

3000 OFF TODAY TO CAPITAL FOR OPTION SESSION.

City Replies Treble to Governor's Call For One Thousand Minute Men.

MANY GOING IN AUTOS.

To the small army of local option advocates who in answer to Governor Brumbaugh's appeal for one thousand minute men, pledged themselves to attend the public hearing at Harrisburg, hundreds in various parts of the city were added yesterday. Firm in the belief that scores will make up their minds to attend at the last minute, George G. Dowe, has arranged for the sale of at least

five hundred tickets on the Pennsylvania special which leaves Broad Street Station at 8:30 this morning. The special rate tickets will also be obtainable on the Reading express, which leaves the Twelfth and Market Street Terminal at 8:25.

Baltimore Stood For It All.

"Jones tells me he has just started a bank account for his new baby." "I see; a fresh heir fund."—Baltimore American.

The Limit.

"To what school does that painting belong?" "Boarding-school, my dear sir."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN OLD.

The man of seventy-five and the man of thirty-five were talking. The former is a venerable ex-mayor of a large middle west city and he is now enjoying a vigorous old age. The latter has already attained prominence in his profession, but was voicing a mood of weariness and depression.

"Son," said the septuagenarian, "let me tell you what I've found out in years more than twice the number of yours. I've found there isn't such an awful lot to this life after all. Counting all our troubles and all our happiness, it simmers down to a few simple things in the end. There's just about one rule to follow: Don't be a renegade.

"Don't join the crowd that's everlastingly kicking at its luck and don't join the bunch that's always kicking the fellow that's down. Don't go back on human-kind or the Lord. It doesn't pay. About the best way to get along in this world is to be a good fellow. I mean by that—be a good friend to yourself and the other fellow. Get all the good out of this life that you can, and sidestep all the bad that you can.

"I'm getting along pretty well in years, but am getting the most good out of life that a man of my years can get. I see plenty of men younger than I am, getting only misery out of their old age. They've been renegades—that's all. They haven't lived up to the best that's in them nor the best they could find in other folks."

Today I received a letter from another aged man who has recently recovered from an illness which brought him close to death. Yet his spirit is still uncovered. He writes:

"I am past the four-score mark. A friend said to me: 'Don't you hate to be old and close to death?' Here is what I told him: 'I know no more when death will come to me than a man of twenty.'

"I am well today. I have done no serious wrong in my life—so I am hale and hearty today, and as I grow in years my spirit becomes more mellow, my philosophy more optimistic. I feel like an honest laborer nearly the end of a hard day's work, looking to the eventide as a time of rest. I am not afraid. You see, old age has no terrors for me, and I wish that other old people might have an experience similar to mine. My wife and I return to our Kansas home shortly."

The other day I heard a ninety-two-year-old native of northern Missouri who lives alone in his cabin home on the Grand river, and who hunts and fishes and provides for himself in every way. He shows no evidence of dissolution and expects to enjoy many active years to come.

"I've lived a clean outdoor life," he said to me, who marvelled at his health and strength. "I've worked hard all my life, but I never abused nature. I have lived clean in body and spirit. I can endure more now than men half my age. I can go through the hardships of a freezing winter with nothing but water to drink, where a man of fifty who has a daily drink of whiskey would freeze to death." Why dread old age? Live right and its terrors will vanish.

A Dilemma.

Hilda—If I grow up and get married, shall I have a husband like daddy? Mother—I hope so, dear. Hilda—If I don't get married, shall I be an old maid like Aunt Ellen? Mother—Yes. Hilda—well, I am in a fix—and no mistake.

THE BURDEN OF SPRING.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sings the poet. "Lightly!" Of all the burdens that can or do fall upon the shoulders of a young man love is by far the heaviest. The song that he carols so blithely is sheer bluff, meant to hide the crushing responsibility under which he staggers; it is like whistling in the dark to keep one's courage up.

For consider what the lover must do! He must prove to the object of his affections that he is unworthy of her merest glance, while he invents a thousand devices to keep her from glancing away from him; he must wrestle in the silent watches of the night with a dictionary of rhymes to express his clumsy thoughts in Ariel-like verses, yet at the same time he is figuring that if he furnishes a flat he cannot afford a honeymoon, and if they keep one maid they can never go to the theatre; he must prove to his own mother that it will be nothing to lose him, and to his prospective mother-in-law that it will be everything to win him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Little Jack was inordinately proud of the big round badge which his father had brought home from the automobile show according to the Literary Digest. It had a picture of a famous automobile on one side, and a motto in large golden letters, on the other. He wore it to Sunday school.

The pastor walked down among the "scholars," smiling upon each bright faced little boy and girl, after the time-honored fashion of pastors on such errand bent. The badge on the little boy's coat caught his eye.

"Ah my son, what have you there?"

"That's my golden text," answered Jack eagerly, beaming like a Chessy Cat.

"Your golden text? That's very nice, indeed. And what does it say?"

Little Jack held it up for inspection. The pastor's fatherly smile did not disappear, but you might say it stiffened as he read Jack's golden text: "Ain't it Heli to be Poor!"

HER FULL DUTY.

Miss Brightman kept a very attractive little tea room, and when away on a business trip recently she left it in charge of a young woman clerk, say s Harper's Magazine. The morning she returned she did not think things looked quite as neat and attractive as usual.

"You know, Miss Bristol," remarked the proprietress, as she glanced around, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, Miss Brightman, I know it," was the reply. "I have done everything I could while you were away. I have dusted these sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."

AT LAST.

Back to the old conversation— Stuff that's been canned for a spell; Back with a jerk to the Cossack or Turk Or Germany still raisinell; Somebody else may get busy— Monarch or peasant or drover; But shedding no tears here are three rousing cheers Now that the Big Fight is over.

Easy.

Yankee—If some one were so ill-advised as to call you a liar, colonel, in what light would you regard the act? Kentucky Colonel—I would regard it simply as a form of suicide, sah.—Dallas News.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

REFORMED CHURCH. Corner Front and Anderson Streets. Rev. D. C. Cox. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:45 A. M. Preaching every First and Third Sabbath at 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M. Mid-Week Service every Wednesday, 8:00 P. M. Everyone Welcome. Parsonage Corner Front and Trolinger Streets.

HOCUTT MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH. Adams Avenue and Hall Street. Rev. James W. Rose, Pastor. Preaching every Fourth Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 8:00 P. M. Ladies' Aid Society First Sunday Afternoon.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Church of The Holy Comforter. The Rev. John Benners Gibble, Rector. Services every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Holy Communion: First Sunday, 11:00 A. M., Third Sunday, 7:30 A. M. Holy and Saint's Days, 10:00 A. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. The public is cordially invited. All Pews Free. Fine Vested Choir.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Corner Church and Davis Streets. Rev. A. B. Kendall, D. D., Pastor. Preaching every Sunday 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. John R. Foster, Superintendent. Senior, Intermediate and Junior Endeavor Societies meet for worship every Sunday evening at 7:00. Mid-Week Prayer and Social Service, every Wednesday at 8:00 P. M. Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society meets on Monday after the first Sunday in each month. Mrs. Ada A. Teague, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society meets on Monday after the second Sunday in each month, at 8:00 P. M. Mrs. W. R. Sellers, Pres. A cordial invitation extended to all A Church Home for Visitors and for Strangers.

FRONT STREET M. E. CHURCH SOUTH. Rev. D. H. Tuttle Pastor. Peace to those who enter. Blessings to those who go. Preaching every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with offering for Church charities, First Sunday in each month. Sunday School, every Sunday, 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8:00 P. M. Board of Stewards meet on Monday 8:00 P. M., after Fourth Sunday each month. Woman's Missionary Society meets 4:00 P. M., on Monday, after 1st and 3rd Sundays. Parsonage, corner W. Davis and Hoke Streets. Pastor's Telephone, No. 162. Ring—Talk—Rang Up—"Busy."

WEBB AVENUE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH. Rev. E. C. Durham, Pastor. Preaching every first Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M. Second Sunday at 8:00 P. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 A. M. A. M. S. F. Moore, Superintendent. Everybody Welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. Donald Melver, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. B. B. Sellers, Superintendent. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 8:00 P. M. The Public is cordially invited to all services.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. M. W. Buck, Pastor. Sunday Worship, 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. H. Vernon, Superintendent. Praise and Prayer Services, Wednesday at 8:00 P. M. Christian Culture Class, Saturday at 3:00 P. M. Church Conference, Wednesday before First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M. Observance of Lord's Supper, First Sunday in each month. Woman's Union, First Monday of each Month, 3:30 P. M.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH. East Davis Street. Rev. George L. Curry, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 8:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday 8:00 P. M. Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies every Monday afternoon after First Sunday in each month. Christian Endeavor Society meets at 7:00 Every Sunday Evening. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. M. A. Coble, Superintendent. Good Baraca and Philathea Classes. You are Invited to attend all these services.

MACEDONIA LUTHERAN CHURCH. Front Street. Rev. T. S. Brown, Pastor. Morning Service 11:00 A. M. Vespers 8:00 P. M. Services every Sunday except the morning of Third Sunday. Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. Prof. J. B. Robertson, Supt. Teachers' Meeting Wednesday 8:00 P. M. (Pastor's Study). Woman's Missionary Society, First Thursday, Monthly, 3:30 P. M. L. C. B. Society, Second Thursday Monthly, 8:00 P. M. Young People's Meeting, Second Sunday at 3 P. M.

Information. At an "information test" in a Baltimore high school a few days ago some of the answers were these: "Watchful Waiting is a Christmas hymn." "The Bear Who Walks Like a Man is an orang-utan." "Busy Bertha is a prehistoric animal shown in moving pictures." "Tommy Atkins is a famous baseball pitcher." "Sir Isaac Newton invented moving pictures." "Maid of Orleans is a kind of molasses candy." "Lord Kitchener is some kind of an Englishman."—Kansas City Star.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side. The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand and I gave up in despair. At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its using me, and am doing all my work. If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today. Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Treatment for Women," sent by plain wrapper.

The Telephone Operator Says:



When you answer the telephone and someone else is wanted, do not place the receiver back on the hook. The receiver should be kept off the hook until the conversation is finished.

When you place the receiver on the hook you automatically signal the operator to disconnect your line. You should observe this rule carefully in order to get the full value of your service.



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Reduced In Price, All Twenty-ent Cakes and Candy now 10c - - - Ten Cents - - - 10c

Fresh Roasted Peanuts, full line of Fancy Groceries. When you trade at this store you do not have to pay other people's debts. Nothing delivered, Nothing charged. Your patronage solicited.

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POOR