

The Name Behind the Goods

See This New Car

Then judge by the name behind it. This name is your safeguard. It assures you of the unseen values in the *reliability* of this car. Because, for these things, you must rely upon the maker's *ability* to build them *right*. Also his *reputation* for *enduring* them. And the Case Company has won, through more than 70 years, acknowledged leadership as makers of motive power machinery. Please call at our show-rooms and let us disclose how we can spend in "hidden values" where others must save.

"25" Complete \$1350—5 per cent Discount if Cash
Weight only 2735 pounds



The Car With the Famous Engine

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY, Inc.

429 to 435 SOUTH SECOND STREET

Exhibiting at Capital Auto Show, Kelker Street Hall.

Civil Service Commission Announces Examinations

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following open competitive examinations to be held here. Persons who meet the requirements and desire any of the examinations should at once apply to the secretary, third civil service district, Philadelphia, or local secretary, Harrisburg:

Agriculturist, male, \$2,500-\$3,000, March 23; lantern slide colorist, female, \$720, April 7; laboratory aid in technical agriculture, \$600-\$900, April 7; agronomist in clover investigations, male, \$2,000-\$2,500, April 13; scientific assistant, April 14-15; technologist in sugar beet seed investigations, male, \$1,800, April 20; mine surgeon, male, \$2,400-\$2,700, April 20; gas

waste engineer, male, \$2,400-\$3,600, April 20; pomological artist, male or female, \$1,200, April 26; assistant in plant introduction, male, \$1,400-\$1,620, April 28-29; surveyor-draftsman, male, \$1,200-\$1,500, April 28-29.

TWENTY HIT TRAIL

Special to The Telegraph
Shippensburg, Pa., March 17.—At the Johnson tabernacle last night the Patriotic Order Sons of America and the American Mechanics turned out in a body. The evangelist's text was "Prepare to Meet Thy God." Twenty persons hit the trail. In his sermon the Rev. Mr. Johnson spoke of ways to meet God and expressed his appreciation of the turning out of these orders. The visiting ministers were the Rev. Mr. Daugherty, of Oakville, and the Rev. Mr. Sanders, of Cleversburg.



THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PROBLEM.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

The tendency of the times is for young women to prefer work in office or factory rather than doing housework. Yet the work in the office or factory is usually more nerve-racking because it is a constant repetition of work at high speed—a tension which racks brain and body and from which there is no relaxation. On the other hand the housekeeper, if she be a mother of a large family, is weighed down with worries and cares—her housework is beyond her strength, perhaps, yet if she studies her work, puts her housework on a business basis and manages well, she can easily take twenty minutes or half an hour in the middle of the day to completely relax. By complete relaxation, Dr. Pierce means that the tired woman should lie on her back without pillow or bolster; let every muscle be at rest. Put a damp cloth over the eyes to rest them. Think of nothing, or as near nothing as you can. If the brain is still occupied with plans or worries, count

several hundred, or recite to yourself some of your old school-day rhymes or verses.

If you suffer from hot flashes or dizziness, fainting spells, hysteria, headache, bearing down pains, nervousness—all are symptoms of irregularity and female disturbances and are not beyond relief.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is directed to the real cause and promptly removes the disease, suppresses the pains and nervous symptoms and thereby brings comfort in the place of prolonged misery. It has been sold by druggists for nearly fifty years, in fluid form, at \$1.00 per bottle, giving general satisfaction. It can now be had in sugar coated tablet form, as modified by Dr. Pierce. Sold by all medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Every sick woman may consult us by letter, absolutely without charge.

Write without fear as without fee, to Faculty of the Invalids' Hotel, Dr. V. M. Pierce, President, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 50 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equaled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy.—Adv.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.

Copyright 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

Blye! How much he had been in her life since she had run away from Ned! And little did June know that Ned, through his detective, had obtained the number of the auto in which she had driven that day. The number was MG07707.

Soon June lay in her little room in the hospital, her hair waving about her on the white pillow, and her friends were permitted to bid her good night. The vivacious Tommy Thomas sat at the head of her bed and stroked June's white hand; Orin Cunningham, a particularly debonaire figure as he leaned against the window casing, smoothing his white mustache, twinkled over at her; T. J. Edwards, the heavy man with the thick eyelids and the round head with its absurdly short cropped gray hair, was gentle in his rough way. Gilbert Blye, over by the door, had not much to say, but he never removed his luminous gaze from the runaway bride, and when the pink checked nurse came to drive them out Blye was the last to make his adieu, and, bending over gracefully, he kissed her hand!

Honoraria Blye received a telephone message from Bill Wolf a few hours after the time of the auto accident. "You husband hez gone to his club," he said huskily.

The wife drove hastily to the club entrance. She met Wolf, who pointed to the chauffeur Scatti, saying: "There's your husband's driver."

Honoraria saw Scatti standing beside her husband's limousine.

"I'd like to make you a little present," said Honoraria in sugared accents, and, fumbling in her pocketbook, she produced a bill.

Scatti turned to her with alacrity, and every line in his broad, low face widened.

The line of his lips also thickened as he separated them in a grin of pleasure. He took the bill with joy, looked at its denomination in the light of one of his side lamps, dopped open his heavy driver's coat, shoved the bill deep in his trousers pocket and buttoned his coat tightly from top to bottom.

"Now, you'll tell me where Mr. Blye was this evening, won't you?" she wheedled.

The smile faded from Scatti's lines. "Aren't you going to tell me?" And the voice rose another notch.

No answer.

"Give me back that money!" she screamed.

There were thirty-seven lights to be counted before the perspective merged in a blur. Scatti calmly inspected them all in deep absorption, but during the entire time that one narrow slit of an eye had a dancing gleam in it.

Honoraria scowled back at the imposing entrance to the club. The doors stood wide open. Inside the tessellated vestibule were stiffly uniformed attendants. Beyond was a marble colonnaded hall, and at the end of that through an arched opening, was a paneled screen.

Suddenly Honoraria dashed up the steps which no woman had ever trod and before any one could stop her had rounded the paneled screen and stood in the grill room, amid a wilderness of oaken tables, at nearly all of which sat men busy sending curling wreaths of incense toward the high gilded ceiling.

There were glasses before most of the men, and a dense and painful silence pervaded the place, although as Honoraria had rushed through the hall she had heard the loud babble of animated conversation. The men in that club were turned to speechless clay at the sight of this fuming apparition.

"There you are!" she screamed, and as her gaze settled from its swift roving into a fixed direction one man came to life and rose—the black Vandyked Gilbert Blye. "There you are!" she screamed again and started to twist her way among the tables toward her long lost mate. "You will stay away from home, eh? You will run around with other women! You will!"

A door in the corner opened and closed, and Gilbert Blye was on the other side of it! A fat man laughed. Honoraria Blye turned on them all and began to tell them just what she thought of their club. A half dozen attendants regained consciousness and crowded round her. One of them, indulging in soothing talk, accidentally laid his hand on her sleeve, and she left four red lines on his face. For the first time in its dignified history that club resounded with the shrill echoes of a confirmed scold. The chuckling fat man achieved an inspiration. He came up and said confidentially:

"Your husband is slipping out of the basement."

When Honoraria reached the imposing entrance she was just in time to see Scatti slamming the door of the luxurious limousine, and as that brilliantly lighted car sped down the street with Gilbert Blye reclining comfortably amid the soft cushions a peal of laughter filled the block.

Honoraria sprang into her electric coupe and, turning on all the "juice," wheeled down the street in mad pursuit. But at last she gave up the chase and went home.

The parrot was asleep, with its head tucked under its wing and the baleful eye closed. Honoraria turned on the light and finished, to the parrot, the violent speech she had begun in her husband's club. The baleful eye opened, and the bird moved uneasily from foot to foot. Occasionally its neck feathers ruffled and its wing tips jerked, but it gave no other sign of wakefulness. In time, however, Honoraria paused for breath, and the parrot slowly brought its shining round head into view. The head feathers were tousled and the eyes were sleepy as the familiar spirit of Honoraria stretched its wings.

"Oh, shut up!" it hoarsely croaked.

A nurse with pink cheeks awakened June in the morning, and as the patient opened her eyes the two pretty girls smiled their appreciation of each other.

"How are you this morning?" asked the nurse, preparing to put a thermometer between June's red lips.

"Perfectly well, thank you," laughed June, tossing her waving brown hair back from her shoulders as she raised up. "How is Mrs. Villard?"

"A slight sprain," explained the nurse brightly. "She will be able to go home in time for dinner this evening. My, but you folks had a lucky accident! You must lie down until the doctor comes."

"I'm going to get up," announced June.

"Against orders. My dear, you must stay in bed until Dr. Remert says you may get up."

"Is he the one with the funny red sideburns?" and June looked down



The Taxi Leaned Against a Tree.

over the plain, coarse white nightgown in which she had been put to bed.

"Where are my clothes?"

"You're not ready for them," and the pretty nurse smiled in triumph. "Come in!"

This last was in answer to a knock on the door, but before it could open June had hopped back into bed with one spring. She and the pretty nurse were laughing at each other in the sheer light heartedness of youth when the doctor with the funny red sideburns came in.

He was a jovial doctor, and a very nice doctor indeed. He felt June's pulse and looked at her tongue and prodded her a few times and examined her bones, talking to her all the while as if she were a little girl about ten years old.

"Now, I am going to get up," proclaimed June, as soon as the doctor had gone away, and she swung her pink feet out of bed again. "Where are my clothes?"

"I'll get them for you." And the pretty nurse turned cheerfully to go.

"Oh, no; wait a minute!" June's big eyes were sparkling. "Please let me try on one of your uniforms."

The pretty nurse dimpled as she admired her patient. June would look "fetching" in nurse's clothing. There could be no question of that, but she shook her head.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be permitted."

"Just to try it on," begged June. "Let's ask the head nurse."

It seemed a tremendously daring thing to do.

See Runaway June in motion pictures every Monday at the Victoria Theater. The pictures each week portray the episode published in the Telegraph the week previous.—Advertisement.

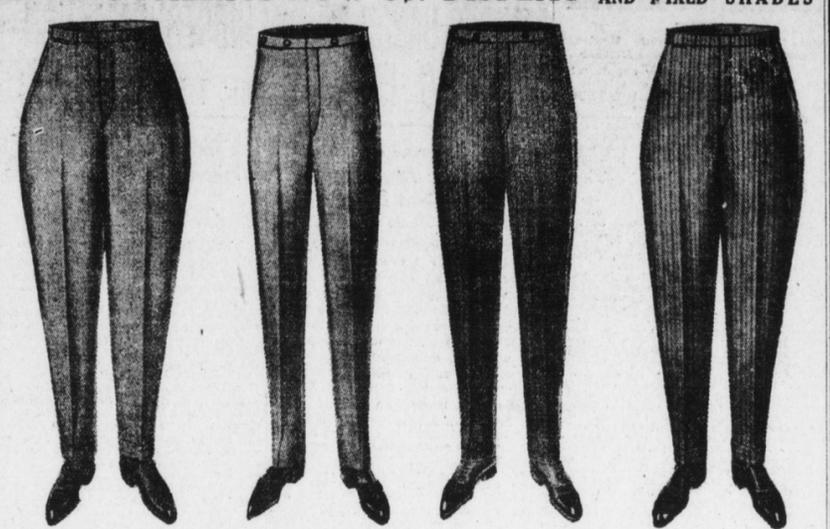
Runaway June will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

[To Be Continued Friday]

"CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

Anville, Pa., March 17.—Members of the newly organized Bible Class of the Reformed Sunday school in South White Oak street have selected as a name for the class "Christian Soldiers."

SPRING FABRICS NOW ON DISPLAY In BLUES GRAYS BROWNS AND MIXED SHADES



A suit made from your individual measure from \$18 and up—equal to \$25 suit made elsewhere.

We have also opened a special department for trousers, prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$8.00, (style, fit and workmanship guaranteed), as part of our tailoring business. MOTORMEN, CONDUCTORS, POLICEMEN AND HANDMEN SPECIAL NOTICE—We beg to inform all requiring uniforms that we are in position to make uniforms of all descriptions. Every garment is given special attention—cut, tried on and finished in our own shop, and under personal supervision, thereby insuring perfect fit and good workmanship.

Our Uniform Department is a part of our regular tailoring business. See us before looking elsewhere.

B. HOFFMAN, 506 MARKET TREET NEAR FIFTH "The Well Known Merchant Tailor"

GOLDEN WEDDING

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Wright Celebrate Event at Columbia

Special to The Telegraph
Columbia, Pa., March 17.—Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Wright on Sunday observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage with a family reunion that was held at the residence of Mrs. Anna F. B. Kaufman, in South Second street. Among the guests present were Reginald Wright Kaufman, the novelist of New York, who is a lineal descendant of the Wright family, founders of the town. Colonel and Mrs. Wright were married March 14, 1865, by the Rev. J. C. Cromlich, who was then rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The wedding occurred when Colonel Wright was home from the army on a furlough. He is a grandson of the founder of Columbia, and is widely known as a journalist and historian.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT CLUB

Special to The Telegraph
Columbia, Pa., March 17.—The Woman's Club of Columbia observed St. Patrick's Day with Miss Ada M. Porry as hostess. Mrs. William L. Bucher and Miss Ethel Long, instructor of music in the public schools, entertained the members with Irish music and melodies. Mrs. George Wike, Mrs. George A. Shillow and Mrs. David Walker were prize winners in a word and name contest.

FIRE COMPANY BANQUET

Special to The Telegraph
Columbia, Pa., March 17.—The annual banquet of the Vigilant Fire Company was held and was attended by over a hundred members and guests. John H. Ostertag served as toastmaster and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. J. H. F. Fenebecker and Dr. G. W. Berntheisel, ex-president of the State Firemen's Association. The banquet was served by the Ladies' Auxillary and music was furnished by Krodell's orchestra.

SERIES OF REVIVAL MEETINGS

Special to The Telegraph
Northumberland, Pa., March 17.—Arrangements have been completed for a series of evangelistic services in the Baptist Church, commencing March 21 and lasting until Easter. The Rev. Wilson A. Pugsley, of Trenton, N. J., will be the evangelist.

MAMMA, DADDY AND CHILDREN ALL LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

Harmless "fruit laxative" cleanses stomach, liver and bowels

A delicious cure for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, indigestion, coated tongue, salivousness—take "California Syrup of Figs." For the cause of all this distress lies in a torpid liver and sluggish bowels.

A tablespoonful to-night means all fermenting food and sour bile gently moved out of your system by morning.

without griping. Please don't think of "California Syrup of Figs" as a physic. Don't think you are drugging yourself or your children, because this delicious fruit laxative can not cause injury. Even a delicate child can take it as safely as a robust man. It is the most harmless, effective stomach, liver and bowel regulator and tonic ever devised.

Your only difficulty may be in getting the genuine; so ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." Say to your druggist, "I want only that made by the California Fig Syrup Company." This city has many counterfeit "fig syrups," so watch out.—Advertisement.

PETTY THIEVES BUSY

Special to The Telegraph
Lewistown, Pa., March 17.—The store of Jacob Hurwit, in East Market street, was entered by robbers and \$200 worth of clothing and other goods stolen, consisting of shirts, caps, umbrellas, cuff buttons, etc. At the Orth shoe repair shop a rear window was forced open and a new pair of No. 7 shoes stolen. At Yeagertown quite a number of places have been entered recently by thieves and much loot carried off.

LACK OF LAUDANUM KILLS

Special to The Telegraph
Northumberland, Pa., March 17.—"Artie" Gaskins, an aged man of this place, fell over dead yesterday in front of Boust's store, his death being caused by his inability to get enough laudanum as a result of the new law to satisfy his craving. He had been in very bad shape for the last several days.

ARM BROKEN CRANKING AUTO

Marietta, Pa., March 17.—H. Roy Nissley, of the firm of E. L. Nissley & Sons, while cranking his automobile yesterday had his right arm broken at the elbow.

East End Republican Club to Eat Roast Pig

The East End Republican Club will serve a roast pig and sauerkraut supper to its members, Thursday evening in the rooms at Thirteenth and Market streets. All members are requested to attend by D. B. Smouse, president.

As an additional attraction a program of speeches and music has been arranged.

NEW POST OFFICE CLERK

Special to The Telegraph
Dillsburg, Pa., March 17.—Daniel Allland, son of Postmaster F. M. Allland, will fill the vacancy as clerk in the Dillsburg post office caused by the resignation of Miss Kathryn Allland to become a trained nurse.

MRS. GAUS SERIOUSLY ILL

Special to The Telegraph
Hummelstown, Pa., March 17.—Mrs. Jacob Gaus is lying critically ill of rheumatism and a general breakdown at her home. She is the mother of Brinton Gaus, of Harrisburg.

Two Bills for Better Business

When an employer finds that the machines that he has provided for his employes hinder rather than help them in their work, he loses no time in throwing out those machines. His instant need is for other machines that will do the work better.

Such is the present situation in regard to the Full Crew—"excess man crew"—Laws. You citizens of New Jersey and Pennsylvania have found that the cumbersome machinery of these laws causes a waste of two million dollars a year in unearned wages and seriously impairs the efficiency of your employes, the railroads of your States. Agreed that it is high time to be rid of this wasteful machinery, your need now is for something to take its place that will do the work better.

In the Legislatures of both your States bills have been introduced putting the control of the proper manning of trains in the proper hands—those of the Public Service Commissions. If these bills are passed they will do all that the Full Crew Laws were intended to do—insure safe and efficient train operation—without the present huge waste.

As a straightaway business proposition, the immediate passing of these bills is a pressing public necessity. Write to your elected Representatives at Harrisburg and Trenton, urging them to work and vote for these sorely needed bills.

SAMUEL REA, President, Pennsylvania Railroad. DANIEL WILLARD, President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. THEODORE VOORHEES, President, Philadelphia and Reading Railway. R. L. O'DONNELL, Chairman, Executive Committee, Associated Railroads of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, 721 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.

War Map Coupon

Latest European War Map

Given by THE TELEGRAPH

To every reader presenting this COUPON and 10 cents to cover promotion expenses.

BY MAIL—In city or outside, for 15c. Stamps, cash or money order.

This is the BIGGEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. Latest 1914 European Official Map (6 colors)—Portraits of 16 European Rulers; all statistics and war data—Army, Navy and Aerial Strength, Populations, Area, Capitals, Distances between Cities, Histories of Nations Involved, Previous Decisive Battles, History Hague Peace Conference, National Debts, Coin Values, EXTRA—2-color CHARTS of Five Involved European Capitals and Strategic Naval Locations. Folded, with handsome cover to fit the pocket.

OUCH! BACKACHE! RUB LUMBAGO OR PAIN FROM BACK

Rub stiffness away with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

Ah! Pain is gone! Quickly!—Yes. Almost instant relief from soreness, stiffness, lameness and pain follows a gentle rubbing with "St. Jacob's Oil."

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right on your painful back, and like magic, relief comes. "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless backache, lumbago and sciatica cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin.

Straighten up! Quit complaining! Stop those torturous "stitches." In a moment you will forget that you ever had a weak back, because it won't hurt or be stiff or lame. Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" from your druggist now and get this lasting relief.—Advertisement.