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

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

by the Associated Nawspapers, Ltd.;

BUT looking for work was not quite what Mand had pictured it. She had D what Mand had pictured it. She had to decide first what she was to do. "I suppose I could teach," she said to her mirror with a grimace as she dressed herself the next morning. "My diplomas are all right. I'll so to an asency." Then she reflected she had forgotten all about her name. She had told her landtady to call her Mins Robinson, but as Mand Robinson she had no diplomas to show. The glowing testimonials which she had amused herself hy extracting from her professors when she left college without any thought of ever using them, all praised the wide anowledge the literary capacity and the grillent faculty of Miss Maud Plessey She gave a low whistle. "Bother!" she exclaimed, "I never thought of that." No school or college she knew would even look at a candidate without credentials. The Idea of teaching must go.

The idea of teaching must go.

Well, since they said such flattering things about her literary sitts, perhaps she could write for the reviews and magazines—not under her own name, of course. She had already attempted some short stories for her own amusement, she would send them out and see what hapwould send them out and see what happened. She knew it was a precarious way of making a livelihood, and was hardly disappointed when one by one and sometimes two together her manuscrips came back to her, a good many of them she suspected unread. She made no further efforts to melt the editorial heart. She knew enough by hearsay of the conditions of literary life in London to be aware that she must find some other means of support while she was working hard to gain a footbold.

Looking through the advertisement columns of the newspapers had become al-

Looking through the advertisement col-umns of the newspapers had become al-most mechanical. She no longer hoped to find anything for which she might apply. It was exactly a fortnight since she had come to live in Achilles Crescent. She wondered what Martin was doing as she sat at breakfast. Was he entirely ab-sorbed in his new business, or did he think much about her and those golden days on the Sidi? She wondered if he had heard of her disappearance, and if he would understand that it was because she could not bear to put another in his place?

She turned over the pages of the news-paper idly, and from force of habit stanced down the column headed "Situa-tions Vacant." Suddenly her attention tions Vacant." Suddenly her attention was arrested by an advertisement that seemed by its rather unusual wording to stand out from the rest.

CHAPTER XX.
"Wanted, as companion and reader to
young American lady, young lady of culture (under 30), used to society and widely ture (under 30), used to society and widely traveled; university education desirable but not insisted upon; previous experience not necessary; one speaking Spanish and without home ties in England preferred; liberal salary. Apply Box 23378."

Mand raised her eyes from the paper and gazed meditatively at the ceiling. "That seems to fit me all right," she reflected. "University education desirable," Well. I could easily satisfy the young

flected. "University education desirable."
Well, I could easily satisfy the young American lady that my education is up to university standards without saying I have actually taken a degree. That would get over the most serious difficulty. I wonder why they object to 'home ties.' Don't want the companion to ask for days off to spend with her friends, I suppose. Yes, this seems worth answering. I must Yes, this seems worth answering. I must concoct some sort of a yarn to explain myself, though."

In her haste to reply she went to what

was now the extravagant length of taking a taxleab back to her lodgings. The drafting of the letter took some little time and thought. Finally, she contented heraelf with stating her age, the extent of her travels, and the range of her accomplishments, declaring that she had followed courses at various universities him. lowed courses at various universities, but was unable to produce a diploma. "Un-able to produce is good." she chuckled. She added that she had no connections in London, but was sure she could satisfy the advertiser as to her respectability,

She sent the letter by express messenger to the newspaper office and then tried to dismiss it from her mind. She had been told so often that there were hundreds of replies to every such advertisement and that people in want of situations had consumed their whole capital in postage. But she could not help hoping. She seemed so admirably qualified for the vacant post. Then her spirits drooped. The advertiser's indifference to the applicant's postindifference to the applicant's possession of degrees and previous experience, which alone made it possible for her to apply, would at the same time bring her into competition with countless other women who for different reasons were also destitute of those advantages.
Once the doubt presented itself that this

might be a trap set by her mother or by Huron. She hardly thought that they would have resorted to that ruse so early. Besides, she told herself, if she were to suspect a trap in every vacancy that seemed to fit her she would have to for-sake that avenue to employment alto-

She gave herself a holiday on the strength of her hopes. The prospect of employment amid apparently congenial surroundings somewhat restored her spirits, which of late had lost some of spirits, which of late had lost some of their buoyancy. She was lonely and she hungared for the man she loved; but to-day something of her old zest for adven-ture made itself felt. She was strong, she was reliantly healthy, "game," as she put it, "for everything." She was almolutely her own mistress. The whole world with its myriad possibilities was before her. This was better than being Miss Pleasaw of Edgworth Square, who Miss Pleasey, of Edgworth Square, who was dependent on her mother for every penny and could be hardly said as yet to save a social existence apart from hers. It was true that this new-found inde-pendence seemed to forbid her seeing Martin again, but some unexpected development might at any moment permit her to apprise him of her whereabouts. Her mother and Huron would have to give up the chase at last. When they had become recondied to her loss she and Martin might marry secretly and go away-far away-together. So she dreamed that bright spring after-

noon as she rode out on the electric car to Unbridge and wandered about the pretty, lonely lanes of Middlesex. There was a strange joy meanwhile in thus out-ting herself adrift from all that had

ting herself adrift from all that had made up her life, in becoming an entirely new gerson, known to no one and knowing no one.

She retured in the keen evening air to Leudon. She found herself scanning the evening papers anxiously. She was surprised that her mother had not already started a his and cry. On reflection she saw why she would not do this. Mrs. Plassey had deliberately estranged herself from her late hunband's relatives and had forbidded her daughter to communicate with them. If Maud's disappearable should become known to them they would certainly demand an explanation of the reasons of her flight; and that Mrs. Plassey was, of source, less disposed even Pleasers was, of nor highly and that Ara. Pleaser was, of course, less disposed svan thus the girl berself to furnish. A newspaner advertisestism, moreover, would remail to the public the almost forgotten transfer of her father's death-it might waken the sleuth hound in a dozen journalism. Not what huntiries were made, the reald safety recked, would be made principle.

The part morning the received a self-It was written on plain note-requested Miss Robinson to

impatient, roaming about Hempstead Heath. The West End thoroughfares, of course, were barred to her. She doubted course, were barred to her. She doubted whether it was safe to approach the hotel undisquised. A top obvious dispulse might prejudice the advertiser against her, and she did not, for the same reason, wish to disfigure herself. After various essays before the glass, ahe had to content herself with doing her hair in a different fashion and tying on a dark vell. Not deeming these precautions sufficient, she purchased a pincenez, which with some difficulty she succeeded at last in keeping on her nose. ceeded at last in keeping on her nose. She traveled by tube as far as Tottenham Court road and took a cab to the door of

the hotel. On asking the ball porter for Miss Montana, she was shown into a tiny lobby, with a half-open door at the far end. Her heart sank. Half a dozen other women were present, and all were looking expectantly toward that door. There was an much competition as she had feared! She coked at her rivals and immediately decided that most of them wanted the

One or two of them seemed to have in-terpreted the advertiser's expression 'young lady" in a very liberal apirit. Two were plainly poor governesses, another was a fresh young girl whom Maud suspected to have come straight from a country vicarage, another Maud felt in-stinctively was some sort of adventuress -at all events not a nice person. She was endeavoring to place the others, when the inner door opened and a girl came out and left the lobby, and another applicant instantly went into the advertiser's presence. In less than two minutes she also

made her way out. Maud's hopes failed her as she noted the rapidity with which her successors were dismissed. Half a dozen more women had been shown into the lobby. It was her turn now. Snatching off her pince-nes and raising her vell, she walked into the room with a height-ened color and heating heart.

She found herself in a comfortably furnished sitting room, which was regularly, she supposed, let for more or less official and business purposes. In an armchair was seated a girl of 17 or 18, with the darkest eyes Maud had even seen. She had hitherto considered her mother the most expensively dressed person it was possible to meet; but at a rapid glance she decided that Miss Montana would startle even Mrs. Plessey's maid by the style and quality of her general get-up.

Miss Montana looked at her with a
curiously close scrutiny. "Er-who are
you?" she inquired with a faint American

accent.
"Miss Robinson? Ah, I guessed so."
Maud heard a slight noise behind her.
She glanced over her shoulder and became for the first time aware of a man
who was sitting at a desk with his back
toward her, intently studying a news-

It seemed to her that the American girl was endeavoring to attract this man's attention or that she had just exchanged some signal with him. Turning her eyes toward the applicant she said. "Ah, yes. Miss Robinson. Please sit down."

She rose gracefully and going over to the man at the deek spoke to him in a low

tone. Maud felt that they were looking at her. Then Miss Montana came back to at her. Then Miss Montana came back to her chair, Maud's letter in her hand. "What university do you belong to?" she asked abruptly. "Saint—" began Maud, startled; then, realizing her mistake, she checked the words on her lips and went on: "I have studied at different universities, but I am unable to produce a discharg. I think I

studied at different universities, but I am unable to produce a diploma. I think I mentioned that in my letter."

"Yes, that's quite correct," said the girl. (Maud was sure she was being prompted by the man at the deak.) "You have traveled a good deal?"

"Practically all over Europe. Also in Egypt and Morecco."

"Yes, I see. And you speak Spanish. Tell me, Miss Robinson, what—er—you have been doing lately? Have you had any previous experience? Can you produce any testimonials?"

Maud flushed. "I rather thought those were not required. I may as well say at once, Miss Montana, that I cannot produce any testimonials. The fact is—I had better be frank with you—I have left home owing to a quarrel with my guardian. home owing to a quarrel with my guar-dien. I have no friends to whom I should care to refer you." * * She rase. "I feel it was silly of me to apply. Perhaps I had beter not detain you longer.

The Jewish-looking girl laid her thin white hand on her arm. "Oh, please don't go! I think, on the contrary, I'm sure that you will suit. Do you think you would get on with me? You would have nothing in particular to do-help me to receive my friends, and so forth. You can drive a car. I hope?" "Oh, yes."

"I live at Hampstead, Miss-er-Robin-ion. Do you know any people at Hampstead?

"I don't think so." you know any people called

Dereve? "No; why do you ask?"

The girl's smile were an unaccountable smile of triumph. "That's my name, that's all! I asked you in the hope that

our fame might have reached your ears. Kind of vanity, that's all!" "I'm sorry," said Maud, penitently. "Of course I ought to have said yes." "Of course I ought to have said yes."

"Oh, that doesn't matter at all." The girl looked over her shoulder at the man. "Will you please tell the ladies outside that I'm suited?" she said.

The man rose and sidled out of the room. Mand could not see his face. She wondered if he was a relation of the American girl; he might be her secretary, she was surprised that he did not return.

"Well, now. Miss Robinson," said Miss Dereve, smiling down at her new acquaintance, "can you come with me right

"Right now!" Maud was startled. "But you don't know anything about me!"
"Well, you say you can't give me any
testimonials, so there's no sense in wait-

ning, And I can see that you are a real nine girl. De you know I think we are rather like each other?"
Seeing that Mand was of unmistakably Angio-Saxon type, tall and deep-chested, and that Montana Dereve was obviously half a Semite, slight and small, the like-ness between them might not have Imness between them might not have impressed the casual observer, yet there was something in the expression of both, something in the nunner of their movements, that made faem curiously skin.

Maud saw this and wondered at it.
"I really think we are," she laughed.
"I'm sure I'm very glad." said Montans.
"Well, that's settled." said Montans.

What about salary? What do you suf-

'Oh, I'd rather leave that to you!" "Oh, that is generous!

"No, it's just fair. Look here, my car is outside. Come back with me now. You can send down to your lodgings for your

Mand heattated for an instant, then gave in: She liked Miss Deraye, perhaps the more because she was a type entirely new to her. She noted the pleused glances the girl bestowed from time to time on her dress, how her fingers toyed inces-santly with her rings. the note of ex-aggregation in her clothes. Very obviously

pures, and requested Miss Robinsen to an extract the Royal Grand their actions at the Royal Grand their act of the strength of the second followed by new employer toward the door. Then prudence, while an extracrdinary name, the strength Miss Increase a set of the second second the first purely at a second of the second second to the second second to the second second second second to the second sec

"Oh, that's quite all right. I live with my uncle, Mr. Eustace Dereve. I run the whole outfit. My introduction's good enough for him, I reckon. Come along

A car-a 60-horsepower limousinewaiting for the girls in the courtyard of the big hotel. As Maud sprang in, at a motion of invitation from har companion, she looked round for the man she had seen at the desk. He was nowhere in

"lan't your friend coming" she asked as Miss Dereye gripped the driving wheel. "I guess not. He has important affairs of his own to attend to. Why, have you ever seen him before?"

Miss Dereve skilfully, piloted her ca into the Strand. "I can't say." Maud laughed and drew the vell down over her face. "I never saw his face, you know."

"Oh, you'll see that soon enough. He is a great friend of uncle's. He's a dear boy, but not so nice as his brother, you Miss Dereve avoided a collision with a

motor omnibus by a hair's breadth and turned into the Charing Cross road. "He's in America at present," she added, a trifle wistfully. Maid thought. The two girls were silent while they negotiated the crowded crossings bettween Track - Square and the Tottenham Cour ad Maud was thinking

"Miss Dereve," she said auddenly, "you have acted so kindly and chivalrously in taking me, so to speak, on trust that I have acted so kindly and chivalrously in taking me, so to speak, on trust that I am encouraged to ask a further favor. I had hoped that you did not live in London—at least that you contemplated traveling. As it is, so long as you are in London I would ask you as a particular favor to introduce me as little as possible to your friends—not to expect me to go with you into society, I mean. Perhaps some day, if you care to hear. I will tell you my story. I would rather not at present. I owe it to you to tell you this—that the reasons for which I have out myself adrift from my people are not in the least discreditable to me. Robinson, of course, isn't my right name. If at any time you feel doubtful about the wisdom of having taken me into your house a hint will be sufficient. I shan't expect a notice or anything of that sort—but—but I'm afraid I must insist for the present upon lying more or less perdu." Miss Dereve pressed Maud's arm. "That's quite all right. Don't say another word."

They drove at a reckless pace. Maud had an odd sensation not or tell the service in the control of the life and the day of the sent to the property of the sent to the present upon lying more or less perdu." That's quite all right. Don't say another word."

other word."

They drove at a reckless pace. Maud had an odd sensation, not at all disagreeable, of being kidnapped. They sped along the Finchley road, turned to the right and haited at a new house not far, as Maud judged, from the Heath.

"Go right in!" commanded Montana.

Maud dismounted and accounted and dismounted and accounted and dismounted and accounted and dismounted and accounted accounte

"Go right in!" commanded Montana.

Maud dismounted and entered the hall.

A short, thick-set man came out into the hall and, seeing her, started violently.

"Why, what's your name, little girl?" he asked, scrutinizing her features.
"Seems to me we have met somewhere!"

CHAPTER XXI.

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Maud felt a sudden shock of alarm. She colored with annoyance. It would be too cruel if she were to be recognized nowif the solid earth were to be once more snatched from beneath her feet. Who was this man? she wondered. She did not remember ever to have seen him before. Perhaps, after all, he had only seen her at an at home or some other social function, and had not known her name; or it might have been simply in the street. Her reflections were cut short by Monty Dereve's shop, high voice.

"Nonsense, uncle. This is Miss Robinson, who's going to live with me. Where can you have seen her before? Miss Robinson, this is my Uncle Eustace. You'll like him all right when you know him better."

They shook hands. Mand folls commended.

They shook hands. Maud felt somewhat They shook lands. Mand felt somewhat relieved. But Dereve continued to gaze at her curiously. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Robinson." he said, "but I've a queer notion that I've met you before." He paused. Then a light dawned in his eyes. "I've got it," he cried. "Monty, your friend's uncommonly like your Aunt Aline was at her age." His face clouded and he gave a sign."

and he gave a sigh.

"Maybe," said the American girl; "but Miss Robinson will get embarrassed if you talk so much about her looks. Will you excuse me a moment, Miss Robinson?" she asked, turning to Maud; and receiving the girl's assurance drew Bustace Dereye aside. "See here untile" she ing the girl's assurance drew Eustace Dereve aside. "See here, uncle." she began in a lowered voice, "whatever you

began in a lowered voice, "whatever you do, don't mention the Arrols' name to my companion—either Martin or Richard, understand, I'll tell you why some other time. But just don't. Promise?"
Dereve chuckled. "Right!" he said. "I promise, though what you're getting at I can't think. But, anyway, I don't think as much about the Arrols as certain other people I could name. Eh, Monty." He smiled at her quissically. "I guess you're a real old horror, Uncle Eustace," cried Monty, with a heightened color. She flashed him an affectionate smile, nevertheless, and crossed over to

nevertheless, and crossed over to

leasanter than she had anticipated. Miss Dereve treated her more as a guest than as a paid companion. She had installed her in an apartment of a luxury that contrasted with the simplicity of the girl's own room in Edgworth-square. A tiny boudoir, furnished in blue and orange and Chinese printed linens, opened out of her bedroom. Mand had raised her evebrows when she saw it. Surely it was not usual to provide a companion with a private sitting room. "If you havon't everything you want, just ring." explained Monty. "I want you to be thoroughly comfortable, Miss Rebinson. Just look on this as your own home."
Well, if all this luxury and consideration was unexpected it was pleasant after
the anxieties of the last few weeks. It

was pleasant once again to eat from dainty china, to sit at a table that sparkled with pollshed glass and silver, and, though the girl was nothing of a gourmet, she could not help appreciating the triumphs of the Dereves' chef after the amateurish cooking of the landlady at Regent's Park. It was true she had not minded the gough fare on the Sidi, but things were different then. Above but things were different than. Above all was she thankful for the sound of human voices. At last she was emerging from the intolerable loneliness that had driven her, against her will, against her judgment to brood constantly on the pust. Now that she had work to do she would concentrate all her powers upon it. She would make some return for her employer's kindness by giving her of her best. but things were her of her best

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

MUSIC IN THE PARK

Band Plays This Afternoon and Tonight at Strawberry Mansion.

The program for the Fairmount Park Band, playing at Strawberry Mausion this afternoon and evening, is as follows:

PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 8 O'CLOCK. Cverture, Massanislie Auber Dennes from Tom Jones (three) Clerman Lacons Dennes from Tom Jones (three) Clerman Dennes Tom Time Dennes Meledias from The Prince of Piless Luder Grand Scenes from Tambanase Wagner Valle de Cohert Thousand and One Nights Fostania (Value de Luder Dennes Meless Encerpts from The Sunny South Lamps S Encerpts from The Sunny South Lamps

PART II-EVENNO, 5 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

5-Overture, "William Tell". a-Seritone Soie Peart of the Ocean. Otterer Soilet-Victorian Ries.

6 Francista the poor No. 7 Lieut Carolina Charles Fernice de Concepta Carolina 60 YEARS OLD, SHE SEEKS TO BECOME FILM STAR; PUPIL IN UNIQUE SCHOOL



Grown Sons Object, But "Miss Marsha Dewees," of Chester, Simply Cannot Resist Allurement of "Movie" Stage-Child of Eight Summers Studies Camera Art.

By the Photoplay Editor A woman 60 years old is studying in a

unique school to become a motion picture actress. The pupil, undeterred by her age or the objection of her two grown sons, is enrolled as "Miss Marsha Dewees," of Chester, who adopted the stage name to keep her friends in ignorance of her studies. She is the eldest of 30 pupils enrolled in the Liberty Motion Picture Company's school, conducted by "Jack" Gorman in the building which houses the studies of the company, on East Herman street, near Germantown avenue. Al air of secrecy hovers over the registration books in the "dean"s" office, for many of the younger unique school to become a motion picture "dean's" office, for many of the younger pupils are said to be popular in German-town society and—oh, they wouldn't want It known now that they are studying how to be "movie" actresses. "Because there are not enough clever

people in Philadelphia for picture work," the school was founded May 3. Miss Dewees was one of the first to enroll and after her many well-known young men and women matriculated. Some of the students are telephone operators, others are clerks. "There may be another Mary Pickford in the classes," said J. Burton Mustin, general manager of

the company.
According to Director Gorman, no other school is maintained by a film company. The course of instruction covers a period of 10 weeks and the classes are divided according to advancement. The trial class covers a period of two weeks, in which pupils are tested for natural ability. Then, if they show ability, they are promoted to the second class and are given small parts in the films of the company. In the parts in the simms of the company. In the third class the "semiors" pose for prin-cipal parts. The successful graduates, said Director Gorman, will be engaged by the company, of which William S. Lloyd, of 233 West Harvey street, is president.

Regular lecture hours, from 3 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon and from 8 to 19 at night, are maintained. The pupils study "lines," "foreground," "expression." "make-up" and all the other branches which are as plain as Arabje to the layman. They learn from books and demonstrations and from the films for which they have posed. Their motions are reproduced before them on a screen in the class room and are criticized by the director and his two assistants. And, what is more enjoyable, they can have what is more enjoyable, they can have the pleasure of dropping into a "movie" parlor and seeing themselves as others

see them.

Several "stars" are expected to develop from the student body. Two pupils besides Miss Dewees, who are making good records, according to their "grades," are Miss Eloise Drennan, of Frankford, who entered the school three weeks ago, and Raby "Em" Gorman, the director's daughter, who is 8 years old, and the youngest pupil. "The Island of Surprise," from the story

of the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, is in course of production at the Vitagraph studio, with William Courtenay in the leading role. This appearance will mark Mr. Courtenay's screen debut, and he will have the benefit of an all-star combina-tion through the fact that Edith Storey is to be seen in the leading female role. Others in the cast include Julia Swayns Gordon, Zena Keefe, Charles Kent, An-ders Randolf, Charles Wellesley and Leo

Pathe has acquired the picture rights to another William J. Locke novel, "Simon the Jester," which will be produced by Edward Jose and feature Edwin Arden. "Simon the Jester" is written in Mr. Locke's best veln and proved to be one of the biggest sellers of its publication year.

The Daily Story

That Young Man

Miss Dora Davis was working among the flower beds of her aunt's display at Aspen villa. The hour was just after breakfast and she wanted to poke at something that would keep her out of doors for an hour. When the gardener saw her "poking" he swore a few swear-words under his breath, but he dared not interfere. Miss Dora was her aunt's favorite, and it might have cost him his place to tell the young lady that she was rooting out Creeping Charlie instead of

There was some one coming down the There was some one coming down the road, however, who had no fear of losing his job through giving a few words of friendly advice. He was about 22 years old, and his suit showed that he was visiting some family near by, and his lary gait that he was also out to "poke." He came slong and leaned on the fence for three or four minutes and then said: "But you are pulling up all the Creep-ing Charlie, you know."

Miss Dora uttered a little scream of surprise and straightened up. He was a young man. He had a smile on his face. She had never seen him before. How dared he come along and speak to her-aye, even chide her! She didn't know Creeping Charlie from burdock, but was that any of his business? And if she wanted to pull every flower and plant up by the roots would good Aunt Sarah have chided her for it? For a long minute the girl looked straight into that young man's face and then turned away with a snift. A girl's snift isn't a "humph," and it isn't a snort, but it is a sound of such indifference and contampt that it makes a young man sit up and wonder if he is growing baldheaded. Walking into the house with red cheeks and angry eyes, Miss Dora asked:

"Aunt Sarah, who is that young man hanging around here?" "Young man? Why, I haven't seen any. Where is he?"

"Look out of the window, "Why," said the sunt, after taking a cok, "that must be the young man that has come down to visit the Nortons. I heard the other day that they were exseting a cousin or something. Did he

pecting a cousin or something. Did he speak to you?"
"He tried to bess me. That is, he teld me in a bossy way that I was pulling up Greeping Charlie. You ought to have seen me freeze him?"
"And sorved him right, too. He must be what you city folios call fresh."
Two hours later, as Miss Dora was ly-

Two hours taker, as Miss Dora was lying in a hammock under the cherry tree the young man repassed the house. Twice he sings can be to a stop, as if to make suggestions or tender advice, but he changed his mind and want on. Miss Dora had an eye on him.

A few rods below the house was a creek leading into a river not so far away, after a day or two Miss Dora wandered down there. She saw fish, and she returned to the house for pole and line and halt. As the gardener had nothing of the sort she made an outfit for herself. The hook was a bent pin, the line of grocar's string, and the bait a bit of cold reast beef. She had been fishing for half an hour when "that young mus" came down the road and stopped to watch her. She never looked up. She knew he was smilling, but she kept her head turned away and hummed the air of a time to herself.

"You'll never catch a figh with any such ris-out as that," was finally re-marked; and her visitor moved away to marked; and her visitor moved away to return in about 10 minutes with a real pole and hook and line and some worms for hait. They were laid on the bank almost at her feet, and he said as he

when the outfit was picked up and heaved into the creek. He heard the rat-tle of it, turned around to see, then headed down the creek to recover all that floated. By the time he had ac-complished this the girl was disappearing up the road. She wasn't looking back, but shead, and the way she carried her hat in her hand and swung it to and fro did not indicate a mind perturbed.

"I saw that young man go by with a fish-pole in his hand," observed the aunt.

"Yes, and he's fishing for it in the

"Yes, and he's fishing for it in creek now! Aunt Sarah, I fear that shall have to take that person in hand! "Mercy on me!"
"Yes, I fear so. He needs a dressing

"But we can get the constable after

"No need of that. You just leave him to me.' Just before the creek deboudhed into

the river there was a foot-bridge across it. The structure was old and dangerous and out of use, and bore a sign of "Dan-gerous." Two days after the fishing opisode Miss Dora wandered down that way. There was no reason why she should cross that bridge, but she started to do so. She had progressed 10 feet or more when "that young man" suddenly ap-peared to shout:

"What are you doing on that bridge! Can't you see that sign?" "You are risking your life!"

She never halted nor looked back. Her pace was a saunter and her air careless. The bridge creaked and bent, but she walked on to the other side and up the bank to the highway. Mr. Fresh had been taken down another peg. The girl had intended to go back to the house, but she had caught sight of a skill on the bank of the river, and it came over her to do some paddling and show her contemptuous indifference still further She walked back to the beat. On the opposite shore was her self-constituted

guardian. When she entered the boat h called out across the creek:
"If you are going out on the river be careful. There's a dam a little way

If he hadn't spoken, Miss Dora might have given up the thing, as the craft leaked and there was only a rude paddle, but he had "bossed" again and she would go at any peril. He saw that she was ignorant of boating, and he called again! "I say, don't do it!"

The craft was pushed out and went floating down. As soon as it rounded a bend in the stream the roar of the dam reached the girl's ears, and two women ran out of a house on the bank and began to scream. Then a man who was If he hadn't spoken, Miss Dora might

ran out or a house on the pank and be-san to scream. Then a man who was chopping wood ceased to chop and be-gan to shout. Then two hoys set up a double yelling. Then what did the girl do but faint away? There was a chance to be a heroine, but she wasn't equal to it. She was not at the bottom of the river when she came to, but lying on a lounge

"It was a fine thing-a fine thing," said a woman to her. "The young man swam the creek and came running down the bank to plunge in the river. No one thought he could reach you in time, but he made it and not a minute toe soon. Yes, reached the boat and pushed it he-fore him to shore, and then fell down as limp as a rag. You owe him your life,

reached home, still weak and frightened, Aunt Sarah said: "Dearte, I've found out about that

bossy young man. That's just his way, and he's awfully nice. His name is Headfort, and he's with one of the big insurance companies. I—I rather hope he'll

atrolled away:

"You will use there if you really want to catch fish."

There was no snift this time. It was guess I've got to he!"

(Constitute worse, He hadn't gone 19 feet

LEDGER CENTRAL PICKS SCHOOL FOR MARJORIE

Lenny, for years prominent in Catholic societies, died here yest at the home of her uncle, M. J. Co president of the Delaware County 1

Dealers' Association. She was 30 old and was ill only a short time.

PATTON, WILLIAM PATTON: Them part with our loved ones and his farewell;
Though they pass to the shore ever an in our loneliness here we are cheered up

There is only a river by ATTON, a king form of the parton, will list and a son's best friend in Hamiltonian

BOTH.—In loving remembrance of my mother, LOUISE BOTH, who dwarts life July 6, 1997, Early missed. ANNA M. RO

BROWN. On July 4, 1915, AGNER of Jemes Brown, Ficintivise and fried invited to attend the neral, on Thus July 5, at 20 clo om her late dence, 1221 St. Al. St. Intermed Mount Mortals Cemerie.

DEACON.—On July 4, 1915, BENJAMI DEACON, Jr. Funaral services on Ton afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at his late read 4526 Lonust at. Interment private

omit flowers.

DRIVER.—At Ridley Park, Pa., on Ja 1915. ALFRED DHIVER son of the James and Anna Kershaw Driver. Paservices and Interment strictly priver. Tuesday moraling.

DUFFY.—Suddenily, on July 4. 1918. HECCA T., with of the late Michael to aged 62 years. Relatives and friends as vited to attend the funeral, on Tamorning at 9 o'clock, from the residence of the paser of the p

PRAHENSTOCK,—On July 3, 1918. B. E. FRAHENSTOCK,—On July 3, 1918. B. E. FRAHENSTOCK, widow of Proc. Ches. 8, Frahensteck, Relatives and rare invited to attend the funeral service Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'closk, late residence, 1220 Providence ave. Ch. Pa. Interment private, at Chester Connector.

Pa. Interment private, at Chester Cemeterry.

LURENS.—On July 3, 1915, THEODO R., widow of Morris Lukens. Relatives friends are invited to attend the funeral ices, Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'close the residence of her daughter. Mrs. J Pennock, 227 B. 53d st. Interment private Mount Morlah Cometery.

McINTYRE.—On July 4, 1916, PAUL THOMPSON, wife of late J. Harry Intyre, Relativas and friends, also c No. 61, P. O. of A., and Belsy Reas P. No. 42, Brotherhood of the Union, are vited to attend the funeral services to attend the funeral service from her late residence, 152 R. Park Interment private, at Hisside Cemess MITCHELL.—At his residence, 1722 or nut st., on July 4, 1915, Hom. JAME MITCHELL, in his Sist year, Relative friends, also members of the Society of Cincinnati, Loyal Legion and Sons of Revolution, are invited to attend the fas earlies, on Thursday morning, at 10 o'c at the apartments of Oliver H, Bair, Cheatnut st. Interment private. Pleam flowers.

flowers.

PACKARD.—Buddenly, on July 5, 1
ELIZA GHLPIN, wife of C. S. W. Packer
VAN ULLEM.—On July 4, 1915, 100
husband of Sarah Van Ullem (neo 0
smith), of Pittsburgh, Pa. Relatives
friends, also Lady Monefiore Lodge,
invited to attend the funeral services,
Wednesday morning, at 10:30 prev
The place where services will be held
be announced in Wednesday's paper, in
ment Hebrew Mutual Cemetery.

WALTER.—On July 3, 1915, 1DA A 22

WALTER.—On July 3, 1915, 1DA A 22

WALTER.—On July 8, 1915, IDA A. W. TER (of 5134 Cedar ave.), daughter g phia R. Roynolds and the late Job jiew Walter, aged 25 years. Relatives and the are invited to attend the funeral serve Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock, at apartiments of Oliver H. Pair, 1830 Cest. Interment at Mount Moriah Cemaso

Deaths

Mr. and Mrs. Mann Consult Expert and Are Advised Where to Send Daughter.

"Mother," said Mr. Mann to his wife the other evening, "what are we going to do about a school for Marjorie next win-

"Yes," said Mrs. Mann, "what are we going to do? I've been thinking a good deal about it lately because we really must decide soon one way or the other. I have not said anything for I thought I would let you find out just how things were going so we might have something to work on." Mr. Mann said nothing for a few min-

utes and puffed at his pipe with his eyes on the ceiling. "If we can find a place" that is not too expensive," he finally remarked, "I think I can manage it all right. Mrs. Mann's face brightened and s

arg. Mann's lace brightened and a smile of great relief passed over it. "Oh," she said, "I am so glad. I have worried about it more than I wanted, you know. I hate the thought of Marjorie not having every chance possible. Where do you suppose we can send her?" "We won't discuss that until I have consulted our old standby, Ledger Cen-tral," said Mr. Mann. "Gracious," said Mrs. Mann, "Is there

anything that place cannot do for the Mann family?" And she got up to help her husband close the house. The next night after dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Mann had a long conference behind

closed doors, that mystified the rest of the family, to say the least. "Ledger Central is the most wonderful place I know of," was Mr. Mann's first comment when they were alone. "While a school is not a thing to pick out on the spur of the moment, I feel that the mat-ter is very nearly settled now, providing the place I have in mind meets with your

the place I have in mind meets with your approval."

"If you are satisfied," answered Mrs. Mann, "I am quite sure I will be. Tell me a little about it."

"Well, I talked quite a while with the school expert at Ledger Central and it did not take me a minute to find out that your old school is not the place it once was. I think it must have deteriorated was. I think it must have deteriorated considerably. The young man would not say anything against it, but I gathered from what he did not say about it that there were places that would be better for our need, at least. Out of a list of I don't know how many hundred schools he picked four which qualified as to the price I felt willing to pay and which seemed equipped to give Marjorie the training we want her to get. He per-sonally recommended all of them, said he had been to each one and described them for me in better fashion than a hundred catalogues could have done."

Mrs. Mann went to bed a very happy

woman that night. That Marjorie was to have a boarding-school education was as-sured and the ambition of her mother realized. It was only a question of one of four equally attractive places.

Jail Inmates Celebrate the "Fourth" LANCASTER, Pa., July 6,-For the first time in its history, every inmate of the Lancaster County prison was turned ungarded into the prison yard yesterday afternoon to celebrate the "Fourth." Three ball games were played. Refreshments were served, and one of prisoners responded to an address by Warden

MUSIC ON CITY HALL PLAZA

Philadelphia Band Will Play There Tonight.

Tonight will be song night with the Philadelphia Band, playing on City Hall plaza. Some of the best artists in the city will give the audience a music treat. The program is as follows:

b "Dance of the Bayaderes" from "Fera-5-Songs, a "The Star-Spangled Banner" b "My Country Tis of Thee"

4-"Entrance of the Gods Into Walhalla"
Wagner
S-Melodies from "M'lle, Modiste"... Herbert
S-Songs, a "Maryland, My Maryland"
b "Hall Columbia"
T-Vaise dl Concert, "Adele"..... BrisquetS-Symphonic Poem, "Die Moldau"... Smetana

MUNICIPAL BAND CONCERT

Program of Tonight's Performance at Dobson's Field, Falls of Schuylkill.

The Municipal Band will play tonight at Dobson's Field, Queen lane and Cresson street, Falls of Schuylkill. The program is as follows:

s as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor", Nicolat

Egyptiene Seronade, "Amina", Lincke

b "Polish Dance No. 1", Scharwenke

Characteristic, "Woodlark, Cuckoo and

Frog", Wagner

Gems from "Mikade", Snilivan

Toron solo, selected, William Downs

Grand Scenes from "Tales of Hoffman",

T-Valse di Cencert, "Golden Sunset", Hall

"American Fantasie", Herbert

Funeral of Mrs. C. S. W. Packard Arrangements are being made for the 326 South 21st street, who died last night it Penliyn.
Mrs. Packard was in Europe when the

war broke out last summer. She wit-nessed the horrors of the first month of the war, and was not able to leave with her husband until the middle of Sep-tember. Before her marriage she was Miss Eliza Gilpin McLean.

OBITUARIES

Miss Catherine Lenny CHESTER, Pa., July &-Miss Catherine

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