

FALSE WITNESS

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

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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSEY, a beautiful girl of 20, well educated and devoted to travel and adventure.
MRS. PLESSEY, her mother, the widow of Admiral Plessey, who was mysteriously murdered when Maud was 8 years old.
CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL, a man of 34, for 11 years he has been master of the ship, a capable and energetic officer, though he is a man of birth and education.

OLBERT HURON, a man of 30, a capable and energetic officer, though he is a man of birth and education.
GILBERT ARROL, brother of Captain Arrol.
The story opens on board the ship, a small steamer trading on the African coast and bound for London. Captain Arrol is in the cabin, and Mrs. Plessey is in the stateroom. Maud is in the cabin, and she is looking at a portrait of her father.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

"You have not told me whether she is the daughter of your father's friend," she said. "No, she does not know her father was guilty. Do you wish her to?" "Heaven forbid!" the admiral of the sailor's tone caused Mrs. Plessey to look at him curiously.

CHAPTER XIV

ARROL left Mrs. Plessey at the door of her hotel and traveled back by the next train to London. He did not remember having made any reply to her appeal. Her revelations were too startling, too much opposed to all that he knew of her and her dead husband to be accepted, much less acted upon, without further examination. The woman was a liar, he well knew, but the most inveterate liars sometimes find it expedient to speak the truth.

No, her story accounted for the crime and her own behavior satisfactorily enough—he had to acknowledge that. And yet he couldn't believe that his old chief had been a traitor. He stared sullenly, doggedly at the landscape and turned his attention from the past to the present. "What was he going to do? If he had risked his life 13 years ago rather than betray a husband's confidence and defame a woman, it would be at the best inconsistent to clear away the shadows of suspicion by holding his old commander up to execration, by bringing discredit on the King's uniform, and incidentally overwhelming the girl he loved with horror and shame, that would hardly be the part he would have chosen to give up Maud to abandon her to this scoundrel Huron? Mrs. Plessey had said not necessarily. She had counseled the passive, the unobtrusive course, the one which it was most difficult for a man of his temperament to take. He must keep silence as he had kept silence for 13 years, and simply let Maud go.

If it were true, as his mother had first alleged, that she loved Huron, then it might be worth while to open her eyes at all costs. But he did not believe that—had been just the first lie that had risen to Mrs. Plessey's lips. He—Arrol—was the stumbling block. It was his coming that had caused the mischief, that had roused this other man and led loose the dogs of panic and jealousy. He threw the end of his cigarette out of the window with an angry movement. "Hang it all," was his muttered comment. "If I give her up is she to remain unmarried all her life through fear of this blackguard?" That did seem the alternative. "You seem better to leave the solution to time and chance than to flit the mine himself. And certainly her dismissal of him sounded final. His face darkened as he realized the truth of Mrs. Plessey's words. "Violence was no remedy in this country. If he were actually to kill the man he could not kill the facts—if they were facts—of which he had almost the exclusive knowledge. And a mere assault would, of course, merely

Mrs. Plessey rose and looked at him interrogatively. "You can take me back to my hotel if you like, or you can say good-by now. Which shall it be?"

road the man into action. He was powerless. All that he could do for Maud was to give her up. He fumbled in his coat for his pocket-book and extracted from it the draft of an appeal which he had intended to send her that night. He took it between his fingers and, halting on the steps of the mansion where he lived, tore it into small pieces. For a moment he stood watching the tiny white scraps flutter before the wind up and down Victoria street. One was blown high in the air, so high that it was soon lost to sight. He hoped that it was the fragment which bore his name. He turned and went heavily up the stairs. His brother's flat was empty at the moment. It seemed strangely lonely and chill. He sat down in an armchair and lit a pipe. He wondered what he was going to do with himself. He had parted with all interest in his ship, his articles of partnership with Dereve were actually signed. He couldn't go back to sea if he wanted to. He had no particular desire to go. He had no particular desire to stay in anything. Forty-eight hours ago he had had two objects in life—to marry Maud and to clear his name. Well, he could do neither. He might alter all, he free to pursue the second of these objects, but he had no desire to do so. If people chose to think he had shot poor old Plessey, well, as the lawyer said, let them. He had the law and his own consciousness of innocence on his side. People got over these things. Time healed all wounds. He repeated these platitudes to himself. He rose wearily and went out to inspect his and Dereve's new offices further down Victoria street.

induced you to drop that other idea of yours, I wrote a pretty strong letter to Dereve about her getting you on. I hope you have decided to let that rest?" "I don't feel much interest in the matter at present." "Well, I hope your interest in it won't revive, that's the way it won't do your business here any good, let me remind you. I wonder who really did kill old Plessey? Of course, I have only seen the newspaper reports, and they reached me in India in very condensed form. Any theory of yours?" "Martin made a correction in red ink in the drawing. 'I have formed a good many theories, but none of them satisfies me.' " "Well, don't worry any more about the Plesseys. That's my tip. If I were a superstitious man I should say they all had the evil eye. Isn't it time we had tea?" "Martin got up from his table and put on his hat. His brother was one of those business men who look forward as eagerly as any curate's wife to their afternoon tea-which, though his own flat was a stone's throw away, he never failed to have in an underground teashop a hundred yards farther down the street. Dereve was awaiting his partner somewhat impatiently on his return to the office. His car was at the door and he wore his hat and coat. He had a bundle of papers on the desk. "See here, Arrol," he said, "these are the designs for my new torpedo I was telling you of—my brother's idea. I have to get back to Hampstead at once. We have people to dinner. Now I want you to go through these drawings very carefully. You already know my opinion of their value. I think we have a sure thing. And for the Lord's sake keep 'em safely locked up, for I've an idea that other parties are after them too." Dereve departed and a moment later Arrol heard him giving directions to his chauffeur. Locking the door he untied the papers and spread the first of them on the table. At the end of 10 minutes he muttered an exclamation and leaned back in his chair. It was evident that he had the plans of a remarkable and original in-

vention before him. The torpedo designed on these lines would be one of the most valuable weapons with which any navy could be equipped. To possess it would give, if not the command of the seas, at least a tremendous superiority to any naval Power. It was lucky, thought Martin, that the plans had first fallen into his hands. Whatever price was offered by a foreign Power he would take care that this terrible instrument of offense and defense was secured to his own country. He pushed the papers away from him and stood with his hands in his pockets looking down at them. "The man who invented that was a genius," he muttered half aloud. "It's extraordinary that the idea has never been hit upon before. And yet it seems in a way familiar." He mused. He seemed to recall the central idea. Where had he come across it? Not to any of the works he had read, or else the idea would have been embodied in practical shape long ere this; nor had he seen it carried out in any of the torpedoes he had examined. Suddenly he struck the palm of his hand with his fist. "I've got it," he cried aloud; then he stood rigid staring into space. He remembered how Admiral Plessey had written to him, and how he had turned to him and borrowed a pencil and a slip of paper. "I've an idea," Arrol had said in his excited, impulsive way. "You see what's wrong with that thing—what's wrong with 'em all? It's all plain to me now!" and in words the subalternant had grasped the meaning of the admiral sketched out a theory. He had been freed, free from all the faults of the old.

CHAPTER XV

A WEEK passed, and every time he heard the postman's ring he half expected to receive a note from Maud in answer to the first letters he had sent to Edgeworth Square. But that note did not come. He did not believe that it ever would come. She had meant what she said—that they must part. He told himself that he acquiesced, but he found himself at odd moments meditating plans of action, devising schemes of vengeance upon Gilbert Huron. Fortunately, his work made great demands just now upon his time and energies. Dereve was busy turning their business into a private syndicate, of which his and Arrol were to be the managing directors. The mere sitting up of their offices and the selection of their staff required a great deal of attention. Dereve had acquired some reputation as an engineer in Mexico and South America, and small commissions and contracts began to flow in. Richard looked on approvingly. "I fancy I've put you up to a good thing," he remarked to his brother, "stick to it, my boy, and you will be a richer man in a few years time. By the way, how are you and Miss Plessey getting on?" "I think that's all over," said Martin, bending forward over the plan spread on the table. "I'm well, I'm not altogether surprised." Richard glanced at his brother. "Of course, that sort of thing leaves a bit of an ash on the eye. I wish I could

as he picked up his hat and locked the door in the safe. The maid had not waited for him to follow her, so he was unable to question her about the appearance of the visitor. He ran up the stairs, breathless with impatience to find out what Maud could be retracting her diabolical oath to throw herself into his arms. * * *

The Man Who Differed

Merritt was as natural to Annette Merrington as breathing. It was in her code that to meet an unattached man and leave him entirely heart and fancy free was almost criminal. Generally speaking, she did much less harm than one might suspect, for the nettle most affected is not the material of which novelists who write of broken hearts and death therefrom may spin their romances. Most of them were rather adept themselves in the pleasant, generous, game, and it was in this fact that Annette found excuse for the lightness with which she treated the many victims of her undeniable physical and mental charms. The first man who made love to her was found in the streets of London. She went to a certain point and taboed thereafter swore by all the saints that she, with a most fiend-like cruelty, had wrecked his whole life, crushed all his hopes, and condemned him to die of a broken heart, if indeed—here he threw out dark hints about suicide and a lot of other absolute rot. This frightened Annette dreadfully, the while she felt a dim suspicion of her own importance in the scheme of the world. She argued the whole matter with herself and her inherited Puritan conscience, coming at length to the decision that although she did not love the man, it was clearly her duty to marry him, since she had certainly encouraged him somewhat in the earlier stages of their acquaintance. Unfortunately, before she could consummate this decision to her rejection and supposedly desperate author his engagement to her dearest enemy was duly announced, and Annette was duly bound to be a bridesmaid.

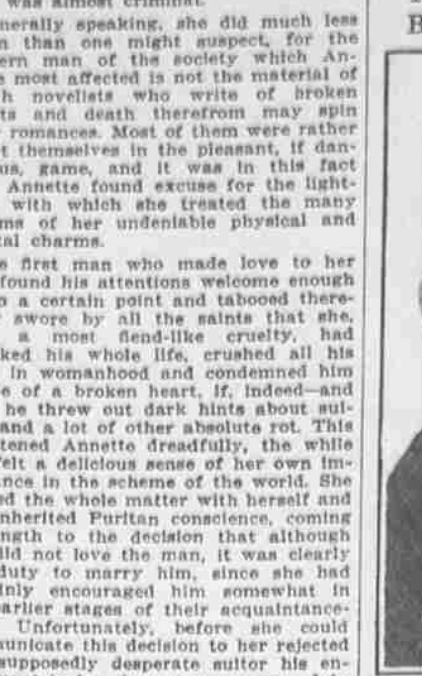
After a few experiences, more or less of the same kind, Annette decided that broken hearts she need not fear, and began to live up to her privileges as a much-sought beauty. Through it all she kept going without the quickening of a heart-beat, and she played the game as scientifically as she did bridge, which is saying a great deal, since the possible combinations of an affair between a man and a woman are infinitely more numerous than the possible hands to be obtained from several packs of cards. In meeting Robert Ainley, she recognized a type new in her experience, and resolved at once with the enthusiasm of a scientist to analyze him. She did this in order to add something to the aw-inspiring amount of knowledge in regard to the habits and models of thought of the genus homo already in her possession. Sometimes she was not so careful of first acquaintance, a butterfly sort of young man, nor a misunderstood young man seeking anxiously for soul sympathy, nor yet a fortune-hunting young man, nor a man who belonged to the class of the great varieties under which she had heretofore been wont to classify all men. Filled with the excitement of having discovered something out of the range of her previous experience, she approached the battleground with a glad heart. "Perhaps he will be original enough not to fall in love with me at all," she thought, half pleased at the prospect. "A half hearted fall in love with him at last," she added to herself with a smile of incredulity. He met her fairly on neutral ground—the hotel piazza—and the battle began. Sometimes they met on the beach, and sometimes they met in the music room, and she played for him some of Chopin's glorious, if plaintive, songs of love longing, sometimes they met in the garden, and she was reflected, quite as it had been with many other men. But there was one great difference. He never grew in the least sentimental. Chopin he could discuss intelligently, and was not rantant of the poets, but these he discussed in the same calm, unemotional manner with which he might have carried on a discussion over the mistakes of Schopenhauer with some benighted and whiskered German scholar. Even a stroll on the beach in the moonlight failed, and Annette had never known such a sunset in her life. Thus it stood on the day Annette was to return to the city. They were to rendezvous near by and take a stroll before dinner. For this Annette was dressing.

Italian Goes Insane Over War

ANSELMO, Pa., July 1.—Patsy Masel, an Italian, brooded over the war until he went insane, and he has been sent to the State Hospital. Masel at first was a well-to-do man, but he was driven to ruin because of his queer notions. While there it was found to be a case of insanity.

PHILADELPHIA MAN PERFECTING "TALKIES"

Local Inventor Working on Perfect Synchronizer for Talking Movies—Will He Beat Edison?



EDWARD EARLE

Appearing in Edison photoplays.

By the Photoplay Editor

Experts interested in the development of the film have been, for the last few weeks, working on a device to combine the phonograph with the projecting machine in order to reproduce the voice in conjunction with the action of the picture. In this country, Edison, the wizard of the age, presented such a device for public approval. It was on the market for a short time and then withdrawn on account of its incompleteness. The Renfax company, of New York, has since then, under the name of the American Edison, the use of the film for a short time destroys perfect synchronism, that is, either the word does not suit the action or the action the word, due to breaks and patches in the film. Furthermore, the machines on the market at present are not well suited for multiple reel subjects. Before the war, French engineers, mechanics and inventors gave this particular subject much time and attention, and the results have proved no better than American products. Shall Philadelphia once more prove to be the home of another genius? There lives in this city a man whose name for the present cannot be disclosed, who is a mechanical engineer and who worked on all the models Europe has produced and has a working knowledge of the American inventions. In his mind was born the idea for just a device that will overcome the difficulties which made perfect synchronism impossible and multiple reel work impractical. The plans are now drawn and the cost of installation, which is the inventor in going over the blue prints with the writer explained every detail showing how the difficulties are surmounted. This device does not add additional expense to the theatre owner except the cost of installation, which is reasonable. The operator's booth does not become a laboratory. The device can be attached to any standard projecting machine and is worked by the same handle that works the film. The inventor is working on models and will demonstrate his machine by breaking films, patching them and yet having the voice and action reproduced in perfect harmony. "It is the man in the garret who adds to the progress of the world," some one has said. If the modeler, perfecting the addition to the "movie" business will come from such a man, and Philadelphia will have just cause to be proud of him.

Choosing a School for Your Son or Daughter

is a very difficult thing to do unless you have personally visited and investigated a large number. In order to help you and save you a great amount of correspondence and tiresome investigation, LEDGER CENTRAL sent out a college graduate to visit schools and colleges. He has spent several months visiting all the best schools in the East, securing all sorts of information at first hand, and is qualified to help you find the school best suited to the peculiar needs of your boy or girl, at whatever price you can afford to pay. The service is free, and we suggest that you get in touch with the Bureau at once, as many schools are registering pupils now, and will be filled to capacity before July. Call, write or phone.

FIVE STUDENTS ORDAINED

Bishop John J. McCort Officiates at Ceremonies at Villanova College.

Bishop John J. McCort, assisted by the Very Rev. N. J. Murphy, provincial of the Augustinian Order, and the Rev. E. T. Trenchard, master of novices at Villanova, officiated at the ordination of five students to the priesthood at the college today. The order of the priesthood was conferred upon the Rev. Denis Kavanaugh, O. S. A.; the Rev. William G. Stryker, N. T. S.; the Rev. John Dwyer, St. Vincent's; the Rev. Victor James, Pennsylvania; and the Rev. James H. Griffin, of New York.

IN MEMORIAM

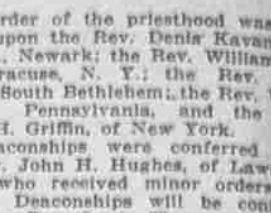
VALENTINE—FLORENCE G., who departed this life July 1, 1915. In loving memory of her HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER.

Deaths

BECKMAN—On June 30, 1915, JOHN BECKMAN, husband of Mary A. Beckman, died at his residence, 2300 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 2300 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
CLAVIN—On June 30, 1915, THOMAS CLAVIN, aged 78 years, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
GEDNEY—On June 30, 1915, JOSEPH GEDNEY, aged 78 years, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
HERITAGE—At Langhorne, Pa., on June 30, 1915, Dr. JOSEPH H. Heritage, son of the late Joseph H. Heritage, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
ROBMAN—On June 29, 1915, ELIZABETH C. widow of Ferdinand Robman, died at her residence, 2075 East Atlantic St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of her son, 2075 East Atlantic St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
HOUSE—On June 30, 1915, MARY A. HOUSE, widow of James H. House, died at her residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of her son, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
JOHNSON—On June 30, 1915, JOHN JOHNSON, aged 78 years, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
LAW—On June 30, 1915, JOHN L. LAW, son of William J. Law, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
MORLAND—On June 30, 1915, AGNES MORLAND, widow of Robert J. Morland, died at her residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of her son, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
NATHAN—On June 30, 1915, ALEXANDER K. Nathan, husband of Agnes Nathan, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
PHILLIPS—On June 30, 1915, HARRY PHILLIPS, husband of May M. Phillips, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
ROBINSON—On June 30, 1915, MARY ROBINSON, widow of John Robinson, died at her residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of her son, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
STARCK—Suddenly, on June 29, 1915, KATIE STARCK, widow of Isaac Starck, aged 71 years, died at her residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of her son, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.
TAYLOR—On June 30, 1915, SAMUEL TAYLOR, husband of Belina Taylor, died at his residence, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral on Saturday at 10 a. m. from the residence of his wife, 1224 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

William H. Roca's article, "What Constitutes a Ring Championship in America" is as good as a judge for settling title questions. Read this important decision handed down in Sunday's

PUBLIC LEDGER SPORTS MAGAZINE



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BROAD AND CHESTNUT STREETS PHILADELPHIA