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

The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.;

SHE pulled herself together angrily. Martin was not that sort It was preparation and the should doubt him even for a moment. A letter might mean everything It might equally well mean nothing. She was making an enormous mountain out of a very tiny molehill. \* \* Still, she wished that Martin had written in her—even a line—after she had told him that he must not see her again. It was not fall that he should be writing to Monty Dereve. She wanted to go downstains and take that letter. She felt it was hers by right.

What was Martin doing in America? America—why it was a man in America. America—why it was a man in America at the had asked her—Mand's—advice as to whether she should tell him so! Mand Martin was not that sort. It was pre-

what was marrin doing in America.
America—why it was a man in America.
With whom Monty was in lave. \* \* \* and
she tad asked her—Maud's—advice as to
whether she should tell him so! Maud
sat down on her bed and laughed almost
hysterically. What a dreadful position
for Martin—for Monty, too—if she told
him she loved him. him she loved him-

Then suddenly another suspicion flashed across her. She sat up very straight on her bed. It had not struck her so far how wery curious it was that the only people with whom she had been able to find employment were friends of Martin Arzol's. It was quite evident to her, or to anybody, that Miss Dereve did not really need a companion, and did not quite know what to do with her. When Maud had insisted on doing something it had been with quite an effort that Monty had recalled a few letters that wanted writing, or some purchases that might be made. or some purchases that might be made Mand tried to recall the wording of the advartisement. Certainly it might have been framed just to fit her case—the insistence on perfectly unnecessary scademic attainments, for a slight knowledge of Spanish—oh, it was as clear as day-light. Martin, knowing the difficulties she would meet with, had taken Monty Devere into his confidence and set a trap for her. And, unsuspectingly, she had for her. And, walked into it!

Maud tried to feel angry at being tricked. It was humiliating, certainly, when she had been so certain of her ability to earn a living, that her friends had had to provide for her a soft job like this. She had to remind herself that in changing her name she had tied heavy weights round her ankles for the race. She won-dered if Martin were providing her salary.

round her ankles for the race. She wondered if Martin were providing her salary. Her face flushed, and for a moment she felt genuinely indignant at the notion. But it was something to find out, when she had been amarting under his slience, that Martin had been thinking of her and making arrangements for her good.

Anyway, she would find out all about it in the morning. It was Miss Dereve's custom to take her dogs for a run on Hampstead Heath every morning after breakfast, and Maud usually accompanied her. The girl determined to broach the subject of Arrol's letter as they left the promenade of bables behind them and atruck out over the heath. It was a glorious morning; the hawthorn trees were hidden under a drift of snowy blossom, the air was keen and exbilarating.

For a time the girls exchanged trivialities about the weather and the dogs. Then Maud said abruptly, "I didn't know you knew Captain Arrol?"

Miss Dereve started rather guiltily, and flushed. "Oh, yes," she said; "Martin Arrol and I are great friends. But however did you find out?"

Maud felt a little annoyed at the assumption of intimacy in her companion's tone. "I nock a letter from the postman."

sumption of intimacy in her companion's tone. "I took a letter from the postman last night," she answered rather shortly, and couldn't help recognizing his writ-

Miss Dereve, shooting a quick glance at the other girl.
"Yes, I know Captain Arrol."

"Oh, I thought it was Richard you were

What do you mean?" Maud turned sharply on her companion.

Monty Dereve bit her lip, conscious that she had been on the verge of betraying Arrol's confidence. "Mean? Oh, nothing—that is, I rather gathered from something he said that he thought you were being treated unfairly."

"I den't know Mr. Richard Arrol," said.

"I don't know Mr. Richard Arrol." said

Monty Dereve gave a little scream.
"Den't know Richard Arrol?" she cried,
"I guess you don't mean that."
"I do mean it." Maud looked puzzied.
What had Richard Arrol got to do with
her? "Miss Devere," she continued, "I

What had Richard Arroi got'to do with her? "Miss Devere," she continued, "I want you to tell me the truth. I gather that you know my real name"—her companion nodded—"I thought so. Well, when you put that advertisement in the paper you didn't want a companion, did you? I suspect that this is a put-up job between you and Captain Arrol. You were afraid that when I changed my name I would find it impossible to earn my living. So you tricked me. Isn't that so?"

"It's real clever of you to have guessed," said Miss Dereve with a heightworld color; "but I guess it's I who've

tone, "just when we had fixed up things so nicely. Well, Monty has done for herself with Martin now!"

"Does Martin know that I have been staying with the Dereves?" asked Maud anxiously,

"He ought to by now. I cabled him the day you were found and he should have got the news the day after he reached New York. All I have had from him is desk and handed it to the girl—"postded, as you see, on the day he landed—sunday night. It's curious I haven't beard," he added with a puzzled frown.

Maud thought so, too, and experienced

"It's real clever of you to have guessed," said Miss Dereve with a heightyard color; "but I guess it's I who've been tricked. It was Richard Arrol, not Martin, who put me up to it."

"Well, it doesn't make much difference," Maud laughed faintly. "I know it must have been Captain Arrol's idea, Mr. Richard Arrol can have no possible interest in me."

A flush spread over Miss Dereve's dark

Pleasey," replied the dark girl, swinging her dog whip.

Maud's eyes filled with tears. She was fond of Monty Dereve, and she realized her disappointment and chagrin. As the young girl looked at it, she had been tricked into harboring her rival. Thinking to do a service to the man she loved, alse had been the unwitting means of restoring him to the woman he loved.

That was—again the horrible doubt presented itself to Maud—if Martin still loved her. Why didn't he write? Eurely his brother would have informed him by cable of her appearance at the Dereve's house?

"I understand," she said quietly. "I'm sorry that Mr. Arrol did not take you but his confidence. If it is not inconvenient to you I will go at ones."

She saw Monty life her lib, and guessed that the girl was torn between generoatty and mortification. An appeal, she knew, to her batter nature would be successful, but Mand was incapable of that, the hall unwillingly entered Eustace Dereve's house under falce preteness, and pride would not permit her to continue there an hour looger. They reached the sate of the house.

She gave the note to the servant and drove away from Hampslead without perhaps he has followed Martin to American and the suspected Monty was watching her departure. She gave the address of her "Rack to my lodgings I suppose" "Rack to my lodgings I suppose "

She inquired of the office boy if his sne inquired of the office boy if his master was in, and on being told that he was, boldly gave her real name. A moment later Richard bustled out to welcome her. She recognized him at once as the man who had been present at her first interview with Monte at the hotel.

"Delighted to see you, Miss Pleasey!" e cried. "Come into my office." She followed him into his own canctum and took the chair he placed for her. Before he could speak she began: "I find that I am indebted to you and Martin for the position at Miss Dereve's. It was very good of you to take that trouble on my account."

She could not altogether stiffe the note of resembers in her tone and Bichard

of resentment in her tone and Richard

of resentment in her tone and Richard noticed this.

"Yes," he said, leaning back in his chair and regarding her curiously; "we must plead guilty. When Mrs. Plessey told Martin of your disappearance—"
"Mother told Martin"

"Yes. She called on him at once, suspecting that he would know something of your whereabouts. He was naturally anxious about you." Richard waved his hand applogetically. "Of course he had told me about er-your engagement. So told me about er your engagement. So we hit on this scheme of an advertise-ment. I had to be present at the office

ment. I had to be present at the office when Monty interviewed the applicants to identify you if you turned up."
"But you had never seen me?"
"No, but I had a pretty detailed description from my brother, and young ladies of your height and—er—appearance, if you'll pardon me saying so, are not to be met with every day. So that part of the business was easy. I hope you are getting on well with Miss Dereve. You must forgive us our innocent fraud. Martin was naturally anxious to discover your whereabouts, and besides that we tin was naturally anxious to discover your whereabouts, and besides that we were concerned to know how you would get on. It was I, I'm afraid, who feared that a girl of your upbringing would find it jolly hard to earn a decent living. And, of course, at the Dereves' Martin was sure of being able to plead his cause with you He had to run over to America, unfortunately, before you answered that advertisement."

Maud felt a delicious thrill, So after

that advertisement."
Maud felt a delicious thrill. So, after all, Martin cared for her. It was his eagerness to see her again, his solicitude for her welfare which had inspired this little conspiracy. She looked at the floor,

title conspiracy. She looked at the floor, then again at Martin's brother.

"It was very dear of Martin—and of you. But I wish you had told Miss Dersye the real facts of the case."

"Why, what's up?" cried Richard.
Maud flushed. "She thought"—her voice
sank—"that it was you, not Martin, that
was interested in me. I don't like to betray her confidence, but I gathered this
morning that if she had thought it was Martin she would not have so generously befriended me."

Richard flushed in turn. He gave a low whistle. "Ah, she feels as badly as that about him, does she?" he said. "That's hard luck on everybody concerned, for I may as well admit that I'm rather keen on Monty myself." He rose and made a pace or two about the room.
"Well, anyhow, there's nothing to make
a fuss about. How did she find out?"

"I saw she had received a letter in Martin's handwriting, and then, of course, it all came out. I saw that she was angry, so I left." Richard stared at her blankly. "Left?

You mean you have left her for good?" Richard resumed his seat and drummed with his fingers on the blotting pad. "This is very awkward," he said in an aggrieved

just when we had fixed up things

beard," he added with a puzzled frown.

Maud thought so, too, and experienced a sudden chill. But it was absurd to think that he had forgotten her so soon. She read and reread the card, then handed it back to Richard with a look of inquiry. "It's rather curt, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! Martin and I have never exchanged a letter in our lives! We have always communicated by postcard or telegram. Once or twice when I was in India I sent him the pages of a guidebook describing the places I visited. We used to rely on my sister Jessie to keep us informed more fully of each other's doings. Still, it is rather funny he didn't calle back in reply."

They both speculated silently for a few moments. Then Maud asked, "How long did he expect to be away?"

A flush spread over Miss Dereve's dark face. "I guess they might have played straight with me," she said angrily. "They told me you were a particular friend of Richard's—not Martin's."

They took the path toward the Dereves' house. Monty walked on in suiky silence, not even speaking to her dogs. Maud, a little pale, her chin in the air, also perceived the situation demanded readjustment. Presently she broke the silence.

"It was extremely kind of you to help me in this way, even if it was only at Mr. Arroi's suggestion. There are very few people in London who would have done as much. But, since things are not quite as you thought they were, it would perhaps be better if my stay with you came to an end."

"You can do whatever you like, Miss Pleasey," replied the dark girl, swinging her dog whip.

Maud's eyes filled with tears. She was fond of Menty Dereve, and she realized her disappointment and chagrin. As the young girl looked at it, she had been

assumption of responsibility would have brought an angry rejoinder to Maud's lips. In Martin's brother, somehow, it seemed natural and reassuring. She smiled. "I can take care of myself all right, Mr. Arrol: and, in fact, I ought not to trouble Martin with my affairs. I.—I threw him aver, you know." Some-I threw him over, you know." Some-how the words seemed to stick in her

sented Racif to Maud—if Martin still loved her. Why didn't he write? Surely his brother would have informed him by cahle of her appearance at the Dereve's house? "I understand," she said quietly. "Tm acrry that Mr. Arrol did not take you into his confidence. If it is not inconvenient to you i, will go at one."

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oing?"
"Back to my lodgings, I suppose."
"You don't intend to give me the sup?"
Mand hesitated. "Not till further no-

tice."
"Very good. Remember that you are on parole, and that I shall require twenty-four hours' notice of your intention to break it." Richard rose and reached for his hat. "Come out to lunch with me. Perhaps when we come back I shall find a wire from Martin on my deak."

MONTY from behind the curtains of her bedroom windows saw Maud Pleasey drive away. She bit her lips fruelly to restrain the appeal that her better impulses dictated. It did seem mean to turn the girl away like that. Then she scowled, turned away from the Then she scowled, turned away from the window, and hardened her young stri's heart. Maud couldn't have cared for her much or she wouldn't have sone off in such a hurry. Maud was a cold-hearted, atuck-up English aristocrat who despised her, Monty, because she came of middle-classh people, perhaps because her mother was a Polish Jewess. Maud looked down on her uncle and herself as parvenus. Maud laughed at her, a kid of seventoen, her presuming to care for Martin Arrol, and hated her for it. Maud was glad of the excuse to quarrel with her. She had thought better of Maud. No doubt she and Martin had arranged it between them. "Where am I to go?" of course, she had and Martin had arranged it between them. "Where am I to go?" of course, she had said. "That's all right." Martin had answered, "I know a kid who is dead nuts on me. She will take you for my sake till I come back to marry you." She could imagine them saying it. That was the only reason Martin had written to hertofind out if Maud was with her. They thought little Monty was a fool. She clenched her small fists. Now they would know better. Yes, she was very glad that the English sirl had gone away. She never wanted to see her again.

For over an hour the young sirl raged.

never wanted to see her again.

For over an hour the young girl raged up and down her room, torturing her vanity with reflections like these; one moment reproaching herself for her meannesses; the next indulging a paroxam of jealousy and spile. She was dabbing her swollen eyelids and preparing for her afternoon descent upon the West End shops when she heard the sound of a taxicah laboriously negotiating the unpayed road outside. Some impulse of unpaved road outside. Some impulse of curiosity made her look out of the windew. To her astonishment she perceived her father descend from the cab and, after paying the driver, approach the house.

Monty uttered a little shrick and rushed about uttered a little shrick and rushed down the stairs three at a time. She threw herself into her father's arms and smothered him beneath her kisses.

"Dear old pop!" she gasped. "This is fine. My! its good to see you again! Come right in. Uncle's not here; way up at the office, I guess."

office, I guess."

office, I guesa."

She led the way to the drawing room, having ordered the servant to take her father's trunk to the guest's bedroom Sydney Dereve held her at arm's length and surveyed her approvingly.

"Gee!" he ejaculated admiringly, "but yer've grown, little girl; yer've grown tremendous. Well, well \* \* I didn't lay out to make the trip this side of Christmas, but I was glad to get the excuse. I must get down to see your uncle right away. My business is urgent and won't keep. There's mischief brewing, girlle. Your pop has to keep his eyes skinned." The girl noticed the gravity of her tather's handsome, melancholy face. There was a note of alarm in her voice as she asked him what was wrong.

"You know a man called Arrol, I guess?" he questioned, looking at her keenly.

Three hours before she would have.

Keenly. . Three hours before she would have flushed with pleasure at being thus invited to speak of Martin. Now she bridled and answered tartly, "I squess he's a friend of uncle's—not mine."

uncle's-not mine."

"He's your uncle's pariner, I knew that; but he spoke as if he was particularly friendly with you. That ain't so?" He searched her face, then appeared satisfied and went on. "Well, I'm real glad he ain't a friend of yours, for he's no friend of mine or your uncle's, that sure."

Dereve rose and looked at his watch. "Well, I want to see Eustage light here."

"Well, I want to see Eustace right here, little girl" he said, "so if you've got an, automobile handy you can drive me down." He glanced out of the window

"Well, well, it's strange to be back in the old country, I declare." Restraining her curiosity, his daughter gave orders for the car to be got ready and hurriedly put on her hat and coat. Only when her father was seated beside her and she safely steered the car the Finchley road did she start to ques-

"Tell me all about it, pop." "Well, you'll bear me tell your uncle.
Mister Martin Arrol is playing at funny business with both of us. He's out for mischief. He was mixed up years ago with some people called Plessey—"
His daughter started. "Plessey?" she repeated.

repeated. "Yes. Do you know them?" (CONTINUED TOMORROW.) MUSIC IN THE PARK

Band Will Play at Strawberry Mansion This Afternoon and Night.

The Fairmount Park Band will play this afternoon and evening at Strawberry Mansion. The program is as follows: PART I-APTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK

Overture, Monsteur Chouficuri', Offenbac Pantasie, "Ein Leiderkrang", Tohan (s) "On the Blus Mediterranean", Vojnatt (b) "Teddy After Africa", Pryc Melodies from "La Traviata", Varad After from "Loves" Diward "Bonnish Dances", Mosskewsk, Valus de Concert, "Loveland", Holuma "Songs of the Day", Remici PART II-EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicola

1-Overture. The starry Nicolat
2-Bult de Coucert, "Dwellers of the Western
World" (a) Hed Man.
(b) White Man.
(c) Black Man.
3-Cernst solo, "Grand Garman Fantasle" Puchs

Saloist Mr. Sante Martorana.

4-"Invitation to the Dance"... Weber 5-Fentasie, The Joly Muscians"... Muscat 6-Melodies from "Lucia di Lamermor. Domisetti Tonciuding with the famous Sexisti Cibert (b) "Jiangarian Dance"... Mostlowsky 8-Airs from "The Spring Majo", Reinhardt "Star-Spangled Hanner"

MUSIC ON CITY HALL PLAZA Philadelphia Band Will Play There Tonight.

The Philadelphia Band's program, beginning at 8 o'clock tonight, on City Hall
Plaxa will be as follows:

1. Overture, "Ruy Biss". Mendelssohn
2. (a) Valse di Salon, "Bombaur Ferdu, Gilist
(b) Morcasu, "Funchiselle". Herbert
6. Troubone solo, "Represident Casey
Liberati". Casey
Mr. Frod. Schrader, coloist
4. Finale, Act III, "Der Freischutz".

5. 'Good Friday signil from Parellal'. Wagner Melodine from "The Count of Luxena-bourg" Lehar
 Valse di Concert "Koveland" Holzmanu
 "Intreduction and Dance of the Hourg"
 (Glocomia) "Pohchiefit

Catholic High Alumni Organize The Alumni Association of the Roman Catholic High School, Broad and Vine streets, has been organized by 600 graduates in the suditorium of the school Members of every class graduating since 155 were at a meeting last night, when the following officers were elected: President, William O. Armetrong, vice president, John J. Murner, Caspar Drueding and William Teatman; treasurer, John Physics, and secretary, Investor, Vicinet and Scientific, and Scientific, Scientific, and Scientific, Scientif and William Yeatman; treasurer, Johnstor, and secretary, Lawrence Helm.



CONSTANCE TALMADGE With the Vitagraph Company.

### GOVERNMENT RESEARCH WORK WITH MOVIES

What the Department of Agriculture Is Doing With Motion Photography.

By the Photoplay Editor

Motion pictures are playing a prominent part in the research work of the Department of Agriculture, according to a recent statement issued by the Committee on Motion Picture Activities, which declares that the work of the department in developing motion picture films has fairly passed the experimental stage in at least one important particular. The motion picture laboratory is a part of the section of illustrations of the Division of Publications. It has fully demonstrated its ability to produce educational films of a photographic excellence which easily equals the work of the best commercial motion picture photographers. Since the commencement of the work the photographers, although handicapped for nearly a year by a makeshift laboratory and inadequate equipment, have taken and developed 32 complete films aggregating over 30,800 feet of valuable negative. In addition to this, there are under development at the pres-ent time over 5000 feet dealing with cer-tain subjects either completed or now be-ing taken as seasonal opportunity permits field work in the various stages of the

The laboratory was recently moved into new and especially equipped quarters in the busement of the building at 1358 B street. Southwest, and should soon be in position to produce an even greater amount

of film. Several problems yet remain to be solved before any wide outside use of the films can be made, and before any exact films can be made and before any exact definition of the films as adjuncts in agricultural education can safely be formulated, states the committee, for it is realized that before any films of this character can be made fully helpful to the farriers, for whom they are primarily intended, means whereby exhibitions can be given in places where there is not electric current must be devised. rrent must be devised.

current must be devised.

With this in view, tests are now being made of all known motion picture projectors, and the help of electrical and automobile experts is being sought in order to develop a method whereby current can be developed from an automobile or other portable outfit in remote farming districts.

ricts.
This investigation also includes tests of means other than electric power for gen-erating the necessary light, and in this work the War Department has placed at their disposal the results of tests of motion picture apparatus conducted by its

The application of motion picture films to education is still in its infancy. The term "educational film" as commercially understood is applied commonly to any subject which is not the portrayal of dramatic action. Very few of the so-called educational films, the committee de-clares, have been designed with a view of teaching the spectators to perform any definite process. Most of them are simply pictures of places and events and are educational in the sense that an illus-trated book of travels would be placed in this class in distinction to a volume of fiction. Attention is being given, therefore, to the application of pedagogical methods of visual instruction. In showing such subjects as the germination of seeds, or other processes which must be taken intermittently over a long period, the department is determined that the film shall be an honest scientific record of the process depicted rather than the result of optical illusions. The degree to which motion picture film

can be made direct teachers of agricul-tural processes is another problem which is being investigated. Several of the films secured or made by the bureaus be-fore the work was formally inaugurated, and a number of films since developed, have been used before audiences in various sections and careful estimate has been made of their value and effect. In gen-eral the lecturers who show these films eral the lecturers who show these films report that they attract favorable attention and certainly are received with great interest by the audiences. Some of the lecturers assert that showing the films had a direct educational effect. The more experienced held that the chief benefits were in attracting larger audiences, the pleasure the people derived from see the pictures and the aid to complete un-derstanding of the lecture or subject that the pictures afforded. The pictures en-abled those who saw them to visualize anted those was saw them to visualize into complete action the otherwise abstract points of the propaganda. The piotures also served to break the ice for a more cordial reception of the new ideas. Undoubtedly, the films have a value in indirect education, in atimulating general interest in she subject and as an element in propagands. in propaganda.

The terrible, heavy shackles used for the arms, feet and waist in the prison scene of the Edison feature, "Eugens Aram," from that book, in which Marc MacDermott is featured, are exact duplicates of that historic symbol of a cruel age. Mr. MacDermott is well fitted to enact the tragic Aram, as the player is an Englishman intimately acquainted with all the phases of life it depicts. Mr. MacDermott tells of similar and worse crucinies practiced in the aid prisons, in a room known as the "press" room. This consisted of a torture chamber where the prisoner was strupped to the floor by from bands, hand and foot, and a heavy from weight slowly lowered on the pressrate visitin, with the intent of making him confess. This weight would press more and more on the chest till often blood sprease from the mass and mount, while the more rugged would endure this weight crushing them simust for two hours.

C. S. Stevens N. J. Prison Inspector TRENTON, July 8. Governor Fielder today appointed Charles 8, Stevens, of Codarville, Cumberland County, as the successor of it. Finals Hires, resigned, as a member of the Board of Priora In-

### P. R. T. BALL GAMES SCHEDULED TODAY

Second Series of League Contests Are on Between Representatives of Various Barns.

STANDING OF P. R. T. LEAGUE.

The second series of games in the newly organised Philadelphia Rapid Transit Baseball League is scheduled today, and something unexpected is due. Allegheny, Frankford, Jackson and Ridge avenue depots all won their first games played

Two of the leaders, Jackson and Allegheny, play today, while Belmont is carded against the Ridge aggregation. Frankford goes to the Luzerne grounds and Germaniown crosses bats with the Woodland nine at 89th street and Chester.

The game between Jackson and Allesheny is expected to furnish consider-able interest, as both teams appear to be the strongest of the league. Morris or Lahota will be in the box for the downtowners, while the "Allies" likely pitch Johnson.

#### Theatrical Baedeker

iera Nonzense," and Hearst-Selig News Films.

NIXON'S GRAND—"The Fashion Shop," by Hugo Jansen, a musical show of gowns; van and Carrie Avery in "Rastus, the Night Forter"; Denny and Boyle, singing turn; Montrose and Sardeli: Little Miss Jean, camedienne and darder; the Guzmani Troupe of gymnasts, and comedy movies.

WOODSIDE PARK — Vaudeville program for three performances daily. The mailness, at 2115, will be free to Woodside Park patrons, except on Saturday; in the evenings, two shows, at 7:45 and 0:45, with a small admission fee for the front rows.

CROBE KEYS—First half of week: The Maratti Opera Company; Troy and Abbany, singers and dancers; Marjorie Fairbanks and Park; The Three Escardes, symnasts, and Park; The Three Escardes, symnasts, and half of week: Marinba Bank; Healy and Healy; Wayno and the Warren Sisters; Gaylord and Wilson and Mary Pickford in "Teas of the Storm Country."

### The Daily Story

Lucy Ann's Choice

"I am rather late, ladies, but I know the members of the Dorcas Sewing Cir-cle will forgive me. No, thank you, this chair is all right. I want to sit near the window. I reached home late last night from the Forest City Collage commencement where Lucy Ann graduated, chock full of knowledge and class honors, and my trunk did not come until this morning. I worried all night for fear my new dresses might get wrinkled or be fumbled up with the other things I had packed in the trunk. Besides my new black silk dress that I were on commencement day I took my new black grenadine to wear on class day, while that pretty black and white, organdle was for the evening reception. Of course, I packed the dresses last, but in the bottom of my transfer. tom of my trunk I had packed a pillow case full of fine cut cabbage ready to sait down for sauerkraut, 12 pieces of new home-made soap that was just turned out of the kettle, and oh-ladies! I got a whole bag full of the nicest white her feathers all stripped and cleaned to put into my new elderdown bed quilt.

"Yes, indeed! Mrs. Smith, I laid awake all night thinking about my trunk and this morning I was up by 'cock crow.' I was so anxious about my new dresses that I opened my trunk right out in the trunk rough before Shilling could carry that I opened my trunk right out in the front porch before Shilling could carry it into the house. The dresses, however, were all right, so I shook them apart and hung them on the clothes line in the

side yard to air all day. Then I took the soap out of my trunk and laid it on a nice, clean board under the apple tree to dry. I then washed out the earthen key and salted down the fine cut cabbuse for the sauerkraut and put it behind the kitchen atove to work.

hind the kitchen store to work.

"Yes, indies I am real tired, but I knew that the members of the Dorcas Sewing Circle would want to hear about my visit, so I made an extra effort to come. I have so much valuable information to give you, for you all know that at a college commencement you learn the latest style in everything from graduation decases to reception soup.

at a college commencement you learn the latest style in everything from graduation dresses to reception soup.

"Ob, yeal I went to Forest City to vinit my dead brother Solomon's family and see Lucy Ann graduate. Solomon died five years ago and left Sarah with a family of four girls. I always felt sorry for Sarah because her children were all girls, for it costs so much to dress and educate a girl and get her married off. Now, if those four girls had been four boys, why. Sarah could have turned them boys out into the back yard and brought them up barefooted and bareheaded, too, and they would have been a credit to the family for all that.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Smith, Solomon did leave a nice fruit farm and his life insurance. But where there are four girls to be made ready for society it costs a pretty penny. Therefore, I always plan and susgest what is best for economy's sake and give Solomon's widow the full benefit of my experience.

"Yes, yes, ladies, Lucy Ann, the first daughter, was 20 years old last spring and she has just graduated chock full of knowledge and class honors. Why, she composed the class seng, wrote the class history and took the first prize in Greek, All eister Sarah and Lucy Ann talked about while I was there was Greek lessons, Greek teachers and new clothes.

"Think of it, ladies! Lucy Ann, 30 years clothes.

"Think of it, ladies! Lucy Ann, 30 years

"Think of it, ladies! Lucy Ann, 29 years

old and her mother not looking around or trying to get her married off! I felt it was my bounden duty to give both Sarah and Lucy Ann a few words of ad-vice. Meeting Sarah alone on the porch I asked her. " 'Sarah, who will Lucy Ann do with all

this book learning?" "'Why, Mary Jane,' said she, "Lucy Ann is preparing herself for a teacher." "Preparing herself for a teacher!" I ex-claimed in surprise. 'And do you want Lucy Ann to spend her paimy days teach-ing school until all the marriageable young men are taken?"

young men are taken?"

"Oh. no," smiled Sarah, "I want Lucy
Ann to get married but just now she is
wedded to Greek roots and class songs."

"Well, Sarah," I replied impressively,
"I know it costs a heap of money to
have that Greek teacher coming here to
give Lucy Ann lessons, and of what
earthly use will Greek roots do her? Can
who food Greek roots a sick feather. she feed Greek roots to a sick, fretful baby or mix them in a batch of bread?" "Really, Mary Jane, responded Sarah, 'you are borrowing trouble at compound

'you are borrowing trouble at compound interest.

"'Sarah,' I replied solemnly, 'you know there are not enough young men to go round. Some girls are bound to be old malds; therefore, it is your bounden duty to get Lucy Ann married off as soon as possible. As you have three younger daughters coming an you must marry them off in rotation, or you will have several old malds on your hands. Now, Sarah, take my advice and get Lucy Ann married off first, Don't let one of her younger sisters step shead and get the first choice. Of course, Lucy Ann is very pretty, but even the prettiest girl will fade. Remember, too, that she is already 29 years old and she will soon be an old mald. When you and I were young girls we were married off at sweet 16 and we had no highfalutin ideas like girls now-a-days."

"Oh, yes, ladles, Sarah is one of those easy-going persons. Why, she would let

"Oh, yes, ladies, Sarah is one of those easy-going persons. Why, she would let her daughters be old maids or marry as they pleased. So I concluded to take matters into my hands. Commencement day was nearly due and I determined to get Lucy Ann married off before she found a school to teach.

"Their nearest neighbor was a rich young man who owned two nice farms and a sawmill. Although Norman Williams was only 25 years old, he was as steady and hard-working as a married man of 40. Of course, he wasn't handsome or what you might call a 'society man,' but I just tell you that two nice farms and a sawmill, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. Then, too, I meant a multitude of sins. Then, too, I meant to take him so that in a year or two he would be quite genteel. I knew that Norman Williams had been invited to Lucy Ann's dinner party on commence-ment day, and I made up my mind to

bring Lucy Ann up to the scratch the dinner was over,

the dinner was over.

"You can imagine, ladies, and flurry there was during the whole mencement week. Sakes alive! Ann had five lovely new dresses sides all the other finery and since alides all the other finery and since alides all the other finery was well as the same of the same and to get Lauy Ann married for these beautiful dresses want atyle. Besides her graduation drewhite silk creps, she had a fawnesilk for class day, a pluk number for the willard Society, and a colored liberty satin for the alunception. On Sabbath morning all young lady graduates were black dresses to take their last commodil it was a beautiful sight.

"Early in the morning of come.

"Early in the morning of coment day we carried a big new table out into the arbor where too rambler and honeysuckle all over the lattice, while the swaying of the vines kept time music of the blue waves as they over the lake and washed the pelthe shore. After the table was at the shore. After the table was all for company we went to the collect. I just tell you it was a proud do our family. All the young ladied dressed in white and looked vary but Lucy Ann was the flower of the As I said before, Lucy Ann was brightest scholar in the class. The dent and all the teachers made a stuss over her. After all, lades he well enough to give girls a collection, but it does rake a best of the collection. cation, but it does take a heap ut a

"Well, when the exercises were also the graduating class and all of Ann's friends came home to dins-took Norman Williams out to the ba took Norman Williams out to the to for the Greek teacher kept close to l. Ann. Then, too, I felt it would be so of charity to stay near him and help through the meal, for I fust felt son would make a mistake. First, the plates were passed around. And rist this juncture, ladies, I want to say the latest style in soup and soup pl

"The soup was real thin, without ghost of a vegetable in it, and it brown in color. It looked for all world like weak gravy or beef tea. ah! the beautiful china plates and is it was served in redeemed both the ly look and the soup, too. The soup plant ly look and the soup, too. The soup at looked like very small bowis or cupathey had two handles and a saucer, you couldn't pour your soup into saucer, for the saucer was cemented to the cup. Well, when I saw those h falutin soup plates I thought I had ter keep an eye on Norman. And senough, when the soup reached him shook his head and said:

"'I don't care for soup, waiter. it on.

"Everybody at the table heard have mark and naturally looked our way to I held my feelings well back, thim, of his two farms and sawmill. When a ples came on Norman and I both is lemon ple, and I saw him pick up a spoon, so I whispered just as kind ever I could:

"Do take one of these new silver for to eat your pie. I gave all this new a ver to Lucy Ann, and it's the very to sliver money can buy.'

"'No," responded Norman betse mouthfuls, 'I eat all my wet victuals wa "I saw it was no use to say more

I finished my dessert in silence. In the old family preacher—and he's college president, too—arose and said: "T have a very pleasant duty to farm. Lacy Am, is as dear as a dear form. Lucy Ann is as dear as a deer to me. I baptized her in her in ter to me. I baptized her in her in and saw her grow up in the church college, and it was my pleasant du day to present her with a diploma now, shem!—it is my pleasant ru confer upon her the degree of to the Greek professor. Lucy An, you and both of you please come ward?"

"Then ladies, the real meaning of Sarah said to me about Lucy Am-paring herself for a teacher flashed paring herself for a teacher flashed my mind. Lucy Ann and the Gress-fessor stood up, and old Preacher read the marriage service out de prayer book and made them "mast wife," Oh, my! I can't get over it, that Greek professor hasn't a delist bless himself with, and to think to Lucy Ann would throw away two farms and a sawmill! farms and a sawmill! "Why, it's flying in the face of Pre-

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