FALSE WITNESS By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc. The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention

of a kindly disposed fate.

(Copyright, 1014, by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.) CHAFTER XX1-(Continued).

UT what exactly did Mias Derove want But what exactly did Miss Decers wants from her companion? Maud found her-mill not a little puzzle. From the cording of the advertisement she had asthered that her employer was of a studious turn of mind. She had been prepared to read the classics with her or modern French and Derman literature. But Miss Dereve wanted none of these things. She could discuss intelligently enough the things that interested the people in her world-a little art or the latest novel. She was an enthusiast for the drama, which she regarded as something distinct from a plaz; she knew that Futurism stood for items. But she openly disclaimed any in-tention of studying anything. 'I guess you must have been bored some at col-less,'' she remarked sympathetically to Maud. 'I just couldn't sit still with a book for five minutes when I was at school.'' Why, then, had she wanted a companion with academic attainments? Miss Plessey was at a loss to understand. Probably Uncle Eustace had put that In. Mand decided, in the hope of persuading Monty to more serious study. If so he parent rols he wished her to assume He seemed to find everything his niece did perfectly satisfactory. O from her companion? Maud found herperfectly satisfactory.

perfectly satisfactory. Miss Dereve belonged to several ladies' clubs and had lots of friends. She went out a great deal to dances and theatres and bridge parties. She tried hard to per-suade Maud to accompany her. "You'd by no end of a success," she said enthu-siastically. "You're so lovely. All the men'd be wild after you. We could have a dandy time." But Maud had resisted her anosals and fattery. "You remember a dandy time." But Maud had resided her appeals and flattery. "You remember stipulated when you engaged me that I should not be asked to go into society," she reminded the impetuous Monty. "I don't like it, and I haven't any clothes; so please don't ask me again."

So Maud found herself left very much So Maud found herself left very much to her own devices. She began to write again, to fight down the thoughts of Mar-tin that would come crowding back. She took the car (which Monty implored her to use as often as she liked) for long spins out into the country. Life would have been very pleasant if she had not been haunted by memories of golden hours passed on the Sidi's deck.

After two or three days Miss Dereve became distinctly confidential and began to discuss those things which two young girls left together will inevitably talk

"Do you believe in love at first sight," Miss Robinson?" she asked one evening. They were in Maud's sitting room and Monty stood beside the fireplace fidgeting with some tiny carved lvory figures on the mantelplece.

"Well, yes, I think so. I think all real

"Well, yes, I think so. I faink all real love comes pretty much at first sight," answered Maud reflectively. "That's just what I feel," said Monty sagerly. "You know when I begin just being friendly with a boy I stop right there. I've always feit that with men until quite lately...". She hesitated for a few seconds, foen continued: "I want to ask your advice, Miss Robinson. I think you'd understand-Uncle Eustace wouldn't-he'd only laugh, and there's no one else I can really talk to..."

one else I can really talk to "" She paused again and then plunged. "Fact is, Miss Robinson, I'm just crazy on a man, and I don't know if he cares for me. He's in America just now, but will be back on this side before long. I believe really he thinks me still a kid-I'm only 17, you know. But I'm just wild about him. Now what am I to do? Can I tell him-or would he think it too

Maud looked thoughtful. "It depends on the man," she said at length. "No decent man would think worse of you.

decent man would think worse of you. But you'd have to be very sure of your-self and of him too. * * * It's a big thing to do-and you're very youns." The American girl flung ber half-amoked cigarette into the grate. "What would you do-if you cared for him like mad?" she asked abruptly. Mand colored and then turned nale. "I? Maud colored and then turned pale. "I?

On-well---" She picked up the poker and hammered viciously at one of the glowing wooden logs. "I--I was once in the same position-and I told the man I cared for him." The poker clattered to the ground. Maud got up and walked over to the window. "Then,"-her value sound-

She had had experience in the last few weeks of men who tried to speak to her as she went about the streets alone. This man was hardly the usual type. He wore an unbuttoned overcoat, new enough but badly cut, a bowler hat, tilted slightly over his eyes, and curious square-toed boots. A thick sliver watch chain, she noticed, daugled across his weistcoat. Mis face was insignificant except for eyes this seemed wide awake and intelligent.

that seemed wide awake and intelligent. Mand felt vaguery meany. She pulled her coat collar up higher about her earn and quickened her steps. She looked round her for a bus, but none was in sight, surely musual in Victoria street, she reflected. She was quite certain the man was following her. He had crossed over to the opposite side of the street, but there were few people about, and she was still aware of his footsteps. She had meant to walk up Whitehall to Charing Cross, but held up her hand to a prowting taxt, hoping to leave the man behind. She got out at the Charing Cross station

She got out at the Charing Cross statio Hampstead Tube. For a moment she thought she had shaken off this up wanted follower: then, just as she reached the ticket window she saw him come down the steps into the booking hall. It a loud voice she asked for a ticket for Tottenham Court road. She fancied she heard him repeat her words to the clerk. In the lift he managed to brush up

In the lift he managed to brush up against ber. She turned her back on him, but felt his scrutiny, though when she turned sharply round to confront him his eyes were glued to the latest edition of the Diversity View the Evening News.

Maud felt both angry and alarmed. She felt certain this man was a detective. His boots betrayed him, she remarked cynl-cally to herself. She remembered she had once heard a militant suffragist who had once heard a militant suffragist who hau had much experiences of the police force say that you could always tells a detec-tive or a plain clothes man by his feet. She had expected, of course, that her mother and Ruron would set a detective to watch for her. She had not considered that they would probably have Martin's that they would probably have Martin's flat watched as well. She bit her lip with vexation. She had got herseif into a pretty meas with this wild-goose chase

and had got nothing for it. Well, she had got to get rid of the man somehow before she went on to Hampstead. She would have a try at Tottenham Court But Euston was the very nearest she Could leid him track. She blessed the man for going about his work so clumsily. If he had shown a little more finesse she might have taken him on to Hampstead before she discovered that she was being followed

Surely it ought to be easy enough to allp a man in the tube. She meditated deeply, biting her lips as the train jerked into a stop at Leicester Square. The man was watching her from the next compartment. She had only two more minutes

road,

Suddenly an idea struck her, and her face relapsed into a smile. "I'll get even with you yet, Mr. Detective," she mut-tered to herself.

The train drew up at Tottenham Court road and Maud stepped out onto the plat-form. Then she waited. The man emerged also and walked slowly toward the exit. He looked surprised as Maud did not move. He walked slowly back again, twisting his small mustache nervously

Mith his fingers. Mand looked at him with a smile in her eyes as he passed. The spirit of the chase was upon her now. She was be-

chase was upon her now. She was be-ginning to relish the adventure. A green light leapt to the indicator. "Highgate train," called out the porter. Maud moved toward the entrance, the man keeping almost at her elbow. With

one foot on the platform of the smoking compartment he watched her enter the one next door and take the first seat. Then he entered the smoking car. It was rather full and he had to pass some distance before he found a seat. • There remained only one passenger to beard the train. The conductor's hand

beard the train. The conductor's hand degeted with the lever. Maud leaned forward. "Is this right for Lelcester Square?" she asked. "Other side, Miss," replied the con-

ductor without a sign of impatience. He was used to ladies who did not know in which direction they were traveling. Maud sprang to her feet. "Walt a moment." she cried, "I must get out

sengers, tain was drizzling steadily. The badly payed streets were allow and shin-ing, the rain dripped in filty black drops from the arches of the elevated railroad. To Martin, so long accustomed to the skies of Africa and southern Europe, the scene was peculiarly depressing.

scene was peculiarly depressing. "Still," ise consoled bimself, "It might be Philadelphia or Glassow. I have much to be thankful for." He handed over his trunk to an express-man and walked to an old-fashioned hotel downtown, close to the old Trinity Church. He walked because he was in no particular hurry and because he was in no conserved when he is on foot than when he is in a vehicle. He paw his enemy in the custom house, but they had not come within speaking distance. Huron apparently made no effort to follow him. It would be easy enough. Arrol remem-bered, for the man to trace him by in-quiring of the texpressman or going the round of the hotels.

After lunch he took the elevated up to West first street, the address siven him by his partner. He had not advised the man he was in search of he conceived t quite possible that he would be ex-remely reluctant to talk with one who had been so prominently associated with the Plassey case.

The house he found, was divided into "apartments" or flats. He accorded in a lift, which he had to work himself, and rang the hell of the flat lettered T. As he stood in the silent, dark passage, he looked at the door curiously. It was a door opening upon the past, beyond which lay a dead man's secret. He waited some time, but there was no response. He began to be sorry that he had not made an appointment. The prospect of wandering about the rain-swept streets of New York on a Sunday afternoon was not inviting. He pushed

afternoon was not inviting. He pushed the bell vigorously, pressing it for fully

two minutes. He heard a far-off voice yell, "Stop that tarnation row!" and presently caught the sound of slippered feet coming along the passage. The door opened, and at the same time the electric light was switched n from within.

Martin saw a very tail man in dressing gown and slippers-a man with dark brown hair worn longish after the American fashion, rather fine blue eyes, and well-chiseled features. He wore no mustache, but he had evidently not shaved that day. If his hair had been an inch or two longer and he had cultivated a goatee, he might have passed for a sec-ond cousin of Buffalo Bill, Joaquin Miller and other worthles if the Wild West.

"Who the deuce are you, anyway" he demanded, eyeing Martin angrily. "I thought the whole apartment house was on fire. Ain't it possible for a man to have a quiet sleep on Sunday afternoon in his own home without all the drum-

mera and shysters in New York city com-ing and rousing him like-" "Sorry I've disturbed your slumbers," interrupted the Englishman curtly. "Pei-haps I ought to have made an appoint

ment. Anyhow, I've just come across the Atlantic to see you, so you might as well let me in. My name's Martin Arrolyour brother's partner-and I've come of the firm's business-that is, if I'm speak-ing to Mr. Sydney Dereve. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

The Daily Story

In the Garden Below

Delicia slipped joyousty into the soft ink sliks of her costume. The young pink silks of her contume. The young woman possessed a temperament and could write in nothing save pink-pink from her slippers to the large bow that confined a mass of copper ringlets at the mape of her neck. Her cheeks rivaled the pink of the frock, for inspira-tion had come suddenly and she could acarcely contain herself until she reached her den ter den.

She glanced out at the rambling old She glanced out at the rambling old house in the next garden; it had been vacant so long that the windows were almost hidden behind the unkept vines. A desultory litigation had hung over its stately premises so long that Delicia had decided to make use of the privacy it afforded.



PHOTOPLAY COMEDIAN CAN'T GET KILLED

Billie Reeves Finds Atlantic City Aviator Obdurate Over Plunge at 60 Miles an Hour.

"I'm not going to stand for anybody killing himself from this plane." Back and forth the comedian and aviator shouted their arguments. The former insisted he was going to make the jump; the latter was firm in his determination not to let him. Then Bill, quite peeved by this time, stood up to carry out his original intention. The hydroaeroplane gave a sudden lurch, did a downward skid, and the aviator was almost knocked out of his seat by Bill's sitting down on him. The aviator, by quickness of mind, righted the hydroaeroplane, but it landed on the surface of the water with a crash that almost sent the two men overboard. Both were considerably shaken up and bruised, and when Hotaling arrived in his motorboat the comedian and the aviator were exchanging frank and uncomplimentary re-marks as fast as they could speak the language. William Faversham will make his first appearance as a screen actor in the lead-ing role of "The Right of Way" very shortly. The film is taken from Sir Gil-bert Parker's novel of the same title, and

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many scenes in the production were ob-tained at Tinsbury, Canada, the place where the leading events related in the book were supposed to have occurred. This production is staged on an unusually large and pretentious scale. John W. Noble, who directed the action, re-quired ten weeks in which to complete the Canadian scenes alone, and it is said that an outlay of \$50,000 was necessary to defray expenses. Jane Grey and a care-

however, the aviator's safety-first scruples asserted themselves, and he re-fused to allow the comedian to drop out.

If you jump out you'll kill yourself," yelled the aviator to Bill.

I go," shouted Bill back at him.

"We're making over 60 miles now, and

"Get down to a hundred feet and out

"No, you won't." barked the aviator.

fully selected cast will support h Faversham.

Faversham. To meet the exigencies of the photo-play, an entire village was erected on the Miad. River by the Rolfe Company, while was later burned to the ground. Form hundred men, two hundred women and numerous children were used in the various scenes which called for the emple ment of large crowds. From a specta-iar as well as dramatic standpoint " Right of Way" is said to be one of an most appealing pictures yet evolved.

Following a saries of one-rest com-diss, the Headline Amusement Company announces that it will make a mina-ture production of "Romeo and Julies," with Little Will Archie and diminutine Violet Howard in the title roles. The entire company will be mish up of the stars of the Lilliputian world. "Romes and Juliet" will be in five resis. The present plan is to start making this ple-ture September 1.

present plan is to start making this ple-ture September 1. "Pee-wee's Courtship" is the title of the first of the one-reel releases, featur-ing Will Archie and the original Mrs. General, Tom Thumb. Releasing ar-rangements have not been concluded ye-rangements have not been concluded yeas many offers for State rights have been made to the Headline Amusement Co pany.

Theatrical Baedeker

Interdifical DacueRer Anter-Conray and Lebale in "The sup-Physician": Theorem Stendis and his sup-phony Players Ben Welch, character : edian; Mosconi Brothers, dathcers, John Henzhaw and Chrise Aver, in "A Vander Table d'Hote": Ethel MacDemough, in pa-senas; "A Twentlish Century Courtemp novelty movie; "The Regent Quarter: "The Skatory Bijouve; Keit and Demout in "Mission tege Nonsenas," and Hearst-Seile Stere

Bisterers' Bijouvri, Keil and Demoni in "has been on acenae", and Hearat.edity Statement, and Hearat.edity Statement, a musical show of power van and Carrie Avery in "Rastia, the Nuker of the Boyle, singing in the statement of the Stat

Deaths

BROWN.-On July 4, 1915, AGNER, widee of James Brown, Relatives and Finds are nyited to attend the function of James Brown, Relatives and Finds are nyited to attend the function of the second dense, 122, St. Alban, St. International dense, 123, St. Alban, St. International dense, 123, St. Alban, St. International dense, 124, St. Alban, St. Alban, St. International dense, 126, St. Alban, St. Alba

nowers. PACKARD.-Suddenly, on July 5, 1911 ELIZA GILPIN, wife of C. S. W. Packard Funeral services in the Church of St. Jame the Less. Falls of Schuykuli, on Thurday, its Sth inst. at 4:30 p. m. SCHROEDER.-Entered Into rest in Lancas ter. Pa. on July 6, 1915. EATHERING MARK, widow of the late Francis Schroeder in the Sth year of her age. Services and m.



THIS IS TOM M'NAUGHTON The above categorical assertion is necessary before any playgoer or photoplaygoer will recognize in this nattily dressed gentleman the comedian of "Suzi," who is now with the Lubin forces.

By the Photoplay Editor

Billie Reeves, Lubin's acrobatic comedian, not only distinguished himself, but came dangerously near extinguishing himself, at Atlantic City last week while

"I need that one rose," she said to her-self. "My costume is incomplete with-out it. I simply must have it for my She slipped quietly out and glided through the moonlight into the garden next door. Once in the garden Delicia forgot everything save the glorious moment. She wandered about the rose paths

inhaling draught after draught of their sweetness and looking always for the one pink beauty. The moonlight turned them all about until they looked like little pale souls playing about in the garden. "You beauty!" she cried aloud when

roses became a passion. When the man in the garden buried his head in their pink depths to inhale their sweetness she felt that she must rush down and

clutch some of them to her own heart.

there

hair.'

Upon the night of the big dance in the town hall Delicia stood before her mir-ror and gazed at the pink cloud reflected

"You beauty" she cried aloud when her fingers found the one they sought. "Oh-h, but you have thorns!" she mur-mured as she tried to break the stem. "Perhaps I can cut it for you." A volce, musical and rich, came out from the moonlight. "Oh-h!" Delicia allpped quietly down

"On-n? Dencia anpped querty down among the roses. The man hastily threw away his clear and stooped over the girl. "Great Scott! I didn't mean to startle you, child!" He picked the pink cloud up in his arms and gazed down at her face. "You beauty!" he muttered under his breath his breath.

his breath. Martin Duane picked a great rosebud hastily and drew if gently across the girl's brow. It was cool and Delicia's eyes opened slowly. "Thank goodness," cried the man as his eyes looked deep into the great gray man for factorized was he that he for

his eyes looked deep into the great gray ones. So fascinated was he that he for-got for the moment that he was holding her close in his arms. "I am better now," she said. He released her and said quickly, "I am a brute to have startled you, so especially when I have waited so long the come down from your sky " for you to come down from your sky." Delicia cast a startled glance at him 'You have known?'

"I saw you slip through your gate and into this house almost the first day," Martin Duane spoke with a wonderful tenderness. "You had on something pink --like this." He touched the scarf that hung from her shoulder. "That is why I put in so many pink flowers," he said

Delicia looked up at the man and he breath came quickly.

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to the window. "Then"-her voice sound ed sharp and tense-"when he told we he cared for me too-I gave him up." "Myl" elseulated Miss Dereve, "how-

could you?

Mand began to pace the tiny room. "I had no choice," she said fiercoly. "Fate was against us both. It was as though lightning struck the world and shriveled everything up quite suddenly. One day the grass was green and the sun shiny-the next life seemed like a dusty road." She pulled herself up abruptly. "One thing I can tell you, Miss Dereve," she continued in a tired voice. "It's easier to give up a man before he's made love to you than after!

Whatever had been the effect of this conversation on Monty Dereve, on Maud it had been singular and disturbing. It It had been singular and disturbing. It was the first time she had referred even indirectly to Martin to any living soul since she had left her mother at Brigh-ton. Memories crowded back in a head-long, aching flood. Fiercely she lenged to feel the touch of his hand, to hear the sound of his volce-even to see him at a distance. She had heard nothing about the for the last two months Suddenby

ability of the volce-even to see him at a distance. She had heard nothing about him for the last two months. Suddenly ahe resolved that she must see him again, even if he did not know her. She must find out what he was doing " " " The next evening she found herself and the house. Miss Dereve and her incle were dining with friends and doing a theatre afterward. Maud asked for dinner to be served in her little sitting room. Inmediately afterward a he alipped on a big, shapeleas motorcoat that Monty had insisted on lending her for driving, pulled a small hat well down over her hair, and tied on a thickly upotted well. As she surveyed herself in the ghas a faitered herself that alw was fairly well disguised. "Thrusting her hands into her pockets she walked down the windy, half-made roug what result for the server meeded reminding when their memory was with her along when the was fould be was failed with the was fould be was failed with the server for the server is the way for the was fould be way for the way for the way was with her along when their memory was with her along the server is the way for the way f

st sea. As if she ever needed remind-ing when their memory was with her alwaysi It was foolish what she was doing new, and weak, too. Something within her should that she didn't care. But turned up the collar of her coat and held hor head well down as she washed up Victoria street. Nevertheless, a man lounging past Enderby Manilon poked at her sharply as she turned in the door. The indicator said that Mr. Arrol was out. She besitated for, a mo-tion the door of Richard Arrol's flat. It has door of Richard Arrol's flat. Martin Arrol Was out, aslo the sivant who appeared in answer to her ring Mr. Martin Arrol't-oh, Mr. Martin was no ang was expected back in about a tort-or of message? Maad shook har head "It write," and bound a book har head with the door back back in about a tort-or of message? Maad shook har head "It write," and back book har head "It write," and shoul feeling if messes any to give some explanation of her back

the give same in America. Whatever a he doing there is the woldared. What the doing the set is woldared. What rollowing up a chief Was he still try-to clear himself -it seemed almost like are was it only builders? What a cold the on the up of har favorian resolve are him america to all hases de 0.6, is a probably all for the best. By the in see come back from Armerica this in the come back from Armerica this und have backed being to hand. In mark have backed being to hand. The was fall are subtring to hand. The are seen in a school. And yet the utter are shown?

many why had watched her enter and peaked her, and presently a same Maud noticed with

The train was beginning very slowly to move. The conductor shrugged his shoulders and Maud sprang out onto the platform. The man in the next compartment The man in the next compartment

said.

touches which artistic hands can give, Delicia soon had an attractive workship. Arrived in her bower, the girl peeped out through the porthole of her window -she had sacrificed the vines to that extent-and sighed as she gazed wist-fully at the old garden so rich in pos-sibilities, but so much in need of loving hands to guide its straying vines and tangles of old-world flowers. Delicia had not time herself. Her stories demanded every moment. "Besides," she murmured to the gar-den, "some one might see me and then-I might be put out of my lovely room." She grew fearsome at the very thought and desperately to work on the jumped to his feet and ran down the car. The gates clashed in his face and the train swept out of the station. Maud drew a deep breath. "What an es-cape!" she said beneath her breath. Then she raced toward the exit. At the corner "Hampstead-as quick as you can," she aid. "I'll tell you the address later." shid. "I'll tell you the address later." She leaned back in the cab and laughed ourright. She had enjoyed the chase and could have chuckled over the detective's discomfiture. But the incident had its

cincomnutre. But the incident and its grave side. Her mother, or Huron, or both, would now know she was in Lon-don and would redouble their efforts to find her. Of course, they could not com-pel her to return home; but once Huron and went desperately to work on the and wont despracely to work on the story in her mind. For an hour or more her typewriter clicked. When the beat of her thoughts were safely down she became more con-scious of outward sounds. could communicate with her he would be able to present that dreadful ultimatum.

Gradually it came to her senses that a peculiar grating noise had been going on for some time. At the same moment a voice was humming "My Love is Like a Ned Real Been" She wondered what he would do if she She wondered what he would do it also put it out of her power to accede to his demand by marrying Martin. Would he then, as diplomatists say, yield to the inexorable logic of the accomplished fact? That would indeed be a glorious solution of the difficulty. But Martin was in termine Red. Red Rose." Red. Red Rose." Delicia jumped up cautiously and peered through the opening in the vines. She started back, then quickly resumed har position as she realized her safety.

America. She reached home at the moment the position as she realized her safety. A man was digging in the garden below. Surprise, indignation, joy were mingled in the expression that any one dared to enter what she had grown to consider her own, and joy that the old garden was at last coming into its own, for the man below was working like a happy "slave over paths and vines and rose Side reached nome at the housent the postman was delivering letters at the house. She took them from him as she opened the door with her own latchkey. The uppermost envelope bore an Ameri-can stamp and was addressed to Miss Dereve in the handwriting of Martin Aerol. Arrol

CHAPTER XXII.

trees. Delicia made her cup of tea slowly and thoughtfully while she cast occasional glances into the garden or, rather, at the man in the garden. That he was big and well knit was easily seen and that his head was crowned with gold was equally apparent, but his features were yot discernible. DURING the scant remainder of the voyage Arrol exchanged no word with Tempted to wreak his authority Harnn. Huran. Tempted to wreak his authority on the man personally, he realized that violence would be as futile on the deck of a Cunarder as at home in London. Thrown thus together, the men were in a position to strike a bargain, to arrive at some compromise; but Martin was too exampsing with the double-dealing and corrections bins of bis component to sen. equally apparent, but his reactives were not discernible. She gave up the attempt and sat down to her its. Gloom broaded in her eyes. "Has some horrible person bought the place?" was the question uppermost in Delicia's mind. She cast another glance through the vines. "He lan't so horrible at that," she confided to herself with a sparkie in her eyes. "Anyway, I shall sparkie in her eyes. "Anyway, I shall just wait and see. He can't any more than put ms out."

But Martin Duane did not dispossess Delicia. And as the weeks wors on he spparently did not once become conscious of the pair of gray eyes that followed him in his work about the garden. The magazines suffered the loss of Delicia's work. Up in the pink den De-licia grew pasylah because har well-trained brain refused to compose beauti-ful stories; it preferred to take vivid interest in every movement of the man in the section.

a<text> a verifiable fairyiand of color. The man seemed to take particular care of the roses; to Deitcin's longing syms it looked as if the pink ones grew defaulty larger and more desirable than the others.

and noise desirable than the others. As June wore toward the close the girl found herself consciously jealous of the pink ruses; especially was she jealous of the tender care which was given to one bush. The man spent hours tending the glorious bud that was slowly opening its heart to the garden. He pruned and petted and watched is with the syes of a lower. The weather had been so bad that it a haraself beiner in hand. In as a relief. And yet the utter who had watched her enter massaded her, and presently instantiated it. On the first day of the weak, instantiated it. On the first day of the weak, its heart to the safet. He surplets and more its secretion studies. He surplets and more its secretion with the system instantiation of the safet. In at the safet it work is the safet it with the system and its secretion is presented to the incoming party.

The garden thrived and blossomed into

the garden.

"And I would have taken your very finest rose," she said. "Yours," he corrected her. "I had made

up my mind that if I hadn't managed to meet you before that rose came into full bloom I would send it up to you

"It is in full bloom," said Delicis softly. The man stooped over the bush and cut the rose. He very carefully removed all the thorns and put it into her hand.

ment later he said, "I have bought A moment this place." Delicia was eilent for a moment, but in

that moment something, subtle and in-tangible though it was, told her that she need never give up the pink den. (Copyright, 1915.)

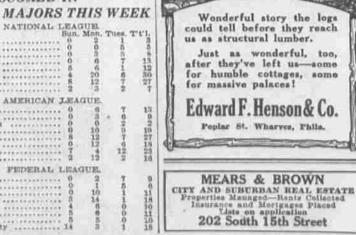
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being filmed in a new co nedy, under the direction of Arthur Hotaling. The plan was for Bill to go up in a

and the second second

hydro-aeroplane, drop into the Atlantic Ocean and be rescued by the life guards. Bill was perfectly willing to take the

chance, and everything was ready for the big fion into the sea when he and the aviator soared skyward. Up in the air,

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How Death Lurks In Your Mouth

Sunday's article on "Why Good Teeth Mean a Long Life" was just the forerunner of this secondand even MORE important-article on the subject of mouth-hygiene by

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

Tracing the history of mankind by teeth-efficiency, Dr. Hutchinson gives you the vital facts about how your very life is governed by your two rows of ivories. You'll enjoy the humor and literary merit of this second article as much as you'll profit by the valuable information it offers. Be sure you read it in the

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