## EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1915.

## **HOW ROMAINE FIELDING BORROWED A TOWN**

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### A Typical Movie Adventure of the Great West-New Players and New Scenarios.

#### By Photoplay Editor

It was a gala day for Phoenix, Ariz., when Romaine Fleiding, the Lubin writer and director, made the big scenes for his latest picture. "Hang On, Cowboy." Fielding not only "borrowed" the city government their, but a large part of the population as well. Fielding is one of the most successful of directors in bandline scened. Whenever he files bid handling crowds. Whenever he takes big exterior scenes the curious come to be entertained and amused by the strange sight of the actors and cameramen, and before they know it remain as actors, earnesity and enthusiastically working under Fielding's magnetic influence.

Not only did the entire Phoenix Fire Department lend its aid that day to "Hang On, Cowboy," but the City Hall suspended business, and the officials, clerks and policemen grouped about and clerks and policemen grouped about and registered surprise, or raced madly to the rescue of the marriage license depart-ment, when Fielding, mounted on a spirited horse, rode up the steps and into the City Hall, demanding a marriage li-cense quick. When the frightened clerks complied, Fielding sailoped down the steps with the City Hall crowd in hot pursuit. Fielding allowed himself to be captured, just heyond the camera, praised averybody, and treated the town to but-termilk, the favorite beverage in Arizona. termilk, the favorite beverage in Arizona.

Lorimer Johnston is directing a produc tino of another Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady story, "The Island of Surprise," for the Vitagraph Company. The cast Will be an unusually strong one, including William Courtenny, this being not only has first apeparance with the Vitagraph, but his initial public presentation as a screen artist. Courtenay is scheduled for the role of Robert Lovell, a character in every way adapted to his talents. In the feminine leading role Edith Storey will appear, in the character of Arden. The support will bring into action such favorite players as Julia Swayne Gordon, Zena Keefe. Charles Kent, Aners Randolf, Charles Wellesley and Leo Delaney.

The plot of the new Brady screen drams is one particularly well suited to the camera, and abounds in thrilling and unique situations. Two girls and a man marooned on an Island. The man is the husband of one of his feminine com-panions in misfortune, but this fact is not publicly known. The other girl has been nelected by their parents to become his wife. On this foundation Doctor Brady has builded a complex and interesting drama. One of the big scenes will show a horde of savages attacking the trio on the island, when a counter-attack by a warship effects a rescue of the marconed ones.

One of the most recent additions to the Lubin players is Eleanor Fairbank, whose reputation gained lustre in "A Pair of Sixes" here. She is now playing one of the important roles in "Tille's Tomato Surprise," the comedy written by Acton Davies, in which Marie Dressler will be featured, supported by a strong comentured, supported by a strong com-pany, with Tom McNaughton, the eccen featured. trie British comedian.

After playing in feature productions for almost a year, Kathlyn Williams, the Selig star, has returned to her first love-nimal pictures-for a short time. She is now working on a three-reel animal story, written by herself and entitled "The Mark of a Lioness." William Robert Daly is directing the picture. Daly, by the way, is a recent recruit to the com-The pany's forces.

Kathryn Williams and Eugenie Bes-Kathryn Williams and Eugenie Bes-merer are two actresses who shall add to their laurels through their work in "The Rosary," a Selig Red Seal play to be released through V. L. S. E. directly to exhibitors on June 28. The story of "The Rosary" is adapted from Edward Be released through V. L. S. E. directly which, it was reasonable to assume, you would not wish done." "The Rosary" is adapted from Edward E. Rose's play of the same name, and the play was popularly received in all parts of the country. The story is of a self-sacrificing man of the church, who gives up a great love in answer to the call of duty, and turns his is to receive the term of the church.



#### By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE FALSE WITNESS Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc.

The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention

(Capyright, 1914, by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSEY, a beautiful girl of 20, well educated and devoted to travel and adventure. MAS. FLESSEY, her mother, the widow of Admiral Plessey, who was mysteriously murdered when Maud was 6 years old.

Was 5 years old. CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL. a man of 34. For 13 years he has been master of the Sidi, a small trading steamer. though he is a man of birth and education. GILBERT HURON, a friend of the Flormey's.

#### RICHARD ARROL. trotner of Captain Arrol.

The story opens on board the Sidi, a small stanner trading on the Airluan const and bound for London. Captain Airol is bring home Maud Flesser, whom he has rescue from a dangerous mob of faratical Moora Maud, who is the only woman on board. has been traviling slone in Morocco. Maud and the captain confess a mutual love.

The next morning the Sidi arrives at Til-bury. Mrs. Pleasey has come down to the docks to meet Maid. Whin Mirs. Pleasey meets Captain Arrol she is startled, espe-cially as Maud has said she would marry Arrol.

"Er-haven't we met before, Capialn Ar-rol?" she aaks nervously.

"Tr-haven't we met befors. Capiain Ar-rol." she asis nervously. Arrol acknowledges a previous acquaint-ance, Gilbert Huron, Mrs. Plessey's choice is a strategies a previous acquaint-ing to Arrol. "I hope he dirt. The acquise you." anys Mrs. Plessey's Mr Huron is aradually taking therites with Maud. Huron feels Maud that Arrol ness been acquised of the murder of Mausreed, ho suggests that he things arrol guily. She argets the introduction arrow arrol acquised on the statement. She does so and finds that the dreum-stantial evidence is all officer kept Arrol will be been and finds that the dreum-stantial evidence is all officer kept Arrol will be been and finds that the dreum-stantial evidence is all own are and proud when the bar are a the statement. Convict of Arrol's innocence and proud ship, and asks his bother. Hichard, to iter the state of the internat in his ship, and asks his bother. Hichard, to in you have loostruction. Mrs. Plessey forbide Maud's engagement Mrs. Plessey forbide Maud's engagement

to Captain Arrol and Insists on her wearing Haroh. The Plessey forbids Maud's engagement to Captain Arrol and tells her she must marry Huron to prevent his laying hare the fact that Mr. Plessey was killed in a struggle with his wife.

#### CHAPTER X-(Continued).

CHAPTER X--(Continued). "You are talking nonsense." retorted Maud, "My mother had no power to bind me or give a promise on my behalf. No one can do that for another person, least of all for a child under age. You must have known that at the time." She spoke proudly and firmly, but she did not relish his challenge. "Will you honor the check or dishonor it?" "That in a sense is true." observed Huron, still pacing the room, his hands behind his back, "but I was contracting with your mother not to do something which, it was reasonable to assume, you would not wish done."

she remarked. "You might have made some women love you. But you have spolit your chances with me-if ever you had any. I shall hate you as long as I live." "I do not think you will," he answered softly. "I deny that, and you say that she does. Very well, we will let that pass. Now, I have worshiped you ever since you were a schoolgirl with plaits on your shoulders, and known you ever since you were in long clothes. If I love you it can't be a mere fancy or a passing in-Then her tone softened, too. She

"Gilbert, why do you persist in this hor-rible, this abominable attitude." It seems incredible in an Englishman-in a man incredible in an Englishman-in a man 1 have been accustomed to regard as a gentleman. You have always been my mother's most intimate friend-she tells me that she cared for you very much once"-she saw him smile sardonically-

"and you say you love me. Yet you stand here and actually threaten"-the girl shuddered and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, it is too horrible. You can-not mean it-say you do not mean it!" She sank into a chair and pressed her hands against her temples.

He came and stood by her. "Listen to me," he said quietly. "All these years have kept my secret and never attempt-I have kept my secret and never attempt-ed to enforce my bond. Then when you were in Morocco I realized fully what you were to me. I felt I could never again andure the risk of losing you. Immediate-ly after your return you began to speak of your love for this man Arrol. The other night in that room"-he pointed in the direction of the drawing-room-"you told me that you proposed to marry him. I saw that I bed no time to win your told me that you proposed to matry min-I saw that I had no time to win your love-that I must claim my reward now or never." He paused to let his words sink in. "You think I am a mean scoundrel, a blackmaller. I tell you that no man who truly loves a woman and sees her about to be carried off by a rival sees ner about to be carried off by a rival would hesitate to act as I am doing. I never pretended to be a good man. Goodness is generally a matter of tem-perament, often a mere dread of your neighbor's opinion. \* \* \* I will make you love me, Maud."

She shuidered again. He spoke as if he had already won the battle, as if she was already his.

"You are too late. Gilbert." she told him. "If I ever could have cared for you in that way, I should have had to begin

rang out sternly; his hand was raised in warning. "Remember that if you repu-diate your mother's bond, that I am released from all obligations-that my lips are unsealed."

Her face was deadly white: she drove her nails into her palms to prevent her-self striking him. It seemed to her that the hate in her eyes must scorch him. "Do your worst!" she challenged him. "I have no need to do more than you are doing. I have only to help your friend-Captain Arrol will welcome my evidence. It was you, not I, remember, who wanted to reopen the case." "I will ask Captain Arrol not to do so. I will offer to marry him without his taking any steps to clear himself!" "I dare say you would. And for that reason I am compelled to hold this pistol at your head.

of a kindly disposed fate. "It's a pity you are such a scoundrel," she remarked. "You might have made some women love you. But you have spoll your chances with me-if ever you does. Very well, we will let that pass.

can't be a mere fancy or a passing in-fatuation; whereas-with him! Was he fatuation; whereas with him: that is a specially eager, I wonder? Your mother tells me that he did not want to continue the acquaintance, that he seemed anxious to find some excuse for not see ing you again-

"That was not true," broke in Maud, "That was not true, orose in mand, but she looked away from the man be-fore her, for she knew that Martin had been ready to give her up, had even urged that they should part forever.

Huron seemed to guess this. "I wouldn't break off our friendship. I wouldn't give you up whatever barriers might be ersetted between us." he conmight be erected between us," he con-tinued, fixing his keen eyes upon her. "I would try all means, fair or foul, to win you. At present I'm trying foul. Don't you think I must love you more?" She headtated

She hesitated. "I suppose you love me in some queer sinister way," she admitted grudgingly, "which makes it the more strange that you should try to bully me." Huron gave a low laugh. "Haven't you jumped to conclusions all this time?" he suggested. "When did I bully you? You at once took it for granted that I was going to hold a pistol at your head I had a fierce row with Gracle the other evening, and I confess I did not spare her. She was in a panlo at Arrol's re-nppearance, and at your endeavors to make him reopen the case. She was angry, too, that I still preferred you to her. At last I reminded her of the prom-ise she had given me on your behalf. Well, perhaps I did threaten her"-he paused and looked grave-"I can't regret it, because our talk made the peril of my position apparent to me, also the value of that weapon which I had so long held in reserve. But I don't think I should have used it if I had had to deal

with you alone." Maud listened to him, biting her lip nervously. In some way, she hardly knew how, he had disarmed her, had in that way, I should have had to begin sooner. For better or worse, I love an-other man." She sprang to her feet and furiously rejected the hand he held to-ward her. "Oh, I hate myself for even discussing this matter with you," she cried. "Belleve me, I feel degraded! I sent for you to see if you would dare to propose this infamous bargain to me personally. I see that you have so little self-respect as to do so. Very well, I utterly reject—" "Have a care, Maud." The man's voice rang out sternly; his hand was raised in warning. "Remember that if you repu-diate your mother's bond, that I am re-versonal to the section of the care to the section of the section to use his undoubted power. She looked coverly at the man. Since he had confessed that he loved her is strong about him. She hated him, yet was sorry for him in a way; she could not truthfully say that she despised him. She had a paraiying seme of being in his power. Martin seemed helpless and hated Huron. She would marry Martin. Then her heart sank. What would beeven secured a certain measure of sym-Then her heart sank. What would be-come of her mother if she were to tell Huron so7-if he were to execute his threat? Once his bolt was shot it could never be recalled.

But the sacrifice demanded of her was

find that you can forgive me, just rap on the floor; I'll hear you and come up. And not convicted. No one has a right to say you had anything to do with the murder. What further concern have you with the Perdita-Well!" case ?' "Please read my diary, dear."

Somehow Martin did not care to say that he proposed to marry the dead man's daughter.

"Please read my diary, dear." "Read that book? Never!" she said to herself, and for a time the tears came thick and fast. Then common sense whispered, "Many men have loved two women; there is nothing wrong in loving three—o-n-e at a time. Don't be childiah! Read the book." "I don't wish to remain under this cloud of sumpicion all the rest of my life," he said.

"Suspicion? Humbug. Any one is free to suspect any one else of any crime pro-vided he doesn't say so. The next time

anybody suggests that you murdered old Plessy, just tell me." And Mr. Raines assumed a truculent alr. "They won't be such fools as to say that. They will point me out as the man who was accused of the murder, and who ent off because the jury disacreed."

got off because the jury disagreed." "Well, that won't nurt you, will it?" "Quite conceivably it will. I want to rove my innocence.'

"I don't see how you can do that unless can prove that some one else in ty." The lawyer looked at him curiguilty. "Do you suspect any one?" (CONTINUED TOMORROW.) usly.

### The Daily Story

#### The Other Woman

giveness."

ble.

(Copyright, 1915.)

**OBITUARIES** 

Rt. Rev. William E. Toll

The Rev. Theodore L. Flood

Thomas J. Alcott

mer United States Marshal Thomas J.

Alcott died here early today in his 75th

year from a sudden attack of heart trou-Mr. Alcott served as marshal for

Thomas J. Alcott

New Jersey from 1907 to 1913.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., June 28 .- For-

It was the third week of their married life. Perdita's eyes no longer had a startled look in their blue depths when friends and acquaintances addressed her as "Mrs. Maxwell." Robert was all that a husband should be, and Perdita was certain that they would "live happily ever afterward," if it were not for a little book -a little leather-covered book with "Diary," stamped upon it in gilt letters.

CHICAGO, June 28.-The Right Rev. William E. Toll, suffragan bishop of the To her knowledge Robert had not writ-William E. Toll, sulfragan oishop of the Chicago Diocese of the Protestant Epis-copal Church, fell dead yesterday on the stairs leading to the elevated railroad. He was 71 years old and had been a minister for 45 years. Bishop Toll was born in England. He was consecrated a bishop in Chicago December 27, 1911.

To her knowledge Robert had not writ-ten in it since their wedding day, but there it lay on his dresser, rich with in-formation concerning his past life-so Perdita thought. She longed to know more of the years that had come and gone before she stepped into his life. He had spoken freely of his boyhood, but of his later years he had said little, and Perdita did not approve of his reticence.

She told him so that evening after dinner, as they sat among the cushions of the davenport.

The Rov. Theodore L. Flood, well known in the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home in Meadville, Pa., last night. Mr. Flood was 74 years old. He was the founder and for 25 years editor of the Chautaugua Magazine and was associated with Bishop John H. Vincent "I think," she said pensively, "that I'm

in founding the Chautauqua Institution.

jealous." "Jealous!" Robert echoed laughingly. "What's the joke now, dear?" "Oh, it's no laughing matter! I won-der that I didn't think of it before. I've told you over and over again that you are the only man-with the exception of father-that I ever loved, and you-

you-" "And I?" he prompted gravely. "Oh," is sounds horrid to say it, but you've never told me that I was the-the -the only woman you ever cared for!" There! It was out at last, and Per-dita buried her flushed face in a Gibson soft pillow and cried softly-as one who fully expected to be comforted-for the space of half a minute. Then two strong arms lifted her bodily, and Robert's voice-husky with some re-pressed emotion-said gently. "There was another woman, dear. Shall I tell you about her?"

about her?" Perdita sat bolt upright at this and stared at him with sadly accusing eyes. "Oh! Oh!" she gasped. "No wonder you didn't ask me to read your diary! about her?"

she sobbed. "that s-s-she's

been in failing health for some time, he appeared to be all right upon retiring at a late hour. Mr. Alcott was 75 years old. He was appointed marshal in 1839 and served until failing health caused his resignation late in 1813. He was head of the Risdom Alcott Turbine Company until that business was rolinquished about the time of his retirement from the Federal office.

### Aaron Ward

Aaron Ward, 80 years old, died in the Cooper Hospital in Camden yesterday, after an illness of several months. He was born in Camden and for 40 years and up to the time of his death lived in the one house at 8th and Division streets. Mr. Ward spent his life in the contract-ing business and built miles of the streets and severs in Camden and other South Jersey towns. He was a member of Cam-dan Ledge No. 15 of Masons.

#### John Lucas

John Lucas John Lucas, retired phosphate manu-facturer, 78 years old, died of illabetes at his home in Allentown yesterday after a long illness. Mr. Lucas formerly was an iron worker and was a well-known patron of sport. He is survived by a son, Eugene Lucas, of this city, known to boying and wratting patrons i form to boxing and wrestling patrons as "Chick" Lucas, and a daughter, Mrs. Ida Lucas Durkin, of South Bethlehem.

#### Samuel C. Chase

Samuel C. Chase ATLANTIC CITY, June 28.—Samuel G. Chase, station master for the Pennayi-vania Railroad at Chester, Pa., who died early yesterday morning at the home here of his elster, Mrs. George E. Mason, had been a railroad man for 42 years. The de-ceased was a member of Lu Lu Temple. Philadelphia, and a high-ranking Mason, He is survived by his widow. Dr. W. G. Chase, of Princeton, is a brother of the deceased.

Deaths

three—o-n-e at a time. Don't be childish! Read the book." Pedita took the diary in her trembling hands. It opened in the middle, and she caught a glimpse of her own name. "Perdita," she read. "Is not at all like her. I remember that she was very tall, stately and dignified—a brown-haired dark-eyed goddess, with a full, rich voice. How I loved her!" "How I hate her!" Perdita said be-tween her little white teeth, but she read on, as though fascinated. "Perdita is her exact opposite—small, fair, dainty and—weil, I believe lovable describes her better than any other adjective. I won-der if every man loves a Dream Lady until the Real Lady comes?" "A Dream Lady," Perdita said under her breath, the color flooding her tear-stained face. "Oh, poor abused Robert!" There was the quick click of heels on the stairs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the Real Lady was fairly out-rivaling her lieve lowable to her to read the stairs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the Real Lady was fairly out-ARNOLD.—At Atlantic City, N. J., on Sun-day, June 20, 1915, PHILLP, Jr., son of Philip and Carris L. Arnold, of 2118 Spring Garden et., aged 25 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Turesday, at J a. m., at the chapel of Mount Sinal Cemetery. Interment at Mount Sinal Cemetery. Kindly omit flow-ers.

BRADFORD.—On June 25, 1915, T. HEW-SON BRADFORD, M. D., son of the late James H. and Mary Hewson Bradford. Fu-neral services will be held at Christ Church on Tuckday at 11:50 a. m. Inferment pri-vats. Omit flowers. to tell it, the Real Lady was fairly outrivaling her liege lord in what some cynic has called "The lost art of asking for-

VILE. On June 27, 1915, ELIZABETH R., wife of Walter Wesley Chew and eldert daughter of the late Wilson and Joanna C. Fitzgerald. Relatives and friends are in-vited to attend the funeral services, on Tues-day, June 29, at 2:50 p. m., at her hus-hand's residence, 1021 Melrose ave., Melrose Park, Pa. Interment private.

GARDNER. On June 26, 1915, Mrs. EVN-LYN FOULDS GARDNER, wife of James T. Gardner, Funeral on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from her late residence, 2138 Olney avs., Germantown. Remains may he viewed after 8 o'clock Monday evening. In-terment private.

terment private. JONES.—In Wilmington, Del., on lat day, 6th month 27th, 1915, ANNIE J. JONES, widow of Davis B. Jones. Funeral to take place from her late residence, 2405 West 17th st., Wilmington, Del., on 4th day, 6th month 30th, 1915, at 2 p. m. Interment private.

private. MURPHY.-Entered into rest, on June 27, 1910. SARAH B., widow of John L. Murphy. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the services, at her late residence, 112 West State st., Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday State st., Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday

afternoon, at 1 o'clock. Interment private. SMITH.-ELLEN L., June 23, 1915, at Laks-wood, N. J., widow of the late Henry Yale Smith, M. I., Interment, West Laurel Hill, Monday, June 28, at 3 b. m. STRAUSS.- On June 26, 1915, SARAH, widow of William A. Straug (nee Schloss), aged 60 years. Relatives and friends are in-aged 60 years. Relatives and friends are in-vited to attend the funeral. on Tuneday, at 2 p. m., from her late residence, 3681 North 21st st. Interment at Adath Jeshurun Ceme-tary.

2181 St. Information at Alastic Schuldt Converse, service of the service of th

Laurel Hill Cemetery. WEBSTER.—On June 26, 1915, GRACE ELIZABETH WEBSTER, widow of Charles H, Webster, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednessay, at 2:30 o'clock, at the residence of Rachel L. Minster, 123 West Maple ave., Langhorne, Pa. Interment private. MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., June 28.-Former United States Marshal Thomas J. Alcott died suddenly at his home here shortly after midnight, following an at-tack of heart disease. Although he had

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE	REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
SUBURBAN	SUBURBAN

shows the cast of characters as they appeared in Ireland, with adequate settings and correct costuming. Then the action begins in America, where the Rev. Father Kelly watches his flock and cares for the unfortunate.

## SOCIAL LEADERS STUDY TO BE ARMY OFFICERS

Prominent Civilians of City Prepare to Earn Commission in Case of War.

Executives of some of the largest busi-ness enterprises in this city and leading professional men, among them noted social leaders, will attend a military training camp near the United States army post at Plattsburg, N. Y., for four weeks, from August 10 to September 6.

The camp has for its object the train-ing of men who by education and business experience would be eminently fitted to serve as officers in order that they might qualify for commissions in case of war. It has been recognized that there would be a dearth of commissioned officers should a national crisis make it necessary to raise a large volunteer army. The puras of the camp is to remedy such a possible deficiency.

In order to arouse interest in the camp Major General Leonard Wood, former Chief of Staff of the United States Army, will address a gathering of representative men at the Racquet Club Thursday eve-ning on the "Military Duty of Civilians."

The men in whose name invitations have been ment out to hear General Wood apeak are among the most prominent men of affairs in Philadelphia. They are:

Arthur E. Newbold, T. De Witt Cuyler, Effingham E. Morris, Alexander Van Rennselaer, Edward B. Smith, Charles E. Muther, Charlien Yarnall, George H. Franker, W. Lyman Biddle, John C. Groome and C. S. W. Packard.

Instruction at the camp will be furnish-ad by officers of the United States regular arony. Troops of the regular arony will co-operate in military exercises. A tem-porary committee has been appointed to

He stopped in his waik and hiel her oyes with a direct inquiry. "No, I should not," she answered. "Very well, then. I asked your mother to pay the only price which I would have taken for my dishonor at that time-for it was dishonor to keep silence, as you yourself think. It seems to me, therefore, that she-your mother-had some author-ity for pledging your word. But I will release you from tt if you like." "You will!" cried the girl delightedly. "Yes, but you understand what that will mean. If I am to treat the pledge given by your mother as null and void, I am free to behave exactly as I proposed to do before that pledge was given." "In other words, to betray my mother?"

"Why not? If you repudiate that prom-ise I shall have been tricked. And you insuited me not long ago for not assert-

ise I shan have been trible to be assert-ing Martin Arrol's innocence." Maud went very pale as he turned to the window. The sllence in the room was oppressive. She watched a little white cloud pass behind the tower of the mu-seum and then spoke again. "It all amounts to this-blackmail. You are using your knowledge of my mother's guilt to get hold of me. Why are you doing it? Do you pretend to love me?" "I do love you. That is why I am'try-ing to enforce my bond. If I was a vul-gar blackmailer, if I wanted money or valuables, couldn't I have extracted them from your mother years ago?" "Perhaps you did." put in Maud calmly. He started slightly, but she did not see that, as her back was towards him. "You

"You are cunning, as blackmailers must

He started slightly, but she did not see that, as her back was towards him. "You have no right to suggest that," he began heity, then resuming his caim tone he reminded her. "you have heard the say-ing, 'All's fair in love and war." "I have often wondered what particu-larly mean trick that saying was in-vented to excuse," rejoined Maud medi-tatively, "but it isn't true. All is cer-tainly not fair in war-poisoning wells or firing on a flag of truce, for instance. No love could excuse such meanness as you disgrace yourself by contemplating." "Call my conduct by what name you like," he retorted flercely. "We won't quarrel over words. I know that I want "You are cuming, as blackmallers must needs be," smeered Maud. "I should love to see you caught in one of your own snares. Bah!"-her anger reasserted it-self-"I should indeed be a fool to sacri-fice myself to a man like you. I should not even gain my end. Do you suppose that Martin Arrol will desist from his endeavors to clear himself at my bid-ding? And if he discovers the real author of the crime what will it profit that unfortunate woman that I have married you?"

"Call my conduct by what hame you like," he retorted fiercely. "We won't quarrel over words. I know that I want you more than I have ever wanted any-thing on earth-that for five years past I have lived in the hopes of getting you. I should indeed be a fool if I threw away my pistol, especially as you have told me that you fove another man." "Arrol will not trouble to persevere in his inquiries if you tail him not to-of that I am sure. He dropped that matter long ago and only revived it at your bidding. Besides, he stands no chance without row assistance. He whatever without my assistance.

my pistol, especially as you have told me that you fove another man." Somehow when he had said that he did not appear altogether the contemptible thing she wished to fancy him. The sav-age intensity of his passion, his matanic indifference to all moral considerations, impressed her in spits of herself. She took a long time to reply. "You are a great fool, Mr. Huron. How could you possibly set me by such means as you indicate? Suppose you forced me to marry you-what than?" "I would be content." Mand smilled deristively. "You don't ap-pear to realize that I could make your

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"And if I refuse—as I do refuse!--what advantage will it be to you to incriminate my mother?" 'It will be no advantage, but it will

"It will be no advantage, but it will satisfy my sense of justice-or my desire for vengeance, if you like. I wonder, too, how Captain Arrol will feel when he finds he has married the daughter of the woman who shot her husband and very nearly let him be hanged for it."

"You talk like a fiend!" cried Maud. She stared wildly at the celling, as if in search of inspiration. "I don't believe you would carry out your threats..." "I do not think it would be wise of you to act on that assumption," he warned

"You would be punished yourself," she eminded him.

he said, with desperate earnestness, not condemn me without reflection.

"I wish you would ratify the promise your mother made," he said wistfully. "Possibly. I might, however, communi-cate the fact in a way which would not expose me to a charge of complicity."

CHAPTER XI.

to her

of her eye.

enormouy. Nothing less than the sacrifice of her whole life. Why should she give up so much for her cold, frivolous, guilty in there. mother? For that matter, why should any one sacrifice himself for another? It was the nature, she supposed, of the strong to take up the burden. Sacrifices

were for those who were equal to them. Japanese samural, Carmelite nuns, mis-sionaries, soldiers, these threw away their heartily. He saw the look of indignation succeeded by one of horror and grief, and lives every day that others might live. t sobered him.

There was a time when she had longed to do heroic deeds and enjoy the sweets of martyrdom. She had envied these who "Perdita!" he cried remorsefully, as she rose to leave the room, "forgive me, little woman! When you read the diary you'll understand." He heard the click of her heels on the had the opportunity of giving up their place in the lifeboat to another. Well, now she had that chance. Her mother was clamoring for a place in the life-

stairs, and sprang after her, but the door of her room was looked when he reached it, and a stified sob was the only boat, and it rested with her to give it

But a loveless marriagel-that was not reply to his entreaty for pardon, "Read the diary, sweetheart," he plead-ed. "I was a brute to laugh, but it isthe sort of sacrifice she had contemplated or wished for. Yet it was a doom which countiess girls faced cheerfully for

money, for position; sometimes merely out of obedience to their elders.

"Mean it was-so anusing." "A-m-m-musing!" came in heartrend-ing tones from poor Perdita. "Of course I don't mean that, but-confound my blundering tongue any-man!"

But supposing she were strong enough to give up Martin? Her inconstancy would stab him to the heart. Then she thought of the man by her side. He had been walting for her five years. Martin had known her three weeks. "D-d-don't swear," sobbed the martyr on the other side of the door. "I can't stand anything m-m-more now." "All right," Robert said contritely. "Tm going down to the library. If you

She looked at Huron out of the corner

T DID not take Martin Arrol long to I overcome that dislike of London to which he had confessed on the deck of the stsamer. Richard had introduced him to his tailor and once again he had the satisfaction of being dressed as a gen-tleman. And it was a satisfaction, he confessed to himself, when he entered a theatre or a smart restaurant and found himself, for the first time in many years, rubbing shoulders with men and women of his own casts. The roughness of man-

of his own casts. The roughness of man-ner and speech that he had acquired in his dealings with Lascars and s nen-often the soum of humanity-slipped from him without an effort. The ceaseless rear of London that reached him in his room in the Adelphi as a subdued mur-mur was, he found, as southing as the swish of the water along the Sidi's side, and the shricking of the motors was no had substitute for the stamp of the en-gines. Life is pleasant enough in London for a well-set-up man of three or four and would never get at the truth of the matter."

He saw that she was wavering. "Maud," for a well-set-up man of three or four and 20 with plenty of locae cash in his pockets.

He was disappointed at having received no reply from Mand. He did not know, after all, that he had any reason to ex-pect one as soon, and woman, he remem-bered, were never so eager as men in bered, were never so eager as men in rect one is soon, and woman, he remain the remain th

In there." "Yes, she's there all right," Robert suid in a voice so choked with feeling that Perdita stole a look at his face. Then her eyes blazed with indignation, for the emotion that mastered him was mirth. He was laughing — laughing has still SPRINGFIELD

I mean it was-so amusing.

way

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