A TALE OF RED ROSES

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

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SYNOPSIS.

Molly Marley, daughter of the president of the Ring City Traction Company, attracts the attention of Boss Sledge, the political owner of the city, a bluff, straightforward, domineering man, who announces his intention of marrying her almost at first sight. Molly, assisted by her friend, Fern Burbank, is carrying on a flirtation with Bert Glider, of the Maryland "Gliders," and her father favors this young man. Sledge invites himself to Molly's party, and, hearing that she likes red roses, sends her all the red roses in Ring City. Meantime a group of promoters come to Ring City with the intention of starting a "phoney" traction line in opposition to that of Marley's company. Sledge, thinking of Molly, discourages the project, but keeps the promoters in hand. Bert Glider, hearing of the new line, goes in for real estate along the proposed line. On the morning of the party Sledge proves himself a valuable friend by rescuing Molly's dog from the pound. He offers to match his own dog against Molly's, and Molly, hating his brutality, has to admit that he is a fine fellow and "no piker."

Tom Bendix, Sledge's lieutenant, explains that the promoters, headed by a Mr. Rosgam, want a "phoney" franchise, which they can sell at a clear profit to the older company. Sledge advises life insurance as a good grafting operation. Then he orders more red roses, and, fearing that Bert Glider has a chance with Molly, orders Bendix to "edge in" on Glider's business. He goes to Molly's party, makes himself both scarce and popular and only emerges when a group of darky songsters, engaged by him, begin to sing under the Marley verandas.

Sledge orders Marley to break up Bert Glider's chance with Molly and threatens to ruin Marley if he refuses. By telephone Bert proposes and Molly accepts. Sledge involves Bert in a business deal, depending on extending the old car lines for an amusement park; then tells Bert that he'll "smash" him if Bert becomes engaged to Molly.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued).

"You're almost as liberal as Sledge," complimented Fern. "I wouldn't give up that spangle fan for worlds. What do you suppose is keeping Bert, Molly?"

"He's probably 'slew,' to use the Sledge dictionary," responded Molly calmly.

"Does that mean the same as jagged?"

"Spifficated," ejaculated Molly. "Don't look so shocked, Fern. Bert isn't in the habit of it. Any of the boys will tell you that he's so sober he breaks up most of their parties."

"Then why did he show off tonight?"

"I believe they call it drowning their sorrows," explained Molly quietly. "He lost everything today—money, business, prospects. Sledge broke him."

"Poor Bert!" sympathized the warm-hearted Fern. "Why, that putty-faced old thief! Molly! He did it on your account! Isn't he clever! How on earth did he work it?"

"Had Bert tie up all his money, including some he borrowed, in property Sledge depreciated in value, then Sledge had the bank call the loan. Bert can't pay, and the bank seizes the property. Moreover, nobody will invest in Bert's enterprises since they know that Sledge is against him."

"I don't blame him for getting— What does Sledge call it?"

"Slewed."

"Do you?"

"He'll probably feel sorry for it tomorrow," evaded Molly. "A man's conscience usually hurts him when he can't eat."

They had neared the house, and now a slender figure in black came rapidly toward them.

"Is that you, Molly?" inquired the anxious voice of Frank Merley.

"It is your fair daughter," she lightly assured him.

"They are missing you," he declared, with all the responsibility of a successful showman. "The Governor and his wife, Senator Allerton, the Mayor and a dozen others have been inquiring about you. You are this year's prize beauty," and he laughed proudly.

Embarrassed by the display he apparently wished to make of her, Molly followed him into the maze of gorgeous drawing rooms, where the aristocracy of Ring County and the State displayed its evening clothes in constantly shifting array.

The Mayor himself, a keen-eyed young man, with a preternaturally bald head and a reputation which followed him about like a black cat, came hurrying up to her with her dance program in his hand. With him was a gangling old beau, with a professional lady killer smirk, whom he introduced by an unintelligible name and handed to Fern as a penance for all her misdeeds.

"They're already forming for the grand march," the Mayor informed her, as he led the way to the big ballroom with the magnificent pipe organ, which Molly had coveted for a year.

The line was half formed, and the parade was filling rapidly and with much laughing confusion as the Mayor hurried with her down toward the centre of the hall, where the Governor already stood with his lady.

"Where is our place?" asked Molly, figuring rapidly. There was a State Senator, a world-famous sociologist, a musician of international reputation and three State Representatives. The Mayor probably would be about number eight.

"Oh, I'm not your partner," he regretted. "I'm not so lucky. I don't even get to dance with you until number eight," and to Molly's breathless delight, he led her straight up to the eminent sociologist, who stood immediately behind the Governor.

The eminent sociologist, who, under that title, had sounded so forbidding, proved to be a young-looking man, with a dancing eye, who hailed her with joy, and unspokenly claimed attention solely on his merits as a "live member."

She found it difficult, as he smiled so frankly and boyishly at her, to remember that this was a man whose name was known throughout the civilized world for his keen thought upon political economy in its broadest sense, and the astounding part of it was that he was so good-looking, graceful and self-possessed, and, most astonishing of all, that he immediately began to talk to her about baseball.

The equally eminent musician, just behind him, claimed Professor Watt's attention for a moment, and Molly glanced Allerton, the wife of the Senator, was just behind her, looking hot daggers into her shoulder-blades, and Molly, suppressing a wiggle as she noted the purple confidence ribbons nailed on with furniture tacks, gazed calmly through her at the other social Lucrezia Borgias, whom she had passed at one ruthless bound.

Also, she cast her eyes downward, with much satisfaction, at her own extravagantly simple frock of pearl-woven white chiffon. Only youth and a good figure could dare a frock like that, and happy in her new enemies, Molly glanced at the dance program which had been made out for her.

She caught her breath with incredulous joy as she saw her allotment. Every notable in the gathering was on her card, beginning with the Governor. Number nine was Sledge, and she wondered, with dawning horror, what sort of figure he would be in the dance.

She had little time for reflection, for the music started up just then, and at the same moment the eminent sociologist began to talk to her about a new roller-coaster installed last season at Coney Island and his pain in never having had a ride on it.

Professor Watt danced without knowing it, and talked without effort, and laughed without deliberation; and when he led her into the drawing-room, she was offering a silent vote of thanks to the maker of her program. Mayor Cameron, however, gave her no chance to enjoy the scientist. He rushed up with a visiting millionaire, introduced him and dragged away Professor Watt, all with the celerity of a switch engine.

The visiting millionaire was a gray-haired sport, with a white mustache, but a ruddy face, who knew more about lead ore than any man in the world, knew more about money than he did about lead ore, and knew more about making himself agreeable to young girls than he did about making money. A couple of native millionaires tried to attach themselves to the party, but the outsider drove them jealously away, and dashed straight along with the line of entertainment which had made him a welcome visitor wherever rice powder was known.

Molly was truly sorry to see him go, but the Governor, a finely groomed, elderly chap, whose fundamental brogue was Irish, whose manners were Southern, and whose mustache and goatee were French, led her away for the next dance, and breathed harmless, old-fashioned flatteries into her ear until it tickled. It was all very interesting, and a triumph for her, too; but, nevertheless, she was pleased when her sudden friend, the Mayor, took her away from the Governor, and for her between-dance diversion made her a present of an intent-featured young man who ran an inherited railroad to make money, and ran it quite well enough, but who raced yachts for a living.

Thus sped the evening, with Molly climbing the dizzy heights of popularity in hourly increasing excitement. She not only had a notable partner for every dance, but a brilliant partner for every tete-a-tete between numbers, and the almost equally happy, though not so highly favored, Fern warned her, in a giggling, whispered moment, to keep her back to the wall, lest she be stabbed. Her cup of happiness was full when the famous musician, a near-sighted man, who wore his hair short, and inspected her rapturously through half-inch-thick glasses, composed a sparkling rondo for her at a piano in a quiet little alcove, and named it Molly, and wrote it on her dance card, all in the space of seven minutes. True, he had danced with her two numbers before, and had had time to think of her; possibly to think of her in rondo term.

Occasionally she caught sight of Sledge in the throng, although she had not seen him on the floor, and she realized that her number with him would be a "sit out." Perhaps that was why it had been put down so far in the program, when she would welcome a rest. It was like his doing, for she had to acknowledge that he was at least far-sighted.

One thing perplexed her: He was much less awkward and much more at ease here than he had been at her party.

Whenever she saw him he was talking gravely with men of large affairs, and to her surprise, she observed that, in every case, he was accorded notable respect. Even the musician seemed absorbedly interested in him, and her lead-ore millionaire came back to him again and again. She wondered why men sought him, and she was still wondering when the eminent sociologist fairly snatched her out of the arms of the Mayor, after the eighth dance.

"Come and watch me smoke a cigarette," he begged her. "I've been trying to get a chance to talk with you again the entire evening, but there's always such an increasingly mad scramble around you that the attempts made me feel undignified."

"You'd worry a lot about that," she guessed.

"Wouldn't I?" he laughed. "Will you chill if we step out on the terrace?"

"I don't know how," she happily told him, and they hurried outside, where he led her to a seat in the moonlight, and deftly made her comfortable with three cushions, from as many chairs.

Sledge and Senator Allerton passed them as he lighted his cigarette, and he looked after Sledge until the match burned his fingers.

"There is the biggest man I have seen in a long while," he remarked, as he sat beside her on the settee.

"They say he is not only the boss of the city, but of the State," replied Molly, very much interested. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"Of course," he acknowledged, "but I scarcely think that would influence my judgment. I have studied a great many men of more power and influence than he has at present, but none of them, so far as I can recollect, seemed to have his elemental force. Wherever he was born, he would have been a leader. He is a wonderful man. Throw him in a savage country and he would be king."

"I don't understand it," puzzled Molly. "He is undoubtedly a leader here, but they say that he is a bad leader."

"A grafter?" queried Professor Watt, with a smile. "That is the accident of his environment, and of your unsettled social conditions. Pardon me, but, in cities such as yours, there is but little else for a leader to do. The men who occupy the political offices of high honor are, for the most part, puppets. Your society is neither large enough nor small enough, and is composed of intensely complex elements. People of the most sordid birth and attainments rub elbows with people of breeding and culture, and there seems to be no dividing line. In such a conglomerate condition, the man of elemental force, being bound to rise to the top, must use his materials as he finds them, and to his own ends, just as the musician, the artist, the sculptor, the writer do; just as I do, and, within your more limited sphere, pardon me for saying it, just as you do."

"I?" she asked, opening and closing her fan, and glancing out to where chatting couples were sauntering.

After all, Professor Watt was an eminent sociologist.

"Certainly," the professor resumed. "You take into your consideration, with such thoughtfulness concerning them as you have cultivated, all the elements, human and otherwise, which might have a bearing upon your future, and from them you shape your life toward what you believe will be your biggest happiness. Your failure or success in your very marriage will depend upon the intuitive wisdom which you bring to bear upon your overpowering problem of self. Just so your man Sledge works, and if his entire environment and world is centred upon the problem of material wealth, you may rest assured that, out of the struggle, he will emerge a victor, if political control is the path he has chosen—"

A huge figure approached them.

"Hello, Watt," rumbled the deep voice of Sledge. "My dance, Molly."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well, you having a good time?" asked Sledge, sitting comfortably in the seat Mr. Watt had just vacated.

"The time of my life," she assured him, with happy animation.

"That's the word," he heartily approved. "If there's anybody here you want just tell Cameron. If he don't trot 'em right over, tell me."

"The mayor has been very kind," acknowledged Molly, beginning to wonder.

"He's got his orders," returned Sledge complacently. "Let me see your dance program," and he took it from her lap. "I thought so," he commented. "There's a dark horse turned up, and you didn't get him."

"A dark horse?" she faltered.

"A ringer," he explained. "Lord Bunnchase, Andrew Lepton, the big coffee monopolist, sneaked him in here under an alias, and nobody's on." He puzzled over the card a moment. "Excuse me till I fix it," and he stalked away.

Molly sat silently, allowing a cold wave of humiliation slowly to chill her soul.

Why, Sledge had carefully prearranged her triumph of the evening. He had assumed control of her dance card and of her succession of delightful tete-a-tetes. He had driven the star performers into her net, as if they had been droves of sheep. True, men had sought her a second time of their own accord. Because of that charm which she knew she possessed; a vaguely understood attractiveness, which was more than beauty, more than cleverness, more than mere sex receptiveness. She had won by her own power, but Sledge had given her the glorious opportunities. His omnipotence began to annoy her, and his ruthlessness to inflame her already inflamed resentment.

She knew precisely what was happening at this moment. He was creating havoc in not less than half a dozen dance cards, with no compunction about having discommoded or distressed anyone. Then there was Bert, downtown, battling with a disaster which had thrown him completely from his feet. Poor Bert! She had by no means forgotten him, even amid the height of her excitement. She should have been there to comfort him; and yet, well, he had not seen fit to come to her for comfort. Men were queer creatures. A woman, when disaster overtook her, did not need to deaden her intelligence. She needed it than more than ever.

After all, though, Bert was a man, and that was the way of men, and there was no use to dream of overturning the entire accepted order of creation. She was certain, however, that she could be of more help to Bert after they were married. He was weaker than she had thought.

Very well, Sledge had thrown down the gage of battle. He had laughed when he was threatened, and had ruined Bert, in challenging defiance. Let him now take the consequences. If he went to the penitentiary, well and good. He had probably sent other people there, with no more qualms of mercy than she would now show to him. She could be as ruthless as he. What was it Professor Watt had called the quality? Elemental force, that was it. Well, she possessed it, too. She felt it within her, stirring with the same physical nascency as the virility of parenthood, to which it was so closely allied.

Sledge came back with her card.

"Next dance," he said, showing her the name of Lord Bunnchase opposite the 10th number. "Took it away from Mrs. Allerton."

In spite of her anger, Molly snickered.

"Does Mrs. Allerton know that her number 10 dance was to have been with a title?" she asked, with a sudden intense desire to giggle it over with Fern.

"Not yet. He's only Edgar Chase on her card. She thought she was winning when Cameron gave her the lead-ore millionaire instead.

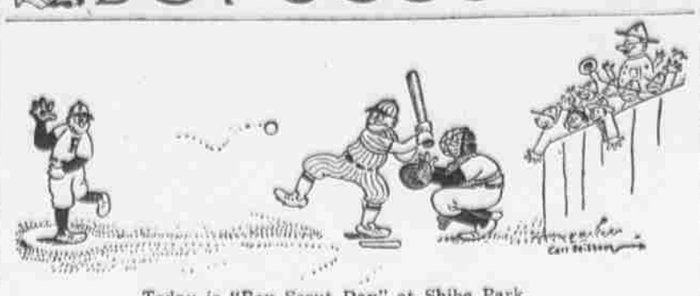
"It's like politics," Molly commented, feeling a vague distant thrill for the intricacies of the game.

"Everything's politics," he rumbled. "You like this house, don't you?"

"I think it's the most wonderful place in the world," she declared.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

BOY SCOUTS



Today is "Boy Scout Day" at Shibe Park

This department is published every Tuesday and Friday. News of troops is desired from troop scribes, as well as special articles of scout work, and not more than 300 words long, from scoutmasters and scouts. Address all communications to the Boy Scout Editor, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia.

Four thousand Boy Scouts turned out with bands and flags today for the annual "Boy Scout Day" game at Shibe Park between the Athletics and Phillies in their third battle for the city championship. The scouts, who were the guests of Connie Mack, of the Athletics, who is a member of the Executive Scout Council, and William F. Baker, president of the Phillies, occupied reserved seats in the grandstand and rooted for their favorites.

After the game the combined bodies of scouts, marching in columns of fours under their scoutmasters, marched twice around the field with bands playing and were reviewed by Director Porter, Scout Commissioner of Philadelphia. Field Commissioner Goodman was chief marshal of the parade, assisted by Field Commissioner Merrill, who headed more than 3000 Philadelphia scouts. Nearly 300 Delaware-Montgomery County scouts were led by George Weidner, secretary of the county scouts, and following behind them came the New Jersey troops of the Camden-Burlington-Gloucester County organization, with Field Commissioners Murdoch, Etter and Dobbs marching at their head. The parade marched east on Lehigh avenue and south on Broad street.

Troop 72 (Scoutmaster Watts) wants a baseball game for Saturday, April 17, with any scout team averaging 12 to 14 years, the game to be played at 47th and Pine streets or at other team's grounds. Edward D. Dolbey, 3602 Walnut street, is manager.

Governor Brumbaugh has replied to a message from Troop 28, wishing him well in his fight to secure more adequate child labor laws for the State. The Governor's letter reads:

"Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
"Executive Chamber,
"Harrisburg.

"March 29, 1915.

"Hubert L. Rutherford, scoutmaster, and members of Boy Scouts of America, Troop 28, of Immanuel Lutheran Church, West Philadelphia, Pa.

"My good friend—I deeply appreciate your thoughtful kindness in writing me under recent date, in regard to one of the most vital problems that we have before us today.

"I am intensely anxious that some constructive legislation for the benefit of the working children of this Commonwealth shall pass this session of the Legislature, and I sincerely trust that I may have your help in every possible way in securing such sane and progressive laws.

"You can count on my efforts toward this end. Sincerely yours,

"M. G. BRUMBAUGH."

Kern Takes Charge of Troop 1

H. P. Kern, formerly assistant scoutmaster of Troop 1, assumed his new duties as scoutmaster Tuesday night, succeeding E. Urner Goodman, now field commissioner of the city. C. Wurtz and C. W. Kern took the tenderfoot oath and Scout Stieff was admitted to membership by transfer from Atlantic City Troop 2. The junior staff, composed of all non-commissioned officers, adopted the new constitution. The president of the Mothers' Auxiliary, reported the completion of its constitution.

Two New Troops

Troop 137 (Scoutmaster Roland B. Cassels), has been organized at the First Presbyterian Church, Bridesburg, and Troop 138 (Scoutmaster William Vees), at St. George's Methodist Church, 3d street below George street.

First-class Tests

Examiners Taylor, Crease, Croll and Dayton will conduct first-class tests at the North Branch Young Men's Christian Association, 1013 West Lehigh avenue, Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Scouts who wish to take the tests must come provided with regulation blanks.

Headquarters Lectures

Field Commissioner Merrill will give an illustrated lecture on scouting, with new slides, to Troop 75 (Scoutmaster Pancoast), at 41st and Brown streets, Monday evening. Field Commissioner Goodman spoke before Troop 59 (Scoutmaster Eastburn), at 11th street and Snyder avenue, Tuesday night, and Walter Bradby, a Cherokee Indian, assistant scoutmaster of Carlisle Troop 2, lectured to Troop 22 last night.

Cooking Tests

Arrangements are being made to provide regular places for cooking tests in various sections of the city. For North Philadelphia it is probable that the outdoor headquarters of Troop 91 (Scoutmaster Crease), on the Delaware River, near Lafayette, will be used. For West and South Philadelphia and other sections similar headquarters will be arranged.

Gossip About the Scouts

The quick wit and calmness of Scout Edward Cohen, of Troop 93 (Scoutmaster Martin G. Stein), helped persons to escape from a burning house at 703 South Leithgow street at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. He was awakened by shouts and, quickly dressing, went outside, where a crowd of men were excitedly trying to get into the building. Scout Cohen directed them to a neighboring house, where they obtained a long ladder on which the persons descended from the third floor.

Harry Derringer, a cousin of Samuel Derringer, of Troop 51 (Scoutmaster A. K. Covvey), was struck in the eye while playing "pussy-stick" and was taken to a drug store by his cousin.

Nathan ("Whitey") Katz, of Troop 51, carried a suitcase to Camden for a woman Tuesday, paying his own fare over. He refused to take return fare, and, having only three cents, walked from the ferry.

Troop 130 Moves

Troop 130 (Scoutmaster Ogden) has moved from Fairmount Park to temporary headquarters at 30th and Diamond streets. W. I. Ottinger is now assistant scoutmaster. The scouts cleared $75 for camping by selling Easter eggs. The Beaver Patrol (A. G. Backmeyer, leader, and R. Taylor, assistant) is first and the Wood Pigeon Patrol (W. N. Stevenson, leader, and F. A. Backmeyer, assistant) is second in the patrol contest. Stevenson has become a first-class scout. He and Scout Griffth look promising for swimming events this year. The troop is organizing a baseball team and a bicycle patrol, under Scout Congdon, has been formed.

Troop 64

Lester Beckman, who joined last week, has passed his tenderfoot test. Maurice Pintoff has been transferred to the Bridgeton troop. The entire troop will be at Shibe Park today in uniform. The anniversary celebration will be held April 20.

Feeding and Watering Horses

By SCOUT JOSEPH WILLIAMS

OF TROOP 109

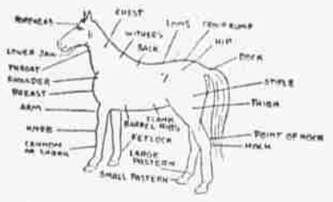


Diagram of horse, by Scout Williams

Regularity in feeding is one of the most important rules. Common sense and judgment must be used in the amount and kind of food given, which depends on the nature and the size of the horse and the amount of work to be done. The more work the larger the ration. Overfeeding is the habit of many horse owners, consequently the horses lay on a larger supply of fat, while lacking in good, hard muscle. Race horses that are sensitive and compelled to do exhausting work must have the best food money can buy. Young horses should have very nourishing food, and a larger quantity of it for the purpose of development of their bodies. Many good colts have been stunted in their growth by improper food. Food must not only build up the body, but supply heat as well.

Troop 12 Elects Officers

The newly elected officers of Troop 12 (Scoutmaster A. G. Ungerlieder) will take their places at the meeting tonight. They are Patrol Leaders Shickman, of the Hawk Patrol; Katz, of the Eagle Patrol, and Greenstein, of the Owl Patrol; Senior Patrol Leader I. Shickman, Assistant Senior Patrol Leader H. Katz; S. Bryan, corresponding secretary, and I. Filderman, financial secretary. They were elected at the semi-annual election at the last meeting. Scoutmaster Ungerlieder appointed Scout J. Sabulsky troop's scribe to the EVENING LEDGER on the request of the scouts. The troop is active and progressive and is watching for all possible opportunities to advance and compete with other troops of the city.

Troop 93 Patrol Has Fife Corps

A fife, bugle and drum corps has been organized by the Eagle Patrol of Troop 93 (Martin G. Stein, scoutmaster), consisting of Patrol Leader Samuel Green, drum; Assistant Patrol Leader Myer Beckman and Scouts Felgols and Manaker, fife, and David Levin and Brame, bugle. Each member has agreed to save 5 cents a week to buy scout handkerchiefs.

Troop 9 in Contest

Troop 85 (Scoutmaster Morris) and Troop 9 (Scoutmaster Manton) have entered a contest to determine which troop has shown more advancement in six months. On an individual contest in Troop 9 the scouts are making transit instruments, the winner to be awarded a prize on June 1 and his transit to be used by the troop. Scouts Weiner, Fow, Stadlin, Lucker and Schwam are showing up well.

Ex-Governor Guild's Funeral

BOSTON, April 9.—Persons prominent in official, military and civic life from all parts of the State paid final honor to the memory of former Governor Curtis Guild here today. The service in Arlington Street Church were conducted by the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham. The Russian Ambassador and his suite, Governor Walsh and staff and scores of other well-known officials attended the services. Troop A, National Lancers, acted as a military escort from the house to the church and to Forest Hill Cemetery, where burial took place.

OBITUARIES

REV. DR. ALLEN S. WOODLE

Prominent Episcopalian and Rector Emeritus of St. Luke's.

The Rev. Dr. Allen Sheldon Woodle, rector emeritus of St. Luke's Episcopal the pastorate for 32 years, is dead at his residence at the Baker Apartments, 302 North 35th street. He had long been a sufferer from a form of chronic rheumatism.

Doctor Woodle, who died yesterday, was widely known among the Episcopal clergymen of Pennsylvania. Born in Jamesville, Wis., July 31, 1845, he received his early education at Racine College, Racine, Wis., and at Sinsinawa Mound College. He studied five years at the theological seminary at Nashotah, Wis., and was graduated in 1873 with the degree of doctor of divinity. After serving under Bishop Armitage, in Milwaukee, he took his first charge at St. Mathias' Church, Waukesha, Wis. Two years later he went to New York as curate of Christ Church, 5th avenue and 35th street, and as manager of the Church Journal. In 1876 he was elected rector of St. Luke's Church, Altoona, Pa., and came to Philadelphia in 1906.

Doctor Woodle is survived by his widow, who before her marriage was Miss Abbey C. Tisdale, and five children—Allen Sheldon Woodle, Jr., of this city; Mrs. G. P. Adams, of Berkley, Cal.; Miss Cornelia Woodle, of Narberth; Mrs. John Ware, of Downey, Idaho, and Bernon T. Woodle, of Logan, W. Va. The body was removed to his summer home on Wynnewood avenue, Narberth. The date of the funeral has not been set.

MARTIN J. HANLY

Prominent New Jersey Insurance Man Dead.

Martin J. Hanly, 62 years old, one time assistant superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and agent for that company, died at his home at 552 Federal street, Camden, this morning, from an attack of pneumonia, which seized him last Monday.

He was well known in insurance circles in New Jersey, having been assistant superintendent for his company in Bayonne, N. J., before coming to the Camden office 11 years ago. He was pronounced one of the most popular men in the insurance business in New Jersey by his colleagues. He is survived by a widow and two daughters, Nellie and Grace.

Mrs. Joseph S. Vila

Mrs. Rae P. Vila, wife of Joseph S. Vila, secretary of the H. S. Vila Company, Inc., died today at her residence, 5382 Chew street, Germantown. Mrs. Vila had been suffering from heart disease for the last six months. She had a sinking spell shortly after o'clock this morning and summoned her husband and children, George Raymond, six years old, and Lillian, five, who were present at the bedside when the end came. She was 35 years old. Before her marriage Mrs. Vila was Miss Rae McCully, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. McCully, of this city. The Rev. Dr. H. A. MacKubdin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Redeemer, Germantown, will officiate at the funeral, which probably will be held on Tuesday. Interment will be at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Captain Robert Crawford

Captain Robert Crawford, a well-known educator and formerly principal of the Williamson Trades School, died last night at his home, 178 North Union street, Lansdowne, from a complication of diseases. He was 73 years old, and had been ill but a short time. Captain Crawford, who was born in Scotland, came to this country when only 4 years old. He served in the United States navy for many years, his last command being the Alert, then patrolling the Pacific coast. In 1900 he retired as head of the Williamson School to assume charge of the Government schools of Cuba, his chief work being at Guanajay and later at Santiago de las Vegas. In more recent years Captain Crawford acted as Government agent at Cramps' shipyards.

Edward Hyde Peek

Edward Hyde Peek, for more than 25 years associated with the United Gas Improvement Company and its subsidiary branches, and a prominent resident of Germantown, died this morning at his home, 226 Harvey street. He retired from his official capacity with the gas company several months ago, when his health failed him. Mr. Peek, who was 57 years old, was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, with the class of 1858, and was a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma. He leaves a widow. The funeral services will be held from his late residence Monday morning at 11 o'clock.

Rt. Rev. Edward Ash Were

LICHFIELD, Eng., April 9.—Rt. Rev. Edward Ash Were, Bishop of Stafford, died today in his 69th year.

Dr. Donnel Hughes

Dr. Donnel Hughes, a widely known physician, who specialized in gynecology, died yesterday of pneumonia, at his home, 2022 Locust street. He maintained offices at 4003 Chestnut street. Doctor Hughes, who was 56 years old, was graduated from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1879. He was a member of the American Medical Association and the Philadelphia Pediatric Society. Arrangements for the funeral have not as yet been completed.

Dr. Justin C. Elliott

Dr. Justin C. Elliott, 89 years old, a retired physician and a leading member of the Ardmore Baptist Church, died yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Edward P. Townsend, 115 Edgewood road, Ardmore. He suffered a general breakdown several months ago. Doctor Elliott was formerly a resident of Buffalo, where for more than half a century he conducted a large practice. Besides his daughter, he is survived by four sons.

The funeral services will take place tomorrow afternoon, 3 o'clock, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. P. Townsend.

IN MEMORIAM

HAWKES.—In sad but loving remembrance of Dr. JOHN DAVIS HAWKES, who departed this life April 9th, 1906. Family.

Deaths

AYERS.—On April 8, 1915, at the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, MAHALA AYERS, aged 115 years. Funeral from the Home, Belmont and Girard aves., on Monday, at 10.30 a. m. Interment at Eden Cemetery.

BRENNAN.—On April 8, 1915, RICHARD BRENNAN, son of John and Catharine Brennan. Funeral on Saturday, at 2 p. m., from his parents' residence, 2240 Reed st. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

CAMPBELL.—On April 8, 1915, VIOLETTA CARLISLE, wife of George Campbell, jr., 1511 Spruce st. Services and interment private.

CHEW.—On April 8, 1915, MARY AGNES, wife of Claude L. Chew. Funeral services on Sunday, April 11, at 2 p. m., at her husband's residence, 817 Lawrence st., Camden, N. J. Interment private, at Evergreen Cemetery.

CLEGG.—On April 8, 1915, ELIZABETH M., wife of Edward Clegg and daughter of Emily and the late William Dorsey. Funeral on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., from 4434 Leiper st., Frankford. High Mass at St. Joseph's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment St. Dominic's Cemetery.

FEARN.—On April 8, 1915, JOHN H., husband of Georgina Fearn. Funeral on Saturday, at 2:30 p. m., from his late residence, 202 Lexington ave., East Lansdowne, Pa. Interment private, at Fernwood Cemetery.

FERGUSON.—At Shenandoah, Pa., Tuesday, April 6, 1915, P. J. FERGUSON, president First National Bank, Shenandoah. The funeral will take place Saturday morning from the family residence, corner White and Oak streets. A solemn High Mass of Requiem will be celebrated in the Church of the Annunciation at 9:30 o'clock. Interment in the Annunciation Cemetery, Shenandoah, Pa. Relatives and friends respectfully invited to attend. Please omit flowers.

FORREST.—On April 8, 1915, PRISCILLA, wife of Edwin Forrest. Funeral services on Saturday, at 2 p. m., at her husband's residence, 2123 East Ann st. Interment at Belvue Cemetery.

FORSTER.—On April 6, 1915, ANNA WHITALL, wife of Thomas Alder Dickson Forster, aged 81 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Saturday, at 10:30 a. m., at her late residence, 911 De Kalb st., Norristown, Pa. Interment private.

HUGHES.—On April 8, 1915, residence 2022 Locust st., DR. DONNEL HUGHES. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

HUGHES.—On April 8, 1915, THOMAS, husband of the late Margaret Hughes. Residence, 2411 South Watts st. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

KAUFMANN.—On April 8, 1915, EMMA REBECCA, wife of Ernest H. Kaufmann. Funeral on Sunday, at 1:30 p. m., from 53 South 6th st., Darby, Pa. Interment Mount Zion Cemetery.

LANDENBERGER.—On April 8, 1915, CATHARINE, wife of Christopher Landenberger. Funeral on Sunday, April 11, at 2 p. m., from 7324 Ridge Spur ave., Fox Chase, Philadelphia. Interment private.

MARTIN.—On April 8, 1915, LUTHER D., husband of Daisy Haya Martin and son of Luther L. and Emma J. Martin. Funeral services at his father's residence, 2212 West Lehigh ave., on Saturday, at 8 a. m. precisely. Interment at Newark, N. J., on Sunday.

MAYER.—On April 8, 1915, MINNIE MAYER, daughter of the late Lazarus and Josephine Bomeister Mayer. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services on Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. precisely, at the parlors of Morris Rosenberg's Son, 2000 North Broad st. Interment Mt. Sinai Cemetery. Kindly omit flowers.

MOONEY.—On April 8, 1915, JOHN J., son of John F. and Mary E. Mooney. Funeral on Saturday, at 1:30 p. m., from his parents' residence, 2306 West Firth st. Interment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

MOSER.—On April 8, 1915, FRANK, husband of Anna Moser, at his late residence, 912 Boston ave. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

PEEK.—On April 9, 1915, EDWARD HYDE PEEK. Funeral services at his late residence, 236 Harvey st., Germantown, on Monday morning, at 11 o'clock. Interment private.

RANDOLPH.—Suddenly, in San Francisco, on the 22d of March, 1915, FLETCHER, son of the late Warren Randolph, D. D., and Malvina D. Randolph.

RICHARDS.—On April 7, 1915, ANNIE E. RICHARDS (nee Reed), wife of William W. Richards, aged 43 years. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services, on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of her son-in-law, George W. Kemery, 305 East Wildey st. Interment private. Northwood Cemetery.

SHINN.—On April 8, 1915, MARY C., wife of Joseph H. Shinn. Funeral on Monday, April 12, at 11 a. m., from her residence, 119 Linden ave., Haddonfield, N. J. Interment private. Evergreen Cemetery.

SKALLA.—At Fisher, N. J., on April 8, 1915, FRANK X., husband of Magdalene Skalla. Funeral on Sunday, at 2:15 p. m., from his late residence, White Horse pike, Fisher, N. J. Interment at Berlin Cemetery.

SMITH.—At West Berlin, N. J., on April 8, 1915, ANNA, wife of Charles R. Smith. Funeral on Tuesday, at 9 a. m., from her late residence, Clifton ave., West Berlin, N. J. Solemn Requiem Mass at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at Berlin Cemetery.

STROH.—On April 7, 1915, F. C. CHARLES, husband of Elizabeth C. Stroh (nee Jung), in his 75d year. Relatives and friends, also members of Hamboldt Lodge, No. 350, F. and A. M.; Kensington R. A. C., No. 223, Burgers of the Stephen Girard Charity Fund, Masonic Veterans' Association of Pennsylvania, Schiller Lodge, No. 93, I. O. O. F., and Oak Beneficial Society, are invited to attend the funeral on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence, 1508 East Susquehanna ave. Interment private, at Central Laurel Hill Cemetery.

TUTTLE.—On April 7, 1915, DAVID K. TUTTLE, aged 79 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, Saturday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, at his late residence, 2215 Rittenhouse st. Interment private.

VILA.—On April 9, 1915, at her late residence, 5382 Chew st., Germantown, RAE P., wife of Joseph S. Vila and daughter of George W. and Clara McCulley. Due notice of funeral will be given.

WISNER.—On April 8, 1915, ALBERT C., husband of Julia Wisner. Funeral on Sunday, at 2 p. m., from the residence of his son-in-law, Oscar H. Tompkins, 2153 North Orianna st. Interment private, at Greenmount Cemetery.

WOODLE.—Suddenly, on April 8, 1915, the Rev. ALLAN SHELDON WOODLE, Rector Emeritus of St. Luke's Church, Altoona, aged 69 years. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

YOUNG.—On April 7, 1915, HARRY M. YOUNG, son of Philip and Rebecca Young, in his 56th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Saturday, April 10, at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, Westfield ave. and Cove road, Pensauken township, Camden County, N. J. Interment at Trinity Lutheran Church Burial Grounds, Philadelphia. Remains may be viewed Friday evening, from 8 to 9 o'clock.

NO. 88—ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN—IF CON TRAFFIC DON'T LET UP HE'LL HAVE ALL CHEEZBURG DOTTY!!!