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

The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intercention of a kindly disposed fate.

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSEY. beautiful girl of 20, well educated and voted in travel and adventure. MIRS, PLESSEY, but mother, the widow of Admiral Phoney, who was mysterboarly mordered when Mand was 0 wages old.

CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROLA a man of 34. For 12 years he has been onside of the Shill, a small trading steamer though he is a man of birth and education

GILBERT HURON,

RICHARD ARROL,

The story opens on board the Sidi, a small savine trading on the African coast and sind for London. Captain Arrol to bring-general provider the state of train a dangerous made of frantical core. Mand, who is the only woman or arch, has been traveling along in Morocco, Mand, and the captain contess a mutual

The next morning the Sidi arrives at Til-ury Mrs. Flessey has come down to the octa to meet Mand. When Mrs. Plessey cests Capsin Arrol she is atarifed, espe-latly as Mand has said she would marry

meets Captain Arrol she is startled, especially an Maud has said she would marry Arrol.

"Er-fineen's we met before. Captain Arrol." She sake nerveusly.

Arrol acknowledges a previous acquaintance. Oilbert Hirron. Mrs. Plessey's choice for Mand's hand, also seems to be familiar to Arrol. 'I hope he didn't recognize you agree for the property of the first says for a few Mrs. Plessey. Mr. Huron is gradually taking liberties with Maud.

Huron tells Maud that Arrol has been accused of the murder of Maud's father and that the jury has twice disagreed. He suggests that he thinks Arrol guilty. She resents the imputation, and says she will read the court testimeny.

The does no and finds that the circumstantial evidence is all against Arrol. The honor of a brother officer kept Arrol silent in his own defense. Convinced of Arrol's Innocence and moud that he was silent in his own defense to which the honor of a fellow officer. Mand gress to him and finally persuades him to clear himself before he marries her.

Mrs. Plessey forbids Maud's engagement to Captain Arrol and tells her she must the fact that Mr. Plessey was killed in a struggles with his wife.

Huron also inniets, but Maud refuses. Plessey. Meanwhile Marita Arrol goes to him solicitor. He is told that he cannot be freed of suspicion unless the guilty person is found. Do you suspect any one, he is saided.

Mand writes Arrol that they must never these or communicate again. In spile of this Arrol writes to her. Arrol has been the solice of the action of the said of the arrol writes are the first of will be a fired of the arrol writes and tells.

is saided.

Mand writes Arrol that they must never meet or communicate again. In spite of this Arrol writes to her Arrol has been convinced that it would be futile to attempt to find the real slayer of Admiral Pleasers.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued). The sensible thing to do was to go to bed and decide a course of action in the morning. He unbuttoned his coat. He paused and laughed. He was not likely to sleep much that night. It would be silly and unmanly to sit there moping. He went out into the passage, put on his hat and hurried downstairs. He jumped into the first taxi and gave the address

of his brother's club.
"Arrol's brother is a bad case of Jack
anhore," remarked one of the older mem-bers of the Wanderers, as the club door closed upon the revelers.

CHAPTER XII. Next morning he rang up Edgworth Square and asked if Miss Plessey was

No, sir," came the answer. "Who is it speaking?"
"Mr. Robinson," answered Martin

ptly. "Can you give me Miss Ples-address? I wish to communicate with her at once The person at the end of the telephone

med to move away to consult some-else. Presently she returned. Are you there? * * We don't "Are you there?" We don't know Miss Plessey's address at the moment. Mrs. Plessey is also out of town. If you will send a message it will be sent as soon as we have her address. 'Are you there? Robinson, you said; did you not,

"Yes, thank you. That will do."
Martin replaced the receiver on the hook, but his hands in his pockets, and remained for a few seconds in earnest thought. If it was true that Maud had not left her address, it was clear that she was determined to have no further speech with him; if the servant knew her address, then she had refused it by order, probably, of Mrs. Plessey. There was at least a chance that a letter might reach her. He went back to

letter might reach her. He went back to his desk in his brother's office and wrote: "I believe you still love me and I won't give you up. I don't believe you really want to. There are other influences at work. I can't do without you. You must see me somewhere. Ring me up or telegraph me immediately you get this." He posted this to her in an envelope on which he had tapped out her address, letter by letter, on one of the office typewriters. letter, on one of the office typewriters. Twenty-four hours passed and there was no sign from her. His brother no-

What's wrong, Martin?" he inquired. "Row with your girl?"
"Something like it. The fact is, Richard, she has written to break it off."
"H'm. I can't say I'm surprised. What are you going to do? Accept your

No. I'm going to find her and have out with her. I'm going down to righton this afternoon on the chance

"There's a good train at 1:55," said

There's a good train at 100, said Richard, initialing a letter. Martin traveled by the train recom-mended, his brother having offered no comment on his expedition. On his ar-rival at Brighton he took a cab and inrival at Brighton he took a cab and inatructed the driver to call at all the
hotels on the front. At each place he
asked if Miss Plessey were staying there.
At the third, a big, pretentious building,
the porter, after inquiry at the office,
informed him that Miss Plessey was not
staying there, but that Mrs. Plessey was.
The man added that he had seen her go
the five time of the play ten.

It was good to sniff the sea air rupted, "but that wash t will soling to tell me, was it?"

He remembered that he had soling to tell me, was it?"

"I don't know why you talk to me so sharply and rudely, Martin," complained sharply and rudely. She managed to squeeze pointed out the Brighton light to Maud as they came up the channel, and she had told him a good deal about the place. While he was thinking about the girl ne loved, he came upon her mother, scated in a shelter at the end of the pier. She

Martin stopped short and bowed. Mrs. Plassey looked at him blankly, then went a shade paier. "Er-r, how do you'do, Mr. Arrol?" she faltered.

had a letter from her last night bear-

ms the Brighton postmark."

"It would do even that, though I would rather for a couple of hours resterday. She told me that she was writing to you. Mice down have, ben't lil I'm afraid I can't sak you to dinner, as I'm going back to town myseif the evening. Let me introduces you. Mr. Ngokin—Mr. Arrol."

The satisf vouchasfed the current of mode to Mr. Ngokin—Mr. Arrol."

"Her father's sake?" Arrol repeated the words to Mr. Ngokin—Mr. Arrol."

The satisf vouchasfed the current of mode to Mr. Ngokin—Mr. Arrol."

The satisf vouchasfed the current of mode to Mr. Ngokin—Mr. Arrol."

"Her father's sake?" Arrol repeated the words in accents of smaxement and blooked straight before him, trying to anticipate the line of the woman's plea.

"What difference can it make to the poor

Mrs. Pleasey drew in her scanty skirt and made room for Martin beside her. "It's a long time since we have had a chat," she remarked pleasantly.

"Not since the morning after your hus-band's death." he observed. "Ob, I see," she said tartly, looking away from him with an air of resigna-tion. "You came down here to remind me of all that."

"Not necessarily. It's possible I may have to remind you of still more unpiessant things. I want to know why Maud has thrown me over."

"Ah, I thought she would."

"You thought she would."

"You thought she would. I dare say. Probably you told her to?"

Mrs. Plessey shrugged her shoulders, clasped her knee, pulled down the corners of her lips, and endeavored by all sorts. of her lips, and endeavored by all sorts of contortions of the facial muscles to convey at once pain and patient endurance of man's unreasonableness.

"I quite expected that—I was sure it was coming! Blame everything on to poor little me! I influence Maud! That great big hulking girl! She could lift me

"I dare say she could," he interrupted brusquely, "but she wouldn't be likely to do so. Look here, and listen to me. When we last saw each other she was as much in love with me as I am with her. Then-not having seen each other in the interval-I get a letter from her telling me that I must not see her again. And she frankly tells me in a previous letter that there are all sorts of complications at home. No, no, don't interrupt; I've not Snished yet. You are under some obligations to me, you know. I risked my neck

to save your reputation."
"For goodness" sake, don't shout!" ex-claimed Mrs. Plessey, looking round nervously

one can hear us with the wind in this direction. I don't want to revive unpleasant memories, but I've stood about as much on your behalf as any man could, and I think you might help me now you have the chance." He was pleading rather than threatening now. "I'm tremendously keen on Maud. I can't stand the idea of parting from her."
"Ah," sighed Mrs. Plessey. She made a pretty moue. "You felt like that about

"Rubbish!" he said ungaliantly. "I never did and never pretended to. You filted with me as you were doing with that wretched boy who was here just now! And I think I had more sense than he. But that doesn't alter the fact that

ruined my life-"
"Oh, I thought you would throw all that in my teeth!" cried Mrs. Plessey hotly. "Men are such cads! As if you did more than any gentleman would have done." "Well, hang it all," expostulated the

man, 'I risked--''
"Oh, you've said that twice already! In point of fact, you knew perfectly well that I should never have let you be convicted. I knew there was no evidence against you, so I had the sense to hold my tongue. I had that card up my sleeve ready to play at the right mo-

He looked at her, then smiled curiously "I'm learning a lot about women," he re marked. "A man once told me that you could never get a woman to admit a claim on her gratitude because she would always maintain that whatever you had done for her had been done with a selfish So the risk I ran and the silence that I have kept all these years are to count for nothing with you?" "I don't know what all this has got to

do with it!" exclaimed Mrs. Plessey with an injured air. "You could have lived quite comfortably in England all these years if you had chosen to do so. I fidn't want you to run away to Morocco I was astonished to hear that you had left the country. Every false step a man makes he blames on to some poor wretched woman."
"Well, don't let's deal in generalities

any longer. I want to know if you're going to help me to win back Maud?" "I don't see how I can. I have no in-

Why has she thrown me over?" "Do you really want to know?"
"Yes." He looked her in the eyes and she met his gaze firmly and frankly. "For the best of all reasons. Because she is in love with another man."

Arrol bit his lip to restrain an exclama-tion, "I don't believe it," he said. "Ah," she said more softly. "I wonder if you will believe something else which

CHAPTER XIII.

RROL looked at Mrs. Plessey sharply. AThere was a soft light in her eyes. He remembered that light of old. It had come once or twice very near to kindling a spark in his own heart. Would the

woman never give up that game? he asked himself, impatiently.
"Well, what have you to tell me?" he demanded, roughly. "What you just told me is not true, I suppose."
"I believe it to be true," she answered, lowering her eyes. "You must remember that Maud has known the other man since

she was a young girl-"
"The other man is your friend Huron, I imagine."

minutes before.

Martin dismissed the cab and went on the pier. It was good to sniff the sea air rupted, "but that wasn't what you were solve to that wasn't what you were solve to tall wasn't what you were

the little lady. She managed to squeeze a tear into her eye. "I want to be your friend and you won't let me."
"Well, go on." He gritted his teath

In a shelter at the end of the pier. She was conversing with great vivacity with a youth of empty countenance, who was displaying a great deal of bony ankle and wore a delightful little feather in the back of his hat.

Martin stopped short and bowed. Mrs.

We have the set of the pier. She with mail these years, but, of course, you wouldn't believe ma.

We have the set of his teeth in the back of his hat.

He surveyed her with amused conby looked at him blankly, then a shade paler. "Err, how do you r. Arrol" she faltered. "That is the way you used to talk to me is years ago," he reminded her. "I have had a pretty bitter experience of puired bluntly.

"That is the way you used to talk to me is years ago," he reminded her. "I have had a pretty bitter experience of your interest in me. If you have any remove the provided here."

fer, a spark of gratitude, you will help me win back Maud."

"What difference can it make to the poor admiral whether his daughter marries liuron or me? He liked me, at any

young gentleman took his way towards think me guilty. You were not the only person capable of self-sacrifice. My poor humband brought his doom upon him-

"I see," said the man ironically, "by being so indiscreet as to come between you and your lover, I suppose." "No, by intriguing with the enemies of his country."

She said that in a low, tremulous voiwithout looking at him. He stared round at her for the moment, stupefied. Then the blood rushed to his face.

"It's a He-an infamous He!" he said with difficulty, moderating his voice. "Do you expect me, who knew your husband, who have sailed with him, taken his orders—do you expect me or any one who had the least knowledge of him, to believe that?"

"Heaven forgive me for telling you,

she faltered, "but oh! I can see the mo-ment has come. Yes, George had plans —estain plans which I had seen—which he was in treaty to dispose of to a for-eign Power. He had been exasperated by the promotion of Admiral Lindsell over his bead—and I have always sus-pected that he was a little mad. He was very strange in his manner at times. The absurd suspicions he conceived of me are a proof of it. * * * There was a man— a German—who used to visit him. He used to go up to London a great deal to see this man I have always sup-posed. That night I saw the man talk-ing in the garden with him. They went into his study together. Then I said goodby to my friend—the man you saw me with—and went to bed. When I heard that he had been shot I guessed what had happened. I searched George's desk that he had been shot I guessed what had happened. I searched George's deak and found that the plans had disappeared. I found, too, proofs of his treason, which I at once destroyed." She broke off, "It is terrible to have to tell you all this, Martin."

He listened, tense with interest, skepti-nal, yet with ever-increasing dismay. "So, of course," she concluded lamely, "I had to let suspicion fasten on you-and ie. I couldn't tell the truth."

"But if your story is true—which I beg leave to question—how do you explain the murder? Why should the foreign agent shoot him when they were in league together?"

"They were quarreling when they went into the study. One of the letters suggested that there had been a disagreement about terms. My own view is that George at the last moment refused to part with the plans and that the foreigner shot him in the struggle which

"But, good Heavens!" cried Arrol, corror and amazement mingled in his tone, 'what proof have you that the admiral did not die defending his coun-try's secrets from the spy instead of in the act of betraying them? Could you not have come forward and told the police that these plans were missing—that you had seen a strange man enter the study, and so forth? With such an explanation ready you stood by ready to see me

ready you stood by ready to see me swing!"
"I would never have allowed you to be convicted," she reiterated, "but as to telling half the truth about the foreign agent, I knew perfectly well that if he was arrested the whole ghastly story would come out. I couldn't bear to see Maud's father demonstrations a traiter Maud's father denounced as a traitor, so I preferred to stand in the box and let that barrister suggest all those horrible things about you and me.'

things about you and me."

Arrol sat motionless, gazing blankly before him while people passed to and fro across his line of vision as unnoticed as though they had been transparent. Hundreds of times had he speculated on the mystery, the key to which he at one time had been suspected of holding. He had long ago reverted finally to the theory which he had formed immediately after the admiral's death and which he had stated to the woman at his side. Amid stated to the woman at his side. Amid the many possible alternative explanations which he had rejected the one now put forward by the widow had never found a place. He would have dismissed it as incredible, infamous, dishonorable to those who formed it as well as to the dead. Even now he refused to accept it. He turned to Mrs. Plessey.

"I don't believe a word of this yarn. It is herrible that you should ever have any

is horrible that you should ever have entertained it. I see in it another attempt to preserve your reputation-this time at

It cost you no effort at all to believe that I had betrayed my husband, that I was willing to let you go to the gallows rather than speak, but when it turns out that it was the man who was guilty, then, of course, you dismiss the story as a lie. You men are so chivalrous,

o generous toward us women!"
He felt that there was a measure of justice in her reproaches and remained silent, thinking. How did this revelasilent, thinking. How did this revela-tion, if true, affect him? At the moment he could not see very clearly. He returned to the matter nearest his heart. "Admitting for the sake of argument that your theory of your husband's mur-der is the true one," he said, "what bear-

ing has it or can it have upon Maud? Why should she not marry me?" "Because Huron knows—he knows all!" "What then? I cannot believe that any man would be such a skunk as to use his knowledge of a man's shame as a means of forcing his daughter into marrying

"You don't believe it?" she laughed scornfully. "I can. Men often are alcunks."

'It seems to me that you have no reason to complain of men's chivalry," he retorted hotly. "As to Huron, tell him to do his worst. If your husband was a traitor—which I tell you frankly I don't believe—he deserves to be branded as "I don't think Maud would agree with

you. You will excuse me if I don't my-self. Of course, now I have told you the truth, there is nothing to prevent you from publishing it on the housetops and so clearing your reputation, which you are so anxious to do. Huron would be your most helpful witness."

your most helpful witness."

Mrs. Plessey rose and looked at him interogratively. "You can take me back to my hotel if you like, or we can say good-by now. Which shall it be?". He felt conscious of an intense hatred for the dainty, smiling little woman whose companionship so many men on the pler-head were envying him. The band was playing a walts. Two young girls broke into step as they passed, and checked themselves laughing. A party checked themselves laughing. checked themselves languing. A party of provincial axcursionists were indulg-ing in chaff and mild horseplay a little further on. The pier was crowded with light-hearted promenaders. Arrol could not imagine a scene more incongruous for the act in the drama in which he had taken part.

not Imagins a scale more monaguous for the act in the drama in which he had taken part.

He rose heavily. "I will walk back with you," he said sullenly. "We have to consider Mand's interest in this business." They walked on for a few yards in allance. Abruptly she turned to him with a passionate gesture.

"Don't you understand," she said, "that I can never feel secure till that man's lipa are sealed? A word from him at any moment can blust my dead husband's reputation and hold birn up to infamy. He has not directly threatened me, but I am not too dense to understand a hint. He is mad with love for the girl. If she marries you in a fit of temper he may blurt, it all out. It's all very well to talk of defying him. Once Mand has married some one else, he has nothing to gain by allence. He could betray the story without appearing to do so. Defy him! You might as well he standing on a powder manualme and defy the man who held a lightled hastels to it."

"There are men who could do man," he and.

"Ten but there would be rightles that the admiral whether his dangeter marked me, at any final mind purpose.

Mrs. Flourer fluid mind annoyance. The liked me, at any final mind purpose. The side companion. Nookle, dear, she sith, laying for hand on his siff, "rem away and play, will you, there's a dear box. I as settle borry, but I'm got may final have some dis-dim with me."

"The wide of the side of the

The Daily Story

Three Trips Toward Heaven It was in the elevator that Darnton

first saw her. He was on his way toward the tenth floor of the Studio Building to the chaotic den he called his studio. She was bound for the ninth floor, on which was located the dainty apartment she designated by the same name.

His place was a mass of half-finished canvases, dried paint tubes, broken palettes, and other impediments; here a neat workroom, where methodically she applied herself to china painting.

They were the sole occupants of the car, and Darnton so far forgot his good manners as to stare rudely at her all the way up the shaft. She left the elevator with burning cheeks and a hot unreasoning anger at the uncouth person who had so disquisted her. Not knowing the impression she had made, she supposed that he was merely a pro-nounced example of the genus firt. I was a type she particularly detested-and not without reason-ever since re-verses had forced her to turn her decorative talents to bread winning.

It was not until the second trip that Darnton was forgiven his first offense. They had passed each other several times upon the street or in the hall-ways, and while the ardent gaze made her cheeks flame she had admitted to herself that the young man on the tenth floor interested her more than she had supposed was possible. The second meeting in the elevator was

marked by the sudden stoppage of the car between the eighth and ninth floors. Jimmy, the tiny elevator boy, vainly tried to attract the attention of the janitor. to attract the attention of the janitor, who was supposed to care for the electrical motor, and finally was compelled to worm his way through the narrow space between the top of the car and the level of the ninth floor. Left to themselves, Darnton turned to his companion. "It looks," he said pleasantly, "as though we were to be imprisoned for some time. gaw Porter going up the street as I

"It is very unfortunate," she responded civilly. "I have an order I am most anxious to fill."

Darnton's face suggested a proper amount of concern. "You will pardon me," he said impulsively, "but I should like awfully well to know you. I have noticed you quite a little since you have moved into the building."

"Your notice," she suggested coldly, "Is scarcely of the sort to be ignored by its Darnton was startled. "I say," he pro-

Darnton was startled. "I say," he pro-tested. "I never meant to be offensive, I assure you. Really, I couldn't help look-ing. You are Alice Winchester, are you not?" he asked. "At least that's what the janitor said!" "You have the advantage of me," she

said stiffly.

He smiled pleasantly. "That's easily remedied," he suggested. "My name is Paul Darnton. I am 82 years old, born in this city, a painter in oils, and very much at your service. Now we are on terms of equality again."

"You will pardon me," haughtly, "if I

refuse to accept an introduction in the first person." was gently bred and would have been the first to condemn such an action on the part of another. But Alice Winchester had lived so continuously in his thoughts that it was impossible for him to realize she was not an acquaintance. Her sudden burst of anger brought him to his

"I beg your pardon," he apologized.
"But we are such near neighbors I thought you would excuse the informality of the introduction. Will you not forgive

"On condition you do not aggravate your offense," she promised, and a moment later Jimmy appeared to liberate the prisoners and terminate a most un-fortunate interview.

Alice's pride emblied her to reach her studio before she gave way to an hys-terical burst of tears. She realised that

this big, hearty young painter had be-come more to her than she cared to admit, and that by her Puritanical refusal to acknowledge his introduction she had out herself off from his companionship. After that when they met Darnton avoid ed her gaze with a studiousness almost as conspicuous as his open admiration the expense of a dead man-a final effort and by so doing lost the tiny smile by to hush up your perfidy." Mrs. Plessey laughed unpleasantly.

"Oh, I was sure you would say that—quite

So, without speaking, each grew in Maude in moving pictures. the other's regard until the third trip toward "heaven," as Darnton designated the top floor of the Studio Building. She had been to a party and he to his club. The elevator boy threw over the lever, and just as the car started heard the hall entrance door slam. Incautiously thrust-ing forth his head to see if it was a passenger, the top of the doorway caught his shoulders and threw him out of the car to the floor of the hall. There for a moment he lay stunned while the car

ontinued its upward progress. With a shrick Alice started toward the door. Darnton grasped her wrists. "Don't he cautioned, "it would try to jump," be almost certain death."

She turned a white, drawn face toward "I would rather take chances," she said, "than fall with the car when it reaches the top. I suppose the ropes will keep on winding and tear away from the fastenings."

the fastenings."
"I suppose so," he answered gloomily.
With a little cry she sank into the seat, covering her face with her trembling hands. Darnton dropped into the place beside her. "Miss Winchester—Alice"—Re said quickly, "If we are going to drop down the shaft again, let's put aside conventionality for the next few moments. I have loved you ever since the day we first went up in the car together, and have been dreaming of the time when I might ask you to be my wife. Will you set aside conventionality now and give me your answer?"

your answer?"
With a convulsive sob she threw her arms around his neck. "Now that it's too late," she cried, "I am not afraid to tell you that I love you."
Then she looked up shyly to receive his first kies. Instead, she sprang to her feet. The slevator had stopped at the top floor. "When did the elevator stop?" she demanded.
"About the time I asked you to say

demanded.

"About the time I asked you to say yes," reforted Darnton. "I forgot to tell you there is an automatic brake at the top of the shaft," and it took him 20 minutes to persuade her not to retract her promise as being given under a mis-understanding. (Copyright, 1915.)



AND SUBSECTION REAL ESTATE

202 South 15th Street

HOPE IN PHOTOPLAY REORGANIZATION

Big Changes This Summer in Releasing Companies Mean Better Pictures for the "Fan." Cyril Maude, in "Peer Gynt."

By the Photoplay Editor

In the history of filmdom, this summer and fall should prove the most eventful in years. From all indications coming changes will revolutionize the business methods of the industry.

For the last few months rumors have been current of big companies suspending business, combinations breaking up and new policies established. On the heels of Dame Rumor came the

failure of several companies, including the establishment of the Vitagraph, Lubin, Sellg and Essanay combination for the production of master pictures to be released direct to the exhibitor, eliminating the General as the middleman. Then came the split in the Mutual, the formidable competitor of the General

D. W. Griffith, H. E. Aitken, Tom Ince. Mack Sennett and Kessel & Bauman forming a new combination with the policy of establishing a program for theatres, booking direct, with the understanding that a \$3 admission be charged.

What effect will the change of bed-fellows have on the motion-picture are and industry? How will the exhibitors and the patron be benefited? The effect on the art will be for the betterment of the pictures. Stars from the legitimate are training for the "post-im-pressionistic" stage of the silent drama.

Producing companies will have to give the public the best that money can get. The day of the make-shift pictures is past. Whether the pictures be single or multiple reals they will have to be more than "features" in name. The changes for the exhibitors mean the throwing off of the shackles of "service."

taking what is given them without being consulted. The market will be open to them to get the "pictures" where they will and at reasonable cost. The patron will be the one to be most

benefited, for the shows will be of the Many have asked the cause for the many have asked the cause for the "revolution." There are many, but the principal cause—not direct, yet of vital importance—is that public sentiment has made itself felt. The patrons know a good picture when they see it and don't hesitate at saying so; they are relentless in their criticism when the picture is in their criticism when the picture is bad. Theatre owners if not told directly feel it through the most vital pulse, the

till.

The patrons of the silent drama far outnumber the "fans" of any other form of amusement. They are the sole judges as to what picture is good or bad. No matter what is said to the contrary, the fan will not "buy" what he or she does not want.

There are many more changes yet There are many more changes yet to come. Wiseacres are "sitting fast, holding tight and saying nothing," but are pursuing a "watchful waiting" policy. But come what will, the patron, the "fan," is coming into his own.

Cyril Maude has one horror. It is to win any such reputation as "40 years active service on the stage." He hankereth not after the laurels of the veteran. To him the spectacle of the actor who has outlived his day and is trying to keep in the same is nothing every to keep in the game is nothing short of tragic. Which youthful viewpoint indicts Mr. Maude of still being a comparatively young man.

At any rate, those on the inside know that probably the principal reason for Mr. Maude's acceptance of the Morosco-Bosworth offer to star in films in "Peer Gynt" was a thrifty desire to do double time right now to the end that he could that much sooner achieve his dream of well-earned, well-fortified retirement.

Two seasons hence will probably see the famous London actor-manager a layman for the rest of the days. "Peer Gynt," therefore, will be noted reer dynt, therefore, will be noted not only for being the most spectacular thing the Morosco-Bosworth firm have ever done, but also for being probably the first, last and only appearance of Cyril

The Reystone studios looked like a bit of Broadway one day this week. Mack Sennett was busy directing a scene in which Raymond Hitchcock and Hale Hamilton were working. On the next stage was Don Barclay, buriesque star, who has recently joined the Keystone ranks. During a lull in the action Mr. Hitchcock leaped off the stage to greet Hitchcock leaped off the stage to greet Julian Eltinge, who had come in a few moments before. Charles Arling, formerly with Francis Wilson, found a moment to talk over old times with Lulu Glaser, who was looking through the studies. Others came and went during the day, and if a few more stars appear on the Keystone horizon, Broadway will be a lonesome lane.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

SUBURBAN



WALLY VAN The Vitagraph's popular comedian.

Police Court Chronicles There is one thing worse than trying to find a needle in a haystack—and that is a negro hunting for his sweetheart in Cobb's Creek Park at night. Harry Gross can speak authoritatively on this. Who called at his sweetheart's home found that she was absent. Gross said he noseyed aroun'" a a little and heard inversation which led him to believe that his sweetheart was in the park with another lover. He invaded the park in the neighborhood of Market street and looked for speening couples. He crept

sweethearts of white complexion Complaint was made to Park Guard Hanley and he caught the distracted lover

near several benches on his hands and knees and frightened numerous pairs of



as he was peering at a couple over the back of a bench "My gai's gonna way wiff anodah fel-ah," said Gross, "and I jis' wanna find

"You cannot annoy the whole commu-nity on that account," said Hanley, "and, furthermore, your story sounds fishy." "Ain' no fish about it," insisted Gross "its an unhappy realizashun." But Magistrate Boyle was also skep-

tical concerning the excuse given by the prisoner and in vain did he insist that love was the cause of his curiosity. "The best way to forget your love trou-bles," said the Judge, "is to go off some-where and think it over, so I have decided to let you consider the situation calmly where no one will molest you—in the county prison for 10 days."

Theatrical Baedeker

RESITH'S-Fisks O'Hara, Clara Morton and Frank Sheen, Jack Gardner in "Curse You, Jack Dalton," Mile, Maryon Vadie's Coryphess, James Hussey and Jack Boyle in "The New Chauffeur," the Five Satsudas, Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris, Adeline Francis, "The Graphophone Girl'; Archie Nicholson Company and Hearst-Sells News Weekly." NIXON'S GRAND-Margaret Sawtelle Duffy's "Big Surprise." the Farrell-Taylor Trio in "The Ministrel Man at the Club," the Hopkins Sisters, Roach and McCurdy in "From Prune Centire." Baldwin, Braxton and Carter, Clairmont Brothers and laughing movies.

airmont Brothers and laughing movies.

ODSIDE PARK.—Vaudeville replacing musal comedy, with two performances daily
a matines, at 215, will be free to Woodde Park patrons, except on Saturday; ina evenings, two shows, at 7:45 and 9:45,
tth a small admission fee for the front rows. CROSS KEYS—"Summer Follies," a musica skit; Burk and Burk, Harrison and Wells, singers, talkers and dancers; the Musical Macks, Morris and Farks, Carl Statzer & Co., sketch; Johnny Reynolds, the daredevil, and movies.

Murderer Pays Penalty OSSINING, N. Y., June 30.—Joseph Ferri today paid with his life in Sing Sing's today paid with his murder of his electric chair for the murder of brother-in-law a year ago. Warden borne, following his usual custom, Warden Os-

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mained away from the prison during the

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VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE FRAME SHED Tomara) a stort danck HOUSE B STORY S BAICK 40 X 60 STORY STORY S 3 FORY BRICH -m-SOV Seems 250' +5" Property consists of a stores and dwellings, 908-75 M. Second et., with 4-story and business factory on Mislocoth M., making one block of ground Scales.
For purificulars apply or address WALTES E. MUCKLEY, at above address. TO BUILD 300 HOUSES NEAR OLD WASHINGTON PARK TRACT Section Centring at 27th Street and Allegheny Avenue Has Boom, Settlement for the old Washington Park

tract, on the north side of Allegheny avenue between 26th and 27th streets, which will undergo one of the biggest building operations in years in that section, has been made by Hibberd B. Werrell & Co., purchasing the property for Claude Hav-

eratick from the Martin Ulrich estate. The nine acres are augmented by a contiguous plot of one and one-half acres between 27th and 28th streets, purchased through the same real estate brokers from William T. B. Roberts. The price reported to have been paid for the combined preperties is \$150,000. Three hundred two-story houses will be erected, with frontages on 20th, 27th, 28th, Marston, Etting and 27th, 28th, Marston, Etting and Bailey streets.

Balley streets.

The purchaser has dedicated a plot important by 128 feet at Marston and Willard streets to the city for a public square, to be called Etting Square, and another plot opposite the equare for a public play ground, to be called Marston playground. Much of the work of grading the streets has already been done. One of the great improvements will be the opening of fith street from Allegheny avenue to Willard street, which bounds the tract in the rest. street from Allegheny avenue to Willard atreet, which bounds the tract in the rear. The street will be 60 feet wide with a 22foot parking in the centre

OBITUARIES

John Dailey

John Dailey

John Dailey, a member of the Philadelphia fire department, died yesterfay morning at his home, 241 North 18th struct. His death, it is believed, was histened by an injury which he received it a fire several years ago. About a year ago it was necessary to amputate his left leg, and he never fully recovered from the shock. Dailey, who was 4 years old, joined the department in 1891, and was frequently commended for bravery. The funeral will take place on Saturday. He is survived by a wife and nine obildren.

Deaths

ALCOTT.—Suddenly, at Mount Holly, N. J., on June 28, 1916, THOMAS J. ALCOTT, age 75 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral at his late residence, 84 Washington st., Mount Holly, N. J., on Thuraday, July 1, at 2 p. m. Interment at Mount Holly Cometery.

Mount Helly Cemetery.

BATTERSON.—On June 27, 1915, SARAH
E. BATTERSON, widow of Rev. Hermen
Griswold Satterson, of New York city, at
Christ Church rectory, Portemouth, N. H.,
in the Söth year of her age. Funeral at the
Church of St. James the Less, Philadelphia,
en Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock.

HORMANN.—On June 20, 1915, ELIZABETH C., widow of Ferdinand Hormana,
Relatives and friends are invited to attend
the funeral services, on Friday, July 2, at
1 o'clock, at her late residence, 7030 Blains
Sun ave. (2d at. pike), Fox Chase, Fhiladelphila Interment private.

phila interment private.

MURPHY.—Entered into rest, on June 27,
1915, 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
afternoon, at 1 o'clock. Interment private. SOLMS.—At her residence, 1816 Master st., on June 29, 1915, MARIE EUGENIE, daugh-ter of Martha H. and the late John B. Solms, Notice of funeral later.

Notice of tuness over.

STARK-Suddenly, on June 29, 1815, KATIE, widow of issao Stark, aged 71 years.
Heatives and friends are invited to attend
the funeral services, on Thursday afternoon,
at 2 o clock precisely, at the late residence,
3118 Clifford street. Interment at Mr. Car-

mel Cemetery.

STRAMAN.—On June 28, 1916, Rev. JOSEPH
A STRAMAN. son of the late William H.
and Mary A. Strahan and late rector of the
Immaculate Conception Church. Jenkintown
Es. The reverent cleray, relative the
friends of the family are respectfully invited
to attend the fundral in the aforecald church
on Thursday morning, July 1, 1915. Divine
effice will begin at 928 o'clock. Interment
Holy Sepuichre Cemetery. Kindly wmit

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in family, 1125 S. 6Ed st. Phone Woodland Si25 W.

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