# FALSE WITNESS

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

circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

by the Ameriated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MAUD PLESSELY, a beginning and dreated to travel and dreated to travel and adventure. SIRM, ST. EBRICY, her mother, the widow of Admiral Picecoy, who were injustriously murdered when Mand was 8 years old.

CAPTAIN BARTIN ABROL. man of 31 For 13 years he has been master of the Sidt, a small trading stranger, though he is a man of birth and education.

GILBERT HURON.

a friend of the Plants.

RICHARD ARROL, Seether of Captain Arrol.

The ocal morning the Sidi arrives at Til-pary Mrs. Pleasey has come down to the ocas to meet Mand. When Mrs. Pleasey sets Captain Arrol she is startled, espa-ally as Mand has said she would marry rrol.

sity as Moud has said she would marry to.

Ly haven't we pust before, Captain Arther she sake pervously,

Arci schewickoge a previous acquaintics. Othert Hurch, Mrs. Fiencey's choice Maude hand, also seems to be familiate of the hand, also seems to be familiate of Arci.

1 hope he didn't recently a seem of the the hand in the hand, also seems to be familiate of the hand in th

is asked.
Mand writes Arrol that they must never
head or communicate again. In spite of
this Arrol writes to her. Arrol has been
causinced that it would be futile to attempt to find the real slayer of Admiral
Pleasey.

and "spites to his note, ordering him to come to see her. He goes to Brightto find her and meets him. Pleasey. She as that her husband had been shot by serman, that the Admiral was about to plans traitorously, and that she had used to tell the truth is order to preter to believe it, but is made to think ply, especially as Mrs. Arrol confesses to tilbert Huron holds the key to the ole mystery. These treatments to London and to his new displays the manufacture of torpedoes. He is present the manufacture of torpedoes. He is given the plans of a deadly torpedo and ecognizes in them the ideas explained to imin by Admiral Plessey 13 years ago. Mrs. Hessey tella Arrol that Maud has disapeared. A rrol asks his brother Richard there he imagines Maud may be found.

RICHARD rubbed his chin. "If she really wants to disappear, of course, she won't be able to use her real name or

CHAPTER XV-(Continued).

to supply testimonials or fererences. That will handicap her seriously if she tries to get a job as a governess or teacher, which is probably the first thing a girl with university training would think of. Would she be likely to think of the stage?" "I don't know why, but I cannot im-

agine her doing so. "Nor would she be attracted toward the

earser of a shop assistant or a tenshop girl," mused Richard. His ear caught the tap of the typewriter in the outer office. "What about that?" he suggested. "She might try to get a billet as a typist."

"She might," agreed Martin, forlornly, "but I shouldn't think she would relish it after the life she has been accustomed to." Suddenly he perceived a gleam of hope in Richard's suggestion. "I tell you what I'll do; I'll advertise for a typist: "Must be an M. A. of St. Andrewe, 5 feet 15 inches in height, and have some knowledge of Spanish." There couldn't be two girls looking for a job at the same moment with exactly those qualifications." ment with exactly those qualifications."

"For which reason Miss Plessy would "For which reason Miss Plessy would asked Dereve, scanning his face eagerly. office to perceive at once that the advertisement was a trap for her. If she is a girl of original," said Martin decisively. "Yes. she will know that men don't want M. A.'s to do their typing and do not insist upon a certain height. If you were advertising for a mannequin or a

What is a mannequin?" asked Martin. Richard explained. Martin shook his head. "She wouldn't do that sort of thing, I'm convinced," he said. He looked at his brother, as though debating some idea with him. "What about a com-panion or governess?" he asked.

There again she would be handlcapped by the want of testimonials."

"Not necessarily, it seems to me, The two men looked at each other for a moment in silence. "I've got R!" an-nounced the elder. "That advertisement dodge might be worth a try after all!" "What is your scheme?" "This. We will advertise for a con-

panion and reader to a young lady of good position. I don't know exactly how word these things-'Must be well read in the classics, know a little Spanish, have traveled, be of good appearance, etc. So far so good. That will interest atc. So far so good. That will interest her. Then this will catch her: Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Education up to university level, but diplomas not insisted upon. Lady without connection in London preferred. How's that, cap'n?"

Martin smiled his approval. 'It's a cincerty conceived bait.' he admitted

cieverly conceived balt," he admitted. "You don't think it too obviously designed

fur her, ch?"

'I think not. We need say nothing about age well, let's say under 3% so as to limit the number of applications. And, you see, there's no aliusion to a Scottish university, as in your abourd advertise. misers to put her on the qui vive." Richard slapped his leg. "Put that in the Times and all the morning papers and she'll rise to the bolt like trout in wet weather." He touched a hell. "I'll have

Grafted Martin restrained him. "Half a tick, by how. Where is the reply to be sent?"
"To the advertising agency, of course."

"But wouldn't a personal application be hetter for our purpose?"
"It would, I grant; but she wouldn't be likely to call here or at our flat, would she?"

"Obviously not I was thinking-Miss Deraye seems a brick. I wonder if we ware to take user into our confidence?" "By Fave!" ejaculated Richard, "that's the idea, but—" He looked with a queer smile at his brother.

"Well I think you had better let me make the suggestion to Monty Dereve. She would be more likely to help us if it were I who appeared to take an interest in the missing sirt."

CHAPTER MVII.

serve need it all right," announced I Richard, walking into his brother's

recom late that night. He shrew himself there is no easy what and stored at the celline. "Nice little girl, bfouty."

What did you tell her?" asked Martin, theosing the novel is had been reading an to the hed.

I gaid that a self I have had left these through foor of helms forced into a problem matter me. I saw blooky's black one think in with interest as son as I have not been a sent to the part of far and that we feared she would sone her man sympathetic. Then I have done became sympathetic. Then I have the sent on the little sheet.

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"Whether you were in love with the girl. I suppose."

"Exactly. I said no, that I took a brotherly interest in her—I ought to have said a brotherly-in-law interest, ch!—and that the only girl I was ever likely to fall in love with never gave a thought to me. All that sort of footle, you know. But she did not seem at all interested, and began to talk about the girl again before I had quite finished. The advertisement will be sent in tomorrow."

Marrin was infected by his brother's good spirits. "She has probably left the country by this time," he observed.

"If she has made up her mind to earn her own living she is more likely to stay in London. However, we shall know within a day or two. Cheer up, old man! You will probably have a telephone call from her before all, asking you to meet her in Battersea Park or the Tower of London, or some such outlandish place."

"I shall employ a detective, anyhow," "I shall employ a detective, anyhow," said Martin.

"There would be no harm in that. I should not be surprised if her people set a detective on to you. They probably share my belief that she will look you up and that the surest way of tracking her is to keep an eye on you. Well, good night."

Richard's expectations were realized. As Martin crossed Victoria street at the tea hour he noticed an ordinary looking man step out from a doorway and saun-ter after him. Later on he saw the same man seated at a table in a distant corner of the tearcom, evidently watching him. He mentioned this to Richard, who sug-gested various pranks that they could play upon the man. Martin shrugged his shoulders. "The poor beggar has his liv-ing to earn," he said. "Why make it any harder for him? When it is necessary to give him the slip I shall know how to

Notwithstanding, Richard sent the office boy out to the man to present him with a slice of bread and fam and "Mr. Arrol's

a slice of bread and jam and "Mr. Arrol's compliments, sir."

The sea is a good school for patience, and Martin awaited the result of the advertisement and of the independent inquiries he had set afoot somewhat in the mood in which he had often put to sea while matters were left in suspense ashore. The servants at the flat had orders to bring all letters to the office as soon as they arrived; he seldom strayed for mere than an hour together from the immediate neighborhood of Victoria street. Should Maud at last decide to write he Immediate neighborhood of Victoria street. Should Maud at last decide to write he took care that she should not be kept waiting very long for an answer. Meantime he pondered over the plans originally conceived in the dead admiral's

brain and now, after 13 years, become the property of himself and his partner. He ould give much to meet Sydney Dereve. would give much to meet Sydney Dereve. The man might have come by the papers quite honestly, but it told against him that he had waited so many years before attempting to make use of them. Mrs. Plessey had declared that her husband had been shot by the agent of a foreign Power. If Dereve had been that agent it was difficult to understand why he should have related presented of the plans in have retained possession of the plans instead of handing them over to his prin-cipals. It seemed more likely that he was himself a spy and had copied the plans when they had come into possession of

when they had come into persession of the foreign Power.

In that case he must be deceiving his brother also. The designs could not be called original if they had already been carried into effect in a government tor-pedo works somewhere or other in Eu-

Of course these might not be the plans which the admiral had agreed to sell. They might have been disposed of before or after his death in a perfectly legitimate manner to some one or other; but the legitimate purchaser would not keep them in his pocketbook for 13 years, .No. Martin had no doubt that the papers be-fore him were copies of the designs which had been stolen from Admiral Plessey's

desk by his murderer.

"Had they been the originals," he reflected, "I should only have had to put them in the fire to destroy all proofs of the admiral's guilt. As copies they may at least prove clues."

"What do you think of those plans?"

The engineer started.

Good heavens, what do you mean? Where have they been executed?" "I will not even swear that they have ever been executed; so far they may be original. But I distinctly remember the late Admiral Plessey formulating such an idea while I was at his side watching the aval maneuvers off Bere Haven in 189-" Martin leaned back in his chair and met the troubled gaze of his partner.

well you should know this," he said.

Dereve's face brightened. "Well, what
do we care? It does not follow because the admiral conceived such an idea that he ever took any steps to work it out, much less give it practical shape. Coincidences of this sort are of constant re-currence in all branches of science. Look at the discovery of Neptune by Adams and Le Verrier at the same time, and the simultaneous conclusions of Darwin and Russel Wallace \* \* But it may not be entirely a coincidence. There were offi-

cers standing by the admiral when he formulated this idea, I suppose?"
"At that particular moment I was the only other person within hearing." now ideas get passed from one brain to another. Long after the idea died in the admiral's brain it came to life again in my brother's. That's how it was."

Arrol rested his head on his hand and tapped on the blotting pad before him. "I know as a fact that the admiral did work upon the idea and that he was working on it some little time before his death. You don't know how he died, death.

do you""
"No, I don't. I don't know that I ever heard of him."

heard of him."
"I am not likely to forget," said Martin with bitter emphasis. "He was found shot in his study by me, and because I was the first to find him I was charged with the crime. I was acquitted, of course."
"You must tell me about that some other day," said the engineer, far too much troubled about his plans to listen to the recital of any tragedy, even one affecting his partner. He walked up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. down the room, his hands in his pockets, his brows contracted. "The only question for us," he said at

the only question for its, he said at length. "Is whather these designs have actually been carried into effect. They have not been patented in this country or any other. Of that our patent asents

any other. Of that our patent agents have made aure."
"But for all we know," observed Martin, "a whole shoal of torpedoes of this precise pattern may be reposing in asma foreign yard unknown to the Intelligence departments of other Powers."
"By Heaven, that is so!" cried Derave, his sallow face lighting up. "Don't you see, man, what a pull that would give us? Offer the plans to our Admirally as the designs of the torpedoes secretly prepared by our rivals! Lord, man, they would give us any price we liked to name."

dignantly. You can guess the next ques-tion size put to me?"
"Whether you were in love with the girl, I suppose."
"Whether you were in love with the maturity. I insist on that," he went on, as firmly as if he had been addressing the mate of the Sid! "We should be a pre-cious couple of idiots if we put a patent on the market which had already been adopt-ed—and perhaps discarded as worthless-long ago by some naval Power. Cable your brother to come over here."

You're risht," nareed Derays. "Till have him over here by the next boat." He touched a bell. The office boy appeared. "Get me the code book and the Affantic cable forms," he commanded.

"We shall have to wire him some money, too," he added, with the shadow of a smile. "I never knew Syd to have more than ten dollars on him at one time."

The cablesyrary drafted to his satisface.

The cablegram drafted to his satisfac-The cablegram drafted to his salisfac-tion, the engineer touched the bell again. The office boy again appeared. "Send this off right now," his master ordered. The boy took the form and glanced at the address. He paused and looked at Dereve. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "I see this is addressed to Mr. Sydney Dereve." "Well?"

"Well?"
"Well, sir, a gentleman called in here
this morning the instant after I camebefore any one else was here—and asked
me if this was Mr. Sydney Dereve's office. I said no. That you was Mr. Eustace Dereve, sir. He asked if I knew
where Mr. Sydney was, and I said I believed he was in New York, sir. He said
he would call again."
"Well that's all right. If he calls

he would call again."

"Well, that's all right. If he calls again send him in to me."

"Wait a moment!" Martin stopped the lad. "What was the gentleman like"

"Well, he was nothing particular to look at, sir. I've seen him hanging about the street the last day or two, but I thought he was going to speak to you, sir."

Martin listened attentively. "Thanks, you may go," he said; and the lad hurried off with the telegram.

"Bomebody Syd owes some money to," suggested Dereve indifferently. "Do you think you know the man?" think you know the man?"
"I suspect it is the man who I thought
was shadowing me for reasons best
known to himself," said Martin guardedly. "It seems it was your brother he
wanted after all." But he was pursled.
The man had certainly dogged his movements which there seemed no reason for ments, which there seemed no reason for doing if he was inquiring after a man in America. On the other hand, he could america. On the other hand, he could not conceive why any one should be in-terested both in him and Sydney Dereve. He resolved to challenge the man should he see him sgain. But when he looked up and down the street he had disap-

eared.
The partners lunched together. Dereve petrayed that restlessness and excitability which seems to be rapidly acquired in the New World. He strolled in and out of the office throughout the afternoon waiting for the reply to his cable. It came about 5. He tore open the envelope, read the dispatch and threw it on the desk before Martin with a very emphatic excla

"Impossible leave New York, Detained ampossible leave New York, Detained some time. Write further particulars information required,—S.D."
"What do you think of that!" shouted Dereve. "Won't come over, you see; won't face the music! Looks as if we had been had, Arrol."
Arrol thought so, too, but preferred to take a more originality to the Preferred to take a more originality.

take a more optimistic tone. He drum-med on his desk for a moment, then formed a quick decision.

"Til go over there," he said, "and have a talk with him. You can't leave the office at this juncture. There's that Cor-rientes commission to attend to and the flotation of the company. When does the next boat leave?" "Tomorrow-Saturday."

After some discussion this plan was agreed to. Martin went over to the flat to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. To his mild surprise he found Monty Dereve in the drawing

Monty Dereve's dark face flushed with

pleasure as Martin entered.
"I telephoned your brother," she explained, "and as we had a lot to talk about he told me to come on here. I guess I've got here sooner than he expected, since the maid has had to go over to his office to fetch him. Have you just left

isively.
"Yes. I left him pretty busy." Martin
drew a chair near to the girl and sat down. "I'm sailing for 'God's own country' tomorrow, Miss Dereve." he said, with a smile, "and hope to have the pleasure of a talk with your father'

Miss Dereve flushed again-not alto-gether with pleasure, Martin suspected. "Poor old pop," she remarked pensively. I wonder what he is doing over there all

this while. Tell him it's time he came over to see his little girl."
"I'll certainly do so, Miss Dereve, and I'll do my best to bring him back with me. Any commissions I can execute—candles, ice water, popcorn, or peanuts?"
The girl smiled at the mild pleasurer. The girl smiled at the mild pleasantry and looked with interest at her uncle's partner. "I wish I were going with you." she said, "I mean, of course, that I were sailing by the same boat."

saining by the same boat."
"I wish to, too. By the way, have you heard anything in reply to the advertisement you were kind enough to insert?"
"Oh. about that poor girl who ran away from home? Why, no, not yet. Tell me. Mr. Arrol, is your brother very deeply interested in that young lady?"
"Richard? No, certainly not," replied

Martin with some heat.
"I guess it's you then," suggested the girl searching his face. He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and was about to reply when Richard entered. He shook hands heartlly with his visitor and apologized for keeping her waiting.

Before we talk about anything we must

have tea," he declared.

The tea was brought by a neat maid and served with a daintiness which is not at all peculiar to woman-ruled house holds. Martin talked of his approaching trip to America, and was uncomfortably trip to America, and was uncomfortably conscious that Monty Dereve was listening to him avidly. Richard's attempts to secure her attention were almost disregarded. Seeing this. Martin presently rose and announced that he had to attend to his packing. As he shook hands he felt here press his warmly and noticed the sarnest look in her eyes.

"Good luck, Mr. Arrol, and come back soon," she said.

soon," she said.

CHAPTER XVIII. I WAS good to be out at sea again, to hear the stamp of the engines, and to be fulled to sleep by the awaying of the vessel and the rearing of the wind. Yet it was strange for Martin to find himself in a ship without any say in its

It was a stormy morning when they reached Queenstown. He leaned over the ride watching passengers arriving by the tunder. There were very few. The second to mount the ladder was a man muffled up in a traveling cap and ulster. Hair way up the ship's eide, his cap blew off. By his snow-white hair and moustache Martin instantly recognized him as Gilbert Huros.

The passenger climbed with staggering eps on to the deck. He was shartly see if he had suffered thus during the short passage in the tander, Martin won-dered, with an inward chuckle, whether he would survive the crossing of the At-

His rival's wretchedness did not more him to pity. He stepped forward as the miserable man was being helped by a steward towards the stairway and pinnted himself fairly in his path.

"Mr. Huron, I believe?" he said, with an easy time, making frosty smile.

As he tooked up a l'ght seemed to flicker in his dull, clouded eyes, to disappear in-

tantly
"I-I don't know you," he muttered feebly, nudging the steward to proceed.
"Humbug!" ejeculated Martin, keeping pace with him; "you know me well enough. I'm Martin Arrol. So it seems we are to be shipmates this voyage. We have been interesting varies to. we are to be shipmates this voyage. We shall have some interesting yarns to gether. You are fond of the sea, Mr. Huron?"

unfortunate landsman closed his eyes and leaned more heavily upon his support. The steward smiled at Martin's derisive inquiry. "I'm afraid the gentleman's rather queer, sir," he ventured.

man's rather queer, sir," he ventured.

"I'll lend you a hand with him," volunteered the sallor. He gripped Huron by his other arm and, not as gently as he might have done, assisted the steward to lead him down the stairway and alons the alley-way. It was no instinct of compassion that moved him. Sessickness in any one seemed to Martin a rather absurd weakness; in Huron it was, of course, contemptible and horrid. But foreseeins that his enemy would probably make very few appearances on deck, he wished to get the number of his cable with a view to paying him a visit.

to get the number of his view to paying him a visit.

At the entrance to his cabin, Huron recovered himself for an instant. "Thank you," he said, bowing slightly to his rival.

At the entrance to his cabin, Huron recovered himself for an instant. "Thank you," he said bowing slightly to his rival. "It's very good of you. I'm a rotten sallor, as you see." He put his hand to his head. He was suffering from that horrible ache in the eyelids which is one of the accempaniments of this form of names. "Is Maud—Miss Plessy—about?" "Good heaven, no!" exclaimed Arrol. "Good heaven, no!" exclaimed Arrol. retreating a step. "Did you imagine she was? Oh. I see!" He slapped his thigh and burst into a loud laugh. "You were out to follow us—thought it was a runaway match! Poor beggar, you're fairly launched on the Atlantic, and there's no lawy match! Poor beggar, you're fairly launched on the Atlantic, and there's no lawy have to face these horrors—the resum he had been said. The too ill to talk needs the doorpost. "That wasn't it—I've business the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the doorpost. "That wasn't it—I've business the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the doorpost. "That wasn't it—I've business the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the doorpost. "That wasn't it—I've business the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the doorpost. "That wasn't it—I've business the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs the other side. I'm too ill to talk needs to the upper deck to think out this new turn in the situation. Martin left him to the emperated end the pulse within him, he drew deep he shad. I'm too ill to talk needs to the upper deck to think out this new turn in the situation. He found he had the promenade deck pretty much to himself. The gale stirred the pulse within him, he drew deep heraths of the keen salt air. He lit a pipe and paced to and fro. In apite of the out of the strain to the strain hearing from his spy that he had taken the boat train to Liverpool, had resolved to intercept him at Queenstown, expect-ing, of course, to find Maud with him. Well, he was sold—beautifully sold!

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

### SMALLEY IS STAR IN GLORY CONTESTS

Central High School All-around Athlete Wins Three Firsts at Germantown Boys' Affair.

E. F. Smalley was the star of the "allfor-glory" track and field meet held under the auspices of the Germantown Boys' Club last night. He scored 15 points -y winning the 50 and 229-yard dashes and running broad jump.

half went to Earl Hepburn, W. W. Brown landed the quarter from Hepburn in an interesting race. M. Geseslman was best in the high jump and Art Wells in the

CLARENCE CARMAN WINS

Clever Cyclist Captures 40-mile Event With Ease.

Clarence Carman, the world's champlor showed that he is in a class by himself by winning the big 40-mile motor-paced race last evening at the Point Breeze Park Motordrome before another recordbreaking crowd of more than 15,000 spec-

In the three-mile professional motorcycle race St. Yves and Armstrong, who had a neck-and-neck race on the last lap, had a narrow escape from colliding with each other. In the four-mile race the little Frenchman and Vanderberry fin-ished so close that it looked like a dead heat and the judges disagreed, but the referee, Richard Stroud, gave the race to Vanderberry. The summaries:

Vanderberfy. The summaries:

Two-mile professional motorcycle race-Won by Henri St Yves, France; second, Billy Armstrong, Philadelphia; third, Herman Vedita Fine, 2 minutes, 7 1-5 second, Four-mile professional motorcycle race-Won by Speedy Vanderberry, Philadelphia; second, Wong, Speedy Vanderberry, Philadelphia; second, Honst St. Yves, Time, 5 minutes 54 4-5 seconds, Forty-mile motor-paced race-Won by Claracise; Carman, America; second, Vincent Molonna, Haly; third, George Wiley, Syrause; fourth, George Sersa, France. Time, 4 minutes 17 2-5 seconds.

Two-mile trial against time by Henry St. Two-mile trial against time by George Six-mile professional motorcycle race-Won by Hilly Armstrong; second, Herman Veditz, Philadelphia. Time, 4 minutes 15 2-3 seconds,

TOLAND IN FIGHT TONIGHT Johnny to Battle K. O. Sweeney at Rockaway, N. Y., Club

NEW YORK, July L.-Two attractive 19ound bouts will be featured at Brown's Far Rockaway Club tonight. In the main event Harry Stone, the Australian wel-terweight champion, will meet Johnny (Kid) Alberts, of Elizabeth. Stone has met and defeated the best men in Australia and Europe. He was presented tralla and Europe. He was presented with a belt in Australia as an emblem of the welterweight championship of that

Within the last year Alberts fought sensational fight with Mike Gibbons. He also boxed Packie McFarland a hard 12round fight.

In the second 16-round affair K. O. Sweeney, the East Side middleweight, will meet Johnny Toland, the crack Philadelphia boxer, who has met the best in

FEDERALS WANT SHAWKEY Former Athletic Pitcher Refuses to

Report to Yanks.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 2-Pitcher Bob Shawkey, until recently of the Phila-delphia Athletics, may wear a Federal League uniform in a few days. Shawkey, who has been ordered to report to the fused to play with that team. He deeply resents being shifted from team to team Shawkey is now at his home at Shaffield. Pa. From there he stated over the telephone that the Buffalo club had made him a pleasing offer, which is now under constituration.

Athletics' Games Off

BOSTON, Mass., July 1-Much to the isappointment of Manager Carrigan rain eccentated the postponement of the public header acheduled between the thieties and Red Sox for this afternoon. Foday's postponement means that two of the games scheduled for this series will have to he played in the last trip of the

With the Athletics' pitching staff shot to pieces and the team in a demoralized condition, the Red Sox expected to have "Mr. Hiron, I believe?" he said, with a frosty smile, it was quite impossible for Gilbert Haren to an ear painr. It was equally haven to an ear painr. It was equally haren to an ear painr. It was equally haren to an ear painr and may queet the Res Sox Just when the pennant race is closest. The Daily Story

Merely a Matter of Business "I don't deny any of your claims, Rig-by, but it has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to the mar-ried man a certain sense of responsibility which makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the resition."

and more safe in the position. "But, Mr. Johnson," protested yo

Rigby, "there isn't a man on your travel-ing force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you gave me. If you'd give me a chance at New York State, I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get mar-ried first! No, don't argue," reiterated Mr Johnson as Rigby tried to interrupt. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk busi-pess." Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled, but his voice was firm, his general bearing decided. decided. "You belong to a club here in town, have apartments waiting for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theatre some, play the races a bit, eh?"
Rigby nodded his head.

Rigby nodded his head.

"Cut it out and get a wife."

"But I don't know any girl who'd—"

"What!" almost shouted Mr. Johnson,
"do you mean to tell me that in all
your bumping around the country you've
never met a girl you would seriously
consider marrying?"

Higby's mind traveled rapidly over his
list of acquaintances. He raised his head,
and caught a pair of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner
of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No, I don't know a girl I'd care to
marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry
me."

and that job. I'm going to get but he side of the two weeks."

Then he left the office.

Mr. Johnson, senior member of the Johnson Manufacturing Company, chuckled. He had liked Rigby from the hour the lad had started out in the Pennsylvania coal territory to sell Johnson shoes, but he would not vary his long-standing rule—the best jobs to the married men. Willimet, who had long held the New York territory, was going into business for himself, and his position was the one for which Rigby was askins.

Charley Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was thinking about girls. When his father's money had been swept away by ill-advised investments he had cut loose from his mother's people, who had always resented her marriage with the visionary, casy-

mother's people, who had always resented her marriage with the visionary, easy-going Rigby. Now he wished that he had kept in touch with them and their social life. Naturally of gentle breeding and instincts, he had not cared for the class of girls he met in his life as a commercial traveler, and he had a bit of his father's dramy rature, which carof his father's dreamy nature, which carried him to the theatre and made him happy in good books. The visionary character was shown in his passion for the racetrack—it might almost be called a gambling instinct. There was the nurse who had tiled him over the malaria fever, but she had told him the first day of his convalescence that she was enthe racetrack-it might almost be called of his convalencence that she was engaged. The daughter of the biggest shoe dealer in Scranton had invited him to dinner every time he called on her father—but she was not just the sort. He drank two cocktails, only to be more deeply plunged into despair. And matrimony was a gamble, a lottery, after all. It was just the same whether you knew a sirl a day or a year. You never really a girl a day or a year. You never really knew her until you married her. Lots of married men had told him so. Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes that had watched him during John-

son's merciless catechism.

Just then Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyously. After a few desul-tory remarks he inquired about the owner of brown eyes. "You remember Darnton, who was

killed in the Somerville collision last sum-mer? Well, she's his daughter. Belle Darnton. I think her mother's folks have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her mother's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary. er little salary.

That night he walked home with Miss Brown-eyes. The next night he called, the third he took her to the theatre-but all the while the brown eyes never met his. And Sunday night of the followmet me. And Sunday night of the follow-ing week he asked her to marry him. There were four days of grace.
"You know I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wishing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll-I'll be on the road most

of the time, and your aunt could stay with you-only in a much better house-and really. I'll do my best to make you The brown eyes were shooting sparks

"I'm glad you didn't have the impertinence to tell me you loved me anyhow.
There is that much to your credit." she
was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't
make me happy. I hate you—"
She said more, but Rigby, stumbling

to his apartments through the snow, could not exactly recall it. Perhaps he didn't want to recall it. "I hate you!" That was quite enough. And all of a sudden he realized that above all things, he did not wish this girl to hate him. He wanted her to look him anatted. wanted her to love him, wanted it more than anything else in the world-even the position.

Three days later Mr. Johnson opened a letter from Rigby, dated in a small Pennsylvania town. "I have changed my mind. I don't want the New York job until I've earned my wife."

Then he wrote of sales and customers Johnson dictated an answer to the business part of the letter and ignored the reference to a future marriage. He gave Rigby's letter to the brown-eyed stenographer to file with the rest of his day's correspondence, and she read the all-important paragraph pages the second all-important paragraph more than or And all that long, bitter winter Rigby stayed on the road. He shunned the theatre, and closed his eyes to the racing news. But he sold goods, and wrote regularly to the senior member of the

"Rigby's got the trade in Pennsylvania by the boot-straps and pulling on it to beat the bund," observed Johnson to his partner one day—in the presence of the

brown-eyed stenographer. "He is surely trying to make a record."

And the little stenographer, under cover of her typewriter desk, gave a loving pat to a fat order Rigby had just sent in. It was summer before Rigby put the

question again, and fall before the wed-ding day was set. Righy protested, but she was firm.
"I want you to make one more trip. she was firm.
"I want you to make one more trip, she said siyly. "I want to write you every day-for myself. All our correspondence heretofore has been purely a matter of business." He looked at her reproachfully. "Yes," she added smiting tenderly. "I could read between the lines of each letter to Mr. Johnson; "I'm doing this for you, dear, for you?" But I want some letters of my very own. We'll make it just a year from the day Mr. Johnson told you to go wife-hunting."

ing."
Highly sighed resignedly.
"All right, but tell me just one thing. Belle dear. Why did you watch me so closely the day Johnson usked me if there wasn't some girl I could marry in a horry?"
"Because because —" and the brown eyes were covered with the aweeping tashes now. "I was so so airsid there might be."

(Chapyright, 1815.)

### WILLIAMS FACES HIS CONQUEROR AGAIN

National Tennis Champion Meets George M. Church on Clay Courts of Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, July 2-Everything by in readiness this morning for the most interesting tennis match ever staged in this city. R. Norris Williams, 2d, American titleholder, meets George M. Church, Princeton, intercollegiate and Delaware State champion. In the final round for the clay court tennis championship of the United States.

Besides this big event which was scheduled for today, there is much interest in the women's singles, in which the chances are that Miss Molia Bjurstedt will meet Mrs. George Wightman.

The William-Church contest is creating great deal of interest because of the fact that Church won when the pair met last. Williams was still fresh from his victory over Maurice E. McLoughlin at Newport for the national title last summer, when he met Church at the Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Church took the match at 8-8, 9-7, 4-8, 7-5. The contenders today are now members of the Eastern tennis team which is to com-pete against the Westerners at the Pan-ama-Pacific Coast Exposition.

#### WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Won. Lost. Pet. Chicago
Phillies
St. Louis
Pittsburgh
Boston
New York
Brooklyn
Cincinnati 35 20 .574 33 27 .550 35 32 .522 32 28 .533 29 34 .400 26 31 .456 28 34 .452 26 32 .448

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Won. Lost, Pct. Win, Lose, Split, Chicago 46 21 .687 .691 .676 ...
Boston 38 23 .610 \*.623 +.550 .667
Detroit 39 27 .891 .597 .583 ...
Washington 31 28 .625 .533 .617 ...
New York 33 31 .516 .523 .508 ...
Cleveland 23 39 .371 .381 .365 ...
St. Louis 22 41 .349 .369 .344 ...
Athletics 22 42 .344 \*.344 \*.333 .348
\*Win two, †Lose two. PEDERAL LEAGUE.

Won. Lost. Pct. Win. Lose.

St. Louis 38

‡Kansas City 4

†Kansas City 4

Chicago 38

Pitsburgh 36

Newark 38

Brooklyn 36

Baltimore 29

Buffalo 29

‡ Not scheduled. 20 .504 27 .603 29 .574 29 .554 34 .493 38 .441 39 .400 45 .346 Rival Bell-Hop Nines Will Cross Bats No game between the Phillies and the Giants has aroused more enthusiasm among the bellhops than the approaching contest between the rival nines of the New York Ritz-Carlton and the Philadel-

phia Ritz-Cariton, which will be played here next Monday.

Swimmer Hughes Seeks Record

Captain Edward Watson Burns Captain Edward Watson Burns
HAGERSTOWN, Md., July 2.—Captain
Edward Watson Bruns, formerly traveling passenger agent of the Cumbertans
Valley Railrond, who died suddenly last
night of apoplexy, was a real railrond
vetsran, though aged only 65. He began
work in 1897 as cierk at Chambersburg
and was with the road until death. For
years his ability to size up off-hand trainloads of people coming to Hageratowa
fair was a marvel to associates,

James H. Mulligan LEXINGTON, Ky., July 2.—James H., Mulligan, former United States consul at Samoa, poet and author, died today, or apoplexy, aged 71.

IN MEMORIAM MONRHOUSE. In loving remembrance of Deaths

CADWALLADER.—On July 1, 1918, CAT ARINE C. CADWALLADER, mother of late Joseph E. Cadwallader, Funeral ices on Sinday, at 10 a. m., precisely, at la late residence, \$2 N. Wycombe ave., La-stowns, Delaware County, Fa., Interme-

p. m.

GARDINER.—Near Ashland, N. J., on Reventh Month 1st, 1915, S. HARRISON GARLINER, busband of the late Elizabeth F. Gardiner, and non of the late Micajak W. and Margaret E. Gardiner. Relatives arriends are invited to attend the funeral selected day. Reventh Month Sth. at 1.0 m., from his late residence. Train and Market street ferry. Philadelphia. at 12.0 p. m.; will be met at Ashland Station.

Market street ferry, Philadelphia, at 122 p. m.; will be met at Ashland Status.

HERITAGE.—At Langhorne, Pa., on June 30, 1915, Dr. JOSEPH B., son of the last Joseph D. Heritage. Helsives and filends and all organizations of which he was amenber are invited to attend the funeral without further notice, on Saturday afternoon, at 2:15 precisely, from his late residence, North Helicule ave., Langhorne, Frinterment, private at Beechwood Cemetry. Train for Langhorne leaves Reading Terminal at 12:30 p. m.

JONES.—On July 1, 1915, ADELAIDE & JONES, widow of Samuel T. Jones. Helitives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, from her late readece, 1008 South 48th st., at 4 p. m. Saturday, July 3, Interment private.

KELLY.—On July 1, 1915, at his parent residence, 141 Springfield ave., Chestas Hill, GREGORY COCK, Jr., son of Gregor Cock and Agnes Shaw Kelly, aged 6 years. Services and interment private.

KENT.—At Covina, Cal., June 15, 1915 ELIZABETH LYON, wife of Rodolphy and daughter of Ellis and Elizabeth Clarkaged 8 years. Interred at Christ Chem. Burying Ground, Philadelphia, June II, 1915.

BOTHCHILD.—On July 1, 1915, METE bushand of Millig. E. Esthybuli, areas.

ROTHCHILD.—On July 1, 1915, MEYE husband of Millie B. Rothchild, aged syears. Relatives and friends, also Philoppia Lodge, No. 2, P. B. O. E., are invites attend the funeral services, ou Sunday ming, at 16 o'clock precisely, at his late redance, 1832 North 17th st. Interment priva at Mount Sinai Cemetery. Kindly omit forers.

# Your Dentist a modern life-saver according to



## Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

-and he ought to know. For Doctor Hutchinson is an eminent practitioner, president of the American Academy of Medicine and a writer whose humorous yet authoritative articles on health have given him nation-wide popularity.

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is the first of 12 complete articles by Doctor Hutchinson which will appear each week in the Public Ledger.

The first is one of his best. It will tell you a lot you didn't know about the importance of keeping your masticating machinery in good order. It will warn you of numerous serious disorders that can be traced directly to tooth trouble.

You'll enjoy every line of "Why Good Teeth Mean a Long Life." Incidentally, it may save you a heap of discomfort later on. Look for it in the

Sunday (July 4th)

PUBLIC & LEDGER