

MAMMA! GIVE A CASCARET QUICK, LOOK AT TONGUE

Don't you see your child is bilious, feverish, sick, constipated?

Relieve little stomach, liver and bowels with candy cathartic.



Listless, peevish, feverish, drooping. Little stomach sick, breath sour and tongue coated. Mamma, you must act now or your little one will be real sick soon.

IF BACK HURTS TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS

Says Backache is sure sign you have been eating too much meat.

Uric Acid in meat clogs Kidneys and irritates the bladder.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Schell's Quality Flowering Bulbs

Have arrived direct from Holland. Hundreds of thousands of bulbs of the best varieties of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus Crocus, Snowdrops, Scilla.

Now is the time to plant them in your flower beds for blooming in the Spring—and in pots for flowers all winter.

Folks tell us our bulbs are larger and better quality and our prices are less.

THEY GROW BETTER THEY BLOOM BETTER
Walter S. Schell
Quality Seeds
1207-1209 MARKET ST.

GREGORIAN
357 5TH STREET
Bet. 5th Ave. & Broadway.
Fireproof—Modern—Central.
300 ROOMS WITH BATHS.
\$2.00 to \$3.50 PER DAY
Special: Table d'Hotel and a Carte
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.
D. F. RITCHIEY, PROP.

GEORGE H. SOUBIER
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
1210 North Third Street
Bell Phone. Auto service.

Resorts
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

HOTEL KINGSTON
Ocean Ave., 1st hotel (100 feet) from beach, Cap. 150; elevator; bathing from hotel; dining room; and service; \$2.50 up daily; \$12 up weekly. Special family rates. Garage. Booklet.
M. A. LEFEBRE.

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

(Continued From Yesterday)

I felt, rather than saw, that she touched the ribbon around her neck. I patted her hand and let it go. It came over me like seasickness that she belonged to him and that I'd better get used to doing without the hand. It couldn't belong to me.

"I've got the camera, you see," I told her. "At least I know where it is. It's damaged a bit, but the glass affair—that plate, is not broken."

Well, it was worth the price of admission to hear the relief in her voice. She didn't cry, I think, although she gave a dry little sob.

"Then everything is all right," she said. "Except—what can never be made right."

I turned around on the bench and faced her.

"There is nothing that can never be made right, except death, Hazel," I said.

"That is what I mean."

But even when I'd got her story, and was wondering why I hadn't known it all from the first, for it was so simple, I knew I was not at the end of things. Where did the robbery come in?

Here was a straight and direct story, an accident and its results. There was not a break in it; cause and result, both were there. But I was not satisfied.

I'd better tell Hazel's story myself. It took a long time. We heard her father come in from his walk and enter the house. It got cooler, and I put my heavy motorcoat around her shoulders. She was so intent that I don't believe she knew it.

This what had happened. The old man liked to take pictures. He had a lot of time on his hands, and he used to sit on the brow of the hill and take views of the city. It grew on him. He experimented, tried color work, went through all the phases, even to making cameras of his own. He turned a pantry into a workroom, and pattered about all day.

Then one day he saw some boys with a kite, and he tried fastening a small camera to a kite and snapping the shutter by pulling the string.

He used to get the kite out over the edge of the hill, and the day he got a view of a steamboat from above he couldn't eat from excitement.

But the string system was bad. The string jerked the camera. So for months he worked on an arrangement to set off the spring automatically.

Did you ever, when you were a kid, send a message up to a kite?

You put a bit of paper or something light on the kite string, and it crawls up and up. I did it when I was a youngster—named the kite for my governess, and used to send up notes saying I wish she'd die, or take scarlet fever, or something. I made quite a reputation on it among the children in the neighborhood.

He made what he called a messenger, but it was too heavy. It wouldn't climb, or the string broke. Something was always wrong.

"It was pathetic," Hazel said. "He got box kites, and the camera would have done the work. But the messenger was the trouble. He designed it to touch the camera and make the exposure. But he lost several cameras in the river, and even when it did take the picture, the messenger was always wrong."

Then the war came, and he got the idea of patenting an arrangement for sending kites at night over the enemy's trenches and taking photographs when the sun came up. He worked day and night.

It would be a smaller target than an aeroplane, he insisted, and the camera would not make mistakes. With an observer on an aeroplane the human element had to be figured on. He planned to discount the human element. Crazy? I don't know. It didn't sound crazy to me when she told me.

He got to be quite a kite flyer. He connected box kites in a series, and he used to get near the top of the hill and dropped in the river. On quiet days he worked at the mes-

senger, and on windy days he was out at dawn, playing.

It made him happy, Hazel said; he improved in health and slept like a kid. And at last he wrote to the British government.

Well, he never heard from them and that fretted him. But he worked on. He made kites of a sort of sky-blue color, so they could not be seen, and one day he came in from his workshop, with his voice shaking, and said he'd got the idea at last.

He had. He'd built a canvas messenger that would climb to the kite, touch a pneumatic tube, give the camera thirty seconds to steady itself after the impact, and then make the exposure. He was so excited that he cried over it, poor old chap.

"He started that night to make the drawings and the model," Hazel said. "I had spoken to Mr. Martin and he seemed interested. I hardly knew Mr. Martin then, but I asked him about it one day at the office, and he said he would like to see it. That—that was the beginning of things."

As the kites and cameras got larger, the strongest cord would snap in a gale. They solved this difficulty by using wire. Fine piano wire. The old man made a big reel, with a hand-crank, and let the wind run the kite out. Then he brought it in by hand. It was hard work and once he let go of it, and the crank came around and struck him.

Hazel found him lying senseless when she came home and the kites were in the river—camera, messenger and everything.

"Then we got the motor," she said. "It was a cheap gasoline engine, and it worked wonderfully. All the trouble seemed to be over. But it was necessary, for his purpose, to make it exact. He worked out a lot of formulas. To do what he wanted, it was necessary to know when it was over a given spot. He had a map of the city, and an instrument for measuring the direction and velocity of the wind. Of course, with the engine, in one place, he had to follow the wind. But in case it was adopted by any army, he said it would be placed on a motor truck, and he could send it wherever he wanted. He spent a lot of time over the formulas."

"I know," I said. "The curve of the catenary!"

"That is the dip in the wire," she told me. "You have to allow for it. The kite is never as far away as the wire out would indicate."

"And the little symbol in red ink that looked like an ice tong?"

"Angle of the kite with the true horizon."

"How many, many things you know!"

"I know some very terrible things," she said, with a shudder. And I let her go on without interruption.

It seemed that things began to go wrong about a month before. In his abstraction the motor, as you know, the rubber cover over the reel one night, and it rained and the wire rusted.

He oiled and polished for a week, but the life seemed to be out of the stuff. It kinked and twisted, I believe, and he got nervous.

"Howard Martin warned him," she said. "That an accident might be dangerous. A thin steel wire, you see, dropping across a city might do terrible things. He advised him to send the kites at night, when the streets were empty, and he did it."

I give you my word, up to that minute I hadn't seen what she was driving at. I saw it then, all right. A thin steel wire across a city! Great Scott!

The wire had come from Germany, and there was no more of it to be had. They got a new wire, but it was not exactly right, and on the night before the robbery it broke.

"We were terrified," she said. "Mr. Martin took his car and went through the streets, but nothing seemed to be wrong except that it had short-circuited the wires in part of the city. You remember how nervous I was that morning in the office? I think I cried."

Did I remember!

Well, the old man was not as frightened as the rest of them. Some new wire had come and he spent the day getting it on the reel. And Martin had traced the motor into the country and brought back the camera. Martin went up in the afternoon and helped him with the wire and by 5 o'clock it was ready. But he charged Hazel to hold the old gentleman back until at least two hours after midnight, when the streets were empty.

She was tired, poor kid, and having made the old man promise, she went to bed early. But a good wind came up at half past 10, and he sent the kites out. He believed in the new wire, of course, and he was as impatient as a child.

At half past 11 he wakened her, and said the wire had gone again, and some of the city lights were out. He had started the motor as soon as the wire broke and brought it in, but the camera and the kite were gone, as usual.

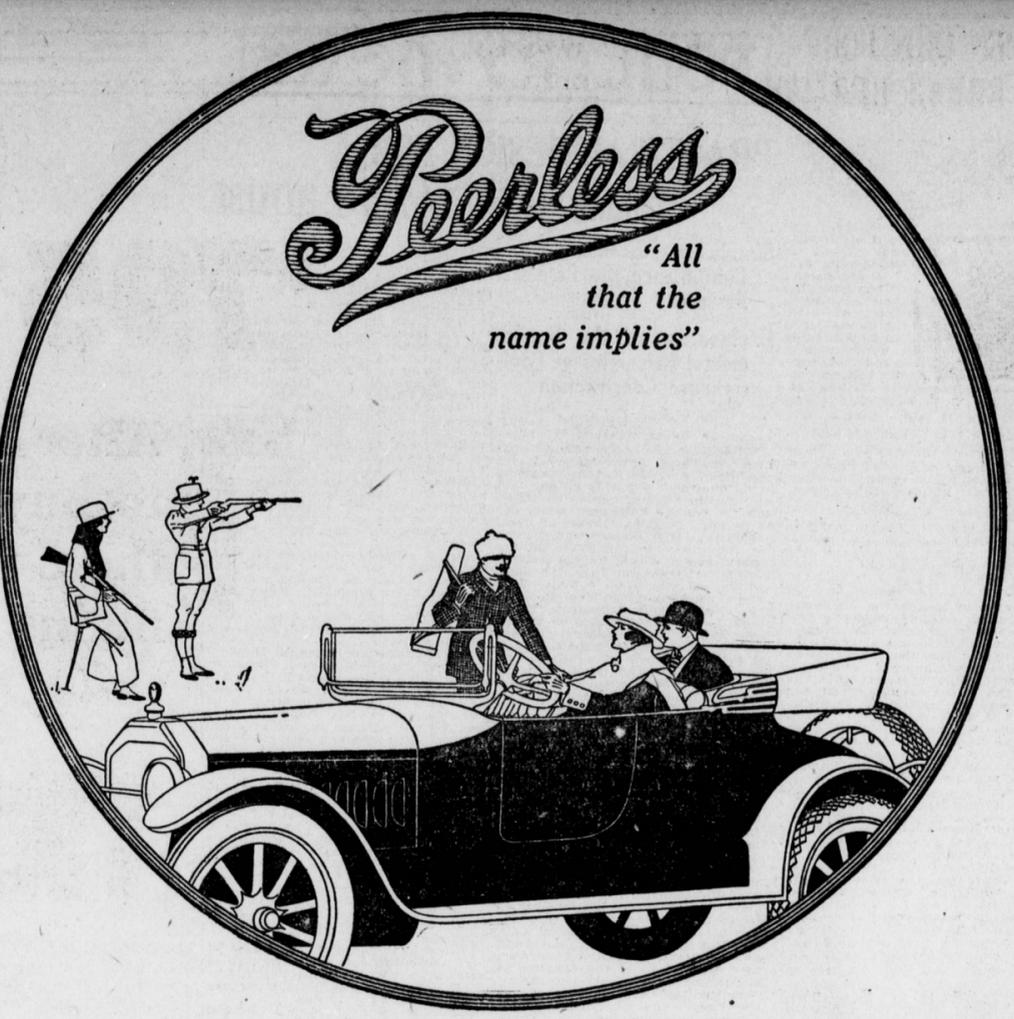
His loss was his chief concern. But Hazel was frightened. The streets were full of people leaving the theaters, and if anyone in an open car had run into it, Martin had told her, it would cut a head off as clean as an ax.

She had a vision of fearful things as she dressed. Her own anxiety, since it was too late to avoid trouble, was if anything had happened, to keep the old man out of it. The messenger was not so important. It was unlikely that anyone would know what it was, it was a square of canvas on a wire frame with a center hole for the wire. But the camera was different. The old gentleman was known to some of the dealers in town. He had made from the carrier by four small springs. But it was known, among a limited few, that he was taking aerial pictures. It looked very bad, any way you take it.

"I don't know whether he was frightened at the possibilities or not," she said. "I was terrified. But he is not young, and I did not tell him what I thought. He got me up, when I insisted, but I think he was only afraid some one would steal the camera. He knew where it had fallen. It was so dark that I might as well have been at home. I did not sit down, for fear I would think. I kept saying and over and over, 'It happened before and no one was hurt.' But the night before it had been later. It was different."

(To Be Continued.)

BIG SHIPPING FIRMS UNITED
London, Oct. 14.—It is officially announced that the Ellerman Line has acquired control of the Hull shipping firm of Thomas Wilson & Co. The Ellerman Line is one of the largest shipping concerns in Great Britain and operates a fleet of ninety-seven vessels, trading with all parts of the world. The Wilson company is a very large corporation with eighty-seven steamers in its fleet.



Peerless

"All that the name implies"

The Great Economy of Two Separate Power Ranges

In its "loafing range" the fuel consumption is about half what you would expect of a car of its size and power.

Think of an eighty horsepower eight-cylinder car, with all that power, smoothness and flexibility consuming so little fuel in all ordinary driving as to put many a forty horsepower six or four to shame.

But that's what it means to have two distinct power ranges—a "loafing range" for all ordinary requirements, with all the economy of cars which have no great power—no "sporting" speed—

And in addition, a "sporting range" separate and distinct which you only call upon when you want a brute of a car for a speed brush with a contender of real class or need emergency power for work that few cars can attempt.

That enormous power and great speed you have in the Peerless Eight's "sporting range" of power.

But you hold this tremendous reserve in a dormant state until you want it—it costs you nothing in fuel consumption until you use it.

Although you simply open the throttle wider to call

upon its "sporting range" of power; the minute you begin to use it the whole character of the car is instantly changed.

It now responds with a deeper tone—you have opened its double poppets—only cars of the utmost distinction can show such class as you now exhibit.

No other car in the world can exhibit such sporting class coupled with such inexpensive operation in ordinary every-day driving.

Ask us to demonstrate the double power range of the Peerless Eighty Horsepower Eight.

Three passenger Clover Leaf Roadster . . . \$1890
Six passenger Touring Sedan . . . \$2750
Seven passenger Touring Car . . . \$1890
Seven passenger Limousine . . . \$3260
All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Keystone Motor Car Company
1019-27 MARKET STREET
The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Peerless Eight

Firestone Tire Salesmen Will Attend Annual Convention

"Every year the hundreds of salesmen and representatives of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company from all parts of the world are called in by the Home Office at Akron, O.," says L. L. McClintock, local manager of the big Akron company. "A few years ago at the first convention there were thirty men present. At this year's meeting on October 17, 18 and 19 there will be in attendance over 500 Firestone men, making the greatest convention in our history. The big idea back of this mammoth convention is the interchange of ideas on selling for mutual benefit. Daily conferences with all men in assembly addressed by company executives, branch managers and salesmen will give each man abundant and valuable information. New ideas and new business methods will be discussed. The best and most efficient will be adopted and used in the world-wide field of Firestone business and each man will use this data to the advantage of customers in his territory. Our men will spend a generous

amount of time in the factories studying most thoroughly the construction and manufacture of Firestone Tires. Here in the largest exclusive tire factory in the world they will see the latest and most modern tire machinery in operation. They will see hundreds of tons of crude rubber, used at the rate of 100,000 pounds per day. This rubber instead of being bought from brokers in the rubber ports is bought at Singapore and shipped direct to Akron, thereby effecting a saving from 2 to 5 cents per pound. "Since 1910-11 when the Firestone Company moved into the new factory, the sales have grown from \$7,452,581.17 to \$33,111,194.52 making a total increase of 288 per cent. for the past five years. This past year, 1915-1916, the increase was 32 per cent. over the remarkable showing of last year. "This year the meetings will take place in the new Firestone Club-house just finished at a cost of \$800,000. This is intended for the use of Firestone employes and has every convenience necessary for their comfort. The big auditorium will be used for the general assembly. "These days of study and inter-

change of ideas," continues Manager McClintock, "represent a large investment. The results will be adequate dividends in better service for tire users. It means a more alert and better informed organization, composed of men who can serve customers most efficiently. The basic reason back of it all is that the Firestone Company believes that satisfied customers are the biggest asset a concern can have—hence, this greatest sales convention in Firestone's annals. The salesmen of our branch who will accompany me to Akron are Messrs. Shay and Helman."

\$129,000 For Enclosed Cars to One Distributor

Last week the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company received a single order for enclosed cars which totaled \$129,000. This order came from the Bigelow-Wiley Company of Philadelphia, Paige distributors. No open touring cars or roadsters were included in this order, the buyer specifying closed cars exclusively, which leads Henry Krohn, sales manager of the Paige, to de-

clare that the new Paige enclosed models are making just the impression he expected they would make. Mr. Krohn reports that this will be the biggest year the Paige has ever experienced with this type of automobiles. Harrisburg is included in the territory for which these cars are ordered, a number of them will no doubt be received by E. L. Cowden, local representative.

KING
EIGHT CYLINDER
"The Car of No Regrets"
The King is the second oldest automobile in the United States; 1916 model \$1150
Passenger Touring . . . \$1350
Good Territory For Live Dealers
King Car Sales Co.
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