INDUSTRIAL PAGEANT FOR "4TH" VISITORS

City's Manufacturers Rapidly Joining Movement to Help Celebrants Learn of City's Progress.

An opportunity to know Philadelphia will be given the thousands of visitors who will come here for the national Fourth of July celebration. It will be afforded by the plans of Councils' Fourth of July Committee, and also through the proposed industrial and civic demonstration, which has been indorsed by scores of local manufacturers whose products have national reputation.

That those attending the event may obtain a proper conception of the city's scope, Councils' Fourth Committee is mapping out a plan that will enable the visitors to see all the historical points of interest without interfering with the general celebration, and in this conrection probably will name July 5 as "Seeing Philadelphia" day. Arrangements are being made to have speakers at Valley Forge and other historical places, who will explain their history so that the pilgrimages will be interesting and of educational value. Aside from this, it has been pointed out that the strangers coming here will thus have opportunity to view Fairmount Park and the suburbs of the city.

There is a hearty spirit of co-operation

There is a hearty spirit of co-operation already manifested among the city's leading manufacturers and business men. Louis J. Kolb, president of the Kolb Baking Company, said today that his es-tablishment would join with others in helping to make the proposed industrial celebration a success.

"I doubt whether any city in the country has more attractions than Philadelphia," said Mr. Keib, "and this get-together spirit to show the products of the city's manufacturers is especially timely. The country should be more fully acquainted with what Philadelphia quainted with what Philadelphia is doing qualited with what Philadelphis is doing, and the proposed demonstration would tell the story very emphatically and practically. There is no doubt of the good results which would redound. Our establishment will be very glad of the opportunity to have an exhibit typical of progress in the pageant. If all the city's manufacturers join to make the affair a success the visitors who witness the success the visitors who witness the event will be profoundly impressed by the demonstration."

H. H. Myers, of H. H. Myers & Co., rug manufacturers, Coral and Dauphin streets, spoke slong the same lines and will work for the success of the cele

Up to the present time, exhibits of Philadelphia-made trolley cars, hats, automobiles, planes, clothing, brend, machinery, cigars, hosiery, motortrucks and other essentials to life and progress are already assured.

COL. JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, VETERAN AND BANKER, DEAD

Long Prominent in Financial and Social Circles of Media.

MEDIA, Pa., May 6 .- Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, aged 80 years, prominent in finan-cial and social circles, died at his home here at midnight last night. He was Colonel of the 124th Pennsylvania through-

out the Civil War.
Colonel Hawley was cashler of the First
National Bank of Media from March 3.
1864, until April 10, 1894, and president
from April 10, 1894, until December 4, 1906. when he resigned on account of failing health. He was succeeded by William H. Miller, the incumbent.

Colonel Hawley was a director and for-merly was president of the American Pips Company and a member of the board of governors of the Gien Milis-School. He was to have entertained the members of the prize drill class of the latter institution at his home here on latter institution at his home here on

Saturday next.
Colonel Hawley was employed in the National Bank of Chester County when the Civil War began. He organized a company and went to the front as a part of the 12th Pennsylvania as a lieutenant. On the field he was made colonel of the regiment. He was made colonel of the regiment. He was wounded in service. He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. J. M. Thompson, who resides in winter at the Rittenhouse, Philadelphia, and in summer at the Idlewilde.

\$839,265 FOR A BABY

Navy Officer's Daughter Inherits Income From Trust Fund.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Little Lucille Spafford, a year and nine months old, daughter of Licutenant Commander Edward E. Spafford, U. S. N., is heir to the income for life from a trust fund of 4500,265 created out of the estate of her grandmother. Mrs. Elizabeth Millan Stevens, who died in 1914. The fact came to make the problem of the arms. to public notice with the filing of the ap-praisal of Mrs. Stevens' estate in the of-fice of the State Comptroller.

If she dies before attaining full age, the fund is to be divided equally between St. Bartholomew's Church and the New York Orthopedic Dispensary.

GOODBY TO THE BENSONS

Commandant and Wife Will Receive at Navy Yard This Evening.

A farewell reception to Commandant and Mrs. Benson, who will leave the Philadelphia Navy Yard on Monday, will be held in the sail loft of the yard today from 5 to 7 o'clock. Commandant and Mrs. Benson will receive, assisted by Captain W. S. Smith.

Officers of the reserve fleet and navy ward, as well as friends from other

yard, as well as friends from other parts of the city, will attend the affair. Owing to the shortness of time for preparation, no formal invitations were issued.

The Hop Committee, which has arranged

dances at League Island during the season, has arranged today's reception. They are Captain W. S. Smith, Commander Frank Lyon, of the reserve feet; Paymaster James A. Bull and Paymaster E. Sisinaker.

AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VAI

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance.

Baily Manvers, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of the house, in New York, Driven to seek shelter by a storm, she tries the trap-door of other houses and maily enters the house of a rich family. No one is at home and Sally, fascinated by beautiful clothes, changes her own for them. As able is leaving she weeks a rian trying to open a safe. As he works and as she watches, the man is suddenly attacked by another burglar. The two med grapple and the first is likely to be overwhelmed when Sally breaks in, selices a revolver which has been dropped in the scuffle, and covera the men. The one in blue serge, the first burglar, assumes that she is helping him, and they drive out the other. Then Sally flees from the house.

Wandering aimlessly, Sally meets the burglar, assumes that she is helping him, and they drive out the other. Then Sally flees from the house.

Wandering aimlessly, Sally meets the burglar proceeds that Sally is one of his profession.

The 'burglar' reveals himself as Waller Salvage, brother of the owner of the house into which he had forgotien the combination, when the true burglar stacked him as few from the house in a flyorces, the sizer of Savage, brother of the owner of the house into which he had forgotien the come as second and silver ask Sally hears this confession, Adele Sandish a flyorces, the sizer of Savage, which he had forgotien the come as second and silver ask Sally hears his confession, and take the own train to Boston.

A slagger manounces that the Standish home has been robbed after all, apparently by the burglar who was first driven off. Mrs. Standish asks Sally to say nothing of Savage's presence in the house, laytleton and Trego, The former attracts Sally very much. The latter is a Westerney, who even so not of place and who feels that Sally took her place and who feels that Sally the same her love to each other. Lyttleton is discovered by Trego, and part. Other strange things occur. Th

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

Obediently Sally took her place at the escritoire, arranged a sheet of the monogrammed note-paper used by Mrs. Gos-nold for correspondence with personal friends (as distinguished from the formal letterhead of Gosnold House, with its bristling array of telephone numbers and bristing array of telephone numbers and telegraph, postoffice, railroad, and steam-boat addresses), dipped a pen, and waited with a mind preoccupied by visions of the night to come. Her first ball! The first real function of Society!

"My dear friend," Mrs. Gosnold enun-ciated deliberately in a colorless, placid voice. "(Colon, dash, paragraph) It was nly late last night, and then by merest chance, I learned you had come to the island yesterday instead of sailing last week, in accordance with your announced intention (period). So I cannot decently begin by berating you (dash) as I should. had you been here twenty-four hours without personally letting me know (period)."

A pause. Sally dreamed a beautiful dream of a crinoline costume, beflowered and beflounced, such as Vogue had lately pletured as a forecast of autumn fash-ions, an iridescent bubble of a dream shattered by the query: "Where was I.

'Letting me know,' " she quoted ab-

sently. Oh, yes. (Paragraph.) I hope with all my heart your change of plans was not brought about by any untoward accident (semicolon); but Italy's loss is the Island's gain (semicolon); and I am looking forward with the keenest pleasure to seeing you again (period, paragraph). May I hope that it will be not later than tonight (point of interrogation)? I have arranged an impromptu masquerade by moonlight on the terrace (period). It should be a pretty sight (period). From 10 o'clock till any time you like-(dash)-masks until 1 (period). Do come and help

make the evening a happy one for me (period)." Another contemplative pause. But this time Sally did not dream. She sat quite still in speculative wonder, troubled with

a vague niarm as disturbing as the sound of distant thunder in the evening, of an

The girl replied in a low tone: "'Evening a happy one'—"
"Yes. Add: Affectionately yours—Or days, when intelligence is scarce and far to seek."

'Affectionately yours'-yes." "No matter; leave a space for my sig-nature, and add this: P. S. You will be glad to see, no doubt, that your letter to Adele has borne fruit (period). Miss Manwaring does splendidly as an aman-uensis (period). Your judgment was al-Miss ways trustworthy (period). And address the envelope, of course, to Mrs. Corn-wallis English. She is stopping, I hear, with the Lorimers, at Bleak House—the gray stone house on the hill at the end of West Harbor drive."

After a time Mrs. Gosnold said almost sharply: "Well, Miss Manwaring! You have little time to waste. Bring me the note, please, and a pen."

With a gesture of despair the girl twist-

ed in her chair and showed the woman a

stricken face.

"Are you sure—" she stammered.

"Yes?" Mrs. Gosnold prompted, with an ccept of surprise. "What is it, Sally?" The girl gulped hard, and mechanically put a hand to her throat, rising as she

'Are you sure Mrs. English is on the

"What of it? Why, I presumed you would be glad of the opportunity to thank her for that letter of—"
"There was no letter!"
"I beg pardon?" Mrs. Gosnold opened

wide her eyes. "I say." Sally faitered, yet with deter-mination, "there was no letter. Mrs. Standish—that is—we both lied to you. I don't know Mrs. English; I never spoke a word to her in all my life. I didn't take any letter to Mrs. Standish. That was a story manufactured out of whole cloth to account for me-get me this posi-

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Gosnold assented cool-. "I felt quite sure of that in the beginning. You never could believe a word Adele said from the time she was able to talk. Even if the truth would have served as well and with less trouble, she was sure to disfigure it beyond identification. And Walter's just as bad. But you, my

dear, will never make a good liar; the ashamed to show my face in public again. Bret words we spoke together I saw your eyes wince, and knew you were tormented by something on your conscience. When you were tormented by something on your conscience. Oh, I promise—I do promise!" Sally protested, pervently. "But, Mrs. Gostock would send any one with a letter of recommendation to is my niece, who has not yet here proved guilty of one unsal. "Well, what now?" not yet been proved guilty of one unselfish act. So I thought I'd test the story. Now you may tear up that note-Mrs. English is in Italy this very day, to the best of my belief-and tell me what it's all about."

> CHAPTER XII. MME. MACHIAVELLI.

Within the span of an exceedingly bad muerter of an hour for Sally the cat was ompletely out of the bag, the fat as irretrievably in the fire; Sally was out of breath and in tears of penitence and de-spair; Mrs. Gosnold was out of her chair. thought fully pacing to and fro, and in full possession of all facts materially hearing upon the translation of S. Manthe hardware notions into S. Manwaring of the Golden Destiny.

No vital detail had escaped her pene trating probe; she proved herself past mistress in the art of cross-examination, and found in Sally a willing witness. For the latter, however, it had seemed less giving of testimony than a hysteric confessional. She had wrung her conscience dry, deriving from the act a sort of awful joy mitigated by the one regret: that she had not more to confess, that the mystery of her favoring must remain a mystery, which, with all the good-will in the world, no word of hers could elucidate.

As for the sceret history of last night's dark transactions, however, that was not altogether hers to disclose. The interests and affairs of others were involved, she dared not guess how disastrously; she was only sensitive to the feeling that something black and foul and hideous skulked behind that shut door. Heaven skulked behind that shut door. Heaven forfend that hers should be the hand to open it and let ruin loose upon this pleasant world of Gosnold House!

It seemed incumbent upon her to explain that Mrs. Standish had brought to her room a jewel-case for Sally to hide or otherwise dispose of. Beyond this she feared to go. She would not mention Lyttleton or Trego or the yacht, or the window of the signals.

In the end, stopping tears and sobs as best she might, she waited listlessly her sentence of expulsion. Now nothing mattered; if her heart was lighter, her future was darker; and presently the nobody that she was would return into that drab nowhere whence some Ill-wind of chance ind wafted her.
"Don't be a fool!" Mrs. Gosnold coun-

Don't be a root. Airs Gosnoid coun-seled her abruptly with unwonted brusque-ness. "Do you really think I'm capable of baiting a trap for you with fair words and flattery for the sheer, inhuman pleasure of seeing you suffer until I choose to set you adrift? See how you've upset me already; metaphor is never safe in a woman's hands, but I'm seldem as bad Sally sniffled abjectly. "I'm willing to

do anything—"
"You've done enough. Be content. If it were not for you and what you've been able to tell me, I'd- Well, no matter; don't know what I'd do. As it is-Look here!"

She paused in front of Sally, dropped one hand kindly on the girl's shoulder, with the other lifted her chin, explor-ing her tear-wet eyes with a gaze at once charitable and discriminating

"I've taken a fancy to you, if you are a bit of an idiot. And I believe implicitly every word you've uttered. Perhaps 1 oughtn't to, and I probably wouldn't if your account of yourself didn't chime se exactly with what I know about my duti-ful niece and nephew. But, you see, I do know them, and very well-and that they're quite capable of all you say, and more to boot. Addle Standish in especial I know far too well to believe for an in-I know far too well to believe for an instant she'd burden herself with benevolent intentions toward another woman
without expecting to reap some wildly
inadequate reward. That's all that bothers me. I can't understand what they
wanted with you. But I'm not going to
let my mystification lose me the services
of a promising amanuenish—not in these
days, when intelligence is scarce and for

"Do you mean I'm to stay?" Sally gasped incredulously.

"Most assuredly I mean you're to stay.
Why not? You're modest and well-mannered, and you've got too much sense to try again to pull wool over my eyes, even if you're wloked enough to want to, which I den't believe. No; as far as you're concerned, your position here is far more firmly established now than an hour ago, when everything was against my liking you-in spite of the fact that I did-especially your loyalty to those hopeless ingrates!"

"I suppose," said Sally, "the only way to show my gratitude is by serving you faithfully..."

"You might," the elder woman inter-posed in a quizzical turn, "spare me, if you can, a little affection, since it seems I've lost that of my sister's children, to-gether with their respect!"

"I don't think you'll ever complain for want of that," Sally told her very seri-ously. "But can you afford to run the ously. But can you afford to run the risk of the police coming here to find Sarah Manvers, who disappeared last week after breaking into a house, burslarizing it, leaving her discarded cloth-ing behind her for one positive clue—"
"You must make your mind easy as to

that; unless I'm vastly mistaken, no po-lice will ever look for you in Gosnold House; if any did, they wouldn't be ad-mitted; and if by any chance they did happen to get in, they wouldn't find Sarah Manvers. Please understand, you're to remain Sara Manwaring for some time to come—for good, if I think best. Don't Imagine I'm going to permit you to re-sume your right name and spoil every-thing. I hope I make myself clear." "Oh, yes, Mrs. Gosnold—"

"And-attend to me-you're not to give Adele, or Walter, either, when he gets here, any reason to suspect you've conprecisely as it has been going—so fe-as they can see. Avoid them as much as possible; when it isn't possible, give them a dose of their own medicine if necessary -I mean, lie. There's an explosion com-ing, but I don't wish it to happen until I'm sure who and what are going to be I'm sure who and what are going to be blown sky-high, and I am quite prepared to stand by and enjoy the fireworks. Meantime, don't let anybody frighten you; no matter how serious matters may seem or be represented to you, rely implicitly on me. And whatever is said to you that seems of any consequence—or if you should see anything-find some way report quickly to me. Now what did you say you did with that jewel case Adele gave you?" Sally repeated her account of its hiding

"You didn't unwrap it, you say. Well and good!" Mrs. Gosnold nodded intently. "Then don't; leave it as it is, and some time today, if I can manage without being observed, I'll drop into your foom and have a look at the box myself. But you are on no consideration what-ever to touch it until I give you leave."
"I understand."
"If Adele and Walter want to know

what you've done with it, tell them the truth—you've done nothing. Say you've not yet found a good chance to. Tell them where it is, but assure them it's perfectly safe there."

"Yes, Mrs. Gosnold."

Momentally the older

"Yes, Mrs. Gosnold."

Momentarily the older woman was lest
in a reverie of semimalicious cast, to
judge by the smile that faintly shadowed
the firm lines of her handsome face. "A surprise party-" ahe observed ob-

Of a sudden, with a sort of snap, she Of a sudden, with a sort of snap, she roused herself back to more immediate issues. "Oh, come! the morning almost kone already, and nothing accomplished! So successful a semblance of indifference off with you! But before you go, do, for goodness' sake, attend to your eyes; if perplexed. "I've heaps of things yet to some one were to see you going through the halls the way you are likely before the country of the source the halls the way you are-it might be ruinous. Bathe them with cold water in the bathroom there-and you'll find plenty powder and stuff on my dressing

And while Sally hastened to profit by this advice, the other pursued: "You should school yourself never to cry, my girl. You're too sensitive and emotional girl. You're too sensitive and smoothing by half. If you 20 on this way, at the least excuse—smal Heavens! what a humid married life you'll lead! Now let me look at you. That's much better, enough not to worry-to trust me, what-ever the emergency. Now, please, get about my errands. And when you come back, tell Thomas to let me know. If I need you during the day I'll send for

with commissions delivered by word of mouth-so busy, perhaps considerately, that the girl found little time to waste in futile fretting, but was ever conscious, when now and again her thoughts did inevitably revert to the status of her personal affairs, of contentment crooming in her hear like the soft refrain of some

her heart like the soft refrain of some sweet old song. Her social education had made a gigantic forward stride with her surprising dis-covery that confession is good for the soul, that honesty in all things is not only expedient, but wholesome. If maonly expedient, but wholesome. If material advantage had accrued unto her through that act of desperate honesty, it she basked all this day long in the assurance of immunity from the consequences of her folly and imprudence, it was less with the arrogance of Fortune's favorite daughter than with the humility of one to whom life had measured out benefactions of which she was consciously undeserving. The assertion that the world owed her a living was forgotten; and if recalled would have been revised to the hopeless ingrates!"

She fumed in silence for a moment. "It could have forgiven almost anything—but this! The insolence of it! To dare picture me to you—or anybody—as a silly old fool of a woman without the wit to protect herself from being fleeced by a gang of adventurers. My friends!" she broke off with a snort of superindignation. "My guests here a set of rogues and vagabonds—and worse!"

She flopped into her chair with a helpless "Oh, dear!" and began to laugh. "It's too ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "If it ever got out, I'd almost be "trivial advantage had accrued unto her through that act of desperate honesty, if she basked all this day long in the assurance of immunity from the consequences of her folly and imprudence, it was less with the arrogance of Fortune's favorite daughter than with the humility of one to whom life had measured out benefactions of which she was consciously undeserving. The assertion that the world owed her a living was forgotten; and if recalled would have been revised to the sense that she owed the world the duty of honorable and conscientious living. If her temper was tolerably exalted, it was well chastened to boot. Thanks to the tardy advertisement of the fets, the avidity of a people ever seaking some new thing, and the fame of Abigail Gosnold as an entertainer of eccentric genius, that day could hardly be said to wane; rather it waxed to its close in an atmosphere of electric excitement steadily cumulative. The colony droned like some huge dynamo with the rumor of secret preparation against the night. Other than servants scurrying to and fro on pressing but mysterious errands, few folks were visible in the afternoon; the drives and beaches, the lawns, terraces, courts, sardens, varandas, and

terraces, courts, gardens, verandas and casinos were one and ail deserted.

At Gosnold House, below-stairs, in kitchens and servants' halls, and all about the grounds as well, a multitude of work people swarmed like an invading army of ants. Astonishing feats of preparation were consummated as if by legerarmy of ants. Astonishing reads of pre-aration were consummated as if by leger-demain. And though the routine of the household proceeded marvelously without apparent hitch or friction, luncheon and dinner degenerated into affairs of emptiest formality. At the latter, indeed, Mrs. Gosnold presided over an oddly balanced board: three-fourths of those present were men-fully half the feminine guests din-ing from trays in their rooms or else abstaining altogether, in order that not one precious moment might be lost to the creation of their improvised disguises. And the talk at table was singularly and the talk at table was singularly use connected, with an average of interest uncommonly low. People were obviously saving themselves up. There was no lin-gering over tobacco; the last dourse served, the guests dispersed in all haste

compatible with decency. It was at this meal that Sally got her first glimpse of Savage since his arrival in the course of the afternoon. She had been far too busy to keep watch and unable to invent any plausible excuse for inquiring after him, but the thought of his return had never been far out of mind. However busy, she had not been able to dismiss entirely the consideration that Savage was bringing the first authentic news of whatever activities the police might have inaugurated in connection with the burglary and whatever their progress in pursuit of the clue furnished by the garments discarded in the bathroom. And all the reassurances of Mrs. Gosnold were impotent to counteract apprehensions fostered by such reflections. But there was the length and the width of the table between them. She had to

be content with all that Savage found chance to accord her-a bow, a smile, and a giance down his nose significant of unspeakable intelligence. She thought he looked a bit pale and worried and betrayed more nervousness than was natural in the man as she had

come to know him. Whether or not he had been accompanied by the threatened insurance ad-juster (or detective!) she was unable to surmise; notwithstanding several strange faces in the number at table, she was in clined to believe that a person of such character would have been lodged somewhere in the village which served as the island's main port of entry, rather than brought to Gosnold House-already crowded with guests.

As soon as the company rose Savage maneuvered to the side of the girl, detaining her long enough to convey a surrep titious message under cover of apparently care-free greetings. "Must have a talk," he muttered out of the corner of his mouth. "Something

you ought to know immediately."

A pang of pure fear shot through her mind, but she retained sufficient command

of herself not to betray her emotion or even to seem anxious to make an appointment with the man.

pushed for time even to dress."
"Yes-of course. But this talk has got to happen some time soon. However, it ought to be easy enough under our masks. What costume will you be wearing?"
"I don't know. Mrs. Gosnold promised

"You | to find something and send it to my room I presume she must have forgotten—but perhaps it's there now."
"Well, keep an eye bright for me, then,

I'll be Hariequin—an old costume I hap-pened by sheer luck to have left here some years ago. Otherwise, I guess, I'd me look at you. That's much better, some years ago. Otherwise, I guess, I'd You'll do very well-if only you've wit have to wrap up in a sheet and act like She laughed mechanically, murmured "I must fly!" and forthwith dashed up

the great staircase and to her room.

Her costume had not yet been delivered; she had still to wait half an hour As it happened she didn't send for Sally before nightfall; but she kept her busy with commissions delivered by word of with commissions delivered by word of the other hand, the routine of one's toilet is a famous incentive to thoughtfulness. is a famous incentive to thoughtfulness, and as she went automatically through the motions of beautifying herself and dressing her hair, Sally's mind took advantage of this, its first real freedom of the day, and focused sharply on her

CONTINUED TOMORROW

ALL DARBY DIGS DEEP FOR BURIED TREASURE

Miss Henderson's Vision Causes Great Excitement, But No Profit So Far.

Listen. Out yonder on the shores of the Darby Creek a near-tragedy has been enacted. But true to Darby, nothing happened. Just the same, there is a general feeling of distrust among the inhabitants, who took everything as it came and let it go the same. The real estate men are broken hearted; in fact, more so than the rest of the population. They are more than a hundred dollars out for a few nicely painted signs which read:

Darby Has Come Into Its Own. Buy Real Estate And Find a Treasure in Your Back Yard.

These signs are now reclining on the GRACE HENDERSON'S VISION.

It happened this way. Grace Henderson, who lives on Island road alongside of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, was retiring the other night, when her attention was attracted by a noise of wheels in front of the house. She looked out to see two men get out of a small carriage, aujetly but quickly dig a hole in the road,

deposit a small blac" satchel.

After replacing the dirt, they drove off. All this, according to Miss Henderson, was done in a considerably spooky manner. She didn't like it a bit, and told her mother so the next morning. The mother told a neighbor, who told her

daughter, who, being deeply in love was John, thought it only her duty to impart the information to him. He, being in some accret society, immediately roses to his "chief" with the remarkable need that there was buried treasure. It took is minutes for the news to penetral through never neighborhood in penetral through never neighborhood in through every neighborhood in Darby and Paschall, a nearby community.

EVERYBODY DIGGING FOR IT. Soon the crowd had gathered around the spot, which had since been marked by a broom stuck in the ground. Soon the dissing began. Everybody who had any. thing, from a spade to a spoon, got ta work. The sweet dreams of riding in town in a limousine instead of a flat wheeler swelled the breasts of a hundred vallant gold scekers. The police at insection hard word and work a squad over to protect the state of it and sent a squad over to protect the spot, but inside of 10 minutes they caucht the disease and were digging themselves (This was denied at the station this more

at the 1-foot depth, one spade struct something oblong and black. All dropped their implements and breathleasily watched the lucky one dig it out. It was a flagstone. The fervor increased. The crowd grew. Madly they dug, some in the road, some in the yards and some into the side of the embankment of the Pennsylvania Railroad's elevated tracks. This was stopped when two track walkers happened along and threatened to "shoot the pened along and threatened to "shoot the place up" unless they desisted. At the 3-foot depth an assortment of

At the 3-foot depth an assortment of oyster shells was brought to light, while at the 5-foot depth hard granite put an end to the little party. Later the police ordered the few hundred holes, which gave the impression of a dug up grave. yard, to be filled in again.

Several days have passed and the treasure has not been found. That it was buried is proved by the loosened earth that was found the next morning, but where it was buried is beyond the comprehension of most of the Darby-Paschall



For only half a dollar you can have your shoes shod with Cat's Paw Heels, and make your step as easy as the Cat's own.

That Foster Friction Plug took rubber heels out of the slippery class It prevents thousands of accidents.

Then again that Foster Plug resists wear, and the extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency-meaning not only comfort but economy. No holes to track mud and dirt.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind and the name is easy to remember. All dealers and repair men -50 cents attachedblack or tan.

105 Federal Street,

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.



FOSTER RUBBER
COMPANY

OS Federal Street,
Boston, Mass.

Stater Friction Plag which
forevents slipping.

Do you have weak arches?
Then you need the Foster
Orthopedic Heel which
gives that extra support
where needed. Especially
valuable to polleamen, motormen, conductors, floor
walkers and all who are on
their feet a great deal. Toc
attached of your dealer—
or sent postpaid upon receipt of 60c. and outline of
your heel.

Set out Roses in May for flowers in June. You'll find a list of the best kinds, how to plant and to care for them, on Page 852 of the issue of



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That is out TODAY

Five Cents The Copy



A Very Special Bargain for Clean-Up Week!

A combined Electric Stove and Grill-El Grilstovo-at the uncommonly small price of

\$3.35

The regular price, effective after May 8th, is \$5.00. This stove is one of the handiest, allround Electric appliances-it boils, fries, toasts and broils, both below and above the glowing coils. Performs two cooking operations simultaneously at the cost of one. You can use it in the kitchen or on the dining-room table.

Remember the \$3.35 price is good during this week only-better order yours today. Note - This is the Stone which you saw advertised in the May let issue of the "Saturday Evening Post"

FLECTRIC OMPANY The DHILADELPHIA

If you were an Austriancould you pray for the Russians?

Could you invoke a blessing on the Cossacks who ravished your border villages, who cut down your sons-who sent you and your family fleeing terror-stricken into exile? Would you feel it your duty to love rather than to hate your enemies?

In next Sunday's Public Ledger the most eloquent preachers of the American pulpit discuss a new phase of the

EXCLUSIVELY IN SUNDAY'S

PUBLIC & LEDGER