

HOLMES SEEDS OF KNOWN VITALITY AND PURITY. These are the kind of seeds we sell. The Plain Truth is our aim! We will not misrepresent for the purpose of making sales—nor for any other purpose.

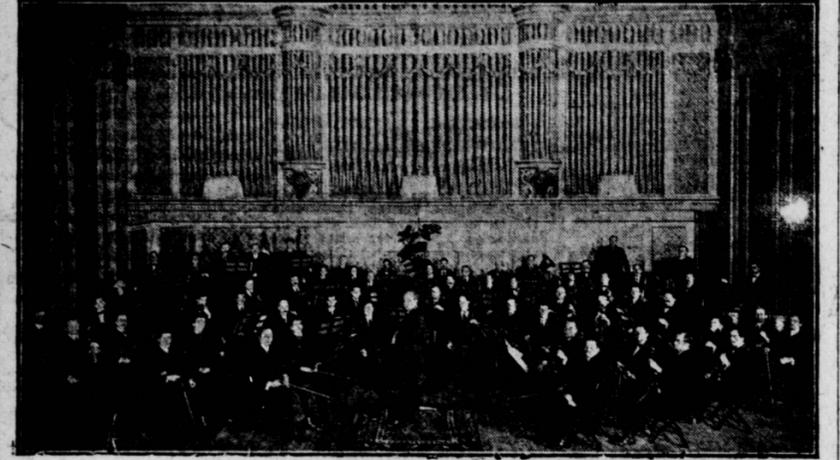
COCOANUT OIL FINE FOR WASHING HAIR. If you want to keep your hair in good condition; the less soap you use the better. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali.

Judge Gray Gives Miners Decision. Shamokin, Pa., April 29.—A decision has been received from Judge Gray by President Matthews, of the ninth United Mine Workers' district, that the claims of miners in the No. 11 vein at the local Henry Clay colliery for 88 cents per wagon, instead of 70 cents, should be granted.

Playing With Cap May Cost Sight. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 29.—Placing a cartridge on a stone and striking it with another stone was the cause of ending Stanley Rola, 4 years old, of this city, to the hospital yesterday.

"FISK," THE SIGN MAN. OFFICE DOOR LETTERING SHOW CARDS. 124 Rear of Union Trust Building

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WHICH IS ASSISTING IN CHORAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL



GOVERNOR HEADS LIST OF CHORAL SOCIETY MEMBERS

Symphony Concert Given This Afternoon at Majestic by Russian Orchestra and "Sanson" Will Be Presented To-night

The Russian Symphony Orchestra arrived at 9 o'clock this morning and at 10 had a rehearsal with the Choral Society and soloists. At 3 o'clock this afternoon the symphony concert was given. The house was entirely sold out and the concert was most enthusiastically received.

Tickets have been selling rapidly for to-night's concert when the Choral Society will render Handel's oratorio, "Sanson," assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra and distinguished New York soloists. A big house is assured for to-night's concert. The concert begins at 8.15.

The following are the sustaining and honorary members, the list being headed by the Governor of the Commonwealth: Martin G. Brumbaugh, George Kunkel, S. J. M. McCarrell, Aaron S. Kreider, Mrs. H. B. Abbott, W. E. Abercrombie, S. Cameron Baer, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bailey, G. Irwin Beatty, W. H. Bennethum, C. Ross Boas, Mrs. John Y. Boyd, James Brady, D. Bailey Brandt, J. Austin Brandt, Mrs. Harry M. Bretz, James M. Cameron, Miss Mary Cameron, Mrs. Catherine Chaayne, Joseph Claster, Charles E. Covert, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Cumbler, the Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington, Mrs. Alice K. Decevee, E. J. Decevee, John DeGray, Henry C. Demming, C. A. Doehne, Mrs. A. J. Dull, Mrs. A. P. L. Dull, Casper Dull, D. M. Dull, Miss Jennie J. Dull, Mrs. H. P. Dunbar, Miss Mary Dunbar, S. P. Dunkle, Mrs. James C. Durbin, Carl B. Eby, Miss Helen E. Espy, W. S. Essick, Mrs. W. W. Finney, David Flemming, S. W. Flemming, John E. Fox, Mrs. Anna Meetch Fraim, Dr. John A. Fritchey, Albert Froelich, Mrs. Lyman D. Gilbert, Spencer C. Gilbert, S. O. Goho, Dr. George A. Gorgas, W. L. Gorgas, J. K. Greenawald, Sr., Mrs. Edward Z. Gross, Mrs. Margareta C. Haldeman, Mrs. A. Boyd Hamilton, D. D. Hammebaugh, Nathan E. Hause, Joseph H. Hellerman, Mrs. Edward S. Herman, D. U. Hershey, H. L. Hershey, John Hoffer, Mrs. E. J. Jennings, William Jennings, B. A. Johnston.



E. J. Decevee. James McCormick, James McCormick, Jr., Mrs. Henry McCormick, Henry McCormick, Jr., Henry B. McCormick, Mrs. Henry B. McCormick, Robert McCormick, Vance C. McCormick, Andrew S. McCreath, S. W. McCulloch, J. Horace McFarland, Dr. Hiram McGowan, Miss Esther R. McIlhenry, John J. Nissley, Mrs. A. Wilson Norris, W. M. Ogelsby, Mrs. Maria E. Omssted, Dr. H. L. Orth, W. E. Orth, Mrs. Frank Payne, Miss Caroline Pearson, Miss Jeanne Pratt, Mrs. Walter F. Randall, Mrs. J. V. W. Reynolds, Mrs. W. S. Rutherford, Mrs. S. D. Sanson, William B. Schleisner, J. Grant Schwarz, William E. Seel, Mrs. Clarence M. Sigler, Clarence H. Sigler, Mrs. John W. Simonton, Frank C. Sites, J. Henry Spicer, E. J. Stackpole, A. Carson Stamm, Mrs. A. Carson Stamm, James A. Stranahan, Charles C. Stroh, J. Harry Stroup, Al K. Thomas, E. C. Thompson, J. H. Troup, Mrs. E. Z. Wallower, B. L. Weaver, Miss Anna C. Weir, Miss Sibyl M. Weir, Mrs. John H. Weiss, Miss M. Caroline Weiss, John Fox Weiss, Mrs. John Fox Weiss, Mrs. Harry C. Wells, James B. Wells, T. T. Wiernan, E. W. Yohn, S. Cameron Young.

SAYS THE WEST LIKES WILSON

Fitzgerald After Trip Believes President Will Be Renominated. Washington, April 29.—Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, arrived in Washington yesterday from a visit to the Panama Exposition via Panama. The Brooklyn member paid a brief visit to the White House and talked with Secretary Tamm, but did not see the President. He expressed the opinion that the administration was popular in the West, particularly in California. Mr. Fitzgerald started for New York on an afternoon train.

MURDOCK OR JOHNSON IN 1916. Moore for Prohibition and Suffrage. Says William Allen White. Topeka, Kan., April 29.—The Progressive party will be in the light in 1916 with either Victor Murdock, of Kansas, or Hiram Johnson, of California, leading, and on a platform with national prohibition and national suffrage as dominant planks. This is the word from William Allen White, national committeeman from Kansas for the Progressive party.

PRISONER DIES IN TRAIN LEAP. Accused White Slaver Flees Bondsmen on Way to New York. Albany, April 29.—Leaping headlong through the window of a train in an effort to escape from his bondsmen, who were taking him to New York City, Vincent Loupp, indicted in Kings county on March 20 for white slavery, was killed just south of Albany yesterday afternoon.

COLEBRA OUT A MEMORY NOW. Wilson Changes Name to Gaillard Cut in Honor of Late Colonel. Washington, April 29.—Colebra Cut in the Panama canal is no more. President Wilson changed the name yesterday to Gaillard Cut as a mark of respect to the late Col. Gaillard, who had immediate charge of the construction of this most difficult section of the canal and whose death was due to hard work and exposure incident to his official duties there.

Farmers Lose in War Gamble. Reading, Pa., April 29.—Farmers here who held potatoes in reserve, expecting higher prices, because of exports to warring European countries, lost heavily. The big demand failed to appear, and they are having trouble in disposing of the tubers at 35 cents a bushel.

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INDIGESTION OR BAD STOMACH

Relieves Sourness, Gas, Heartburn, Dyspepsia in Five Minutes. Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gas and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapsin. It makes all stomach misery vanish in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Pape's Diapsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually. Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.—Adv.

Flies, Flies, and then more flies.

Keep them out. The easiest way to prevent having a house full of flies is to keep them out in the first place. We sell lumber prepared for making screen doors and windows. You can easily make your own screens and they will last you a life time with this material. United Ice & Coal Co. MAIN OFFICE Forster and Cowden Streets

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama. By ARTHUR B. REEVE. The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories. Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Edison Film Company. Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

Continued. From a small aperture in the doorway looked out another face, equally evil. Under cover, the crook made the sign of the Clutching Hand twice and was admitted.

"That's the place, all right," whispered Kennedy with satisfaction. He hurried to a telephone booth, where he called several numbers. Then he returned to the laboratory. From the table he picked up a small coil over which I had seen him working and attached it to the bell and some batteries. He replaced it on the table, while I watched curiously.

"A selenium cell," he explained. "Only when light falls on it does it become a good conductor of electricity. Then the bell will ring." Just before making the connection he placed his hat over the cell. Then he lifted the hat. The light fell on it and the bell rang. He replaced the hat and the bell stopped.

"Hello, Chase," greeted Kennedy. "Well, I've found the new headquarters all right—over on the West side." Kennedy picked up the selenium cell and a long coil of fine wire, which he placed in a bag. Then he took another bag already packed, and, shifting them between us, we hurried downtown.

Near the vacant lot, back of the new headquarters, was an old broken-down house. Through the rear of it we entered. I started back in astonishment as we entered and found eight or ten policemen already there. Kennedy had ordered them to be ready for a raid, and they had dropped in one at a time without attracting attention.

"Well, men," he greeted them, "I see you found the place all right. Now, in a little while Jameson will return with two wires. Attach them to the bell which I will leave here. When it rings, raid the house. Jameson will lead you to it. Come, Walter," he added, picking up the bags.

Ten minutes later, outside the new headquarters, a crouched-up figure, carrying a small package, his face hidden under his soft hat and upturned collar, could have been seen slinking along until he came to the steps. He went up and peered through the aperture of the doorway. Then he killed Clutching Hand, Elaine would die. If he fought he must either kill or be killed. If he handed Clutching Hand over Elaine was lost. He looked at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes of three.

"What do you mean—tell me?" demanded Kennedy with forced calm. "Yesterday Mr. Bennett bought a wrist watch for Elaine," the Clutching Hand said quietly. "They left it to be regulated. One of my men bought one just like it. Mine was delivered to her today."



Craig Kennedy Seized Elaine's Arm, Broke the Beautiful Bracelet and Ripped the Watch Off Her Wrist.

"Has the watch purchased for Miss Elaine Dodge been delivered?" he asked the clerk.

"No," came back the reply. "The watch Mr. Bennett bought is still here being regulated." Kennedy hung up the receiver. He was stunned. "The watch will cause her death at three o'clock," said the Clutching Hand. "Swear to leave here without discovering my identity and I will tell you how you can save her! In that watch," he hissed, "I have set a poisoned needle in a spring that will be released and will plunge it into her arm at exactly three o'clock. On the needle is ricinus!"

Craig advanced, furious. As he did so Clutching Hand pointed calmly to the clock. It was twenty minutes of three! With a mental struggle Kennedy controlled his loathing of the creature before him. "All right—but you'll hear from me—sooner than you suspect," he shouted, starting for the door.

Then he came back and lifted his hat, hiding as much as possible the selenium cell, letting the light fall on it. "Only Elaine's life has saved you." With a last threat he dashed out. He hailed a cab, returning from some steamship wharves not far away. "Quick!" he ordered, giving the Dodge address on Fifth avenue. Minute after minute the police and I waited. Was anything wrong? Where was Craig?

Just then a tremor grew into a tinkle, then came the strong burr of the bell. Kennedy needed us. With a shout of encouragement to the men I dashed out and over to the old house. Meanwhile Clutching Hand himself had approached the table to recover his weapon and had noticed the queer little selenium cell.

"The deuce!" he cried. "He planned to get me anyhow!" Clutching Hand rushed to the door—then stopped short. Outside he could hear the police and myself. Clutching Hand slammed shut his door and pulled down over it a heavy wooden bar. At the desk he paused and took out a piece of cardboard. Then, with a heavy black-marking pencil, he calmly printed on it, while he battered at the barricaded door, a few short feet away.

He laid the sign on the desk, then on another piece of cardboard, drew crudely a hand with the index finger pointing. This he placed on a chair indicating the desk. Just as the swaying and bulging door gave way, Clutching Hand gave the desk a pull. It opened up—his get away.

He closed it with a sardonic smile in our direction, just as the door crashed in. We looked about. There was not a soul in the room, nothing but the selenium cell, the chairs, the desk. "Look!" I cried, catching sight of the index finger, and going over to the desk. We rolled back the top. There on the flat top was a sign: Dear Blockheads: Kennedy and I couldn't wait. Then came that mysterious sign of the Clutching Hand.

We hunted over the rooms, but could find nothing that showed a clue. Where was Clutching Hand? Where was Kennedy? In the next house Clutching Hand had literally come out of an upright piano into the room corresponding to that he had left. Hastily he threw off his handkerchief, slouch hat, old coat and trousers. A neat striped pair of trousers replaced the old, frayed and baggy pair. A new shirt, then a sporty vest and a frock coat followed. As he put the finishing touches on he looked for all the world like a be whiskered foreigner.

At the door of the new headquarters, a few seconds later, I stood with the police. "Not a sign of him anywhere," growled one of the officers. Elaine was sitting in the library reading when Aunt Josephine turned to her. "What time is it, dear?" she asked. Elaine glanced at her pretty new trinket. "Nearly three, Auntie—just a couple of minutes," she said. Just then there came the sound of feet running madly down the hallway. They jumped up, startled. Kennedy, his coat flying and hat jammed over his eyes, had almost bowled over poor Jennings in his mad race down the hall. "Well," demanded Elaine haughtily, "what's—"

Before she knew what was going on Craig hurried up to her and literally ripped the watch off her wrist, breaking the beautiful bracelet. He held it up, gingerly. Elaine was speechless. Was this Kennedy? Was he possessed by such an inordinate jealousy of Bennett? As he held the watch up, the second hand ticked around and the minute hand passed the meridian of the hour. A viciously sharp needle gleamed out—then sprang back into the filigree work again. "Well," she gasped again, "what's the meaning of this?" Craig gazed at Elaine in silence. Should he defend his rudeness, if she did not understand? She stamped her foot, and repeated the question a third time. "What do you mean, sir, by such conduct?" Slowly he bowed. "I just don't like the kind of birthday presents you receive," he said, turning on his heel. "Good afternoon!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

See "Exploits of Elaine," Eleventh Episode, In Motion Pictures, Victoria Theatre, Saturday, May 1. READ THE STORY IN THE STAR-INDEPENDENT EVERY WEEK