



Bunions and "Knob-Joint"

Hard and Soft Corns

Acute French-heel Cramp

Ingrown Nails

TENDER ACHING FEET

Compound Callouses

SWETTY OFFENSIVE FEET

Remarkable Home Treatment For All Foot Troubles

This information will be welcomed by the thousands of victims of daily foot torture. Don't waste time. Get it at once. No matter how many patent medicines you have tried in vain this treatment, well known to foot doctors will do the work. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet for full fifteen minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts. The effects are marvelous. All pain goes instantly and the feet feel simply delightful. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off; bunions, aching feet, sweaty smelling feet, get immediate relief. Use this treatment a week and your foot troubles will be a thing of the past. Calocide works through the pores and removes the cause. Get a twenty-five cent box from any druggist, usually enough to cure the worst feet. Calocide prepared only at Laboratories of Medical Formula Co., Dayton, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

DOCTOR GETS JAIL TERM
Sentenced for One to Three Years for Illegal Operation
Philadelphia, May 4.—Dr. Albert R. Bickstein, of 1627 North Franklin street, was sent to the Eastern penitentiary by Judge Hall yesterday for not less than one year nor more than three years upon his conviction of performing an illegal operation on Miss Emma Freyer, of Montgomery avenue near Sixth street.
The woman said that the doctor had operated on her twice in 1912, but after the second operation she was confined to a hospital for six weeks.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Servant in the House

Statisticians declare that only seven families out of each hundred employ hired help in this country, but so many letters similar to the following one are received that the problem presented seems of interest to every woman.

Here is the servant question viewed from one reader's dilemma: "Please write soon on maids; their hours of service; days off; also wages in a family of four, two sons, two parents. One son is at college and only home for vacations.

"I pay my maid four dollars a week and send the laundry out; our house contains nine rooms; it is modern. On three afternoons she goes home at two o'clock and returns at five thirty until after dinner. She goes out every night and on Thursdays she leaves at two in the afternoon and does not return until seven forty-five the next morning. She goes home every other Sunday afternoon and remains over night; on alternate Sundays and I prepare dinner.

"We had guests on Easter Sunday and she complained bitterly because I insisted upon her remaining to wait table. This was the first Sunday in three months that I had asked this of her.

"I want to be fair to my servants and would like to have you print in your column what other women pay, and if I am unfair to ask for assistance when company comes.—Wearry One."

We are all born to our stations in life through the providence of our Maker; if it were otherwise, and we could choose our choice of evils, I am very

sure few would desire to be in the position of a housekeeper attempting to settle wages and hours for maids.

Every middle-aged person can remember when fifty cents was a day's wages for a working woman, and a dollar and a half a week's pay for house maids. This scale has increased to really generous figures. A girl who receives four dollars a week for housework in reality gets much more than she would have if she clerked or worked at any other employment at ten dollars a week. She has her room, which would cost her about two dollars a week. Her board, light, heat and laundry is furnished, and these items would amount to at least seven dollars a week more if she had to pay for them. Besides, a working girl in shop, store or factory must consider wear on clothing and take into account car fare and incidental expenses.

Three to four dollars a week wages, Thursday afternoons, two evenings a week and alternate Sunday afternoons are the usual perquisites offered maids by families in moderate circumstances.

As the majority of servant girls are of foreign birth, untrained to our methods of work and liable to leave the moment they think they can better themselves, this seems liberal. But we only hear of the unusual cases; there are thousands of faithful workers in the homes of our country who make the interests of their employers their own and contribute largely to the comfortable happiness of the families whose burdens they lighten. Such maids are "help" in the fullest sense of the word.

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.

We are free to admit that we are not infallible, but sometimes make errors, but when we do stand ready to rectify such error.

The Best Gardens can be made by using "Holmes Tested Seeds." The largest stock and the largest number of varieties to select from.

Everything for the Garden: Lawn Mowers Fertilizers, Rakes, Spades, Hoes, etc.

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are operative principles in the production of the Beer and Ale made by our MASTER BREWER

DOEHNE BREWERY
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A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.



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CONTINUED

Her devotion to Rosemary was wonderful to see. By the way, while I think of it, the child was quite adorable. She was learning to pronounce my name and getting nearer and nearer to it every day. At the time of which I now write she was calling me (with great enthusiasm) by the name of "Go-go," which reduced to aboriginal American means "Man-With-the-Strong-Arm-Who-Carries-Baby."

"It is very nice of you to ask me up to dine with you," said I.

"Isn't it about time I was doing something for you in return for all that you have done for me?" she inquired gaily. "We are having a particularly nice dinner this evening, and I thought you'd enjoy a change."

"A change?" said I, with a laugh. "As if we haven't been eating out of the same kettle for days!"

"I was not referring to the food," she said, and I was very properly squelched.

"Nevertheless, speaking of food," said I, "it may interest you to know that I expected to have rather a sumptuous repast of my own to celebrate the deliverance. A fine, plump pheasant, prepared a la Oscar, corn fritters like mother used to make, potatoes

peared."

"And a wonderful alligator pear salad," she interrupted, her eyes dancing.

I stared. "How in the world did you guess?"

She laughed in pure delight, and I began to understand. By the Lord Harry, the amazing creature was inviting me to eat my own dinner in her sal! manager! "Well, may I be banged! You do beat the Dutch!"

She was wearing a wonderful dinner gown of Irish lace, and she fairly sparkled with diamonds. As I looked at her standing there by the big oak table I couldn't help thinking that the count was not only a scoundrel but all kinds of a fool.

"It was necessary for me to bribe all of your servants, Mr. Smart," she said. "You did not offer the rascals money, I hope," I said in a horrified tone. "No, indeed!" She did not explain any further than that, but somehow I knew that money isn't everything to a servant after all. "I hope you don't mind my borrowing your butler and footman for the evening," she went on. "Not that we really need two to serve two, but it seems so much more like a function, as the newspapers would call it."

It was my turn to say "No, indeed."

"And now you must come in and kiss Rosemary good night," she said, glancing at my great Amsterdam clock in the corner.

We went into the nursery. It was past Rosemary's bedtime by nearly an hour, and the youngster was having great difficulty in keeping awake. She managed to put her arms around my neck when I took her up from the bed, all tucked away in her warm little nightie, and sleepily presented her own little throat for me to kiss, that particular spot being where the honey came from in her dispensation of sweets.

I was full of exuberance. An irresistible impulse to do a jig seized upon me. To my own intense amazement and to Blake's horror I began to dance about the room like a clumsy kangaroo. Rosemary shrieked delightedly into my ear, and I danced the harder for that. The countess, recovering from her surprise, cried out in laughter and began to clap time with her hands. Blake forgot himself and sat down rather heavily on the edge of the bed. I think the poor woman's knees gave way under her.

"Hurrh!" I shouted to Rosemary, but looking directly at the countess. "We're celebrating!"

Whereupon the girl that was left in the countess rose to the occasion and she pruned with graceful abandon before me in amazing contrast to my jumping jack efforts. Only Blake's reserve and somewhat dampening admonition brought me to my senses.

"Please don't drop the child, Mr. Smart," she said. I had the great satisfaction of hearing Rosemary cry when I delivered her up to Blake and started to sink out of the room in the wake of my warm cheeked hostess.

"You would be a wonderful father, sir," said Blake, relating a little.

I had the grace to say, "Oh, psaww!" and then got out while the illusion was still alive. (As I've said before, I do not like a crying baby.)

It was the most wonderful dinner in the world, notwithstanding it was served on a kitchen table moved into the living room for the occasion. Imposing candelabra adorned the four corners of the table and the very best plate in the castle was put to use. There were roses in the center of the board, a huge bowl of short stemmed Marechal Niel beauties.

"Have I told you, Mr. Smart, that I am expecting my mother here to visit me week after next?"

She tactfully put the question to me at a time when I was so full of contentment that nothing could have depressed me.

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed, quite cheerfully.



It Was the Most Wonderful Dinner in the World.

any one knowing a thing about it? You see, she is being watched every minute of the time by detectives, spies, secret agents, lawyers and heaven knows who else. The instant she leaves Paris, bang! It will be like the starter's shot in a race. They will be after her like a streak. And if you are not very, very clever they will play bob with everything."

"Then why run the risk?" I ventured.

"My two brothers are coming with her," she said reassuringly. "They are such big, strong fellows that"

"My dear countess, it isn't strength we'll need," I deplored.

"No, no, I quite understand. It is cunning, strategy, caution and all that sort of thing. But I will let you know in ample time, so that you may be prepared."

"Do!" I said gallantly, trying to be enthusiastic.

"You are so wonderfully ingenious at working out plots and conspiracies in your books, Mr. Smart, that I am confident you can manage everything beautifully."

"And now let us talk about something else," she went on complacently, as if the project of getting the rest of her family into the castle were already off her mind. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your last book, Mr. Smart. It is so exciting! Would you be entertained by a real mystery?"

Very promptly I said I should be. We were having our coffee. Hawkes and Blatchford had left the room. "Well, tradition says that one of the old barons buried a vast treasure in the cellar of this"

"Stop!" I commanded, shaking my head. "Haven't I just said that I don't want to talk about literature? Buried treasure is the very worst form of literature."

"Very well," she said indignantly. "You will be sorry when you hear I've dug it up and made off with it."

I pricked up my ears. This made a difference. "Are you going to hunt for it yourself?"

"I am," she said resolutely.

"In those dark, dank, grewsome cellars?"

"Certainly."

"Alone?"

"If necessary," she said, looking at me over the edge of the coffee cup.

"Tell me all about it," said I.

"Oh, we shan't find it, of course," said she calmly. I made note of the pronoun. "They've been searching for it for two centuries without success. My—that is, Mr. Pless has spent days down there. He is very hard up, you know. It would come in very handy for him."

I glowered. "I'm glad he's gone. I don't like the idea of his looking for treasures in my castle."

She gave me a smile for that.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Countess Gives Me a Surprise.

FOR an hour or more after leaving the enchanted rooms near the roof I lounged in my study, persistently attentive to the portrait of Ludwig the Red, with my ears straining for sounds from the other side of the secret panels. Alas! Those panels were many cubits thick and as staunch as the sides of a battleship. But there was a vast satisfaction in knowing that she was there, asleep perhaps, with her brown head pillowed close to the wall, but little more than an arm's length from the crimson waistcoat of Ludwig the Red, for he sat rather low, like a Chinese god, and supported his waistcoat with

ELLA BRADNA, DARING YOUNG HORSEWOMAN, IS A PART OF THE BIG BARNUM CIRCUS FAMILY



What do the spangled women with little fluffy skirts and the lithe young girls that fly through the air and the astonishing persons that seem able to walk on spider webs do when they are not in the arena? Do they spend their leisure hours riding around and around on the gayly-decked circus horses? Do they always wear their abbreviated and dazzling costumes? Do they sometimes take a little nap on the slack wire? Do they ever forget their bewildering accomplishments and "come to earth" and eat and sleep and talk like ordinary people?

Really when they are out of the ring, the circus women are for all the world like ordinary people, except that, perhaps, they are a bit more friendly and jolly and mutually admiring than many groups of other folks that come before the public eye. It has often been said that the members of a circus are "one big family," and although this is less true than in the old days, since now the various troupes join a circus for a few months and devote their winters to vaudeville, or some other engagements; still there is an intimate family spirit

in the modern big circus, such as the Barnum & Bailey organization, that is surprising in a big commercial enterprise and there is a foundation of relationship in many cases that gives a literal meaning to the term family life.

But relatives or not, occasional vaudeville artists or not, it is in variably the case among real circus folk that the circus and their particular "stunts" are the principal things in life. Ask them how they came to go into the business and they are likely to say: "I was born in it," or "Well, I really didn't have much to do or say about it, I started when I was two and a half years old. I belong to a circus family, of course."

When the Barnum & Bailey show comes to Harrisburg next Thursday a program in which new and novel features predominate is promised. A professional pageant depicting Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi for the Vale of Cashmere starts the circus program after which the arctic features are offered in the three rings, four stages and the hippodrome track.

The war elephants, directed by women trainers, come first, splashed all over three rings, and provide fresh surprises for those who wonder if the time will ever come when the apparent difference between the human and the mere animal brain will be eliminated. They provide some real surprises for brain specialists.

New features include Ella Bradna, Swiss equestrienne; Marcella's trained parrots, cockatoos and macaws; Pallenberg's roller skating and bicycle-riding bears; Thaler's fox terriers and riding baboons; Adgie's 12 jungle-bred lions; the posing horses, dogs and ponies; the English Sannaford Family of whirlwind equestrians, and acts and features numerous enough to make a half-dozen circuses of the old school.

In all lines and departments of arctic prowess only acknowledged champions and experts will be seen and the entire program will be a revelation to those who have imagined that the resources of the circus for new and startling surprises and diverting performances had been exhausted.

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For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6.05, 7.50 a. m., 3.40 p. m.
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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 2.57, 9.30, 9.30 p. m.
For Ellensburg at 5.02, 7.50 and 11.07 a. m., 2.18, 3.40, 5.22, 6.30 p. m.
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