

GAS! GAS! INDIGESTION, SOURNESS, SICK STOMACH—PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

Here's Relief! In Five Minutes Your Upset Stomach Feels Fine

If you feel bloated after eating and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lies like a lump of lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing after eating, eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brass or a belching of gas, you need Pape's Diapepsin to stop food fermentation and indigestion.

Sick, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Griping, etc. Your real and only trouble is that which you eat does not digest, but quickly ferments and sours, producing almost any unhealthy condition.

A case of Pape's Diapepsin will cost fifty cents at any pharmacy here, and will convince any stomach sufferer in five minutes that Fermentation and Sour Stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble Catarrh of the Stomach, Nervousness or Gastritis, or by any other name—always remember that relief is waiting at any drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapepsin will regulate any out-of-order stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort, all of any kind of food you eat.—Adv.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Necessary Sandwich

Once sandwiches were used only at picnics and they were not very attractive for there was not much care given to their making. With hunger sauce, however, they tasted delightfully and satisfied every one so well that they gradually found their way into railroad restaurants. Here their popularity declined and even to-day there is scarcely anything less attractive to a hungry person than a railroad restaurant sandwich.

salad dressing, some with butter and some with grated, warmed cheese. And the fillings were sliced pickles, slices of ham and thin slices of Swiss cheese. Sardines and bacon and cheese all heated together make another club sandwich filling much in demand, but this is rather on the order of a rabbit, for the bread used for this is well toasted.

"I Don't Feel Good"

That is what a lot of people tell us. Usually their bowels only need cleansing. **Rexall Orderlies** will do this for you. We know this positively. Take one tonight. Sold only by us, 10 cents. George A. Gorgas

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How big is your ash pile? You paid for coal, and if the winter's ash pile is larger than it should be you didn't get the best you were entitled to.

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PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of 'The Carpet from Bagdad', 'The Place of Honeymoons, etc.'

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CONTINUED
"College," exploded Mallow. "What the devil does a college athlete know about a dock-fight?"
"Ever see a game of football?"
"No."

"Well, take it from me that it's the roughest game going. It's a game where you put your boot in a man's face when he's not looking. Mallow they kill each other in that game. And Ellison was one of the best, fifteen years ago. He used to wade through a ton of solid, scrapping, plunging flesh. And nine times out of ten he used to get through. I want you to beat him up, and it's because I do that I'm warning you not to underestimate him. On shipboard he handled me as you would a bag of salt; damn him! He's a surprise to me. He looks as if he had lived clean out here. There's no booze sign hanging out of him, like there is on you and me."

"Booze never hurt me any."
"You're galvanized inside," said Craig, staring again at Elsa. He wished he knew how to hurt her, too. But he might as well throw stones at the stars.
"How would you like to put one over on me?"
"In what way?"
Mallow smoked for a moment, then touched his breast pocket significantly.
"Not for mine," returned Craig. "Cards are my long suit. I'm no second-story man, not yet."
"I know. But supposing you could get it without risk?"
"In the first place, the bulk of his cash is tied up in letters of credit."
"Ah, you know that?"
"What good would it do to pinch those? In Europe there would be some chance, but not here where boats are two weeks apart. A cable to Rangoon would shut off all drawing. He could have others made out. In cash he may have a few hundreds."
"All gamblers are more or less yellow," sneered Mallow. "The streak in you is pretty wide. I tell you, you needn't risk your skin. Are you game to put one over that will cost him a lot of worry and trouble?"
"So long as I can stand outside the ropes and look on."
"He has a thousand pounds in his belt. No matter how I found out. How'd you like to put your hand on it if you were sure it would not burn your fingers?"
"I'd like to, all right. But it's got to be mighty certain. And the belt must be handed to me by someone else. I've

little fun first."
The two left the cafe veranda and engaged a pair of rickshaws. As they jogged down the road, Warrington stepped out from behind the palms and moodily watched them until the night swallowed them up. He had not overheard their interesting conversation, nor had he known they were about until they came down the steps together. He ached to follow them. He was in a fine mood for blows. That there were two of them did not trouble him. Of one thing he was assured: Somewhere in the dim past an ancestor of his had died in a Berserk rage. He had been watching Elsa. It disturbed but did not mystify him to see her talking to the colonel. Table-chance had brought them together, and perhaps to a better understanding. How pale she was! From time to time he caught the flash of her eyes as she turned to this or that guest. Once she smiled, but the smile did not lighten up her face. He was very wretched and miserable. She had taken him at his word, and he should have been glad. He had seen her but once again on board, but she had looked away. It was best so. Yet, it was as if fate had reached down into his heart and snapped the strings which made life tuneless.
And tomorrow! What would tomorrow bring? Would they refuse? Would they demand the full penalty? Eight thousand with interest was a small sum to such a corporation. He had often wondered if they had searched for him. Ten years. In the midst of these cogitations he saw the group at the table rise and break up. Elsa entered the hotel. Warrington turned away and walked aimlessly toward town. For hours he wandered about, seeing nothing, hearing nothing; and it was long past midnight when he sought his room, restless and weary but wide awake. He called for a stiff peg, drank it, and tumbled into bed. He was whirled away into broken dreams. He was in the Andes, toiling with his girders over unspeakable chasms. A shifting glance at the old billiard room in the club, the letter, and his subsequent wild night of intoxication, the one time in his life when he had drunk hard and long. Back to the Indian deserts and jungles. And he heard the shriek of parrots.
The shriek of parrots. He sat up. Even in his dream he recognized that cry. Night or day, Rajah always shrieked when someone entered the room. Warrington silently slid out of bed and dashed to the door which led to the gallery. A body thudded against his. He caught hold. The body was nude to the waist and smelled evilly of sweat and fish oil. Something whiplike struck him across the face. It was a queue.
Warrington struck out, but missed. Instantly a pair of powerful arms wound about him, bearing and bending him backward. His right arm lay parallel with the invader's chest. He brought up the heel of his palm viciously against the Chinaman's chin. It was sufficient to break the hold. Then followed a struggle that always remained nightmarish to Warrington. Hither and thither across the room, miraculously avoiding chairs, tables and bed, they surged. He heard a ring of steel upon the cement floor, and breathed easier to learn that the thief had dropped his knife. Warrington never thought to call for help. The old fear of bringing people about him had become a habit. Once, in the whirl of things, his hand came into contact with a belt which hung about the other's middle. He caught at it and heaved. It broke, and the subsequent tinkling over the floor advised him of the fact that it was his own gold. The broken belt, however, brought the fight to an abrupt end. The only body suddenly slipped away. Warrington beheld a shadow in the doorway; it loomed there a second against the skyline, and vanished. He ran to the gallery railing, but it was too dark below to discern anything.
He returned to his room, breathing hard, the obnoxious odor of sweat and fish oil in his nose. He turned on the lights and without waiting to investigate, went into the shower room and stood under the tepid deluge. Even after a thorough rub-down the taint was in the air. The bird was muttering and turning somersaults.
"Thanks, Rajah, old sport! He'd have got me but for you. Let's see the damage."
He picked up the belt. The paper money was intact, and what gold had fallen he could easily find. He then took up his vest, and dropped it, stunned. The letter of credit for half his fortune was gone. He sank back upon the bed and stared miserably at the fallen garment. Gone! Fifty thousand dollars. Someone who knew! Presently he stood up and tugged at his beard. After all, why should he worry? A cable to Rangoon would stop payments. A new letter



"You Fool, I Don't Want Him Out of the Way."

half a wonder if you're not aiming to get rid of me," with an evil glance at his tempter.

"If I wanted to get rid of you, this'd be the way," said Mallow, opening and shutting his powerful hands. "I'm just hungry for a bit of a lark. Come on. A thousand pounds for taking a little rickshaw ride. Ever hear of Wong's? Opium, pearls, oils and shark fins?"
"No."
"Not many do. I know Singapore like the lines on my hands. Wong is the shrewdest, most lawless Chinaman this side of Canton and Macao. Pipes, pearls and shark fins. Big money. Wong's the man to go to. Want a schooner rigged out for illicit shell hunting? Want a man shanghaied? Want him written down missing? Go to Wong."
"See here, Mallow; I don't mind his being beaten up; but what you say doesn't sound good."
"You fool, I don't want him out of the way. Why should I? But there's that thousand for you and worry for him. All aboard!"
"You don't love Parrot & Co. any more than I do."
"No. I'd sleep better o' nights if I knew he was broken for keeps. Too much red tape to put the United States after him. How'd you rig him?"
"Faro and roulette. They never tumble. I didn't have anything against him until he ran into me at Rangoon. But he's stepped in too many times since. Is this straight?"
"About lifting his belt? Easy as falling off a log. Leave it to me. His room is on the first gallery, facing southwest. You can chalk it up as revenge. I'll take it on as a bit of good sport. Wong will fix us out. Now look alive. It's after nine, and I'd like a

could be issued. It would take time, but he had plenty of that.
Idly he reached for the broken cigar that lay at the foot of the bed. He would have tossed it aside as one of his own had not the carnelian band attracted his attention. He hadn't smoked that quality of tobacco in years. He turned it over and over, and it grew more and more familiar. Mallow's!

CHAPTER XVI.

Who is Paul Ellison?

For some time Warrington sat upon the edge of the bed and studied the cigar, balanced it upon his palm, as if striving to weigh accurately Mallow's part in a scrimmage like this. The copra grower assuredly would be the last man to give a cigar to a Chinaman. Mallow, rich, was Mallow disposed of, at least logically; unless indeed it was a bit of anticipatory reprisal. That might possibly be. A drunken Mallow was capable of much, for all that his knowledge of letters of credit might necessarily be primitive.

Yet Mallow was no fool. He would scarcely take such a risk for so unstable and chancy a thing as revenge of this order. Craig? He hadn't the courage. Strong and muscular as he was, he was the average type of gambler, courageous only when armed with a pack of cards, sitting opposite a fool and his money. But Craig and Mallow together. . . . He slipped off the label. It was worth preserving.

With an unpleasant laugh he began to get into his clothes. Why not? The more he thought of it, the more he was positive that the two had been behind this assault. The belt would have meant a good deal to Craig. There were a thousand Chinese in Singapore who would cut a man's throat for a Straits dollar. Either Mallow or Craig had seen him counting the money on shipboard.

TO BE CONTINUED

DAMAGE CASE SETTLED

Suit Against Hospital Officials Adjusted Out of Court

Pottsville, Pa., March 16.—When the case of Joseph Setkosky, of New Philadelphia, against officials of the State hospital at Pottsville was called yesterday in court, it was announced that a settlement had been effected for a cash consideration, the amount not stated.

Two years ago Setkosky was a patient at the hospital undergoing an operation. Several days after the operation, he complained of severe pain and a second operation was necessary, when it was found that a piece of gauze had been sewed up in Setkosky's interior. Setkosky asked for \$25,000 damages, but it is said got only a few hundred.

DENTIST BURNS TO DEATH

Aged Recluse Fatally Injured Before Neighbors Could Reach Him

Bedford, Pa., March 16.—Erie Blackburn, 72 years old, a retired dentist, was burned to death Monday at his home in Pleasantville. Being paralyzed and living alone he was unable to extinguish the flames and although he reached the door and aroused neighbors he was overcome and could not be rescued.
Dr. Blackburn came to Bedford county from Altoona ten years ago.

NEW CHURCH FOR HERSHEY

United Brethren Congregation Outgrows Capacity of Present Edifice

Hershey, Pa., March 16.—The United Brethren church of this place, which has enjoyed a remarkable growth for the last few years, is compelled to relocate and erect a larger and more modern church building in the near future.
The present membership of the church is 212, while the Sunday school has a total enrollment of 493. The need for enlargement is immediate and the new site will be located as soon as possible.

ALTAR BOY ABLAZE

Priests and Parishioners Beat Out Flames—Woman Worshippers Faint

Shamokin, Pa., March 16.—The robes of John Gorza, altar boy at St. Stanislaus' Polish church were accidentally ignited at the altar yesterday during services.
Several priests and parishioners extinguished the flames. The boy and several of his rescuers were badly burned. Several women fainted during the excitement.

Foreign Missionary Day Observed

Tower City, Pa., March 16.—Sunday marked an important epoch in the history of the United Brethren church at this place. The day was observed as "Foreign Missionary Day" and all of the services were of a missionary character. The pastor, the Rev. O. G. Romig, preached appropriate sermons on the subject both morning and evening.

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For Headaches, Neuralgia
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David P. Babster, Chief Clerk
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Calendars of above hotel can also be obtained by applying at Star-Independent office.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN "WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"



The last word in scenery has been spoken—by Philip Bartholomae, author of "When Dreams Come True," which comes to the Majestic Thursday afternoon and evening.
Mr. Bartholomae, he it known, is the ball room episode the scene is painted not on the canvas of commerce, but on silk. He says that thereby he has attained a certain lighting effect of unquestioned beauty and effectiveness.
Mr. Bartholomae, he it known, is equipped with one fortunate advantage carefully kept away from most makers of manuscript. He is rich. He can write checks on silk if he wants to. Let this not be taken to mean that only his wealth makes it possible for him to get in the limelight. He is the author and producer of "Overnight" and "Little Miss Brown," both successes which have increased his bank account, and he is the producer of a number of vaudeville acts equally successful.
However when one sets out to make scenery the possession of a bank balance is a distinct aid to art and the uplift. In addition to the silk set the play also reveals three other complete scenic offerings—all shown in three acts.—Adv.

WED AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Lancaster Couple, Separated Two Decades Ago, Married in New York

Lancaster, Pa., March 16.—Twenty years ago A. B. Briggs and a girl employe of the Hamilton watch factory were sweethearts. They quarreled and parted. Briggs went to New York, and his sweetheart married Lewis Craig, who died a few years ago.
The former sweethearts renewed acquaintances in course of time, and Sunday they were married in New York.

Woman Dies After Long Illness

Marietta, March 16.—Mrs. Maria Hoffman, 67 years old, died yesterday from a complication of diseases after a long illness. She was a member of the Reformed church and leaves ten children, twenty grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, four brothers and three sisters.

Three Recommended for Postmasters

Pottsville, Pa., March 16.—Ex-Congressman R. E. Lee yesterday recommended the appointment of postmasters in three important Schuylkill county towns. They are St. Clair, Simon Devlin; Pine Grove, Gregory Auchenbach, and Orwigsburg, Allan Smith.

Directory of Leading Hotels of Harrisburg

THE PLAZA

423-425 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
At the Entrance to the P. R. R. Station
EUROPEAN PLAN
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The Metropolitan

Strictly European

For something good to eat. Everything in season. Service the best. Prices the lowest.

HOTEL VICTOR

No. 25 South Fourth Street
Directly opposite Union Station, equipped with all modern improvements: running water in every room; fine bath; perfectly sanitary; nicely furnished throughout. Rates moderate. European Plan.
JOSEPH GIUSTI, Proprietor.

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Then you want coal that will give you as little trouble as possible.

Some grades of coal make lots of ashes and it seems that you carry out more ashes than you put coal in.

That's the kind of coal to keep shy of. And the worst of it is that the coal that gives the most ashes usually gives less heat.

We have made a careful study of coal and have selected for our customers the kind that will give the best results in all conditions.

Our Wilkes-Barre Coal will lessen the drudgery of tending the furnace.

United Ice & Coal Co.

Forster and Cowden Third and Boas
Fifteenth and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry
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SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
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320 Market Street
Fall Term September First
DAY AND NIGHT