GONZALES CAPTURES MEXICAN CAPITAL

14 "

Galveston Hears of Zapatistas' Defeat and Evacuation of Mexico City.

GALVESTON, Tex., June & General Pablo Gonzales, leading the Carranninta army, occupied Mexico City yesterday, according to dispatches from Vera Crus to Carransa representatives here. It is reported that Gonzales entered this city after heavy artillery fighting, which lasted for 16 hours. No mention is made of numbers lost or of damage dispatches declare that Zapata is retreat-ing in confusion.

Ing in confusion. In Villista circles here, it was declared, that the attacks of Gonzales had been repulsed with heavy losses and that repuised with heavy losses and that chells from Carranziats guns had wrought have in the city. Villa representatives easy that General Gonasles confincated food sent by the Red Cross near Maxico City.

WASHINGTON, June 26-Reports via New Orleans, Galveston and El Paso that the Carransistas had succeeded in driv-ing Zapata from Mexico City revived anx-lety in official circles today over the for-eign colony's safety. Vera Cruz advices to the State Depart-ment Friday were in the effect that the

ment Friday were to the effect that the Zapatiatas had driven General Gonzalez back, but today's version was that the latter had occupied most of the city after bitterly contested fighting. Because of the interrupted communication between Vera Cruz and the capital the Government was still without details. The Carranza agency here asserted the

entire city was taken late yesterday afternoon. The Zapata forces lost heavily, it was said, and great damage was done to the city by the heavy guns of the attackers.

Control of Mexico City will be a dis tinct advantage to the Constitutionalists in the efforts to prove that they are the dominant faction in Mexico.

On the west coast Admiral Howard is still watching the Sonora situation. Gen-eral Maytorena is said to be slowly getting the upper hand of the Yaquis. It is now believed it may not be necessary to land American marines at all.

It was Zapatistas and not Carranzistas who cut the Vera Cruz-Mexico City tele-graph at Pachuca, the State Department learned definitely today. General Gonlearned definitely today. General Gon-rales, the Carranza commander, was said to be in communication with Very Cruz by courier, but the State Department ad-mitted it had received no official news from the Mexican capital for eight days. Assurances have been received from Carranza, it was stated, that noncombut-ants' lives and property in his territory would be protected, regardless of nationality.

onsul Simplek sent word from Nogales that Willard Haymore, American, and a companion named Jamison, who were re-ported shot by Mexicans in Sonora, had been released instead.

MAGISTERIAL SCORN FOR PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL

Morris Refuses to Commit Man Be cause of Conditions There.

Magistrate Morris, at the 26th and York streets station, today refused to commit a man to the Philadelphia Hospital on the ground that the system there is "no system at all." The prisoner was Margin Malone, of 2332 Hazzard street, accused of assault and battery on his sister, Anna. His mother testified that she thought the young man's reason was im-paired and suggested that he be sent to the hospital.

There's no use in sending him to the Thate is no use in sending him to the Finadelphia Hospital," said the Magis-trate, "they'd only keep him for a few Mays. If he is sent to the Honge of Cor-Aection he'll get good food and good treatsent. There's a real man superintendent t the House of Correction, which is more han I care to say for the Philadelphia ment Hospital. The system there is like nearly all other institutions under Philadelphia officials at the present time, and that is no system at all."

Police Court Chronicles

"Ges whis, but I hate like the Dickens to give this to that girl! It makes the second one she's got in two weeks, and the way she looked when I gave her the last one almost broke me up in business." Phil Estabrocks alackened his brisk pace, and looked rustully at the letter he held in his hand. It was a narrow, long, brown envelope with "Miss Edith Webb" written on it in prim feminine script. "I suppose she's got to know it some time, though, so I might as well hurry up and have it over with. There she is now, watching for me." "Ges whis, but I hats like the Dickens

The Daily Story

Edith's Job

The postman want up the sleps of a shaby-looking boarding house, the last house in his route. At the open door stood a slender girl with eager, ex-mediant even pectant eyes.

"Any letter for me, Mr. Estabrooke?"

Any letter for me, Mr. Estabrooker she asked. "Tes, this belong to you, Miss Webb." Phil held out the long envelope. The light in the girl's face faded. "Thank you," she said, making an evi-dent effort to appear grateful.

"Excuse ms. Miss Webb," began Phil hesitatingly, "I don't mean to pry into your private affairs-but it is-isn't it-a story?"

The girl nodded, her sensitive face

flushing fushing. "I knew it was. I've delivered too many of them not to know one when I see it." "Oh." exclaimed the girl in surprise.

"Oh." exclaimed the girl in surprise, "do other people get them, too?" "Well, I guess yes. Everybody that writes gets turned down some times, so I wouldn't take it so to heart if I was you. You ain't been in the business iong, have you?" "Only since I came here to the city, six months ago. You see, I don't know yeary much about writing, and I sup-

wery much about writing, and I sup-pose that's why I get discouraged easy." "How did you happen to take II up, Miss Webb?" Phil slipped the atrap of the mail bag off his shoulder and stood leisurely fanning himself with his hat.

the mail bag off his shoulder and stood leisurely fanning himself with his hat. "Last winter when my father died I was left all alone." The girl's voice trombled, but she went bravely on, "and there wasn't much money. So I had to do something for a living. I didn't know enough to teach and for a while I couldn't think of anything to do. I tell you I got pretty worried in those days wondering what would become of me. Then I thought of writing. You see, there had been a woman from the city boarding at our house summers who wrote for a living, and that's what made me think of it. Why, sometimes she'd write a story in a day or two and sell I' for as much as \$50! Just think of that! Of course, I didn't think I could write them as fast as she did, but I thought I ought to write at least one a month, and that would give me money enough to live on. When I was in school my teachers used to say my compositions were the—well, they used to say nice things of them. So I thought I could write stories, for stories are a kind of composition, you know. But I didn't know editors kept sending them back. They never sent any back to her." "Probably they did when she first be-gan to write, "aid Phil. "So you must

"Probably they did when she first began to write," said Phil. "So you must keep a stiff upper lip, and some day I'll

bring you an envelope with a check in it that will be worth waiting for."

"Do you really suppose you will?" The pathetic brown eyes of the girl looked ap-pealingly into Phil's blue ones.

As the days went by the prophecy of the postman was not fulfilled. The long brown envelopes continued to come back with unceasing regularity. With sinking heart Phil saw the hope die out of the girl's face.

At last he begged to see one of her stories. She blushed much and demurred, but he insisted, and finally went away with the manuscript in his pocket.

The story was a mild little decoction of commonplace, lacking the one great esential of a story, the breadth of life. Phil, however, reading it with the feeling a devout man would have in going through the church service, pronounced it perfect.

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

a bequifful giri of 20 well educated and devoted to travel and advolture. MHN. FLESSEY, bef mother, the widow of Admiral Fleerey, who was mysteriously murdered when Maud was 0 years old.

Was 6 years old. CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL. 8 man of 34. For 13 years be has been master of the Sidi, a small training steamer. though he is a man of birth and education. GLIMERT HURON. a friend of the Plensey's.

RICHARD ARROL. prother of Captain Arrol.

The story opens on board the fild, a small stommer trading on the African const. and bound for Longon Cagatin Arrol is bring-bome Maud Piewsey, whom he has rescue form a dargerous mob of factatical Meore Maud, who is the only woman on board, one beer tra. ling alone in Moroeco. Maud and the captain contess a mutual oyse.

The next morning the Sidi arrives at Til-bury. Mir. Fleegs has come down to the docks to meet Maud. When Mir. Please these Capitain Arrol she is startled, empo-cially as Maud has said she would marry Arrol.

meeta Cautain Arrol she is startied. empri-cially as Maud has said she would marry "E-haven't we nost before. Captain Ar-Tol" the asks nervously. Arol acknowledges a previous acquaint-for Maud's hand, also serving to be comis-for Maud's hand, also serving to be com-ing the arrol. "I hope he dift. Huron is "Bar to Arrol. "I hope he dift. Huron is "Aron action of the service disagreed the start of the provide the arrol has been and that the jury has write disagreed. Me suggests that he thinks Arrol suff." She rest the fury has the arrol action of the suggest of the second the second for the suggest that he thinks Arrol suff." She mark the court testingent, "Bar does so and finds that the the three many defense." "The her out the second for a further man the second for the second for the suff." The second for the second for the suff." The second for the second for the second of the bonne of a full second for the more of a brother office "The her was sherring the her the second shield the bonne of a full source and provad shield the bonne of a second for the second for the shift and asks his brother. Richard, he has a her have a black his brother. Richard, he has been a his power the his the second for the source of a second for his and find the his a bo have locastruction." "The Please's forblow Maud's engagement for captain Arrol as in shifts on her wedding huron."

CHAPTER IX-(Continued).

Maud stared blankly at her mother. Within the last three days she had had many surprises, but for this she was not in the least prepared.

"You actually say-you-that you want me to marry Gilbert Huron?" she asked incredulously. The older woman leaned back in her chair, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, watched it vanish above the

level of her head. "As I told you." she said in a matterof-fact voice, "you will have to marry him. It's not a question of what I want -though I have no objection as far as my own feelings are concerned."

"I refuse to do so most emphatically," cried the girl hotly, "and I fail to see any means of making me. I do not care two pins for Gilbert Huron"—she snapped her long fingers—"I would almost rather have married that Moor at El Zarifi.

And I have made up my mind to marry some one else." "You will ruin us all if you do," said Mrs. Pleasey in a shaky voice. Maud stood very still and looked at her.

"Mother," she cried, "what do you nean ?" Mrs, Plessey put both hands before her

eyes. A violent shiver shook her slight frame. "It's as I say, dear. You must believe what I say. Gilbert has been a very good friend to us both-better than

you think—and he may be a terrible enemy. It's in his power to destroy us absolutely. I heartly wish—I do indeed— that he had not taken this fancy to you. I had never expected that. But now it seems that you are the one thing he craves—and you would be safe for ever if you married him."

of commonplace, lacking the one great esential of a story, the breadth of life. Phil, however, reading it with the feeling a devout man would have in going through the church service, pronounced it perfect. Thil reflected a minute. "Couldn't you put a little more ginger in them?" ho questioned. "Ginger?" A look of utter bewilder-ment shadowed Edith's face. "Why, yes; I mean make your folks do or say something they hadn't ought to, You might make your men drink or smoke in your stories. Twe noticed lately that seems to be mighty popular." Encouraged and uplifted by Phil's en-comiums, a little later Edith evolved a plot which, when confided to Phil, he pro-nounced a Jim-dandy. "If that don't Maud felt herself trembling also. "But,

It is awful that I should have to ask my mother such a question-stain. I ask, were you in any way responsible for my father's death?" wells, was careful to leave the house early. On her return she found a note on her dressing table. Her mother gave her her Brighton address and implored her to

and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention

For a moment, Gracie Plessey's eyes searched her daughter's face, then, her lips drawn in, she seemed to consider her course of action. She came to a swift decisio

of a kindly disposed fats.

"You shall have your answer, then," she said; "I was in a large measure re-sponsible for Admiral Freesey's death. He was not murdered-there was a strug-gle. Glibert has known this all these years. If he speake-or if this man Arrol gets at the truth-it will mean penal servitude for life for ms-I did if for your anke," she added. She took out a lace-bordered handkerchief and whimpered. Maud went in the other side of the the better.

Maud went to the other side of the fire and sat down and looked at her. She was wondering what effect this reve-She was wondering what effect this reve-lation must have on her, how she felt about it now. Her theory of the crime was instantly formed. Her father had surprised her mother with a lover, had threatened them, and in the struggle the woman or the other man had killed him. Could that other man have been Martin? No, she received his compariso him. Could that other man have been Martin? No, she recalled his emphatic denial. She believed him. Besides, then her mother would have been more anxious to conciliate him than any one else. Could it be Huron himself? That was impossible, for then the man could not speak without putting the rope round his own neck. No, it was some other man, who had fied into the unknown. But Huron knew and demanded her--Maud-as the price of his slience. It was all clear to her. all clear to her.

"What do you mean by saying that you did this for me?-that I am also in Gilbert's power?" she asked suddenly and harshly.

Mrs. Plessey went on whimpering. "I-I can't very well explain. • • • It would be dreadful if it were found out-for you as well as me."

Maud leaned forward, her cheeks resting on her hands, and thought again. She fancied she had got at the whole truth. Her mother had tried to evade it by making an appeal to her personal fear and self-interest, and her talk of "doing it for her sake" was merely a hastily invented excuse for her crime. She did not believe that Gilbert could hurt her directly. It was unnecessary even to pre-tend that he could since he had it is not believe that Gibert could hurt her directly. It was unnecessary even to pre-tend that he could, since he had it in his power to doom her mother to prison or pehaps the scaffold.

"I won't tell you any more about it." protested Mrs. Pleasey, from behind her handkerchief. "It was cruel to wring this from me."

don't want to hear any more. "I don't want to hear any more. Gracious heavens, how are you and I go-ing to live together now I know this?" "I'm sure I don't want you to live with me. You never loved me. * * * I don't think I ever loved you, not since you were a tiny tot. You were very sweet then. * * You are too much like your father. Well, I have thrown myself upon your mercy. You can hang me if you like," like,

like," "Does Martin know the true story-of father's death, I mean?" asked Maud, ignoring her mother's hysterical talk. "I don't know what alartin knows,

"I don't know what Martin knows. Sometimes"-viciously-"T believe that he was sent to spy on me." "I believe it was you he was shielding at the trial at the risk of his own life." Mrs. Plessey laughed shrilly. "You think he was in love with me then-he also?"

Also?" Maud shuddered with disgust. After such a confession her mother was sim-pering with vanity. She was pleased with the insinuation that she had more lovers than one.

The girl rose with a shudder. "Mother," she said in a tense voice, "you are a horrible woman * * * I know now why we never loved each other. I'm glad we did not." we did not."

we did not." "What do you mean-what do you mean?" Mrs. Pleasey gripped her daugh-ter by the sleeve. Terror, not shame, was in her face. "Do you mean that you don't care enough for me to save me?--Maud, you can't mean that! Remember that when all is said and done I are your when all is said and done I am your mother.

"I wish I could forget it. No, I am not "I wish I could lorget IL No, I am not going to expose you. It all happened a long time ago * * "There may have been some excuses-extenuating circum-stances, as the lawyers say." "There were, there were," protested

self for nothing.' T promise,' said your mother solemnly, 'that she shall marry you if you still want her to. I make that engagement on her behalf.' I have not reminded yous or her of that engage-ment ull today.'' said fluron, turning and facing the girl. 'It is for you to henor or dishonor that cheque.'' FALSE WITNESS By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

early. On her return she found a note on her dressing table. Her mother gave her her Brighton address and implored her to see Huron at once. German Societies on an Excursion

Three German societies of this city will conduct an excursion to New York and Coney Island tomorrow. They are the Junger Macanerchor, the Ladner Associa-tion and the Southwark Turners. After reaching New York these members of the party who do not care to go to Coney Island may take a trip around the city, a sall up the Hudson or a tour about the harbor. Louis Elsenhaus is chair-man of the committee in charse. A spe-cifit train will leave the Reading Ter-minal at 8 o'clock, stopping at Spring Garden street, Columbia avenue, Hunt-Ingtion street, Tioga and Wayne June-tion. Three German societies of this city will The injunction seemed necessary The injunction seemed necessary to Gracis Pleases. The majority of her sex, it must be admitted, show no greater esgerness to get through with an un-pleasant ordesi than to catch a train. They are not prone to do today what can be done tomorrow. They make no effort to meet pleasure or pain haif way. But Maud was that freak of nature, an im-ordenid woman. If pleasure men prone periods woman. If pleasure was prom-ised she wanted it today, and if pain threatened, then the sooner she faced it

OBITUARIES

DR. T. HEWSON BRADFORD

Doctor Bradford was widely known in

the medical world and for years was identified with the medical end of the in-

surance business. He was a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College and served

at the Children's Hospital, the Howard Hospital and the Pennsylvania Hospital Among the organizations of which he was

a member are the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the

George S. Katz, Sr.

George S. Katz, Sr., a jeweler, 1943 Germantown avenue, died at his home

Colonel James West

Colonel James West, Civil War veteran,

Wood-from the time you're

born it's wood-houses, fur-niture, trains, boats, offices, shops. Even the last jour-

Enough structural lumber up

here to last you a lifetime!

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SUBURBAN

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Poplar St. Wharves, Phila.

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ney's in wood!

had been ill for about a month.

she better. She had, of course, been trained by men nid had freely associated with men at St. Andrew's.

Before her mother had reached Brightto the bad ordered a servant to telephone to Mr. Huron, requesting him to call that afternoon. She could hardly control her impatience till he came. Inaction and suspense were for her the severest forms of pertures of torture.

She had not long to wait. At 3 o'clock she saw him crossing the square. As she watched him approach she tried to make out his expression and wondered what his sensations were. But when he came nearer his face hetrayed no particular smotion. He looked before him with that complacent gravity so often seen on the faces of well-dressed gentlemen in the neighborhood of South Kensington.

She walked into the room before the servant had time to close the door behind him. She closed it herself and ignored his proffered hand. "You can sit down if you like," she said with deliberate rudeness. "You and I are to have an unpleasant interview."

unpleasant interview." He flushed at that and stroked his white moustache. "I enjoy an interview with you whether the matter discussed is unpleasant or not," he said. "Very well, I will be explicit and as calm as you like. My mother has divuiged to me the cheving of the state.

Academy of the Fine Arts, the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Humane Society and the College of Physicians. He was a descendant of Colonel William to me the circumstances of my father's death. I understand these are known to you?" She stopped and looked at him. Bradford, of the Colonial army, and of John Innakeep, an early Mayor of Phila-delphia. He was 67 years old.

He nodded. Doctor Bradford made his home at 1800 De Lancey place. He is survived by his widow and three children, Mrs. John Laning, of Wilkes-Barre; Miss Catharine

N. and William Bradford, of this city.

you? Ene stopped and looked at him. He nodded.
"Oh!" she cried with a note of triumph.
"Yet in the room downstairs only three days ago you said you believed Martin Arrol to be guilty."
"I don't say he wasn't now," replied the man sullenly. "I don't know how much Gracie has told you, but—" He broke off and then went on: "I know to what extend she is guilty, at all events. I suspect Arrol of having had a share in it. But you see, I suppose, why I wanted to head you off from Arrol?" "Because you wanted me for yourself." "Partly that, partly for your mother's sake. If you started him on this trail again he might find out the guilty person. Now do you understand?"

yesterday afternoon from heart disease. For years he was treasurer of the Jewelers' Guild.

died late Thursday night, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cooper Smith, 1537 Fine street, after a long illness. He was the son of James West, a sea captain, and was born 75 years ago. He was a resi-dent of Philadelphia most of his life, but for a time lived at Sheldon, Pa. He en-

the room. "All these years I have done my best to shield you and Gracie from the consequences of her crime. It is no light burden to have on my conscience, I as-sure you. If it were found out, I should be charged with being an accessory after the fact. You don't suppose I wanted to take up this attitude, do you? I can see that Gracie hasn't told you all * * oh, I'm not going to give her away more than is necessary. But you had better know this. I wanted to speak at the trial-Arrol's trial-but she restrained me. Very well; he got off; there seemed no Very well; he got off; there seemed no need to bother. Gracie wouldn't let me out of her sight for fear I should give her away. Then you began to grow up. I cared for you more every inch you grew. Then there came a time-I had grew. Then there came a time-1 had heard something about this man Arrol-when I went to your mother and told her that I must confess what I knew. She instruct me not to-for your sake. implored me not to-for your sake. "That's all very well' I said; 'but when the time comes for me to tell her, if she throws my love back in my face, I shall have dishonored and perjured my-

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

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Wesley Stuard Wesley Stuard, 74 years old, a veteran of the Civil War and a member of the Anna M. Ross Post, No. 54, G. A. R., died yesterday in the Soldiers and Sailors' Home at Eric, Pa. He was a member of the old Baxter Fire Zouaves and the Mechanics' Fire Company, Funeral services will be held from the home of his brother, John A. Stuard, 309 Nerth Carling street.

Deaths

Insted in the Philadelphia City Troop in 1881 and any service throughout the Civil War, being present at the battle of Gettysburg and Fort Pulaski on the Bavannah River. Upon his return to this city after the war he entered the wholesale drygoods business and retired only a few years ago. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Sons of the American Revolution. The funeral services will be held from the home of his sister, Monday morning, at 11 o'clock. Interment will be private.

Wesley Stuard

BRADFORD.-On June 25, 1915, T. HEW-BON BRADFORD, M. D., son of the late James H. and Mary Hewson Bradford. Due notice of services will be given. notice of services will be given. BUCHKLEY. On Friday, June 25, 1915, NORA KING, wife of Daniel Buckley and daughter of the late John A. King, Esq. JAMIN L. CATEE, and 12 years, Belaites and triends of the family, also University Lodge, 610, B. and A. K. University B. A. No. 2, K. and Philadephia Commandery tunsent services, an Monday afternoos, at 2 olock precisely, from late residence. Harper and triends of the family of the residence of the clock precisely, from the residence. Harper and they avenue. Droxel Hill, Delaware County. Interment Droxel Hill, Delaware County. Interment Droxel Bill Delaware the o'clock results and y wening, between T and 9 o'clock and States for the set of the set by Droxel Hill. KOCH.-On June 22, 1915, at his late rest.

to Drezel Hill. KOCH.—On June 22, 1815, at his late resi-dence, Jr12 N. 25th st., OTTO KOCH. Fu-meral private. NATHAN.—On June 24, 1915, FANNIS E., widow of Adolph Nathan, aged 58 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock precisely, at her late residence, 1931 Clifford street. Inferment at Rodeph Shalom Cometery. Rindly omit flowers.

Bhalom Conneisvi, Anternaul, S. Hodeph
 Bhalom Conneisvi, Rindly omit flowers.
 SMITH.-ELLEIN L., June 23, 1915, at Lakeswood, N. J., widow of the late Henry Yale
 Bmith, M. D. Interment, West Laural Hill, Monday, June 28, 1015, at Solidiers and Faultors' Home. Eric. Pa., WEBLEY STD-ARD. aged 74 years. Will be Buried from the residence of his brother, Joint A. Stuard, No. 14 G. A.R.; surviving members of Mechanic Fire Company and Baxter's Fire Zouaves, 753 Fennsylvania Volunteers, are in-vited to altoni the funeral. Due motics of the funeral will be given.

WEST.—At his late residence, 1827 Pins st. on June 24, Colonel JAMES WEST, in na 7dth year. Services at the house Monday, the 28th inst., at.11 o'clock. Interment private.

PUBLIC CLEDGER

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CHILDNURSE, capable of caring for child ef 15 months. P 11b, Ledger Office.

COOK

DEATH NOTICES-either paper-

Medical Director of the Philadelphia Life Insurance Company. Dr. T. Hewson Bradford, medical di-rector of the Philadelphia Life insurance Company and a member of an old Phila-delphis family, died after an operation yesterday in the German Hospital. He

President Wilson's neutrality proclama-tion made a deep impression upon Patrol-man Storey, of the 20th and Buttonwood streets station, and as an officer of the haw he is determined that it shall be en

He was contemplating various prob-lems of statesmanship while patrolling his beat at 19th and Hamilton streets, when he was confronted by a situation which there was no precedent in his



long career as a policeman. Surrounded by a crowd of at least 30 hoys and girls was a water trough. Where the head of a horse ought to have been was the head of a man. A second later a face emerged A second later a face emerged from the water.

After consulting page 32 of the police manual, Storey decided that he had a legal right to lay his hand upon the ec-centric citizen. The citizen then became indignant.

'Don't interfere with me, officer," he Don't interfere with me, officer," he commanded. "I am a German subma-rine." and the head darted again into the water. "You have no right in neutral water." insinted Storey, and when the head again appeared above water an en-thusiastic thusiastic argument ensued which in-volved international law, the advantages of open-air bathing, veterinary medicine hygiene.

The submarine was soon towed into drydock for repairs. Magintate Beaton de-cided that there was no treaty governing such an unusual case and he granted clearance papers. The vensed bore the mame of Samuel Griffith, of Pittsburgh.

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA

Vessels Arriving Today

Bradford (Br.), Tampico, crude oil, Jo-Gabriel, (Br.), London, merchandise, Hauth Line.

Rosshanks (Dr.), Speila, ballast, Berwinds Cool Mining Company. Giverian, Boston, passengers and mer-iss. Marchants and Miners' Transporta-

August, Light, New York, Indiast, O. G. Algiers, New York, merchandles, Clyde

Steamships to Arrive

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M - ZELINA

nounced a Jim-dandy. "If that don't take," he exclaimed, "nothing will!" "That is surely the best I've done yet," dd Edith. "If that comes back there'll

said Edith. must explain yourself, mother. What have you done--what have I done that you should speak like this? You must tell me no use in my trying again. Do you suppose they really will take it. Mr. Estaooke?" "Of course they will," loyally answered me.

Phil. "No editor in the United States would turn down a story like that." But one morning, about two weeks Phil. penne.

In her mother's eyes she read only despair and resolution born of despair. "I cannot tell you," said Mrs. Plessey dog-But one morning, about two weeks later, the clerks in the city postoffice were startled to hear something that sounded suspiciously like an oath come from the lips of Phil Estabrooke as he cannot tell you, said alle lessey dog-gedly: "It is cruel to ask me. Something dreadful happened years ago. * * What was done was done for your sake. * * Gilbert has run risks, too. * I was weak: I was too fond of you * * and assorted his morning mail. Then his eyes softened. "Dear little

you won't stretch out your little finger innocent," he said, "she's up against it this time sure. Wish she'd let me give her a job. Maybe I wouldn't like to to save me from ruin." Maud sprang to her feet. "You talk of have her waiting for me in a cosy little having committed crimes or indiscretions for my sake. I cannot in the least underhome of our own when I got back from my rounds each day. I'd bring her a love letter occasionally that would make stand you. I have a right to know the extent of your claim on my gratitude. As to Gilbert," she shuddered-"the bare the pink come to her cheeks, and when-ever she felt like writing, she could write an answer to it." notion of owing anything to him is

hideous. As usual, Edith was waiting at the "I cannot tell you," repeated the older bor. Before she could speak Phil began. "Good morning, Miss Webb. Ain't this woman. "You cannot expect me to hu-miliate myself before my own child. I know you have not been a very affection-ate daughter, but I hoped that you would a roaster though? Guess the mercury has been trying to climb out of the tube! Can't you take pity on a poor fellow that's have sufficient natural feeling to listen to your mother's appeal." She rose from her chair and stretched been out in the hot sun all the morning and ask him to come in and rest awhile?" Phil tried to speak jestingly, but his tone betrayed him. Edith mechanically led the way into the She rose from her chain and sizechood out her arms in entreaty. "For my sake Maud, marry that man! I have admitted that I once cared for him. You can guess, then, what it costs me to ask you this" And to Maud's horror her mother fell on her knees and raised her clasped hands

dingy sitting room and closed the door. "O. Mr. Estabrooke," she said, catching har breath, "It has come back, hasn't it" Phil took the envelope from the bag and handed it to her, not trusting him-said to smack to her. nelf to sponic.

"This settes if?" Edith leaned heavily against the door, her face white and set. "There's no use of my ever trying again." she cried. She dragged the older woman by main force to her feet. "I don't know why you called me an unaffectionate daughter just now," she went on bitterly. she said, speaking quietly but with quiv-ering lips. "What can I do now?" "You can marry me and then you won't

The can marry me and then you won't have to worry any more about a job." began Fhil, but he stopped short at the look on Edith's face. "Mr. Edithrocke," she flashed out. standing erect, "don't say another word! Do you think I'd marry a man that asked me just out of pity and to give me a job? I'd starve first!"

After we are married you can try again

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Id starve not! Phil laughed outright. "Why, Miss Webb, you needn't ever think a man's going to ask a girl that he doesn't want, to marry him out of pity. We men ain't built on that self-sacrificing plan. 1 built on that self-sacrificing plan. 1 asked you to marry me bocause I love you, and for no other reason. Don't you believe me". His bonust eyes looked compellingly into hers. "Do you suppose you could ever learn to love me. Edith?" The girl hesitated a moment, then she said in a hulf-whisper. "You have been so kind to me. Mr. Estabrooks, that Fm afraid I've learned that lesson already." A little latter when Fhil could talk cohorently, he asked. "Are you still very disappointed. Edith, because these in-fermal editors sont back all your stories? After we are married you can try again

with anger. Her mother staggered to-ward the fireplace, and, clutching at the manticplece, stood staring into the flames. "I don't understand all this," went on the girl. "There is some dreadful mys-tery here. Great heavens!" she cried, as a suspicion, awful indeed, presented it-self. She went up to her mother, and, jerking up her chin, looked into her face. "Has all this-this secret-anything to de with my father's death?" Mrs. Plessey closed her eyes and drew in her breath, as if in acute agons. She seemed almost to faint. Very sently Mand led her back to her chair and let her sink into it. Then also stood over her watching, her own heart beating psin-fully, her whole being sick with appre-hemson.

"You must answer me, mother," alle said firmly, as Mrs. Pleasey opened her

"Get up, mother, for heaven's sake!"

eyes. "What do you want to know?" saked

After we are married you can try again if you are." "I don't want to! I just hate it!" do-clared Edith. "You see, I anly bried it because I didn't know what else to do, and maybe that's why I failed. I love housekeeping, and you see if I can't make a ancreas of that. Fur glad, everything has happened just as it did, for it brought me you. And, Full don't you know living one real, true love story is a thousand inces before than writing inmidence of "What do you want to know?" asked the older woman faintly. "Whether you wars in any way respon-sible for my father's death?" "What use would it be to answer your question? You have resolved to do noth-ing to save me. It does not matter what I have done. I have told you the cose way by which you can bein me." "This is not a time for erasions," arised the soil essentionsialy. "I must know the extent of the shell in which you etand.

lines befor than writing hundrade of

"There were, there were," protested Mrs. Pleasey eagerly. "Your father was much older than I-he threatened me-us, I mean. Don't let's talk about it. Promise me that you will stop Arrol from digging all this up again-that you will marry Gilbert." "You coward!" cried Maud flercely. "Not content with sacrificing me you Maud pulled her mother's hands away from her face and gazed into her eyes. "This is frightful," she cried. "You What

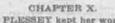
"You coward!" cried Maud fiercely, "Nat content with sacrificing me, you would have a man go through life sus-pected of a crime he has never com-mitted! Plead with him yourself. I still believe that he was shielding you in the past. What I can do to save you I will do. I will not ask any one else to sacri-fice himself for you." I cannot endure this awful sus-

fice himself for you." She paused and gazed moodily into the mirror. Suddenly she realized that she was contemplating her own features. She was glad that she could discorn no trace of resemblance to her mother. "Please go now," she said without turn-ing round. "I have heard enough for one night. I wish that I had perished out there in Morocco!"--and her voice sound-ed like a sob-"I don't want to see you again for some time. It can never be the same again between us. I hope you real-ize that." ize that."

ize that." Mrs. Plessey stood up and drew the folds of her kimono more tightly about her. Tears were rolling down each cheek. She looked very frail and girlish. "Till go away," she whispered. "You need never see me again unless you like. I'll go-go and bury myself at Brighton or Paris-or somewhere. Just as the sea-son's beginning, too!" And she dabhed

son's beginning, tool" And she dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes. She moved towards the door. As she laid her hand on the latch she turned and looked at her daughter.

"You!!! see Gibert at once, won't you?" she asked etgerly. "Yes, I will see him very soon. Don's be afraid, came the assurance through Maud's clenched teeth.



MRS. PLESSEY kept her word. To the astonishment of the servants she

roas and breakfasted at 10, and, accom-panied by Felise, departed for Brighton two hours later. Maud, to avoid fare-



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daughter just now," she went on bitterly. "With the least encouragement from you I would have been affectionate enough. . But what you ask is wrong and impossible, I have a right to my own if.e. Why should I be sacrificed to pay your debts to Gilbert Huron? It's mon-strous; it's horrible. I love Martin Ar-rol, and I marry him or no one else." She began to pace the room, furious with anger. Her mother staggered to-ward the fireplace, and, clutching at the