

**Make Your Body Tingle** with life and energy for the day's work by eating foods that contain real nutriment—that do not use up all the vitality of the body in an effort to digest them. Shredded Wheat Biscuit supplies the greatest amount of body-building, energy-creating material with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It is a real whole wheat food, ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, containing the life of the wheat grain, nothing added, nothing taken away. Start the day right by eating Shredded Wheat with hot or cold milk. Serve it for luncheon with sliced bananas or other fruits. Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

**Clear, Peachy Skin Awaits Anyone Who Drinks Hot Water**

Says an inside bath, before breakfast, fast helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Sparkling and vivacious—merry, bright, alert—a good, clear skin and a natural, rosy, healthy complexion are assured only by pure blood. If only every man and woman could be induced to adopt the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls, with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervy wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds, and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance, awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities, contaminate the blood while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.—Advertisement.

**A CLEAR COMPLEXION**

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, you will know them by their olive color.

These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowels, which cause a normal action, carrying off and eliminating that one's system collects.

If you have a pale face, sallow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, headaches, a listless, no-good feeling, all out of sorts, inactive bowels, you take one of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.

Thousands of women as well as men, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets now and then just to keep in the pink of condition.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel—10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

**STOP COUGHING!!!**  
**DEPTONOL**  
MADE IN A HEALTH RESORT.  
AT DRUG STORES—51c per BOTTLE  
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Largest establishment. Best facilities. Near to you as your phone. Will go anywhere at your call. Motor service. No funeral too small. None too expensive. Chapels, rooms, vault, etc., used without charge.

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**The Telegraph Printing Co.**  
Federal Square

**HOMIE**  
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 Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employer and goes to Piranhas.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious. Permabuco and goes to Piranhas. Alan on a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER V—The judge falls to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

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

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

CHAPTER VIII—Collingford meets Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII—Collingford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XIV—Alan meets Alix, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

CHAPTER XV—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

CHAPTER XVI—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie.

CHAPTER XVII—Lieber tells his story. "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home."

CHAPTER XVIII—In South America Alan gets fever and his foreman prepares to send him to the coast.

CHAPTER XIX—Alan is carried to Lieber's fazenda, almost dead, and Gerry sees him.

Gerry sat down in a chair beside the settle. He had not known how tired he was himself. Soon he drowsed. His head fell forward on his chest. Sleep came to him and then a great trouble came to his sleep. He roused himself from a nightmare and, suddenly wide awake, found Alan's eyes fixed on his face.

"You!" murmured Alan.

Gerry did not answer. His face became a mask. It seemed to him that only Alan's eyes were alive, and to Alan that Gerry had projected his spirit to his bedside to watch him die.

Alan tried to smile in defiance. "Can't you speak?" he whispered hoarsely.

Gerry leaned forward. The question he had to ask was stronger than he. It forced its way through his lips. "Alan, what did you do with her? Tell me that and I'll go away."

A troubled look came into Alan's thin face. He frowned. "Do with her? Do with whom?"

"Alan," said Gerry, his suppressed voice trembling. "You know. With Alix."

"Oh," said Alan, still struggling on the verge of consciousness. "I remember. I did nothing with her. She wouldn't go with me."

"Alan," groaned Gerry. "I saw you. I saw you and Alix on the train."

The frown was gone from Alan's forehead. He felt sleep coming back

to him and he was glad. "Yes," he said, "she was on the train with me. I remember. She jumped off. A baggage man—caught her." He dropped off to sleep again.

Lieber stepped catlike across the floor. He caught Gerry by one ear, and with the other hand over his mouth led him out of the room. Gerry went tamely. When they were on the veranda Lieber looked at him. "So," he said, his blue eyes blazing, "you only want to kill him."

"No," said Gerry, dazed, "not now."

"Mr. Lansing," said Lieber, "you get out of here. We'll settle this business some other time."

Gerry's lip trembled. "You're right, Lieber," he said. "You're right, only you don't know it all. That chap in there—we were boys together. He ran away with my wife. That's why—" Gerry suddenly stopped. Alix had not run away. She had jumped off the train. Where was she, then? What had she done through the years he had been away? Why had she jumped off the train. He struck his hand to his head and stumbled off the veranda.

Lieber's anger died in him, but he turned and went back to Alan.

Two hours later he came out again to find Gerry crouched on the veranda. The spirit had gone out of him, but he turned on Lieber with a determination in his tired eyes. "You told me to get out and I haven't. There are things I've got to know. I'll wait."

"I spoke in haste, Mr. Lansing," said Lieber. "I want you should forgive me. You are all in, too. Come with me."

He led him into his own room, made him lie down, and closed the shutters. Gerry threw himself across the bed, arms outstretched, face down. Lieber slipped out and noiselessly shut the door. Gerry lay exhausted. He could not think any more. A great weight lay on his brain. The ten minutes' doze in the chair at Alan's bedside had not been rest, but a nightmare. Presently he fell into sleep, a deep sleep that was all unconsciousness.

It was almost night when he awoke and with the awakening the weight settled back on his brain, only now he had the strength to think in spite of it. He got up and went out in search of Lieber. Lieber heard him and came out into the hall. Gerry nodded towards Alan's room. "It's all right, Mr. Lansing. He must have a solid mind. Your talk didn't excite him—didn't even disturb his sleep. He's on the road up—weak, a baby, but he's started life again. He's asked for you twice. Seems to have something he's got to get off his chest to you. You'd better go in."

Gerry sat down once more beside Alan. The questions he must ask crowded to his lips, but he forced them back. He tested his strength with resolutions and held them. It was his way of reassuring himself. He wanted to feel his firmness rising in him to meet the struggle he felt must come when Alan spoke.

Alan knew he was there. He saw him through half-closed eyes, but more than that, he felt him. His brows puckered in a frown. It was still hard to use words. "Gerry, last

night I wanted to tell you more only I couldn't. I had to sleep. Alix didn't go with me. She only came to the train. When I kissed her she woke up and found she wasn't—carried after all. She went back home. You didn't turn up. You never turned up. They traced you to a river, an empty canoe—pyjamas—you know." He stopped and sighed as though his task were over.

The veins on Gerry's forehead stood out in knots. His chin rested on his clenched hands, his elbows on his knees. "Alan," he said, "where is Alix now? What has she done?"

"Alan, What Did You Do With Her?"

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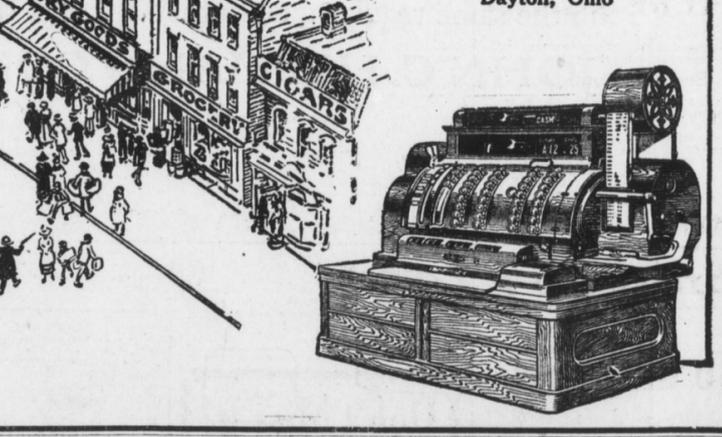
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**MEN'S CLUB OF ST. PAUL'S TO GET TEST IN GEOGRAPHY**  
An entertaining test in world's geography, such as would be presented if one followed an imaginary zigzag line from a given point clear round the globe, is promised for to-morrow evening by the Men's Club of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. "Interesting things in interesting countries" will be the theme of the program and a lot of pictures of the far-away points of the world will be included in the series. During the entertainment there'll be cigars, pipes, and so on. The program begins at 8.15 o'clock in the gymnasium.

The committee on arrangements includes Frank P. Coates, E. C. Lamey, J. R. Lane, George Dolbin, Samuel Forbes and R. M. H. Wharton.

**WOMEN PREPAREDNESS GETS UNDER WAY HERE**  
Women's preparedness propaganda was inaugurated Saturday evening in the assembly hall of the Public Library

**GRACE METHODIST YOUTHS TO ORGANIZE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM**  
Initial steps were taken yesterday by the Sunday school pupils of Grace Methodist Church to establish a gymnasium in the near future and further details will be threshed out at another meeting for the purpose to be held on April 2.

The entire school was well represented and the sentiment was unanimously in favor of the proposed "gym." Half a dozen or more well-known workers talked on the project. These included, Harry B. Saussaman, C. W. Boll and Robert A. McFarland. A general invitation to the men and boys of the church to participate in the movement was extended and at the next meeting it is expected that from 150 to 200 will attend.

**CLASS MEETINGS**  
Class meetings will be held by the juniors and seniors of Central high school to-morrow and Thursday evenings, respectively, in Handshaw's Hall and following the business sessions there will be informal dances. Class elections will be held during the latter part of the week.

**DRAMA AT BLAIN**  
Special to the Telegraph  
Blain, Pa., March 20.—On Saturday evening the dramatic troupe of the New Bloomfield Academy gave the drama, "The Fascinating Fanny Brown," in the town hall here to a well-filled house.

**ENTERTAINED GIRL FRIENDS**  
Waynesboro, Pa., March 20.—Miss Omega Berlin entertained twenty of her young friends at the home of her parents Friday evening.

**TO TELL BIBLE STORIES**  
"Early Bible Stories" will be the subject of an interesting illustrated talk to-morrow evening by Rabbi Charles J. Freund in the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

**CASTORIA** For Infants and Children. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Littlejohn*