BABIES APPEAR SUNDAY

Public Ledger Will Print Pictures of Eight Victors in Child Welfare Contest.

Fintographs of the eight little victors in the Public Ledger child welfare contest will appear in the Ledgers intaglic on Sunday, July 11. They form an interesting page, which give a line on childhood character from many angles. The winners were chosen from several thousand candidates, and each was rewarded with a golf medal. Those selected by the careful judges excelled in character, intelligence, health and beauty, and when you see the little group of juvenile Pennsylvanians you will agree that the judges did their work well.

Hisbons of honorable neution were

Hisbons of honorable nestion were awarded to 260 other contestants, and many of these gave the victors a close cell for first honors.

All of the little competitors will receive

national attention, for the photographs of 200 of them will adorn the Palace of Education at the Panama-Pacific Exposi-

The Daily Story

From the Wigwam

It was a small and not fashionable resort, such as spring up in mush-room multitude in the lake region of North, Roger Shelden had sought the obscurity estensibly for a fort-pight's fishing, but in reality to be alone with his thoughts and to seek

solace in the pine forest for an un-requited love.

If he had been younger or, perhaps, older, he would have turned to mun-dane material for alleviation, but he was a quiet, self-contained man with a Decoming suspicion of gray already at his termles. He was a certificity raise. at his temples. He was so entirely relegated to the "oldest set" that he had scarcely entered into the thoughts or life of young Judith Cary until he asked to marry him.

She had said him nay, but she had been so startled by the look she had met in his eyes that the impression had served to keep him in her memory; but Roger, who had worshiped mostly from afur, quietly and manfully accepted his rebuff and withdrew to this remote spot that he might not suffer the acute angulah of witnessing her acceptance of the devotion of another man. By the irony of fate the names above

his on the register were "Mrs. Richard Cary, Miss Cary." While deliberating whether to submit to

ahead."
"I'm glad to hear that from a business point of view," said Martin, "but I have a deep personal interest in this matter. I have a certain regard for my old senior's memory. I should not like to rob him of the credit of this invention if it really belongs to him. In fact, as he has a daughter living, to annex the profits of the idea would be nothing less than fraud miles it is made clear that the plans were Nemesis or to beat a retreat unseen, for his arrival was at a very early hour in the morning, Judith appeared before him on the dock, winsome and winning. she said, coloring with the consciousness of a young girl.
"I thought you always went to the sca-shors," he said, after they had formally

"Mother is not very well, and the doc-r prescribed a quiet, scaluded spot."
"Isn't this an early hour for you to be

out?" he asked.
'I was going to row over to that stretch
of woods across the bay to see some Indians who are camping there. They are
civilized Indians, but mother would not

approve, so I am running away."
"I was running away, too," he said, smiling, "Suppose we run away or row away together."

From whom are you running away?" a saked as she stepped into the boat.

You can't do that, you know," she said, sagely, and feeling that they were on dangerous ground, she deftly changed the

When they were nearing the woods, he looked up anxiously at a darkening sky.
"Storms come up quickly in these
parts." he said, bending to the oars with
renewed strength. Before they could land the rain came down in torernts, the wind blew a gale; leabing the waves to a fury, and the sudden darkness was only re-lieved by lurid flashes of lightning. Shelden glanced at his young companion

"Are you afraid?" he asked curtly. "No," she replied gravely, but the thought came to her that she was only unafraid because she felt such entire reliance upon his protection.

After a short tramp through the dense

woods they came to a clearing where three tents were pitched. Standing like a sentinel before one of them was an Indian. At the sound of their voices a white woman, soft-eyed and mild-gian-nered, come forth. She at once took Ju-dith incide the tent and brought forth clean dry clothing. While donning these garments Judith chatted with the woman, who told her that her husband had attended school at a mission for some time, and that she had there met and married him, but his wandering nature finally prehim, but his wandering nature many pre-valled against his new ways, and they camped and traveled during the summer. After telephoning, they returned to the camp and inspected the Indian wares. Later in the afternoon a beautiful young Indian girl, the sister of E-tar-we-geshig, returned from a neighboring village.
"His can tell your fortune," suggested the white woman, knowing the weakness

"That will be lovely!" cried Judith enthusiastically. "Wouldn't you like to have yours told?" She appealed to

'My fortune has been told," he said significantly with a shade of sadness in

She dropped her eyes and followed the Indian girl to the tepse. When she returned she was lighthearted.
"She foretold me a beautiful future." she informed Roger. "Won't you let her tall yours."

tell yours?"

Fie shook his bead, smiling.

"Please!" she urged, her eyes and voice

With a little laugh of compliance ha

went into the topes.

"Was it a good fortune?" asked Judith shyly when he came out.

"Yery good; for good to be true," he said, looking at her intently.

Reger soddenly turned from the boat and led Juitth a few feet distant to a pine tree that towared in solitary grandear from its fellows.

Judith I am soing to tell you again that I love you. Is there any hope that you can some to care for me?

There was a second's tremulous stience.

"I love you now, Rogar!"

"When did you come to love me?" he saked, as they sped away across the was less.

"If I hadn't consulted the young propi-ass of the wigwarn," he said missingly, never should have wentured to ask never should have reduced to ack as second time. He soid me I level my maiden who had refused me bear at the act at that if I would ask nor again twillable underseath a soiliary ploc.

Wall ? he asked after a pause. The heat was in in heat I told her Charlett, 1953

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRIZE FALSE WITNESS

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.)

CHAPTER XXII-(Continued).

pardon for not knowing you, Mr. Arrol. Sten right in."

to see round. * * * What's this business you want to see me about? It must be mighty important to have brought you

mirror and observed that it was working

"That's all right," he said hoarsely, "That's all right," he said hoarsely, fumbling with his tie. "You and Eustace can go ahead. That idea has never been carried out before. You have my word for it. You won't lose your money. Go

iless it is made clear that the plans were

originally acquired from him in a per-fectly bona fide way. I hope you agree

with me?
"It seems to me you're mighty scrupulous for a man of business. Mr. Arrol," observed Dereve as he slipped on his coat.
"It's a matter of common honesty. I gather that you do not claim to be the

Dereve turned on him viciously, "Gather

ing how to take care of myself and how to make other men respect me. Remem-ber, too, that you are addressing the rep-

resentative of your brother, and—if that counts for anything with you—a personal friend of your daughter." Dereve's face softened. "There ain't no

He closed the door behind the sailor and

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

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

ness," sald Martin, again laying his hand ness, said Martin, again leying his hand on the other's knee, "and you have got the plans which were in Admiral Plessey's deak. You murdered him yourself." Dereve went very pale. "It's a lie" he shouted. "I never murdered him! Who told you that—Huron or that showsiri woman." TES, I'm Syd." The man's face Y changed, it seemed to Martin. He stared with painful interest at his visitor, his hand still on the doorknob. He

"Huron? What do you know of Hu-ron?" demanded the sailor, keeping his eyes fixed on the trembling Anglo-Ameriseemed undeclased for a moment whether he would admit his visitor. Then he slowly opened the door and stepped on "Is that so?" he said. "Well, I beg

can.
"I know more about Huron and his showsiri than he wants me to know. If they try to fasten the blame of their dirty work on me, tell them to look out—that's

led the way to one of those bed-sittingrooms which the true American always
prefers to a simple day room. A large
bottle or ryo whisky stood on a table beside the bed next to an open box of cigars.
The bedroom bore that resemblance to a Dereve was walking up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, puffing furiously at his cigar. Martin watched him intently, his lips were bent into a smile of derision. He had got the man's

smile of derision. He had got the man's measure. Dereve was a coward.

He got up and laid his hand on the tall man's shoulder. "Out with it!" he said gently. "If you're an enemy of fluron and Mrs. Plessey you should be an ally of mine. Sit down and listen to me."

Dereve drank off a stiff glass of whisky and resumed his seat. He kept his face turned away from the other man. He was bitten at his line nervously and could

side the bed next to an open box of classe. The bedroom bore that resemblance to a saloen which is the true home-note for so many citizens of the great republic.

Mr. Dereve swept a newspaper off a wicker rocker chair and motioned to Arrol to take a seat. He pushed the bottle and the cigars towards him with a hospitable gesture. Martin having been in the country before filled his glass with whisky, but did not drink it. With inward minglyings he took and lit a cigar.

His host then threw himself on the bed and clasping his hands beneath his head looked up at the ceiling. "Well, sir," he began in a sulky tone. "I'm very glad to see you. If you are not well acquainted with this city it'll give me great pleasure to see round. * * What's this business you want to see me about? It must be was biting at his lips nervously and could no longer keep his cigar alight. "I'll be straight with you," began Martin. "I'm in love with Maud Plessey, the admiral's daughter. Mrs. Plessey has made up her mind that she shall marry the man you spoke of—Huron—because he threatens otherwise to reveal the dis-graceful circumstances of her husband's death. I'm not out to avenge the ad-miral, nor yet to vindicate myself at the expense of his honor. I want to turn this rogue Hurons' flank-to satisfy my girl that he cannot injure her or her father's reputation. I don't see why you shouldn't help me in this." In his desperate ear-nestness Martin could not keep a note of aupeal out of his voice. "If you actually shot the admiral, I don't know that I feel constrained to hand you over to jus-

"I never shot him," sulkily reiterated

you want to see me about? It must be mighty important to have brought you all this way."

Martin leaned forward and clasped his hands between his knees so as to have a better view of the other man's face. "Yes, it is important. Where did you get those plans, Mr. Dereve? I fancy the originals were in Admiral Plessey's desk." If Martin had hoped for an electrical effect he was disappointed. The man on the bed did not move a muscle. "I got those plans from—another man," he said after a pause.

"Who was the other man?"

Sydney Dereve sat bolt upright on the bed and looked at the newcomer. "Do I understand aright that you are my brother's partner?" he asked impressively.

"I am. I am askins these questions in his interest as much as my own. Your brother has taken out a patent for these designs, which he regards as extremely valuable. As soon as I examined them I recognized the central idea as having occurred to my old chief, Admiral Plessey, over Is years ago. I pointed out to your brother that it was no good sinking any money in the invention unless we were sure that it had not been put into execution elsewhere. He told me that he had the plans from you and always believed that you were the original inventor.

The tall, lank man slipped off the bed, and divestins himself of his dressing gown proceeded to arrange his collar and the mirror and observed that it was working strangely. Dereve.
"So much the better. What, then, have "So much the better. What, then, have "Fersey?" He anxiously watched the effect of his words. The tall man sat staring before him, white-faced and haggard, cracking the joints of his fingers.

"I don't know what you want with me," he said, huskily and resentfully. "What do I care about that man's daughter? He didn't respect other men's daughters." A spot of red flashed out on his pallid cheeks. "I tell you he deserved to die. * * I guess it's mighty fine for you to sit there and coay the story out you to sit there and coax the story out of me. I don't know you, Mr. Arrol, You are still more or less under suspicion, I surmise, of having had a hand in the old surmise, of having had a hand in the old man's death, and you'd be more than human if you didn't fasten the guilt on some other likely person if you got the chance. * * You see, appearances were dead against me. I've got hold of these plans, as you see. I wish," he went on hitterly, "I'd put 'em in the fire. Huron could put the rope round my neck if I thwarted him. You had a close call, I remember, and I should be in a worse plight, for you see that I had a private grudge against the old man." He knitted his brows and seemed to be struggling hard to see his way. "No, Huron has kept faith with me all these years. I can't be of any use to you, Mr. Arrol."
"You're a coward!" Martin expected to see the man leap from his chair as he

"You're a coward!" Martin expected to see the man leap from his chair as he said that, but he sat unmoved, looking blankly before him. "If you are innocent, why don't you challenge them to do their worst? * * What was your grudge against Admiral Plessey?"

"I guess that's no concern of yours."
Martin rose and paced the room pale

Martin rose and paced the room, pale with anger. He was thinking rapidly. with anger. with anger. He was thinking rapidly. After all, he had gained something from his visit—the man had denied Mrs. Plessey's statement that her husband had died in dishonorable circumstances. The woman had tried to bluff him. She had perhaps private reasons of her own for humoring Huron, but it was not in his power to hold the daughter as a hestage for her dead father. A triumphant lieft power to hold the daughter as a hostage for her dead father. A triumphant light came into his eyes. He would find Maud and marry her, and bid this crew of liars and cravens do their worst. Then he looked at Dereve and took up his hat. "Very well, my friend," he said, men-acingly: "you have told me that Admiral Plessey parted with those plans in no discreditable way. That's all I wanted

Dereve turned on him viciously. "Gather what you like! I never said I wasn't!"
"That won't do, Mr. Dereve," Martin amiled incredulously. "If you had been the true author of these designs you would have indignantly declared it as soon as I mentioned my doubts, the moment the admiral's name was out of my ment the admiral's name was out of my mouth." He looked the tall man steadily in the eye. "I don't yet know how you got hold of those plans, but I'd stake my life that you never drew them. If you did, why did you keep them in your pocket il years? It was just il years ago that the admiral was killed."

Sydney Dereve fingered his half-smoked clgar nervously and looked over Martin's head. His lips twitched. "I guess my brother was a considerable kind of an ass to so shares with a mealy-mouthed morment the admiral's name was out of my cigar nervously and looked over Martin's head. His lips twitched "I guess my brother was a considerable kind of an ass to go shares with a mealy-mouthed moralist like you," he said.
"I don't advise you to begin paying me compliments of that sort. Mr. Dereve," the sailor warned him. "I haven't followed the sea for II years without learn-

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARTIN flung out of the flat before the frightened man could intercept

ATA the frightened man could intercept him and slammed the door behind him. If Dereve was not actually Admiral Piessey's murderer he certainly knew who was, and with the grip of the law at his throat he would speak. Martin was in a dangerous humor. He wanted to fire the mine whatever might be the consequences. It had been his original purpose, he remembered, to have obtained from Dereve the originals of the plans and to have destroyed them as the tained from Dereve the originals of the plans and to have destroyed them as the only proofs of the admiral's treason. But he believed Mrs. Plessey's story no longer. Dereve, who had no love for the dead man, had admitted that the circumstances of his death were in no way discreditable to him. Whatever reputation suffered from an elucidation of this mystery it would not be Admiral Plessey's. His hands thrust deep into the pockets

Dereve's face softened. "There sin't no sense in getting riled," he admitted sheepishly; he sat down in a rockingchair opposite his orator and spread out his legs. "How is my little gir?" he inquired. "I left her in the best of health and apirtis," replied Martin, "and she told me to ask you to come over to England soon," He leaned forward and tapped the other on the knee. "Look here. Let's put the cards on the table. There's no one here but ourselves. Your brother admitted to me that he pald you a mere song for those designs. Whatever it was. I promise you I won't let him ask you for it back. Therefore, what harm can it do you anyway to tell me the truth about this business? How did those plans come into your possession?"

As Dereve listened an expression of mingled alarm and bewilderment crept His hands thrust deep into the pockets of his raincoat. Martin Arrol strode rapidly down 5th avenue, puzzled and angry. He had been tricked by a woman —tooled by Mrs. Plessey for the second time in his life. The first time she had caused him to sacrifices his good name and his career; now she had beguiled him into sacrificing what was dearer to him than either—his girl.

Martin clenched his teeth. He was grateful to that boltroon Doreve at least for As Dereve listened an expression of mingled alarm and bewilderment crept over his face. He looked at the ceiling as if in search of inspiration, took a long pull at his cigar, and then blew out a cloud of smoke. "I got those plans." he said slowly, "from another man, whose name it wouldn't be fair to reveal."

"Why not?"

For the first time Dereve looked at his questioner steadly. "Recommended at his questioner steadly.

ful to that poltroon Dereve at least for clearing away the cloud from his old chief's name. Maud, whatever she might

hereafter learn about her mother, had no need to blush for her father. True. Deseye had referred to him as a scoundrel, and suggested that he had be-For the first time Dereve looked at his questioner steadily. "Because you know perfectly well, Mr. Martin Arrol, that the admiral was shot and that the man who originally held those plans would run a very his risk of being accused of the murder. You don't want to bring another innocent man into the position in which you once stood yourself, do you?"

"Ah," said Martin, "you know all that then?" scoundrel, and suggested that he had be-haved badly in some other business. Well, he had never supposed the admiral to have been immaculate. He remembered to have heard it said that his youth was more than commonly wild. Dereve had perhaps some very good reason for hating him, as he alieged. That was no excuse for his conniving at his murder and leav-ing the shadow of the crime to fall on an innocent man.

more than onto the position in which you once stood yourself, do you?"

"Ah," said Martin, "you know all that then?"

"Ah," said Martin, "you know all that then?"

"Yes, sir, I do." Dereve's manner became more assured. He hanged his fist on the table at his elbow. "What you are after, Mr. Arrol, is to fix the blame of that man's death on somebody else and so clear yourself. I don't blame you, but I sain't soins to help you against one of my own pals. You may take this from may own pals. You may take this from may own pals. You may take this from may own for don't take it, just as you like—that the man who took those plans didn't murder the admiral, and that the admiral was a soundred who richly desarved his fate."

Arrol haif ruse from his chair and obscided his fate. Then all at once he remembered Mrs. Pleaser's words on the plan to the fate of the soluted behaved dishomerably and mailed parts with these plans to you or your friend for a monetary consideration—the dishomerable terms."

"I don't say that the terms were dishonorable it was in other rangects that the solute as the should behave dishomerably."

Marrite sat, his coin restins on his hand, studying the man before him. It was set dent that Dereve was alarmed by his inquiry—evident also this restins on his hand, studying the man before him. It was set dent that Dereve was alarmed by his inquiry—evident also the restins on his hand, studying the man before him. It was set dent that Dereve was alarmed by his inquiry—evident also that he knew the second of the admiral's death.

"Egu house a whole lot about that business this their setting on the proper setting the fixed has the source of the solutratie death.

"Egu house a whole lot about that business this these as whole lot about that business this the solution of all the solution of ala

whether Mrs. Pleasey's story was true, Huron, if he knew the facts, was able to blast the reputation of one or other of the girl's parents. And Huron had the whip-hand of Dereve also. Martin wondered whether the blackmaller already knew of his visit to 71st street and what he would make of it. Meanwhile he, Martin, had wasted his time in coming to America. Derey would not week for tin, had wasted his time in coming to America Dereve would not speak for fear of incriminating himself, and if he did it would only be to denounce Maud's mother. No, all that could be done was to seek out Maud and marry her and enap their dingers in Huron's face. She might refuse—she certainly would refuse at first. She would fear for her mother. But if he, Arrol, possessed proofs of her mother's guilt he might pretend to play Huron's game—threaten to expose her unless see withdrew her opposition to his marriage with Maud and so neutralize the other man's threats. and so neutralize the other man's threats. It would be a same, of course, in which Huron would have the advantage, for he would be capable of executing his threat, whereas the other player would be mere-

He resolved to return to England by the next mail. Neither Huron nor Mrs. Piessey could know positively what De-reve had told him. He would scare them

When he arrived at his hotel a page accested him and asked him with a strong Irish accent if he was Mr. Arrol. Answering yes, he was told that someone had just rung him up on the telephone.

He hurried into the cabinet which the boy had indicated and placed the receiver to his ear. "Hulloh!" he cried. eiver to his ear. "Hulloh!" he Do you want Mr. Arrol? I'm he,

Somehow he expected to hear Huron's voice, but the reply came in Dereve's rather melodious tones. 'I'm Dereve. I have been thinking over what passed between us this after-noon. Perhaps I may do something for you, after all. Can you give me a week to think it over?"

"No. I return to England by the next mail and shall hand the papers over to Scotland Yard."

"I guess you're bluffing. We are good that on this side." But it seemed to the listener that the speaker's voice was shaky. There was a pause, and Martin half-fancied that a whispered conversation was going on at the other end. His auspicions were confirmed when Dereve continued: "Excuse my breaking off; my servant came into the room, and I couldn't discuss these things within his hearing. Will you come up and see me again tonight-let us say midnight? I am dining with some folks and may not be back sooner. I guess we will fix up settlement."

"Agreed," said Martin. "I will come at 12; but if nothing is arranged I shall open fire. Good-by." He replaced the receiver and walked toward the door. It suddenly occurred to him that he had not mentioned his New York address to Dereve. He wondered if Huron had tracked him and then called on Dereve, and that the proposed negotia-tions were the upshot of their interview. It was unpleasant to feel that he was being shadowed, but it was not easy to see what real harm his enemy could do him. Possibly by this time Dereve had realized that it would pay him better to take sides with Arrol than with Huron.

Martin dined at Delinontons, not so much because he appreciated good fare as because he liked lively surroundings. New because he liked lively surroundings. New York on a wet Sunday evening is a de-pressing place. Martin looked in at two or three so-called cafes, and feeling, as he himself put it, "bored stiff," returned to his hotel to write some letters. His first was to Monty Dereve, to thank her for the help she had promised to render in tracking Maud. He had written a sheet in tracking Maud. He had written a sheet when he remembered his brother's words. Richard had hinted that Monty was interested in him. Martin, and that it would do no good to express too warm a regard for the girl for whom he was invoking her good offices. Richard's theory seemed a little far-fetched, but where Maud was concerned be could afford to take no risks. He tore up what he had written, and began again:
"Dear Miss Dereve—Just a few lines to tell you that I have arrived in your

"Dear Miss Dereve—Just a few lines to tell you that I have arrived in your native land and have seen your father, who received me most * * * " Martin paused, smiled ironically, and went on most cordially. "I had only a very short interview with him, but shall call on him again tonight. Please inform your uncle of this. I wonder if you have received any reply to the advertisement you so kindly inserted on our friend's behalf? Has she turned up yet? I'm sure you Has she turned up yet? I'm sure you will do everything in your power for her

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARTIN ARROL." He posted this letter, together with a card to Richard, informing him that he would write later and imploring him to cable news of Maud. Then he glanced at is watch and took an uptown car. The rain had cleared the streets of people, and at that late hour West Tist street looked gloomy and deserted. As Martin mounted the steps of the apartment house a tail man stepped out of the shadow. Martin was surprised to

recognize Dereve. "The janitor's gone to bed," he explained in a husky voice, "so I just waited around to take you up in the elevator. No sort of a night, is it?"

Martin answered curtly and stepped into the elevator. They flew up to the fifth floor. Dereve threw open the gates, which clanged behind them as he opened the door of his flat-

"Step right in," he said. "There's no one but my servant in the flat, so we can have a straight talk.

Arrol walked along the dark narrow passage till a noise made him turn his head. Dereve was covering him with a revolver.

Martin stood still, but stared at him

definantly and contemptuously. "You fool," he said, "what have you to gain by this blood-and-thunder nonsense? There is nothing on me of the least value

There is nothing on me of the least value to you. Do you propose to murder me? If so, for what end?"

The next instant Martin feit himself jerked backward. As he threw out his arms to save himself a heavy garment-probably an overcoat—was thrown over his face, blinding him and gagging him. He feit that Dereve was pressing on him in front while some other man held his arms from behind. Struggling desperately, resisting inch by inch, he was forced backwards. Suddenly the pressure from behind was withdrawn. He fell backwards prone on the floor, and immediately heard the slamming of a door.

CHAPTER XXIV. for his conniving at hits murder and leaving the shadow of the crime to fall on an innocent man.

It was unfortunate, indeed, reflected Martin as he tramped on along the rainswept streets of New York, that the man he was bound to expose should be in communication with Miss Dereve. he was convenied to expose should be in communication with Miss Dereve. he was convenied to expose should be in communication with Miss Dereve. At times she almost convinced herein the head has been successful.

Arol that a slight resemblance in the writing had made her lump to this contained in the writing had made her lump to this contained in the writing had made her lump to this contained in the writing had made her lump to this contained and walked loto the trap they had set for her Monty would think this a poor return for her help.

Well, it was all Dereve's fault. Why wouldn't he speak? Either because he was the actual murderer or out of loyalty to Huron.

Huron might be the murderer. Again and again that possibility had suggested itself to film; but it would be the murlibs letter addressed to Monty roused

ing to Monty Derevel sike had never so much as heard him mention her name before. Then it struck Mand that he had hardly spoken to her of a single one of his old acquaintances. But a girl of 11 could hardly be an acquaintance of 12 years ago. * * A farce guet of unreasoning jealousy swoot over Mand. She had not expected Martin to console himself as mon.

(CONTINUED TOMORBOW)

EVENING LEDGER IN MOVIES AT KEITH'S

Big Audiences See "a Typical Philadelphia Product" in Novel Film.

By the Photoplay Editor The well-dressed young man in the - suit drops his gold-tipped eigarette into the ash receiver as he rises from his comfortable chair at a window of the --- Club. A few steps and he is on Broad street entering his - car. But first a newspaper. What paper? Why, a "typical Philadelphia product" like all the other inanimate dramatis personae in that novel film at Keith's this week, "A 20th Century Romance." So the audience that has followed all

So the audience that has followed all the moves of the young gentleman and, of course, the young lady with whom he is in love, is not in the least surprised to see him open to the pictore page of the EVENING LEDGER as his car rolls up Broad street. Every side of Philadelphia's distinctive social life has ite place in this noval local film, why not its journalism?

Kessel and Baumann, of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, continue to add to their list of captures for the forth-coming big feature productions. Helen Wars was added to the list of prominent legitimate stars that already numbers over a score, on Monday, and the same day Allan Dwan was signed to produce features. Miss Ware's contract is for her exclusive screen services for a period of one year, and Director Dwan's contract extends for a three-year term.

Rumors that the N. Y. M. P. will soon begin production in the East are increasing in strength. No verification can be secured from the Kessel and Baumann offices, but it is most likely that an anuncement will be forthcoming in a few

Another Broadway favorite has cast his lot with moving pictures. Donald Mackenzie, of Pathe, announces that he has signed Clifton Crawford to play the lead in "The Galloper," from the story by Richard Harding Davis, which is now being produced for Pathe at their Jersey City studios. Melville Stewart, who now playing in the "Follies of 1915," w support Mr. Crawford. The rest of the cast is also decidedly strong.

Mr. Mackenzie's production will be released in the early fall, and will be in

A distinct novelty in the way of photo-plays, and one which, no doubt, will at-tract wide interest, will be the first of a series of made-in-Ireland comedy dramas, featuring Miss Valentine Grant, which will be released by the Lubin Company July 14. These plays were produced by Sidney Olcott, and were filmed along the rugged cliffs and broken shores of South Kerry, and amid the picturesque scenery of the Gap of Dunice and the Lakes of Killarney,

The first of the series is "All For Old Ireland," and is a three-reeler. In two of the plays Mr. Olcott himself plays of the plays Mr. Olcott himself plays opposite Miss Grant. The supporting company includes Laurene Santiey, Pat O'Malley, Robert Rivers, Charles McConnel, Arthur Leigh, all of whom were taken abroad, and a number of Irish players, among whom are "Sonny" and Eddie O'Sullivan and Norah Hines.

"All For Old Ireland" is a story of the days of '88, when all Ireland was preparing to resist the iron grasp that was about to close around it. It is replete with charm and dramatic interest. Throughout the play runs a rich vein of humor, and the action is interspersed of humor, and the action is interspersed with quaint customs of the times

Pope Obtains Woman's Release

PARIS, July 8.—The Rome correspondent of the Havas News Agency says that news has been received at the Vatican that Germany, as a result of the Pope's intervention, has ordered the release of Mme. Carton de Wiart. Mme. de Wiart, who is the wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, was mentened recently to three months' imprisonment for corresponding with her husband.

BRUSSELS, July 8.—An order has been issued by General von Bissing, German Governor of Belgium, providing a year's imprisonment for schoolteachers, directors or inspectors who "permit, further, bring about or effect anti-German actions or statements in their teaching or in other school exercises."

Fower is conferred upon German officials to supervise and inspect schools at all times. Courts-martial will have jurisdiction over violations of this order.



FROM "THE RUGMAKER'S DAUGHTER'

Maud Allan, the famous dancer, and her leading man as they appear at the Stanley in Bos-

TEST OF CONDEMNED MAN'S SANITY ORDERED

der, May Escape Death Chair.

TRENTON, N. J., July 8.-The life of Edgar C. Murphy, who slew Hermann Fisher, a youth, because of the love of a girl in Burlington County early this year, will not be taken in the death house at the State prison here during the week of August 9 next, as was scheduled, Governor Fielder deciding today to have the condemned man's mental condition tested. The case, therefore, will be acted upon finally by the Court of Pardons early in September. Intimations that Murphy is crazy have been conveyed to the Governor, and he expressed the opinion that a commutation would be the proper thing. The Court of Errors and Appeals recently refused to allow a new trial in this case.

Camden-Thomas Bird, assault and bat tery with intent to kill, 1½ to 12 years, expires August 17, 1918; Antonio Bisso, breaking, entering and larceny, 1½ to 7 years, expires July 8, 1915; William Blee, bigamy, 1 to 10 years, expires July 8, 1915. Gloucester—George K. Richmond, at-tempt to break prison, 1 to 3 years, ex-

Must Stop Anti-German Statements.

Governor Orders. BRUSSELS, July 8 .- An order has been

BOOM ON DELAWARE Nearly 25 Per Cent. of Tonnag of United States Turned Or

worth's film.

Edgar C. Murphy, Convicted of Mur-

South Jersey persons paroled at a special session of the Pardons Court are: Atlantic-Oscar Gale, grand larceny, 1 to 7 years, expires July 23, 1915; Theodore Grey, assault and battery, 1 to 3 years, expires July 8, 1915; Victor Hollingsworth, atroclous assault and battery, 1 to 7 years, expires July 23, 1915.

BELGIAN TEACHERS WARNED

Nearly 25 per cent. of the total in mage of, the ships constructed in United States, Porto Rico and Haduring the 12 months ending Jans were turned out by shipyards on the nual report of the Bureau of Navigal issued today from Washington. It is to the showever, were the first which showed that 30 per cent. of a vessels of more than 1000 ions we hull on the "Clyde of America." Or records to fall to local shipbuilders ing the Government's fiscal year the construction of two of the finest fastest passenger steamships under American flag, the completion of largest carfoat in the world and elargest steam lumber carrier.

The figures complied by the Bures. largest steam lumber carrier.

The figures compiled by the Bursey,
Navigation do not include the constition of versels other than those limits
for pleasure and the merchant me
Warships are not considered. Had a
been included the percentage of the lamars. River, would, have leaped too. wate River would have leaped for to nearly 50. Both Cramps and the York Shipbuilding Company turnet torpedoboat destroyers and such craft to the number of about a

BIG SHIPBUILDING

dozen.

During the fiscal year there were in the United States, including residue and Hawali, 1235 vessels of Etigross tons; 33 of these craft of 56,171 is were turned out by the local yards to of the vessels built in the country we small craft. The aggregate number vessels of more than 1000 tons built only 23 of a tonnage of 123,242. Delaws River yards constructed nine of the with a tennage of 44,246.

To the William Cramp & Sons Be and Engine Company fell the honor completing the finest and fastest stem ships for the coastwise trade. To were the North Pacific and Great Northern, now plying between Spokane, Seattle and Portland River, on the Spokane, Seattle and Portland River, of the North Pack Railrosd. Each vessel has a tonnage, Seattle and Portland River, of the North Pack Railrosd. Each vessel has a tonnage, Seattle and Portland Riverset carfiont in seattle state. Railroad. Each vessel has a tonnas. S255. Cramp's also built the Henry Flagler, the largest carfloat in existent It is now plying between Key West Havana, uniting this country to Cuba rail, the dream of the late Henry Flagler realized.

At the New York Shipbuilding Co-pany's plant there was turned out in William O'Brien, a modern lumber on

rier, said to be the largest affont. It s now engaged in the Atlantic-Pacific tra-via the Panama Canal. The Guillett which figured so extensively in the new of the day when she was nearly such h a German submarine, was one of the year's products of this yard. Two ships, the Guifcoast and Guifstress, was also completed during the 12 means.
The banner year of the shipbulders a now dawning, as there are more cestracts in hand at this time than there has been for many years. It is estimate that there are \$100,000,000 worth of ships. now under construction or soon to be constructed on the Delaware River. In New York Company is in the van of entire country, with 24 contracts on he aggregating about \$40,000,000. Cramps he recently received several new contri which promise to keep the workmen b for a couple of years.

MAN ON ROOF GRASPS LIVE WIRE; WILL DIE FROM SHOW

Philadelphia Workman Meets V Accident at Media Substation

MEDIA, Pa., July 8.-William Kn of Philadelphia, this morning came contact with a high-voltage wire at Media substation of the Delaware Course Electric Company. He is at the Me Hospital, where the physicians say

cannot live. Krebs was a roofer and was repaired the roof of the substation when he me against a heavy feed wire. Fellow wo

FRAMEWORK OF SUNDAY'S

SPORTS MAGAZINE

"Newspaper Solons Can Play Golf as Well as Peddle Advertising." Share the Surprise of G. B. Phillips, who discovered the fascinating double life of admen.

Wm. H. Rocap sees a world's champion on the lubricated incline which empties into the largest membership club. "Freddie Welsh Is Slipping" is the latest fight

"Mack Will Build Up Another Sensational Ball Team," by George M. Young, records the confidence of the Public Ledger's baseball editor in Mack's ability to produce another pennant winner.

"Women Excelling Men in Fast Long - Distance Swimming." Katharyn Haire, herself prominent as a water-flyer, gives the present status of the great endurance sport.

John Henry Wagner contributes "Pitchers' Ideas of Breaking Down Strong Batters." And "Honus" ought to know, because he's faced the big ones.

Here's our Mayor in a new role. "Rudolf Blankenburg Takes a Fling at Chess," by David A. Mitchell, tells how the city's chief executive solved a Public Ledger chess problem.

"Pony Breeding as a Fine Art" recites the difficulties and opportunities in producing good stock. An intensely interesting story on superb horseflesh by Alfred

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