverbial flea, or the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, is ever just beyond our reach?

"Dear Poet of the Interpreter's House, I know where he lives. I can tell you where to find him. He lives in regions more secret than any that were ever inhabited by ancient monsters. First, however, you must know his true name or your search will be in vain. He is **not** the **other fellow** but the **other me.**

"That you may better understand my meaning, I shall speak allegorically. In sealed rooms within ourselves are servants called impulses. They have been created and placed there by heredity, environment, and all the things that go to make up a life. The mind is the master over all these impulses. It calls them forth to do its bidding. Always, however, there are two kinds of impulses—the good and the criminal. The mind sets one servant free to do right and it imprisons the one which would do wrong, or vice versa. Thus is built the respectable **me** and the criminal **me.**

Criminal May Be Bound

"The criminal **me** is hidden away in each and every one of us. He may be bound with chains and secreted in the darkest recesses of our soul, or he may be quietly sleeping in some open doorway. But he is there in every one of us, awaiting a call or a temptation that is strong enough to set him free. If we have not been overcome by crime, it is because heredity, environment, chance, and circumstance have helped us to overcome that criminal **me** dwelling in some slimy pit of our mind.

"When we are associated with those unfortunate ones those so-called criminals, we are astonished that thoughts of joy, happiness, kindness, and brotherly love move them as they do more fortunate ones. We expect them to be dead to such feelings, else why are they criminals? They are criminals because that unfortunate **me** overcame them at a critical moment. Whether they should be free as you and I are free, I leave with time and humanity to decide. The Christ thought in the whole affair is just this: They, with their criminal partners, and you and I with ours, are but brothers and sisters after all."

Letter List

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN the Post Office, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the week ending January 31, 1914:

Ladies' List — Miss Helen Bailey, Mrs. S. P. Bernhart, Miss Evelyn Bitner, Mrs. John B. Black, Mrs. Adam Blouch, Miss Bowers, Mrs. Margaret Briscoll, Mrs. Annie Bruebaker, Mrs. C. G. Carl, Miss Mary E. Foster, Mrs. Carimeda Frye, Mrs. Thomas Gaman, Mrs. Lillian Grant, Miss Rena Grubb (2), Miss Stella Hartman, Miss Rose Hickok, Mrs. H. Hoasman, Miss Irene Holmes, Miss Burtha Jones, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Beulah Kessler, Miss Celia Kessler, Mrs. E. E. Knauss, Miss Dottie Kullman (2), Mrs. T. Paul Lukens, Miss H. McCulloch, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Jennie Muger, Miss E. Mumma, Mrs. Emma J. Myers, Mrs. Carry Naugle, Mrs. A. Nye, Mrs. Ella B. Raymond, Miss Anna E. Redifer, Mrs. Stella Reynolds, Miss Ida Shome, Mrs. Shreiner, Mrs. B. Simpson, Miss Fanny Smith, Mrs. Irvin Soles, Mrs. Sadie E. West, Mrs. Raymond White, Miss Edith R. Zeigler (2).

Gentlemen's List — Carl Baker, H. G. Barth, J. K. Biddle, N. W. Boger, John Boop, Arthur Brenizer, Bernard Bricker, W. Bridgeford (D. L.), J. R. Brooks (D. L.), T. W. Burgess, James Chapman, Charlie Comptella, Edw. W. Conn, Henry Cooper, E. G. Cope, Lloyd Davis, Rev. A. R. DeWitt, Clarence Douglas, E. S. Enskinger, Jim Geenk, Lew Francis, Herman Garman, M. Gilbert, E. H. Haines (D. L.), O. Harris, John W. Henson (D. L.), Gloria Hollister (D. L.), Edw. Humer, Eugene Johnson, James Johnson, Dr. J. S. Kingsley, James A. Kinney, Marchall Koulp, J. A. Lawrence, W. H. Leon, Dr. George W. Line, Aurelio Lombard, H. E. McCormick, John McGeehan, Samuel S. McKee, Philip Mears, A. H. Moore, George D. Nau, Rev. R. Nicols, E. Pursell, William Reed, Guy Ridge, Dr. Della Riggs, Jacob Rice, M. Schulman (D. L.), J. Steadman, Charles Stewart, L. P. Strang, W. H. Thorn, Luin Vincinzo, Howard Walton, Norman Westbrook, William W. Whary, Jerry B. Wilson.

Firms — D. B. Cooke & Co., Davenport & Hauselman, Plymouth Rubber Co., Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Foreign — Dochoff Juon, George Goodwin, Relzute Gierpator fu Gospare, Franc Gullace, Francepapaolo fu Guiseppe, Janos Kukneska, Anthony McGlynn, Adam Merger, Miss Edna Mohler, Battisto DiPaolo, Adam Marcus.

Persons should invariably have their mail matter addressed to their street and number, thereby insuring prompt delivery by the carriers.

FRANK C. SITES,
Postmaster.

BOYS' BAND GIVES CONCERT

Special to The Telegraph

Lebanon, Pa., Feb. 4.—On Tuesday evening the members of the Boys' Band, of West Lebanon, gave a concert in thier own hall by way of celebrating the second anniversary of their organization. The Boys' Band is composed of lads ranging from 10 to 18 years. In two years they have recruited the membership to forty, and they play with professional skill. Prof. Harry Strohman is the instructor.

SPECIAL SERMONS AT ANNVILLE

Special to The Telegraph

Annville, Pa., Feb. 4.—The Rev. Paul D. Witman, pastor of the First Lutheran Church, in East Main street, has begun a series of three sermons, one to be delivered at each Sunday evening service. Starting last Sunday night, the Rev. Mr. Witman preached on "The Second Coming of Christ and the Judgment;" Sunday, February 8, "Hell" will be the subject, and on February 15, "Heaven."

DIRECTORS ORGANIZE

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 4.—Yesterday the recently-elected directors of the Patrons Mutual Fire Insurance Company met and organized by electing these officers for the ensuing year: President, Milton C. Dietz; vice-president, A. J. Louden; secretary, John M. Underwood; treasurer, J. M. Myers.

NOYES READS POEMS

Chambersburg, Pa., Feb. 4.—Alfred Noyes, of England, gave a reading of his shorter poems on Monday evening in the Thomson Auditorium. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes were guests of Wilson Col-

RENAME OLD OFFICERS

Special to The Telegraph

Annville, Pa., Feb. 4.—Officers were elected and installed at a rousing meeting Tuesday evening of Annville Lodge, Modern Woodmen of America, in the P. O. S. of A. Hall. The old officers were renamed in recognition of their excellent work during the past term. The installation was in charge of G. L. Brown, of Lebanon. The officers remaining the same as last year are: H. W. Miller, consul; John Hower, advisor; I. L. Brown, banker; Philip Getz, clerk; Christ Herr, escort; Jacob Detweiler, outer guard; Arthur Miller, sentry.

HARRISBURG BAND VISITS

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 4.—Last evening the Commonwealth Band, of Harrisburg, which paid a fraternal visit to the bazar being held by the Washington Fire Company, was the magnet for crowds of people, who enjoyed to the fullest extent the music rendered by this popular organization. Among other visitors were the Dillsburg Rose Company, and the Daughters of Liberty of this place. On Thursday evening the Citizen Fire Company will attend and on Saturday, the fire company of New Kingston.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

Special to The Telegraph

Marietta, Pa., Feb. 4.—Earl Garver, aged 15 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Garver, made a narrow escape from drowning in the Susquehanna river late last evening when he broke through the ice and was rescued by his companion, William Sultzbach. He was going down for the third time when straps taken from Sultzbach's skates were flung to him. The ice would break away every time an effort was made to rise to the surface. Young Garver is an expert swimmer and athlete.

SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY

Sunbury, Pa., Feb. 4. — Howard Sharp, accused of robbing the business place of E. H. Kilhefer, a dairyman in Sunbury, was brought before Judge Cummings to-day and sent to the penitentiary for four years. The same judge sentenced Lewis Chiperole, a Shamokin Italian, who nearly killed John Corenzo, a fellow-countryman, by stabbing him above the heart, to serve three years.

CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK CHILDREN NEED "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

A coated tongue means sluggish liver and bowels—Listen mother!

Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has sour stomach, diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills. Give a teaspoonful and in just a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food, clogged in the bowels, passes out of the system and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless fruit laxative and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on each bottle.

Mother, keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no cheaper size. Don't be fooled.—Advertisement.

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Write today for a testing bottle of

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The world's most famous perfume, every drop as sweet as the living blossom. For handkerchief, atomizer and bath. Fine after shaving. All the value is in the perfume--you don't pay extra for a fancy bottle. The quality is wonderful The price only 75c. (6 oz.) Send 4c. for the little bottle--enough for 50 handkerchiefs. Write today.

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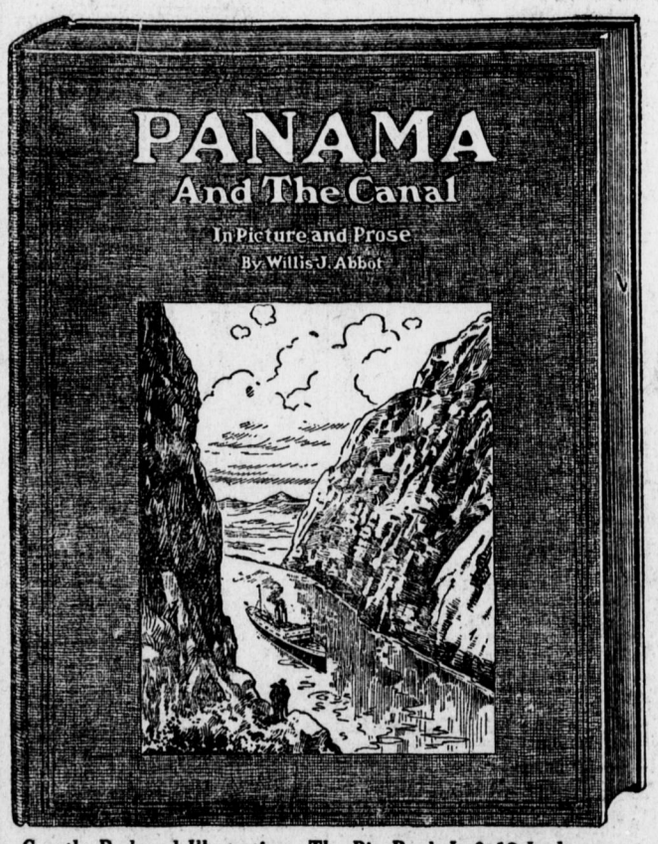

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NEXT SATURDAY