FALSE WITNESS By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

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

by the associated Newspapers, Ltd.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE

sing, PLESSEY, the widow of Admiral Pieces, new mouther, the widow of Admiral Pieces, new mouther murdered when Mand

CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROL. s from of the For it years he has been induced or the Bill, a small trading steamer blosten he is a man of birth and sducation GILBERT HURON.

next morning the fill arrives at Ill-Mrs. Fleeney has rome down to the to meet Maud. When Mrs. Please, Captain Arrol she is startled, espe-as Maud has said she would marry

heete Capitain Arrol she is startled, especially as Maud has said she would marry Arrol as Maud has said she would marry Arrol as Maud has said she would marry as the said she would marry as the said she would marry as the said she would be said to said a said she said the said she was a said and seems to be familiar to Arrol. I hope he didn't recognize you, eave Mrs. Plessey Mr. Hisron is gradually facing libertees with Maud. Huron tells Maud that Arrol has been acquised of the murder of Maud's father and that the lura has their disagrees that he thinks Arrol guilty. She results the imputation, and says she will read the court testimony. The house of a brother officer hept Arrol allent in his own defense.

Convinced of Arrol's innocence and proud that he was slient in his own defense to said the honor of a relow-officer, Maud soes to him and finally persuades him to clear himself before he marries her.

Mrs. Plessey forbids Maud's engagement to Capitain Arrel and tells her she must marry Huron to rrevent his laying bare the fact that Mr. Plessey was killed in a struggle with his wife.

Huron threatens to inform against Mrs. Plessey, Meanwhijs Martin Arrol goes to his solicior. He is told that he cannot be read of suspicion unless the guilty person is found. "Do you suspect any one" he asked.

Mand writes Arrol that they must never sees or communicate sain. In spite of

d. writes Arrol that they must never of communicate again. In spite of the communicate again, in spite of the communication her. Arrol has been sed that it would be futlle to attofind the real slayer of Admiral

of to find the real slayer of Admirated.

Left replies to his note, ordering him to come to see her. He goes to Brightoffind her and meets Mrs. Plessey. She a that her husband had been shot hy serman, that the Admirat was about to plans traiterously, and that she had sed to tell the truth in order to present the honor of the Admirat. Arrol results to believe it, but is made to think ally especially as Mrs. Arrol confesses Gilbert Huron holds the key to the mystery.

Officer Huron holds the Key in the enyster, collected there holds the Key in the enyster, to I returns to London and to his new less, the manufacture of torpedoes. He was the plans of a deadly torpedo and nizes in them the ideas explained to by Admiral Plessey 13 years ago. Mrs. ey tells Arrol that Maud has disapped, Arrol asks his brother Richard e he imagines Maud may be found. In are baffled, Arrol decides to let matter drap temperarily. He deters to go to America to meet the man is said to be the inventor of the torpedocute of the torpedocute of the collectives for many menths, but has no effort to exapt them. (Ifher it takes the same boot, Arrol and Maudioping, which is obviously not the case, in detties, and retires seaseck.

CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued). RROL looked wistfully toward the A Irish, shore which showed faint and gray low down on the murky horizon. "I wish he hadn't been," he said to himself. The last time he had paced a deck like this she had been at his side, her hand frequently seeking his. Now where was she? All the way from London he had been tempted to repreach himself with having abandoned her-with thus leaving England while still uncertain of her whereabouts and prospects. Reason told him that since she had determined to avoid him he could only assist her through his friends and till scomplic it is complicit is complicit. therefore that it was better he should not be on the spot. Richard had proteined to cable him at once should the least scrap of information be received concerning ber. Above all, Martin felt instinctively that Maud's salvation depended upon the solution of the mystery of her father's death. The luncheen bugle aroused Martin from his meditations. The salcon of a Cun-arder certainly bore little enough resemblance to the cabin of the Sidi; yet the refired sailor ate with a better appetite and felt more at home than he had done ship into

enemy's mercy.

Martin descended to the lower deck and tapped at the door of the stateroom.

"Come in." said some one in a plaintive

Martin entered and, switching on the light, discovered Mr. Huron in his berth, light, discovered Mr. Huron in his berth, comfortably tucked up for the night. Beside him, within reach of his hand, was a basket containing a bottle of champagne, a patent medicine supposed to be an infallible cure for sea sickness, a small flask of eau de Cologne, three apples and half a dozen dry biscuits. Martin made an inventory of these things. "That's quite the right treatment," he observed with mock gravity. "Stick to chaerved with mock gravity. "Stick to it and this time tomorrow you won't mind a man smoking a five-cent cigar under your very nose. I'll sit down if you don't mind."

He took a chair and surveyed the pro-

He look a chair and surveyed the pros-trate man with mingled curiosity and amazement. "Feel in the mood for a straight tails?" he inquired quizzically. "I never feit less inclined for conversa-tion in my life," replied Huron, gazing upward with lack-lustre eyes. "But as I can't read or sleep I've no objection to intenting to you, so long as you don't expect me to answer."

of a kindly disposed fate. wouldn't consider that a very fair and reasonable answer to your abominable proposals? * * You don't agree with me? Well, well. * * And as the result of your leternal blackguardism my siri has alleped her cable and is lost to both of us, * * You'll have to pay for that, my man." Martin knocked the bowl wouldn't consider that a very fair and reasonable answer to your abominable proposals? * * You don't agree with me: Well, well. * * And as the result of your internal blackguardism my girl has alipped her cable and is lost to both of us. * * You'll have to pay for that, my man." Martin knocked the bowl of his pipe against the heel of his boot. "Meantime, it may interest you and your dear friend Mrs. Plessey to learn that I don't believe her yarn about the admiral, and that I fancy I've got a clue to the real murderer. Ah! that makes you start, eh? * * When I've got my hands on the real man your power for good and svil, my triend, will be at an end, You'll be sorry. I reckon, that you drave Maud Plessey away from her home."

The sick man had been listening at-

The sick man had been listening at-tentively without moving a muscle. Now he shifted uneasily beneath the coverlet. he shifted uneasily beneath the coveriet. "It's tremendously good of you to have come to see me, Captain Arrol," he said meckly, "and our talk has cheered me immensely. But I am feeling very sleepy and must ask you to so now. When I'm all right we must have some long talks on deck. Shall I ring for the steward to have you.

Martin laughed. His enemy's sangfrold appealed to him. "Pray don't trou-ble." he said, "I had hoped that you would let me bring you your tea, but I'll leave you since you prefer to sleep in-atead. Well, I hope to see you at breakfast tomorrow.'

Mr. Huron did not appear at breakfast next day, nor the day after. The passage was a bad one for the time of year, though for the matter of that smooth passages to New York are the exception at all seasons. Huron kept to his cabin, and hearing from his steward that he was even in the hands of the desire. Martin feature, a disturb him.

doctor, Martin forbore to disturb him.

Within 36 hours of Sandy Hook the liner ran into calm weather. The sea shone gloriously, gliding with its rays an enormous iceberg saling majestically toward the South. The sea was smooth as glass. At lunchen Martin was arranged to At luncheon Martin was surprised to discover how popular the ship was. The remotest cabins now disgorged their sallow occupants, hungry for the first meal they had tasted since they salled. And among these famished ones was Mr. Gil-bert Huron.

Martin nodded to him as he passed his table and remarked, "I shall be round about the smoking room till dark." He had not much hope that the other would accept the invitation, expecting rather that he would hurry back to his cabin and deny himself to visitors. But within ten minutes of Martin's own appearance on deck, Huron joined him. "I feel very fit." he announced. "I be-

lieve the doctors are right-that a bad at-

"I am sure that is most gratifying," remarked Martin ironically; he glanced at his companion. "Well, what have you

"I don't know that I have anything in particular to say to you. I rather gath-ered that you had something to say to "Well, that is true," admitted the sailor "I have no doubt you would have pre-ferred me to leave you alone." He selzed the other man by the arm and whispered to him, "As I told you in your cabin the

other day, I would like to drop you in the Huron shook himself free. "I don't doubt it," he replied coolly. "But I shan't give you the opportunity. As an unlucky chance has thrown us together, perhaps we might arrive at a better understanding. We are on a very old, ele-mental relation to each other, Captain Arrol. We are simply two men after the

prospects. Reason told him that since she had determined to avoid him he could only assist her through his friends and it is complicated by the fact that you are re is complicated by the fact that you are endeavoring to force the girl's hand by illegitimate influence — by downright threats. You are a blackmailer, Huron." "Who calls me that—not Maud?" The older man glanced sharply at his complete the control of the contr

panion.

"Maud? I daresay she does, but I haven't seen her since the night of her arrival in England." Huron looked away suddenly. "It's I who call you that according to information supplied by your own friend, Mrs. Plessey."

The tension of Huron's face relaxed a triding dayses. "Grade Mrs. Plessey."

since he had brought his own ship into London docks. Lunch over, he adjourned to the smoking room and spent the time so picitsantly varning with two of the ship's officers that it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before he remembered the hapless Gilbert.

The gale was increasing in violence and not more than half a dozen passengers tept the deck. Martin looked at the sky, then looked at the sea and frowned. While the sea and frowned. While the looked at the sea and frowned. While the sea and frowned.

then looked at the sea and frowned. While this weather lasted there was not much chance of a conversation with Mrs. Piessey's friend. The cowardly fellow, as he meetally described him, would be sure to avail himself of this excuse to keep his cabin. No matter. There he lay at his enemy's mercy.

Martin descended to the lower deck and tapped at the door of the stateroom. "Come in." said some one in a plaintive because I wanted to find out exactiy.

story. When you started abusing me in my cabin the other day I let you run on because I wanted to find out exactly what Gracie had told you." He sighed. "Well, it does not matter, so long as Maud herself has not that impression." That is all very well," cried Martin impatiently and incredulously. "But you or some one must have threatened Maud or she wouldn't have run away. If you had simply asked her to marry you she would have refused and there would have been an end of it. I don't blame you for trying to save your face, Huron, but I should want a fuller explanation before I swallowed this new yarn."

Huron's face took on an expression of impressive solemity. "Briefly, Captain Arrol, the facts are these. I am in love with Maud, and have been for many years. I would forget everything else that I hold dear to peasess her. So doubtless would you—let us give each other so much credit. Mrs. Plessey favors my suit because I alone am in possession of certain facts which will have to transpire, as the journalists say, upon her marriage. The revelation of those facts to a stranger would be fatal to Maud, to Mrs. Plessey, to her dead husband, and to many other persons. That at least is Mrs. Plessey, to her dead husband, and to many other persons. That at least is Mrs. Plessey, spinion, and I am bound to say that I agree with her. That's not blackmail, I fancy, Captain Arrol."

Huron could not suppress a triumphant smile as he watched his companion's brows wrinkle into a frown of bewilderment.

Arrol turned on him flercely. "What

can't read or sleep I've no objection to intending to you, so long as you don't expect me to answer."

"I see. That'e putting my conversational powers to a rather severe atrail, lan't it?" Martin paused. A prodent man would have realized the disadvantages of such a one-sided conversation with an antagonat. But curiosity and hatred incited him to so on talking.

"Well," he resumed, sticking his repe in his would, but not lighting it. "I want to fell you what I think of you more than anything size. But that wouldn't be fair at present, as you would probably think that he only appropriate reply would be a good one with your left. " " " So we will have a nice friendly shat like good will have a nice friendly shat like good it; minutes. I saw Mrs. Pleasey down at Beanton the other day. I suppose she had mean assent or all some had your work of the continued. "She find my that you were work in the own ancient of the main's head mean, assent or like had were taken your knowledge to hind, which may have slowly could, he said the work of the real that would have a man that method? With a hig effort to we had not real times the own of your visuated power, shy who holds the apring of the trap now?"

May the slow of the father's laftany. Now as made that unthode? With a hig effort to well have in my possession, what will have time my possession, what will have in my possession, what will have time my possession, what will have time my possession, what will have my possession and the time make the country and the time that the work of the real time to a work of the country of your visuation. It is not to said the shock has a single of your the substitute of the main of the real time. The possession of the real possession of your will be the possession of your his man and the possession of your his his way. The said of the said that the present of the main of the real time to the possession of your his his way. The possession o

garded him as wholly despicable and about to do something incredibly base and vile. But the strength and intensity certain dignity; the meanness he contemplated appeared in almost an heroic light. She still felt him to be base and vile. But she no longer despised him. Instead, she feared him.

For a time she told herself that come what might she would not give up Arrol. What right had her mother to demand such a preposterous sacrifice from her? For the first 20 years of her life Mrs. Pleasey had as far as possible ignored her. Now she calmly prepared to use her to cover up her own folly and guilt. Surely her mother had done enough mis-chief in the world and made enough victime—her husband, Arrol, and now her own daughter. It was time she bore the consequences of her own actions, Maud reflected bitterly. No, she would not give

But all the same she knew that she

Blood was thicker than water. And mingled with the contempt and flerce re-sentment she felt for her mother was a strain of that pity which the strong and chivalrous feel toward the weak, however contemptible they may be. And there was honer. Gilbert had thrown honer to the honer. Gilbert had thrown honer to the winds. If she did the same, how would she see better than he? She knew that however she might suffer she would do the straight thing as Martin had done years before. "You're a woman of honor," she told herself with a wan smile. "You must play the game." So she had written to Martin the letter he had received on his return from Dereve's, When she felt that she had herself well enough in hand she went down to Brighton to see her mother. Mrs. Plessey was in, they told her at the hotel, and would be pleased to see her if she would go

right up. When Maud's mother traveled it was always with a litter of cushions and photographs (mostly of herself) and odds and onds that enabled her to turn a bare hotel room into a colorable imitation of her own boudeir. So Maud was not sur-prised to find that the sitting room into which she was shown had acquired something of the fluffy personality that just now she hated so intensely. She noticed with a curl of her lip that in her mother's hand as she lay propped up with cushions on the sofa was the latest frothy novel. This woman could interest herself in things like that after the confession she and so recently made!

Mrs. Plessey greeted her daughter effusively, and wept and grew sentimental when Maud announced her intention of giving up Arrol.

"My dear, dear girl!" she had exclaimed. "how like your noble and generous self! know that your love for your mother would conquer in the end."

Maud laughed bitterly. "I'm neither noble nor generous," she said, "I'm simply playing the game—you don't understand that, do you, mother? And I think we can leave love out of it. The only creature in the world whom I love is the man whom you have were feet. is the man whom you have wronged for 13 years and whom you are now forcing me to wrong as well. I love Martin Arrol and always shall."

"Ah, you are young, Maud. You haven't my experience. You will soon forget Mar-tin." Mrs. Plessey giggled at the memory

of past love affairs.
"Of course. You belittle my love for Martin so that you can pretend I'm not Martin so that you can pretend I'm not really making any sacrifice for you. What do your know about love" she continued savagely. "You've never loved in all your life—you simply haven't got it in you. You've only filted with the wretched boys who think you're the real think, whereas you're only sham. And you can smile over you're only sham. And you can be really sham to have you conquests now!" Maud looked at her mother in wonder. "After what you told me the other night—!" She paused, then continued. "I think I had better go now, or I shall say things I may regret."

M's. Plessey dabbed at her eyes with a small square of lace. "You are so crue.

small square of lace. "You are so crue, small square of lace. "You are so crue, Mand." she protested, "so brutal—almost You forget what I'm going through and what I've gone through

'Don't talk humbug, mother," she said sharply. "you're unhappy because all this has upset your plans for the season and brought you to Brighton when you want to be in Kensington. You can go back to your tango and bridge and theatre parties. I shan't interfere with you or ask you to bring me out or chaperon me. If you can forget, I can't. In future you won't see much of me. Good-by, I'm going now. I want to catch the next train back to town." And isnoring Mrs. Ples-ney's hand and half-offered embrace, Maud strode out of the room. But at the rallway station she had

changed her mind. She couldn't bear the thought of going back to London to her mother's house — the whole atmosphere seemed tainted now—to face her mother's servants, to meet Gilbert Huron. She felt servants, to meet Gilbert Ruron. She felt she must get away from them all somewhere where she could be quite alone and think things out. She remembered with a sudden longing a little Surrey village she had loved as a child. No one ever went to Cranleigh. She would go there for a few days instead of going back to town. She could send for a few clothes and things. There was so much to think our still.

and thins.

How good it was to be back in the country again—to see the apple crchards with their crown of pale pink blossoms, and the gardens ablaze with flowers, to walk under steen trees, to wander over the hills treading underfoot the pushing heather and the unfolding fronds of the bracken. And yet—had she been wise to come? For spring was the time for lovers with the rict of color and blossom and all the birds singing their maddest. "Martin, oh, Martin," she said sloud, "I want you, dear; I can't live without you." out still.

She walked for miles in the leafy lanes and over the bills to thre herself out physically and clear her brain. Martin was gone. That episode was over. She had sent him away, and he had never tried to communicate with her aince. She had half expected him to answer that letter. Somehow she had hardly thought he would have accepted his dismissal so tamely. Vaguely she had expected him to demand some more definite explanation. She tortured herself for a long time wondering whether what Huron had said was true. Perhaps after all it wasn't such a blow to him. At the begin-



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ning he had been willing to let her go, as Gilbert had said. "In love one loves and the other consents to be loved," sho repeated to herself. Her own love perhaps had blinded her to his unresponsive ness. Unresponsive? She thought of their hrief love-making in the steamer, and a faint flush dyed her face and neck. No, no, no—she would not believe that Martin was pretending when he said he loved her.

loved her.

She pulled herself together. It was Gilbert ahe should be thinking about, not Martin. Could she bring herself to marry Huron? Just as she had known inwardly that she would give up her lover, so now she knew that she would never marry the man she did not love. She supposed she would have to go back and tell him so. There would be another scene—she hated scenes like those that had been forced on her lately. * * Could she bring herself to go back under her mother's roof, to live on friendly terms with Huron—the woman who had caused her father's death, the man who had profited by her dishonor.

by her dishonor.

An idea fiashed into her head. Why so back at all? Why not cast off the old life entirely, at least for a time. Martin was all she wanted from the past, and he was not to be thought of. Why shouldn't she throw off her name, her identity, and disappear? She was young and strong, and had brains. Surely she could earn her own living, as other women without her educational advantages had been forced to be sheetly about of warm fell from her do. She felt a load of worry fall from her shoulders. It would be all adventure. Work, adventure what could there be better to drive out the thought of a forbetter to drive out the thought of a for-bidden love? On the whole it would be wise, too. The blackmailer could do nothing when he was ignorant of her whereabouts. Huron would not betray her mother when there was nothing for him to gain. Maud wondered she had not thought of this before. She hurried back to the farmhouse and packed her suitcase in a fever to be up and doing. In the train the diffequities that her de-

cision would involve began to force them selves upon her. Of course, they would try to find her. Gilbert, as he had said, would not easily give her up. They might employ a detective even. It would never do for her to go back to the house in Edgworth Square for clothes. She must manage with the few things she had in manage with the few things she had in her suitcase. As regarded money, she had still most of her quarter's allow-ance. It was not much, for Mrs. Plessey only gave her £120 a year. She took out her purse and dressing case and counted four five-pound notes and £3 17s, 3d in cash-roughly £24. These would last her for a few weeks, while she looked for something to do. She had not much lew elry-she regretted now that she so little. Still, there was her gold watch bracelet and a couple of fairly valuable rings and a small packet of pearls she had been given on her last birthday. Long before she had got through the money they represented she would have

In the train the difficulties that her de

found someting to do. Of course, it would be easy enough for Gilbert to track her to Cranleigh and on to the London train (Martin wouldn't be likely to do so-he might even be still in ignorance of her disappearance), so she would have to throw him off the track. Fortunately she had no heavy luggage to betray her. She took a bus over Waterloo Bridge and picked up a taxi in the Strand. She didn't know where she was going to. She would have to find rooms first of all.

To the young London girl who lives at home with her people London is to all intents and purposes a foreign city when she is thrown on her own resources. Maud had not the faintest idea where you got "rooms" in the metropolis. Men, she knew, had them in Jermyn street, but those were bachelor chambers. Of course lots of students lived at South Kensington and Chelsea, but those were districts she must avoid like the plague. Perhaps Hampstead way would do as well as any she didn't know many people out there. She told the man to drive her to Totten-ham Court road. There she bought news-papers and took another cab some little

listance up the road.

After a search of some two hours, suided by the apartments columns of the newspapers, through goomy back streets and faded crescents that had once known and faded crescents that had once known better days, the girl found herself installed in clean and fairly comfortable rooms near Regent's Park. Somehow the glamour of adventure had faded away. She only felt she was doing the right thing—anything would be better than living under the same roof with her mother or Gilbert Huron. Tomorrow she would or Gilbert Huron. Tomorrow she would begin to look for work.

(CONTINUED TUESDAY.)

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SUBURBAN

EMPTY WAR CHESTS MAY HASTEN END

Credit of Nations in Great European Conflict Rapidly Declining.

NEW YORK, July 2—Beveral of America's most notable financiers have this week become so impressed by the demoralization in European money that they predict a general collapse is not far off. They question whether American bankers will be justified in financing unlimited additional shipments of merchandise to belillegents unless some means can be

additional supments of mechanical bebiligerents unless some means can be devised for securing payments.

There is not enough gold in all Europe's central banks to pay for the supplies already contracted for here.

The currency of every belligerent has fallen to an unparalleled level of depressions.

fallen to an unity compared with the Russian money, compared with the American dollar, has lost 25 per cent in a more than value. German money is down more than value. value. German money is down more than if per cent. Austria and Italy are much worse off. French currency is down fully 5 per cent. and now England's is on the toboggan. It has declined upward of 3 per cent. and payment for her gigantic orders placed here has not yet begun in

earnest. European governments cannot induce holders of American securities there to sell them and subscribe to the colossal war loans being floated. England's stock of gold in Ottawa, it is

stated, has been depleted to almost noth ing, so that no further assistance can be looked for from that quarter in settling

George G. Kennedy

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 3 .- George G. Kennedy, formerly head of the Harris-burg Water Department, and well known as an expert on filtration, died last night aged 47, at his home on Riverside Drive.

IN MEMORIAM MONKHOUSE.—In loving remembrance of THOMAS STEWART MONKHOUSE. July 2, 1012.

SCHENCE,—In loving remembrance of AL-BERT SCHENCE, who departed this life July 3, 1911 ALBERT F. SCHENCE, SNYDER,—MARY C., who died July 3, 1914, In loving remembrance, HUSBAND, DAUGHTER AND SON,

Deaths

CADWALLADER.—On July 1, 1915, CATR-ARINE C. CADWALLADER, mother of the late Joseph E. Cadwallader, Funeral serv-ices on Sunday, at 10 a, m. precisely, at her late residence, 32 N. Wycombe ave. Lams-downe, Delaware County, Fa., Interment grivate.

downe, Delaware County, Pa., Interment private.

DYSON.—On June 29, 1915, MARY ELIZAHETH, whose of the late Rev. John Lyson and mether of Mrs. E. C. Beone, St. Clafr. Pa., Captain Charles W. Dyson, U. S. N.: Georga Dyson, attorney-at-law of New York, and Dr. John R. Dyson, Hazleton, Fa. PAMOUS.—On July 1, 1915, Mrs. EMMA FAMOUS (nee Hoover), aged 22 years. Dus notice of the funeral will be given.

GARDINER.—Near Ashland, N. J., on Seventh Month 1st, 1915, S. HARRISON GARDINFR, husband of the late Elizabeth F. H. Gardiner, and son of the late Micsalah W. C. and Margaret E. Gardiner. Relatives and triends are invited to attend the funeral, on Second-day, Seventh Month 5th, at 1:30 p. m., from his late residence. Train leaves Market street ferry, Philadelphia, at 12:25 p. m.; will be met at Ashland Station.

KELLY.—On July 1, 1915, at his parents'

p. ft.; will be first at Ashland Sation. KELLK. — On July 1, 1915, at his parents' residence, 141 Springfield ave, Chestnut Hill, GREGORY COOK, Jr., son of Gregory Cook and Agnes Shaw Kelly, aged 6 years. Fulneral services at his parents' residence on Sunday, at 2:30.

Sunday, at 2:30.

ROTHCHILD.—On July I, 1915, MEYER, husband of Mills B. Rothchild, aged 58 years. Relatives and friends, also Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, P. B. O. E., are invited to attend the funeral services, on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, ISEE North 17th at. Interment private, at Mount Shai Cemetery. Kindly omit flowers.

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Long Life By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

SUNDAY'S

PUBLIC LEDGER

Nation-Wide War

on Liquor

Every section of the country will be represented this

week when the Sixteenth National Convention of the

Anti-Saloon League of America meets in Atlantic

City. The largest attendance in the history of the

organization is predicted and an unusual stimulus is

assured the allied forces fighting the liquor traffic

Sunday's Public Ledger outlines the present plans of

the League and gives a complete program of the

Italy and the War

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