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SPORTING NEWS

Automatic Scoreboard Big Feature at Colonial

When you mention an automatic scoreboard that will reproduce the world's series games in their smallest detail you naturally look for some large, complicated affair that takes an expert baseball fan to understand, but the fact that it is possible to make a board that will reproduce every play accurately and not be a puzzle to understand is going to be demonstrated on the new automatic scoreboard that is being installed at the Colonial Theater for the world's series, starting Saturday, October 7, at 2 p. m. Up until this year there has never been a place where the ladies could enjoy the games in a first class theater. The Colonial Theater will be run in the same high class manner during the games as it is for the motion pictures, and the ladies will be just as welcome as the men. Motion pictures will be suspended during the game, but will be continued immediately after it is over. Music will be furnished before the game starts and the game will be made as realistic and as exciting as possible without being right on the field.

BASEBALL SUMMARY

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS
National League
Boston 4, Philadelphia 1.
Brooklyn 7, New York 5.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS
National League

Club	W.	L.	P. C.
Brooklyn	34	60	61.0
Philadelphia	31	62	59.6
Boston	28	63	57.8
New York	28	66	56.6
Chicago	26	87	42.1
Pittsburgh	25	89	42.2
St. Louis	21	92	39.3
Cincinnati	20	93	39.2

Club	W.	L.	P. C.
Boston	21	83	56.1
Chicago	19	65	57.8
Detroit	17	67	56.6
New York	16	74	51.9
St. Louis	15	82	45.2
Cleveland	14	77	50.0
Washington	13	77	49.7
Philadelphia	12	117	28.5

How Teams Will Look in Tomorrow's Battle

Team	Player	Team	Player
Tech	—l. e.	Lebanon	—l. e.
Eyster	—l. e.	Nagle	—l. e.
(Bell)			
Wear	—l. t.	Ely	—l. t.
(Todd)			
Fitzpatrick	—l. g.	Milberry	—l. g.
(Garman)			
Snyder	—c.	Clymer	—c.
(Gipple)			
Miller	—r. g.	Holland	—r. g.
(Peller)			
Lauster	—t.	Conner	—t.
(Lands)			
Ebner	—r. e.	Joe Lear	—r. e.
(Ramsey)			
Lloyd	—q. b.	Whitney	—q. b.
(Horner)			
Hart	—l. h. b.	Searfoss	—l. h. b.
(Captain)			
Phillippell	—r. h. b.	Streicher	—r. h. b.
(Beck)			
(Wilsbach)		John Lear	—f. b.

Saturday Football Games

Tech High vs. Lebanon High at Island Park, 3 p. m.
Central High vs. Johnstown at Johnstown.
Harrisburg Academy vs. Lykens High, Academy field, at 3:30 p. m.
Steelton High vs. Dickinson College Freshmen at Cottage Hill, Steelton, at 2:30 p. m.
Cornell vs. Gettysburg at Ithaca, Princeton vs. North Carolina at Princeton.
Penn vs. F. and M. at Franklin field.
Navy vs. St. John's at Annapolis.
Dartmouth vs. Lebanon Valley at Hanover.
West Point vs. Holy Cross at West Point.
Penn State vs. Bucknell at State College.
Dickinson vs. Maryland Aggies at Baltimore.

MOTOR CAR FOR MORAN

Philadelphia, Oct. 6.—Pat Moran and the members of the Phils were the guests at a dinner held at the Cedar Park Driving Club last night. They were the guests of Frederick T. Chandler, vice-president of the club. Besides the players, President Wilbur Baker and Directors Murphy, Hagerty and Ruch were present. All the officers extolled the manager and the players and the dinner was a success. The manager, a high-powered automobile on behalf of the shareholders of the club. Pat Moran responded feelingly and stirred the participants when he told of the adventures met by the club during the year. He declared that the pennant was lost because of the game that was played at Steelton and the injury to Bancroft in the last series of the season.

PLAYERS IN BAD SHAPE

Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 6.—After the hard scrimmage against the Conway Hall eleven yesterday Dickinson College's football candidates appeared on the field this afternoon considerably stiffened up and a few of the players had minor injuries, which, however, will not keep them out of the coming game against the Maryland Aggies on Saturday. While Head Coach Craver supervised the entire squad, Dunn gave individual instructions to the back field candidates and Reap took charge of the line material. Ingersoll, McCabe, Lins and Prichard took likely candidates for varsity berths, notwithstanding the light weight of the last two, who are expected to be effective on a dry field.

SECOND TEAM STARTS TODAY

Anville, Pa., Oct. 6.—While the varsity at Lebanon Valley College meets Dartmouth on Saturday the second team will open their season with Mercersburg Academy. Manager Charles Gemma has prepared a schedule that will be quite interesting. It is as follows: October 7, Mercersburg Academy at Mercersburg; October 14, Palmyra at Lebanon; October 19, Carlisle Indians at Carlisle; October 21, P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Anville; October 28, Bucknell Reserves at Anville; November 4, Schuylkill Seminary at Reading; November 11, Pater at Pater; November 25, Mount Joy at Mount Joy; November 30, Sunbury High school at Sunbury.

STATE PRACTICES PASSING

State College, Pa., Oct. 6.—Penn State's eleven today perfected its defense for the forward passing game. It expects Bucknell will play here on Saturday. Head Coach Harlow saw Westminister that that system of attack successfully against his charges, and he is not going to be satisfied until State's secondary defense can stop both the short passes and the long drive. The fracas between State and Bucknell will mark the resumption of football relations between the colleges after a lapse of six years.

GIANTS TO KEEP M'GRAW

New York, Oct. 6.—John J. McGraw will continue to manage the New York National League baseball club next year despite any reports to the contrary, says John B. Foster, secretary of the club.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"That," said old Boisseau impressively, "that was a different matter. There was no need to attack the policeman. No, monsieur. There are those whom the night makes mad. In the city it is never night. There are lights, lights everywhere. But now comes the real night, the terrible night. And with it the mania."

He made me shiver, but he did not convince me. I've said before that I don't think much of coincidence. The robber meant to leave by the main entrance and had done so. You remember the man in the hat? Probably he had a machine waiting across in the park. If there was an alarm, the policeman at the awning would be in his way. So he or they—did I see the policeman?

It sounds like good sense, doesn't it? Well, it wasn't! The policeman was attacked before the hold-up, for one thing. It would be said things likely to put the management on the watch for trouble.

Was the policeman injured by a madman? Was it the same hand that attacked him that immediately afterward committed two murders? Was he wounded in order to facilitate the escape of the jewel robber? Was it reasonable to suppose that such an attack would lessen the vigilance at the entrance to Boisseau's? Wouldn't it be likely to increase it?

I put it down like this. I could connect the robbery and the cutting off of the light and telephone service. I could connect the other crimes with the darkness in the same way; the policeman, for one, had been attacked at the moment the lights and telephone were being cut. But things connecting with the same thing are not necessarily connected with each other.

Did the robbery and the other crimes connect? And how? I didn't get to that point without trouble. It was a new game for me and there were some moves in it that I could not figure out.

What had Miss Hazeltine to do with it? Why had she fainted when she saw the morning paper? What did the little spots on her face mean? The name of all that flies had she looked for in the trees? Why was her father not to see the newspaper?

Was I crazy to connect her, even for a moment, with the robbery? She'd been worried the day before, you remember, when nothing had happened. I left Boisseau, who gave me an abstract note to the night, and went out. The awning lay folded on the pavement with the right-angled tear on top. The workman was surveying it with wrath.

"You're wrong about the bottle, you know," I said. "Something with a sharp corner did that."
"Maybe I don't know as much about bottles as you do," he said, and turned his back.

It was only noon and the fellows don't go to the club for luncheon until 1. I had time to look up the policeman, so I hailed a taxicab. While the driver was cranking his engine I saw something glittering in the street. For a minute I thought I'd happened on some of the loot, but when I walked out, it proved to be the piece of glass I picked up and put it in my pocket. It wouldn't hurt to find out what it came from, anyhow. Then I went to the hospital.

The policeman, whose name was Schmers, was sitting up and eating an elderly nurse was steadying a tray across his knees.
"I'm Oliver Gray, Mr. Schmers," I said. "I called in to see how you're getting along."
"I'm doing fine, Mr. Gray. But they pretty near got me, all right. A bit higher up or lower down and where would I be?"

The nurse picked up the tray and went out.
"Ain't it just my luck?" he said. "Twenty years on the force and never in a hospital until now, and I get a nurse that'll never see 50 again!"

He was clearly flattered by my visit. As I've said before, we're rather well known, and the governor comes over pretty lavishly to elections.
"I'm glad it's no worse," he said. "He tried for my stummick," averred Mr. Schmers. "If I hadn't stooped for a cigar, it would have been a Japanese trick. I've heard of it."
"Have you any idea who did it?" His eyes twinkled.

"There's a number that might have tried to get me," he said.
"Then you haven't any one in mind?"
"I'll tell you how it was, Mr. Gray. I was standing there. The lights were going all right. All at once they went out. I struck a match to look at the time. I'm supposed to report those things. Then something jingled to the ground at my feet. I thought it was a ring, but it was a chain. I caught it on things, and it breaks it up. So I stooped over and picked it up—only it wasn't the watch chain—and then he got me in the back."
"Neither saw nor heard him. He'd been skulking behind the awning. I didn't think much of it at first. I straightened up, still holding the bit of ring and chain. Then I felt the blood pouring down my arm."

"The what? What did you pick up?"
"A sort of steel spring."
He rambled on—what the doctor had said, how he had let his accident policy lapse, the way his wife had taken the news of his injury. I hardly listened.
"I'd like to see the spring, if I may."
"Sure you may," he said affably. "Look in the pocket of the coat in the closet. And take a glance at the shoulder. It's a neat cut. It breaks it up. With my fingers itching to get the spring, I humored him by examining the coat. There was a long gash across the left shoulder through material as thin as if cut by a very sharp, thin-bladed knife. Around it the cloth was stiff with blood. In the drying the cut in the material had gaped, like a wound. It made me sick."

"Nice work," Schmers grinned from his bed. "I used to know a dago who could have done it. But he'd dead now. Got too proud of his work, and wanted credit for it. The spring's in the right hand pocket."
I found it. As well as I could tell from the glance I'd had of the one in Miss Hazeltine's bag, the two were identical.

"Do you want this?" I asked.
"Not if you'd like to have it. I wouldn't mind giving it to the missus as a souvenir."
"I'll tell you," I said. "Lend it to me, will you? I'll see that you get it back. It's a queer story, all around, and I'd like to show this to the fellows at the club."
"The missus will want to hang it up somewhere," he explained. "She's a great one for that. If I hadn't stooped for it, I'd have got the slash in the shoulder. Save you can take it with you, Mr. Gray."
So I took the spring away with me, leaving Schmers smoking one of the cigars I left with him, and congratulating himself that he'd escaped harm.

It had been a pretty full morning. I felt tired, I had, and you. And, somehow or other, I felt older. I'd never had much responsibility. I suppose, if you come right down to facts, I'd pretty much played up to that time. There's nothing like a job to stir a fellow up, and I'd had several. I left the office, for one thing. I'd seen a man die a sickening death. And I'd found out that I was tired of the girls I knew in society, of the sick of the Lottie Murray type, and that the sort I'd like to marry lived in a white house with flower-boxes and old furniture, and thought of me as much of me as she did of the office cat. Less, probably. The cat was useful; I wasn't. Martin and I lunched together. We generally sit at a table that holds a dozen or so and it's rather noisy. But neither of us was in form, and we sat alone in a corner.
Martin was gloomy. Usually he has no nerves, but he hadn't slept any more than he had. The governor was in a rage, and he'd upset every plan we'd made in the morning.
"I'm sick of it, Ollie," he said. "I've a notion to get out. The way we've schemed to land that shell order, and now to have everything balled up—it gets my goat."
"What would you do?"
"I'd look around for a while. I've saved something. I'd like to travel. Then I'd come back and settle down."
"That sounds like marriage."
"I might do that, too."

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Here Is the Recipe For a Perfect Woman

New York, Sept. 19.—Take the legs of Anna Pavlova, the body of Charlotte, Hippodrome skater, hands of Elsie Ferguson, eyes of Jane Cowl, mouth of Billie Burke, hair of Marjot Kelly, neck of Mary Garden, Martha Hedman's nose, the chin of Mae Marsh, Dixie Gerard's shoulders and Ann Pennington's feet, and you would have a perfect woman. At least this is the opinion of a majority of the chorus girls at the Hippodrome. A ticket to the world's series was hung up as a prize for the best selection made from eleven stage stars to form an ideal composite woman.

Pavlova's legs ran far ahead in the contest. Annette Kellerman's body was a close second to Charlotte's and Anna Held, Maxine Elliott and Julia Marlowe crowded Jane Cowl for the eye honors.