FALSE WITNESS

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 intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSEY,
a benefited and of 20, well educated and devoted to travel and adventure.
bene, PLESSEY,

CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL. man of 34. For 13 years he has be meaner of the Midh, a small trading steams though he is a man of birth and education GHRERT HURON. RICHARD ARROL, Brother of Captain Ar

The story opens on board the Sidi, a small stanner trading on the African coast and boand for Jondon. Captain Arrol is bring last board Mand Fleesey, whom he has researed fruit a dangerous meth of fanalical score. Mand, who is the only woman on mard, has been travaling sions in Morocon. Mand and the captain contess a murual \$250.

The next morning the Sidi arrives at Til-bury. Mrs. Pleasey has come down to the docks to mest Mand. When Mrs. Pleasey brests Captain Arrol she is startled, espe-cially as Mand has said she would marry

meets Caprain Arrol she is startled, especially as Maud has said she would marry Arrol.

"Ir-haven't we met before, Caprain Arrol of she saks nervously.

Arrol acknowledges a previous acquaint-mace, Gilliert Hurcel, Mrs. Plessey's choice for Maud's hand, sies seems to be familiar to Arrol. 'I hope he didn't recognism you save Mrs. Plessey Mr. Huron is studied by taking libertles with Maud. Sure Mrs. Plessey Mr. Huron is studied in the hurder of Maud's father smoothed the imputation, and way she will reserve the imputation, and way she will read the court testimony. She does so and fluid that the circumstantial evidence is all against Arrol. The hurse of a brother efficer kept Arrol slines in his own defense.

('unvinced of Arrol's innocence and proud that he was silent in his own defense to silent in his own defense to silent in his own defense to silent in his own family persuades him to Captain Arrol on telle her she must marry Huron to rrevent his laying bard her fact that Mr. Plessey was killed in a Mrsagle with his wife.

Huron also inaists, but Maud refuses, Huron also inaists, but Maud refuses, Maud, "Do you suspect any one" he said.

Maud writes Arrol, that they must never was a silent writes Arrol, that they must never was must marry that a volument her said yearson was asked.

asked.

Mand writes Arrol that they must never
eet or communicate again. In spite of
is Arcol writes to her. Arrol has been
myinced that it would be fulfie to stmot to find the real slayer of Admiral

Presety.

Maud epites to his note, ordering him not to come to see her. He goes to ligishten to find her and meets Mrs. Pleasey. She says that her hawband had been shot by a German, that the Admiral was about to sell plans traitorously, and that she had zefused to tell the truth in order to preserve the honor of the Admiral. Arrol refuses to believe u but is made to think deeply, especially as Mrs. Airol confesses that Othert Huron holds the key to the whole mystery.

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued). VOU have not told me whether she I knows this-whether she knows the

secret of Huron's power."
"No, she does not know her father was guilty. Do you wish her to?"
"Heaven forbid!" The solemnity of the saller's tone caused Mrs. Plessey to look

him curiously.

I have done my best to shield her from "I have done my best to shield her from the knowledge," she went on. "I can do no more. First I hear that you are de-termined to rake up the case again, with what results, if you are successful, I leave you to judge; then, Huron begins to tear his hair about Maud and swear that he can't do without her, and so forth. It is very hard lines on a woman trying to do the best sile can for all

forth. It is very hard lines on a woman trying to do the best site can for all parties," Mrs. Plossey sniffed.

But his sympathy was not for her. "I cannot believe." he said, "that Maud could possibly love such a scoundrel as you represent this man Huron to me—". "She doesn't know he is a scoundrel," interrupted his companion.
"He must have the patters of a hyere."

"He must have the nature of a hyena," asserted Arrol savagely. "You can tell the presence of certain loathsome animals before you see them. To let her marry him would be to pile a second infamy upon the first."

Ars. Pleasey unlifted her eventure and

Mrs. Pleasey uplifted her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. She was infinitely less affected than the man by the relation of her husband's crime and us tragic consequences to her daughter. Perhaps she need not marry him," she

said, significantly.
"She certainly shan't, if I have to shoot him," muttered Arrol.

"Oh, that would do no good! When men are shot, then papers are ransacked and it would all come out. Huron is not and it would all come out. Inform is not such a worm as you suppose. He is mad at the thought of losing Maud. I wish," she added bitterly, "that any man had cared for me as much. Till you appeared on the scene he kept quiet enough, and would have been horrified at the bare idea of threatening us."

"Nonsense! a man's nature does not change in a day. The man must always have had it in him to do this."
"Never mind about that. If it was in you once to risk your liberty (as you

thought) to save my reputation, is it in you now to renounce your pleasure for my dead husband's sake and Maud's hap-What do you want me to do?"

We can easily keep Huron quiet without his marrying her. And drop this project of reopening the case. Where's all your chivalry and self-denial if you can't do that much?"

CHAPTER XIV. RROL left Mrs. Plessey at the door of A 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 exwell knew, but the most inveterate liars cometimes find it expedient to speak the truth. Looking back he remembered that the admiral had been grievously offended by the promotion of his brother officer and had railed bitterly against the Gov-ernment of that day. He was a head-strong man of violent prejudices and animostler, and boundless ambition. But it was difficult for a man trained in the royal mays to conceive a general officer beiraving the trust reposed in him by the savereign. The famous Duke of Mariburough, of course, had gone over to the enemy he had been sent to oppose and was credited by historians with having sold information to the French about the movements of his own troops; then there was the earlier instance of the Constable. de Bourbon; but the duke and the consta-tile had lived in another age. Officers did not do that sort of thing now.

ant its that sort of thing new.

Arrest tooked out at the receding lines of the Sussen Downs and pondered these things. If Ara Pleasey had deliberately defauted has dead husband, it must be to shield somebody. It night be herself. He retailed the exact circumstances of the needdental encounter with her on the faint night. It was impossible, he decided, that she could have been present at the admiral a death. Had her lover alled him? Be he had always believed, though he had sever believed that the admiral an experience were well founded to that Mr. Pleaser's directions were to be taken year sections). Had the matter of homor about which the admiral most is commit him that high! any decrease, as be had always supposed, to

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 hisband's confidence and defame a woman, it would be at the best inconsistent to clear away the shadow of suspicion by holding his old commander up to execration, by bringing discredit on the King's uniform, and ing discredit on the King's uniform, and his discredit of the said he siri he included the said had been a traitor.

"I don't feel much interest in the master at present."

"Well, I hope your interest in it won't revive that's all. 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 vert condensed form. Any the ory yourself?"

Martin made a correction in red ink in the drawing. "I have formed a good the following his attention from the past to the present."

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Of course, I have only seen the newspaper reports, and they reached me in India in vert condensed form. Any the hardly be a man's part. Was he then to give up Maud-to abandon her to this scroundel Huron? Mrs. Plessey had said

scrounded Huron? Mrs. Plessey had said not necessarily. She had counseled the passive, the unheroic 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 so.

If it were true, as her 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—it 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 mischlef, that had roused this other man and let loose the dogs of panie and jealously.

He threw the end of his cigarette cut of the window with an angry movement.

the threw the end of his cigarette cut 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. Yet it seemed better to leave the solution to time and chance than to firt the mine himself. And certainly her dismissal of him sounded final.

He walked from the station to his prother's fiat, chewing the cut of bitter

brother's flat, chewing the cud of bitter reflection. When he thought of Huron he clenched his strong hands and longed to thrush him till he howled for mercy. His face darkened as he realized the truth of Mrs. Pleasey's words. Violence was no remedy in this country. If he were actu-ally to kill the man he could not kill the facts—if they were facts—of which he had facts—if they were facts—of which he had an exclamation and leaned back in his almost the exclusive knowledge. And a chair. It was evident that he had the mere assault would, of course, merely plans of a remarkable and original in-

No, her story accounted for the crime and her own behavior satisfactorily yours. I wrote a pretty strong letter to enough—he had to acknowledge that And yet he couldn't believe that his old chief had been a traiter.

Induce you to drop that other idea of yours. I wrote a pretty strong letter to Jessie about her egging you on. I hope you have decided to let that rest?

'I don't feel much interest in the mat-

the drawing. "I have formed a good many theories, but none of them satisfies

Well, den'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

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 falled to have in an underground teashop a hun-dred yards farther down the street.

Dereve was aweiting his partner some-what impatiently on his return to the office. His car was at the door and he were his hat and coat. He laid a bundle of papers on the deek. "See here, Arrol," he said, "these are the designs for that he said, "these are the designs for that new torpedo I was telling you of-my brother's iden. 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 to for the lord's sake keep 'em safely locked to up, for I've an idea that other parties are after them too."

Dereye departed and a moment latev

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



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

goad the man into action. He was power-less. All that he could do for Maud was to give her up.

He fembled in his coat for his pocket-her for his pocket-

ook and extracted from it the draft of an ppeal 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, For a moment he stood watching the tiny, white scraps fluttering 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 her name.

He turned and went heavily up the stairs. His brother's flat was empty at the moment. It seemed atrangely lonely

the moment. It aeemed 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 now with all interest in his ship, his articles of partnership with Dersve were articles of partnership with Dersve were actuelly signed. He couldn't go back to sea if he wanted to. He had no particular desire to go back. He had no particular desire for anything. Forty-eight neurs ago he had had two objects in life—to marry Maud and to clear his name. Well, he could do neither. In a dull way it occurred to him that he misht 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 Pleasey—well, as the lawyer said, let them. He had the law and his own consciousness of innocence on his said, let them. He had the law and bla 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 boreve's new offices further down Victoria street.

CHAPTER XV

WEEK passed, and every time he A 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 some. He did not believe that it ever would come. She had meant what she sald-that they must part. He told himself that he acquisaced, but he found himself at odd moments meditating plans of action, devising schemes of vengeance upon Gibert Huron.

Fortunately, his work made great de-nands just now upon his time and ener-ries. Dereye was busy turning their star. Dereve was busy turning their business into a private syndicate, of which he and Arrol were to be the managing directors. The mere fitting up of their offices and the selection of their staff re-quired a great deal of attention. Dereve had acquired some reputation as an en-glacer in Mexico and South America, and small commissions and contracts began to flow in Rienard looked on approvingly. "I fancy I've put roll up to a good thing," he remarked to his brother. "Sitch to it, my boy, and you will be a righer man than I in a few years' time. By the

way, how are you and Miss Plessey get-ling on?" "I think that's all over," said Martin,

bending forward over the plan apread out on the table before bin. "Ab-h! Well, I'm not altogether sur-

it would give, if not the command of the seas, at least a tremender— superiority to any navel 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 not 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 in 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 it 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

with his fist.

"I've got it." he cried aloud; then he stood rigid staring into space.

He remembered how Admiral Plessey witnessing experiments with a new torpede had turned to him and horrowed a pencil and a slip of paper. "I've an idea, Arrol," he had said in his excited, impulsive way. "You see what's wrong with hat thing—what's wrong with 'em all' It's all plain to me now!" and in words the sublicutement hereity grasped the meaning of, the admiral sketched out a theory of a new torpado, free from all theory of a new torpedo, free from all the faults of the old.

The idea thus put forward was imma-ure, incheate, intelligible only to the nan who had conceived it. Deeming, perhaps, its disclosure to a subordinate in-discreet, the admiral had said nothing more about it; but two or three times Arrol had seen him busy with pencil and paper, drawing diagrams which seemed to relate to the trajectory of

a torpedo.

He drew a deep breath. He made no doubt that the plans before him had been drawn by Admirai Pleasey.

But if they had been abstracted by the agent of a foreign Power IS years before, how came they to be lying here in the office of a private contractor in London?

Red they been carried out Had they been carried out years ago, and were they now worthloss, the designs of a now obsolete construction? No. Martin was positive that no such torpodo was known or had been known, to the British Asmiralty at least. His eyes gleamed half maliclously. It would be fun if some Fower was fealously guard-ing the secret which now lay exposed on

the table before him There was a knock at the door. He opened it. He was surprised to see one of the servants from his brother's flat.
"A lady is over at the flat, sir," the girl announced, "and wants to see you particularly."

CHAPTER KYL

FPHE little spark of hope which lay

as he picked up his hat and locked the plans in the safe. The maid had not waited for him to

The maid had not watted for him to follow her, so he was mable to question her about the appearance of the visitor. He ran up the stairs, breathless with impatience. It must be Maud come to retract her dismissal of him, to throw herself into his arms. * *

But it was not Maud. As soon as he entered the flat he saw through the open door of the drawing-room the slight form of Mrs. Pleasey outlined against the

window.

He guiped down an exclamation of chagrin and disappointment. She heard his step and came to meet him as he entered the room.

"Where is Maud?" she asked.

"Where is Maud?" he repeated. "Why do you ask me?" Hope rose again. "Wan she to meet you here? Did she say that she was coming?"

she to meet you here? Did she say that she was coming?"

He suddenly became aware that the little lady's eyes were searching his face. "No," she replied quietly. "We had no appointment to meet here. I can see from your face that you do not know what has become of her. The fact is she has disappeared."

appeared. The man's start of surprise would have convinced the woman of his entire ignorance of the matter if any shreds of suspicion had remained. "Disappeared," he repeated wonderingly. "I see—so you thought she would come here?" Uninvited Mrs. Pleasey seated herself in Richard's favorite armulair. "I confess

Uninvited Mrs. Plessey seated herself in Hichard's favorite armchair. "I confess that I did," she said. "I thought she had diagraced herself by some vulgar elopement. I'm glad to find I was mintaken. "I wonder where on earth she can have got to?" she asked herself in accents more of puzzled annoyance than of alarm.
"I presume she has disappeared, as you put it, to avoid marrying the gentleman whom you said she preferred to me," suggested Arrol, smiling cruelly. For the moment he was more glated than alarmed. After all, Mrs. Plessey's suspicton that she had come to him might prove to be an intelligent anticipation of the event. At any moment he might hear her foot upon the stairs, hear her voice at his door " "Oh, I'm sure I don't know," snapped Mrs. Plessey. "It's very tiresome the funs

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," snapped Mrs. Plessey. "It's very tiresome the fursy you two men are making about Maud. She is handsome, I admit, but still—Well, of course, she is my daughter, and I feel very much concerned about her. Between you and Huron the poor girl has evidently become quite distracted."
"Oh, do tell no wilst hee harmond!"

"Oh, do tell me what hes happened!"
broke in Martin impationtly,
"She has disappeared—run, away, I tell
you. I returned to town last night, just
before dinner, and I found a letter from
her awaiting me. It was very curt. It
simply said that she was feeling very sick
of thines—that was her expression—and things-that was her expression-and of things—that was her expression—and had determined to drop out of everything. She added that she knew how to take care of herself and was quite capable of earning her own living—which I dare say is true. Of course, the letter upset me very much. I couldn't do anything that night, as I had something on, but this morning I made inquiries. She has been staying some time at a place called Cranstaying some time at a place called Cran-leigh, in Surrey. It seems that yesterday morning she paid her bill at the farm-house where she was lodged and took the train to Waterloo. That's all that I know at present. Gilbert-Mr, Huron-is mak-ing further inquiries. I think he pro-poses to trace the cab which she must have needed for her trunks at Waterloo. However, since she hasn't come to you, there is no need for me to trouble you, Mr. Arrol." Mrs. Plessey rose and sighed wearily. "There has been nothing but trouble since Maud met you," she added

concerned about her daughter's disap-pearance than by the trouble involved in making inquiries. Disregarding her outstretched hand he looked at her

thoughtfully. You are rather prone to contradicting yourself," he said. "You told me at Brighton that you believed Maud no longer cared for me, that she had trans-ferred her affection to this other man. Yet when she disappears you jump to the conclusion that she has run away with me. I think I understand the situa-tion. Your friend Huron had better look

She shugged her shouders and moved toward the door. "If I alone were concerned, it would not grieve me much if you broke his head." she said. "but I do not want to see my dear husband's name dragged through the mire. That is all. Well, I will say au revolr, Mr. Arrol. I suppose it is useless to ask you to let me know if you hear anything about my

"It is very unlikely that I should com-municate with you. If I am lucky enough to meet Maud I will tell her that you wish to hear from her. That's the most I can

Talking, they had already reached the outer door. He opened it for her. With a bow and a smile, she left him and trip-ped downstairs.

He returned to the room she had va-

cated and stood still, turning over in his mind what he had heard. It was plain that Maud had fied to escape the importu-nities of her mother and the threats, open or implied, of her mother's friend. But if she still loved him. Arrol, why had she not come to him, or at least apprised him of her plans? Perhaps she would do so yet. He thrilled hopefully at the thought,

yet. He thrilled hopefully at the thought. Then another question presented itself to him abruptly. By what means had Mrs. Plessey become possessed of his address? His brother's name was in the telephone directory, but he doubted whether she had any reason to suppose that Richard was related to him. His address had been on the letters he sent to dress had been to be forwarded to Maud. It looked as though Mrs. Plessey had not healtated to intercept and open these letters. And in that case, probably Maud had never received them. She must suppose that he had acquiesced in silence to her first intimation that they must part. He felt a sharp twings of pain. She was well able to take care of har-

She was well able to take care of herself and to earn her own living, she told her mother. That, in a sense, was true, but he could have no rest till he knew how she was situated, what she proposed to do. His early training at a naval college, his long exile had left him with the vaguest notions as to the ways in which women made a living for themves in London. He was sure, someselves in London. He was sure, some-how, that it was not so easy as Maud imagined. He was assailed by a thousand anxisties on her behalf. She might be in want of money, in actual need! The thought was horrible, but it had to be faced. He wished he had detained Mrs. Pleasey and cross-examined her at greater length. Being still under age, Maud had presumably no private income, no banking account to draw upon. From a chance remark she had once let fail he gathered that her allowance was by no means libremark she had once let fall he gathered that her allowance was by no means liberal. To face the battle of life, then, he might assume, for all her capital, such aums as she had saved from her allowance and such as she could realize by the sale of her superfluous dresses and jewels. Unfortunately she had no liking for fewels, and those she possessed were not likely to be worth more than a few pounds taken together. He was going to find Maud, of course, but in the meantime he would give much to know what she would most probably do for a livelihood.

He walked over to his brother's office He found Bichard locking up his papers. "I have just seen Mrs. Plessey," he announced. "She tells me that Maud has slipped her cable—disappeared. I mean—

dipped her cable—disappeared, I mean-without leaving any indication of her whereabouts. She says that she is going o earn her own living. Her mother ranted her to merry another man-a coundrel called Huron, who has, or per-uades her that he has, a hold over her solber."

"Why hasn't she come to you?"
"Heaven knows. Her mother thought
she would. She may do so yet. I am
going down to the place where she was fast seen to make inquiries. But, I say,

This was not properly proced." Rinhard glanced at his brother, that one would allow her "Of course that sunt of thing ferves a convenient his area would wish to see that sunt of thing ferves a convenient his area woman who would wish to see generally, for that mainter?"

This was not properly proced." Rinhard glanced at his brother, into flame at the girl's words. He knew to do for a living in London, or England, only one woman who would wish to see generally, for that mainter?"

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The Daily Story

The Man Who Differed

Flirtation was as natural to Annetts 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.

free was almost criminal.

Generally speaking, she did much less harm than one might suspect, for the modern man of the society which Annette most affected is not the material of which novellets who write of broken hearts and death therefrom may spin their romances. Most of them were rather adept themselves in the pleasant, if dangerous, game, and it was in this fact that Annette found excuss for the lightness with which she treated the many victims of her undeniable physical and mental charms. mental charms.

The first man who made love to her The first man who made love to her and found his attentions welcome enough up to a certain point and tabooed thereafter swore by all the saints that she, with a most fend-like cruelty, had wrecked his whole life, crushed all his faith in womanhood and condemned him to die of a broken heart, if, indeed—and here he threw out dark hints about suicide and a lot of other absolute rot. This frightened Annette dreadfully, the while she felt a delicious sense of her own importance in the scheme of the world. She portance 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-ship. Unfortunately, before she could communicate this decision to her rejected and supposedly, desperse suffer his enand supposedly desperate sultor his en gagement to her dearest enemy was duly announced, and Annette was duly bidden to be a bridesmaid.

After a few experiences, more or less of a similar character. 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 had gone without the quickening of a heartbeat, and she now 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 maid are infinitely more numerous and a maid are infinitely more num than the possible hands to be obtained from-several packs of cards.

In meeting Robert Ainley, she recog-nized a type new in her experience, and resolved at once with the enthusiasm resolved at once with the enthusiasm of a true acientist, to dissect him in order to add something to the awe-inspiring amount of knowledge in regard to the habits and models of thought of the genus homo already in her possession. He was not, she assertained at first acquaintance, a butterly sort of young man seeking anylousiv for soul symman seeking anylousiv for soul symman. man seeking anxiously for soul sympathy, nor yet a fortune-hunting young man. In short, he did not belong to any of the great varieties under which she had heretofore been wont to classify all men. Fired with the excitement of hav-ing discovered something out of the range of her previous experience, she approached the battleground with a glad "Perhaps he will be original enough

"Fernapa ne will be original enough not to fall in love with me at all," sne thought, half pleased at the prospect. "And perhaps I shall really fall in love with him at last," she added to herself with a smile of incredulty.

He met her fairly on neutral ground—the hotel plazza—and the battle hegan. Sometimes they met on the beach, sometimes they sat in the descreted music room, and she played for him some of Chopin's glorious, if plaintive, songs of love longing, sometimes they rowed on the narrow bay. All this was, the reflected outle as it had been with she 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 he was not ignorant 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 Schoponhauer with some bespectacled and whiskered German scholar. Even a stroll on the beach in the moonlight falled— and Annette had never known such a supreme test to leave the result for one moment in the balance.

Thus it stood on the day Annetts wes to return to the city. They were to rendezvous near by and take a stroll be-fore dinner. For this Annette was dress-

Strange to say, the more she w firmed to her original opinion that Ain-ley was very different from all the men she had known and was not likely to fall a victim to her charms, the less she was pleased with the idea.

When she had quite finished her dress ing, she glanced at her watch and noted that it was just the hour she had promised to meet Ainley. Thereupon she at once sat down, as it was not part of her scheme to be too prompt in keeping appointments.

"I wonder is it playe I feel," she said to herself, "or is it something else-come to me at last? I know it is-that something else. Oh, why couldn't I have felt that for some one who might have loved me?" And then she cried a little, bringing herself to a sudden stop at the horrible thought that crying inevitably brings on a most unbecoming redness of eyes and nose.

eyes and nose.

Ainley, as she had expected, was awaiting her in the summer house. To her intense annoyance, but to her surprise, he was calmly smoking a cigarette in seeming ignorance of the flight of time.

They talked a while of things impersonal, but finally it drifted around to good-hye. It was nearly dusk and notify. good-bys. It was nearly dusk, and neither could read very well the expression on the face of the other. And when the talk drifted to good-bys, a silence fell between. Then suddenly, without preface, Ainley began to speak, standing erect: "Well, I may as well confess, Miss Merrington. It is poor game for you to have but they say you rever deather. bag, but they say you never despise a scalp. I take it for granted that you know mine is to be added to your col-lection." There was a laugh in his voice,

but there was also an underlying bit-terness of sincerity, which Annette rec-ognized and welcomed with a glad quickening of heartbeats. "Do you mean-" she said, not daring to put the question. 'Oh, yes, I mean quite that," said Ainley, with a nervous laugh. "I don't sup-pose it will be necessary for me to for-mally sak you to marry me-we will just suppose the question put and negatived. You see, there were dozens of your good friends who were only too willing to tell me of the collection of hearts you have been making and the numbers of pro-posals which you have led different men on to make, hopelessly. I can't claim ignorance as my excuse. I knew and re-solved that I would never become one of solved that I would never become one of your victims, but I have fallen in a fair fight and can claim no quarter."

His speech had restored all Annette's canished confidence. Perfect mistress of series once more, she said lightly: "But you have not yet given me the pportunity to reject you, Mr. Ainley. I estainly cannot count my conquest com-lete until I have a formal proposal from

He looked at her in the darkness, his lips curling in contempt of such cruelty as she displayed, the while his eyes still old love. But he answered, in some suc-essful effort to sain her own light tone

"Miss Marrington, will you marry me?" She turned and faced him full before "Of course, I will, dear beart." (Copyright, 191E)

Italian Goes Insano Over War

AMSLEB, Pa., July 1.—Patsy Massi, an Italian, brooded over the war until he went treame, and he has been sent to the State Hospital. Massi at trai was arroated and sentenced to serve 20 days in juli, because of his queer estions. While there it was found by was farmer.

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 deevlopment 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 pic-

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 ac-count of its incompleteness. The Renfax people have such a machine, but like the Edison, the use of the film for a short time destroys perfect syncronism, 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, but 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 cyncronism impossible and multiple reel work impractical. The plans are now drawn and the details gone over carefully. The inventor in going over the blue prints with the writer explained every details showing how the difficulties are sur-mounted. This device does not add ad-ditional 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 break-ing films, patching them and yet having the voice and action reproduced in per-

feet harmony. "It is the man in the garret who adde to the progress of the world," some one said. If the models prove perfect this addition to the "movie" business will come from such a man, and Philadelphia will have just cause to be proud of him.

Accompanied by her mother, her director, Alian Dwan, and a supporting company, Mary Pickford has left the Los Angeles studies of the Famous Players on her way to the New York headquarters of this company. Miss Pickford has been in California since last November, during which time many of the recent films in which she has been starred by the Famous Players, as well as a number of the subjects in which she will shortly presented, were produced.

Miss Pickford and her company will Miss Pickford and her company will enact a feature film story en route from California to New York. A special story was devised for this purpose, so constructed that the plot begins in the West and terminates in New York, where the subsequent scenes will be produced. The subject will be produced under the direction of Allan Dwan, who has produced in California two of the most re-

ent Pickford subjects not yet scheduled Upon the arrival of Miss Pickford and Alian Dwan in New York, preparations will be made for a production starring Mary Pickford. This will be an elaborate photo-production entitled "Miss Jinny," a tenement story from the pen of Edith Barnard Delano, the author of another forthcoming Pickford production, "Rags," to be released August 2.

At the conclusion of the subject Mr.

At the conclusion of the subject Mr. Dwan will direct Miss Pickford in a series of important screen vehicles, notable among which will be "The Heart of Sally Temple," the famous novel and play by Rupert Surgent Holland, and "Audrey," adapted from the famous novel by Mary Johnston and the play by Harriet Ford.

FIVE STUDENTS ORDAINED

Bishop John J. McCort Officiates Ceremonies at Villanova College,

Bishop John J. McCort, assisted by the Very Rev. N. J. Murphy, provincial the Augustinian Order, and the Rev. E. Tourschor, master of novices at villanova, officiated at the ordination of a students to the priesthood at the collections.

today.

The order of the priesthood was emferred upon the Rev. Denia Kavanauan O. S. A., Newark: the Rev. William Cotter, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Rev. Job. Dwyer, South Bethlebem; the Rev. Victor Personnel Personnel and A. Dwyer, South Bethienemanne stev. Volus James, Pennsylvania, and the her James H. Griffin, of New York, Subdeaconships were conferred upon the Rev. John H. Hughes, of Lawrence Mass., who received minor orders yes terday. Denconships will be conferred upon the Rev. Louis Therney, the Ber Patrick Campbell and the Rev. J. C.

IN MEMORIAM VALENTINE.—FLORENCE G., who depart of this life July 1, 1918. In loving memory HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER

Deaths

BECKMAN,—On June 30, 1915, JOHN husband of Mary A. and son of Charles a Ella Beckman. Funeral on Saturday, at a. m., from his late residence, 200 No Grats at Scienn Requiem High Mass our Lady of Mercy Church, at 10 a. m. illerment Holy Cross Cometery.

CLAVIN,—On June 30, 1915, THOMAS husband of Mary A. Clavin, Funeral saurday, at S. a. m., from 1224 South 21. Solemn High Mans of Requiem at a Anthony's Church, at 9:20 a. m. Intermetholy Gross Cametery,

GEDNEY.—On June 30, 1915, JOSEPH B. GEDNEY, aged 66 years. Funeral services on Friday, at 8 p. m., at the residence of his son-in-law, John W. Pollock, 23 Clean pike, Ridley Park, Pa. Interment strictly

private.

HERITAGE.—At Langhorne, Pa., on June 30, 1915, Dr. JOSEPH B., son of the his Joseph D. Heritage. Relatives and figure and all organizations of which he was a member are invited to attend the funes without further notice, on Saturday attanton, at 2:15 precisely from his late readence. North Hellewis are, Langhorne, Pa. Interment private at Herchwood Cemeter, Train for Langhorne leaves Reading Terminal at 12:30 p. m.

HORMANN.—On June 29, 1915, ELIZA-BETH C., widow of Ferdinand Horman, Relatives and triends are invited to attest the funeral services, on Friday, July 2, at 1 o'clock, at her late residence, 7030 Rings Sun ave. (2d at. pike), Fox Chase, Philiop-phia, Interment private. HOUSE, — On June 30, 1915, MARY HOUSE, widow of James H. House, Fused on Saturday at 1 p. m., from the residue of her son-in-law, Harry N. Evans, West Fletcher at, Interment private, at Fernwood Cemetery,

JOHNSON. — On June 30, 1916, JOHNSON. — On June 30, 1916, JOHNSON, and Nellie Johnson, aged 1 year. Relativated friends are invited to attend the neral services on Friday morning, at o'clock, at the parents' residence, 4827 Commun.

LAW.—On June 30, 1915, JOHN R. Hay LAW.—On June 30, 1915, JOHN R. Hay LAW, son of William J. and Mary G. La. Funeral on Saturday, at 5:30 a. m., from a parents' residence, 2073 East Atlantic High Mace at the Church of the Nativity 10 a. m. Interment private, McGRATH.—On June 30, 1915, EDWARD husband of Mary McGrath, Funeral a Saturday, at 7:30 a.m., from 2307 Resource, the Mary McGrath, Elizabeth's Churc, at 9 a.m. Interment Cathedral Cemeters.

MORELAND.—On June 80, 1815, AGNE daughter of Robert J. and the late Ja-Moreland. Funeral services on Saturday, of 2 p. m., at her late residence, 507 Sout 42d at. Interment private. NAIRN.—On June 30, 1915, ALEXANDER K., Sr., husband of Agnes Nairn. Funeral pervices on Saturday, at 1 p. m., at his late residence, 4921 North Carlisle St., Logan. Beterment private, at North Cedar Hill Centery.

pHILIPS,—On June 30, 1915, HARRY, he band of May M. Phillips. Funeral service on Saturday, at 2 p. m., at his late redence, 55 Wyota at. Interment at Pernued Cemetery.

ROBINSON.—On June 30, 1915, MARY I wife of James Robinson. Funeral on Satisfacy, July 8, at 1:30 p. m., from 2349 Soun American at. Interment at Mt. Moral Cemetery. Cemetery.

SOLMS.—On June 29, 1915, MARIE CENIE, daughter of Martha H. and the John B. Solms, Relatives and friends invited to attend the funeral services Friday morning, at 11 o'clock, at her it residence, 1816 Master st. Interment it

vate.

STARCH.—Suddenly, on June 23, 1915, KATIE, widow of IsaaceStarck, aged 71 years
Relatives and friends are invited to attest
the funeral services, on Friday morning,
at 10:30 o'clock precisely, at the late residence, 3116 Clifford et. Interment at M.
Carmel Cemetery.

TAYLOR.—On June 30, 1915, SAMUEL R.
husband of Selina Taylor. Funeral service
on Saturday, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, 6088 Magnolia ave., Germantown. Interment private.



William H. Rocap'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 CARA LEDGER

SPORTS MAGAZINE

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.

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

BROAD AND CHESTNUT STREETS PHILADELPHIA