## AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

Bally Manvers, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is looked out on the roof of her house, in New York. Driven to seek of har house, in New York. Driven to seek shelter by a storm she tries the trap-door of other houses and finally enters the house of a rich family. No one is at home and Sally, fascinated by heautiful ciothes, changes her own for them. As she is leaving an see as man trying to open a safe. As he works and as she watches, the man is suddenly attacked by another burgiar. The two men grapple and the first is likely to be overwhelmed when Sally breaks in, estees a ravolvar which has been dropped in the scuffe, and covers the men. The one, in bits reget, the first burgiar, assumes that she is helping him, and they drive out the other. Then Sally flees from the house.

Wandering aimiessiv, Saily meets the burger, she has befriended at Grand Central Station, and insists that he get her as accommodation to Soston. They go down to the restaurant, and here the burger retends that Saily is one of his profession.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Burning with indignation and shivering bit with fear of the man, she stopped bort, midway down the ramp to the lower level," and momentarily contemplated throwing herself upon his mercy and crawling out of it all with what-ever grace she might; but his ironic and cal smile provoked her beyond 'Oh, very well!" she said ominously,

turning, "if that's the way you feel about it we may as well have this thing out

And she made as if to go back the way she had come; but his hand fell upon her arm with a touch at once light and

imperative.
"Steady!" he counseled quietly. "This is no place for either bickering or barefaced confidences. Besides, you mustn't take things so much to heart. I was only making fun, and you deserved as much for your cheek now, you know, Otherwise, there's no harm done. If you hanker to go to Boston, go you shall, and no thanks to me. Even if I do pay the bill, I owe you a heap more than I'll ever be able to repay, chances are. So take it easy, and I say, do brace up and make a bluff, at least, of being on speaking terms. I'm not a bad sort, but I'm going to stick to you like grim death to a sick darky's bedside grim death to a sick darky's bedside until we know each other better. That's flat, and you may as well resign yourself to it. And here we are.

welf to it. And here we are."

Unwillingly, almost unaware, she had permitted herself to be drawn through the labyrinth of ramps to the very threshold of the restaurant, where, before she could devise any effectual means of reasserting herself, a bland head waiter took them in tow and, at Blue Serge's direction, allotted them a table well over to one side of the room, out well over to one side of the room, out of ear-shot of their nearest neighbors.

Temporarily too fagged and flustered to react either to the danger or to the of this experience, or even to think to any good purpose. Sally dropped mechanically into the chair held for her. wondering as much at herself for accepting the situation as at the masterful creature opposite, carnestly but amiably conferring with the head waiter over the

bill of fare.

Surely a strange sort of criminal, she thought, with his humor and ready address, his sudden shifts from slang of the street to phrases chosen with a discriminating taste in English, his cool indifference to her threatening attitude and his paradoxical pose of warm—it seemed—personal interest in and consideration for a complete and, to say the eration for a complete and, to say the

least, a very questionable stranger.

She even went so far as to admit that she might find him very likable, if only it were not for that affected little mustache and that semioccasional trick he practiced of looking down his nose when he talked.

On the other hand, one assumed, all criminals must seem strange types to the amateur observer. Come to think the amateur observer. Come to think of it, she had no standard to measure this man by, and knew no law that prescribed for such as he either dress clothing with an inverness and a mask of polished imperturbability, or else a pea-jacket, a pug nose, a cauliflower ear, with bow legs and a rolling gait.

"There, I fancy that will do. But hurry it along, please."

it along, please.

Very good, sir-immediately." Serge faced Sally With an odd, illegible

"At last!" he hissed in the approved manner of melodrama, "we are alone!" Ehe wasn't able to rise to his irrespon-The impression lingered of a hand of steel beneath that velvet glove.

Thus far her audacity seemed to have earned nothing but his derision. He was not in the least afraid of her—and he was a desperate criminal. Then what was phe in his esteem?

ahe in his esteem:
Such thoughts drove home a fresh painful realization of her ambiguous personal status. It began to seem that she had been perhaps a little hasty in assuming she was to be spared punishment for her sin, however venial that might in charity be reckoned. Chance had indeed, offered what was apparently a broad and easy avenue of escape; but her own voluntary folly had chosen the wrong turning

Her hands were twisted tight together in her lap as she demanded with tense

"What have you done with them?"
He lifted the ironic eyebrow. "Them?"
"The jewels. I saw you steal them—watched you from the dining room, through the folding doors—" "The deuce you did!

"I saw you break open the desk-and everything." "Well," he admitted fairly, "I'm jig-

gered!"
"What have you done with them?"
"Oh, the jewels?" he said with curious intonation. "Ah—yes, to be sure; the jewels, of course. You're anxious to know what I've done with them?" "Oh, no," she countered irritably; "I

only ask out of politeness."

Thoughtful of you!" he laughed.
"Why, they're outside, of course—in my

bag."Outside?" "Didn't you notice? I checked it with my hat, rather than have a row. I cught all her fears and perplexity she could and herself, it was the love which had to be ashamed of myself, I know, but never quite forget that, whatever its been incidental.

I'm a moral coward before a coatroom attendant. I remember keeping tabs one summer, and-will you believe me?-a common, ordinary, every-day \$3 atraw lid set me back \$22.20 in tips. But I hope I'm not boring you?"

'Oh, how can you?" she protested, lips tremulous with indignation. "Don't flatter; I bore even myself at

times. "I don't mean that, and you know I on't. How can you sit there joking

when you-when you've just-"Come off the job" he caught her up as she faltered. "But why not? I feel anything but sad about it. It was a good job, wasn't it? A clean haul, a clear getaway. Thanks, of course, to

She responded not without some diffi-uity: "Please! I wouldn't have dared if he hadn't tried to get at that sword.

"Just like him, too!" Blue Serge observed with a flash of indignation: his kind, I mean—less burglars than bunglers, with no professional pride, no decent instincts, no human consideration. They never stop to think it's tough enough for a householder to come home to a cracked crib without finding a total stranger to boot—a man he's never even

before, like as not-ah-weltering seen before, like on the premises—

"Oh, do be serious!"
"Must 17 If you wish."
The man composed his features to a mask of whimsteal attention.

"What—what did you do with him" the girl stammered after a pause, during which consciousness of her disadvantage became only more acute.

"Our active little friend, the yegg? Why, I didn't do anything with him."

You didn't leave him there?"
"Oh, no he went away, considerately enough—upstairs and out through the scuttle-the way he broke in, you know, Surprisingly spry on his feet for a man of his weight and age-had all I could do to keep up. He did stop once, true, as if he'd forgotten something, but the sword ran into him-I happened thoughtlessly to be carrying it—only a quarter of an inch or so, and he changed his mind, and by the time I got my head through the scuttle he was gone-vanished completely from human ken 'He had broken the scuttle open, you

"Pried it open with a jimmy."

"And you left it so? He'll go back."

"No, he won't. I found hammer and nails and made all fast before I left." "But." she demanded, wide eyed with wonder, "why did you take that trouble?" "My silly conceit, I presume. I couldn't bear the thought of having that roughreturn and muss up one of my neatest tobs. don't understand you at all," she

murmured, utterly confounded.
"Nor I you, if it matters. Still, I'm sure you won't keep me much longer in suspense, considering how open-faced I've noarsely choosed over and over and open-ing a forward window, he gruffly directed, "Say, Billy, stop at Sheeny Jake's and bring out a slug of rye."

Molly dabbed at her eyes with the filmy been. But here's that animal of a waiter

She was willingly silent, though she exerted herself to seem at ease with indifferent success. The voice of her com-panion was like a distinct, hollow echo in her hearing; her wits were all awhirl. nerves as taut and vibrant as banjos; before her vision the face of Serge swam, a flesh-tinted moon and again traversed by a flash of

white when he smiled. "Come!" the man railled her sharply. if in an undertone; "this will never do. You're as white as a sheet, trembling and turing, as if I were a leper or a relation marriage or something repulsive!" She sat forward mechanically and mus-

tered an uncertain smile. "Forgive me. I'm a little overwrought—the heat and everything." "Not another word, then, till you've finished. I'll do the talking, if it's all

the same to you. But you needn't answer-needn't listen, for that matter. I've no pride in my conversational powers. and you mustn't risk losing your appe-He seemed to find it easy enough to

tention, being at first exclusively preoccupied with the demands of her hunger; and latter, as the meal progressed, renew-The head waiter ambled off, and Blue ing her physical strength and turning the ebbing tide of her spirits, now thoroughly engaged with the problem of how to extricate herself from this embarasaing association or, if extrication proved impos sible, how to turn it to her own advantage. For if the affair went on this way way-she were a sorry advertures: indeed

Small cups of black coffee stood before them, steaming, when a question roused her, and she shook herself together and faced her burglar across the cloth, once more full mistress of her faculties. "You're feeling better?"

"Very much," she smiled, "and thank 'Don't make me uncomfortable; re

member, this is all your fault." "That I'm here, alive and whole, able

to enjoy a most unique situation. Who But she wasn't to be caught by any

such simple stratagem as a question plumped suddenly at her with all the weight of a rightful demand; she amiled again and shook her head. Sha'n't tell."

"But if I insist?"

"Why don't you then?"
"Meaning insistence won't get me anything?"

Sensitive to the hint of a hidden trump. she stiffened slightly.

"I haven't asked you to commit your-self. I've got a right to my own pri-VHCY.

There fell a small pause. Lounging, an elbow on the table, a cigarette furning idly between his fingers, the man favored her with a steady look of speculation whose challenge was modified only by the Bert's face when he had auggested a inextinguishable humor smoldering in his postponement. Being broke was an ineyes—a look that Sally met squarely, cident with Jessie and Dicky, and endissembling her excitement. For with tirely aside from their love. With Bert

scouel, this was varily an adventure after best in a wonderful frock and pitting her wits against those of an ergaging rogue, that she who had twelve hours ago thought herself better dead was now living intensely an hour of vital emergency.
"But," the man said sudgenty, and yet deliberately, "surely you won't dispute my right to know who makes free with

Her bravado was extinguished as sud-denly as a candle flame in a gust of wind. "Your home?" she parroted witlessly. "Mine, yes. If you can forgive me."
He fumbled for his cardoase. "It has been amusing to play the part you assigned me of amateur cracksman, but

really, I'm afraid-it can't be done with-

out a better make-up!"

He produced and placed before her on the cloth a small white card, and as soon as its neat black script ceased to writhe and run together beneath her gaze she comprehended the name of Mr Walter Arden Savage, with a residence address identical with that of the house wherein her great adventure had begun.
"You!" she breathed aghast, "you're not really Mr. Savage?"

He amiled indulgently. "I rather think But-Sally's voice failed her entirely, and he

laughed a tolerant little laugh as he bent

forward to explain. "I don't wonder you are surprised-or at your mistake. The fact is, the circumstances are peculiar. It's my sister's fault, really; she's such a flighty little thing-unpardonably careless. I must have warned her a buildred times, if ence, never to leave valuables in that silly old tin safe. But she won't haten to reason-never would. And it's her house !

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION

Molly's first and perfectly normal action

when the limousine drove away with her

was to indulge in a spleudid case of hya-

teria, not one detail of which was omitted.

She laughed, she cried, she shricked, she

pounded her heels on the floor of the

car, she tried to jump out of the machine,

"You're all right, Miss Molly."

hoarsely cooed, over and over, but finally

lace handkerchief which she had intended

"You are hurting my wrist," she com-

He let go slowly and looked at the deep

white indentations of his big fingers. He

almost blubbered.
"I'm a slob." he confessed. "Why. Miss.
Molly, I'd saw my leg off before I'd hurt.
you. Why. doggone it, you're like a

flower, or a butterfly, or a canary to me.

Look at that wrist."
She drew her hand away, with a splen-

did assumption of cold disdain, although, through some freak of fancy, she could see the giggling face of Fern.

"Mr. Sledge, where are you taking me?"
"Home," he informed her. "We're goans.

In spite of her tearing anger there was

something in this so ridiculous that she was compelled to laugh, and with the

"Hit 'er up!" he yelled to his driver.
"I want that booze quick! Please den't.

Miss Molly: you're all right!" And he made the futile attempt of mopping his brow with the foolish little handkerchief

"Let me out of here!" she demanded.
"Nix!" he gruffly replied. "You don't

fool me again. I'm gonna marry you."
"You can't." she told him. "It isn't.

"You got to say 'Yes.' " he insisted. "Lock here, Mally, I couldn't let you

marry that pinhead. He's a woman fusser. He's been mixed up with them since you

were engaged, and he'd never stop."
"It won't do you any good to belittle

Bert, she hared.
"I can't," he informed her. "I kept my mouth shut, but now I got to spill what I know. These pretty men are always worse after they're married. Bert's a bum!

He's got a streak of yellow the size of a canal. He sin't got the brains of a tad

body holps him. You'd hate his bones in six months. So don't you marry him!"

"I am the one to decide on that," Molly indignantly advised him.

Sledge looked at her a moment contem

window.
"Stop!" he ordered Billy, and closed the

window again. "All right: go to it; de-cide." he unexpectedly told her as the machine stopped. "But be on the level now. Do you love Bert?"

now. Do you love Bert! "That's my affair," she evaded, flush-

Do you love him enough to be poor with him? Now, be square."

Molly was silent.

other way.

kld yourself.

Naw it ain't." he insisted. "It's mine.

"You don't," he concluded. "Put it the her way. How about Bert? Now, don't

Again Molly was silent. She could an-

latively, then he opened the forward

He can't make a living unless some-

which he somehow found in his hand.

legal if I don't say 'Yes.'

Bert." she flared.

to carry under the cut-glass chandelier.

plained.

almost blubbered.

get married.'

she laughed and she cried again, and her, she left it there.

Sledge was so scared that he wilted his "You don't hate me

-her safe. I've got no right to install a better one. And that is why we're here." He smiled thoughtfully down his nose. "It's really a chapter of accidents to which I'm indebted for this charming adventure." he pursued with a suavely personal nod, "beginning with the blow-out of the taxicab tire that made us five minutes late for this evening's boat. We were bound up the Sound, you understand, to spend a fortnight with a mater-nal aunt. And our luggage is well on its way there now. So when we missed the boat there was nothing for it but go by train. We taxied back here through that abominable storm, booked for Boston by the 11:10, and ducked across the way to dine at the Biltmore. No good going home, of course, with the servants out-and everything. And just as we were finishing dinner this amiable sister of she'd forgotten her jewels. was plenty of time. I put her aboard the train as soon as the sleepers were open-10 o'clock you know-and trotted back home to fetch the loot."

A reminiscent chuckle punctuated his account, but struck no echo from Sally's Moveless and mute, the girl sat unconsciously clutching the edge of table as though it were the one stable fact in her whirling world; all her bravado dissipating as her daze of wonder yielded successively to doubt, suspi-cion, consternation.

"I said there was plenty of time, and so there was, barring accidents. But the same wouldn't be barred. I manufactured the first delay for myself, forgetting to ask Adele for the combination. I knew where to find it, in a little book locked up in the desk; but I hadn't a key to the desk, so felt obliged to break it open, and managed that so famously I was beginning to fancy myself a bit as a Raffles when, all of a sudden-Pow!" he laughed, "that fat devil landed on my devoted neck with all the force and fury of two hundredweight of professional lealousy "And then." he added "in you walked from God knows where--"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Siedge waited a reasonable time for her

ain't pretty, and I know it; but I can

to I can finish it. You don't know it, but

His voice had in it a trembling plea,

n her startling attitude toward the ques-

Somehow she felt a sense of vast relief.

from Bert. It would have been wicked

to have entered into a life-long marriage with him, and now she seemed always to have had an undercurrent of that feel-

ing which she had hidden from herself.

that girls were taught to look so lightly

upon the marriage relation that it might be entered into so thoughtlessly; that a girl might select her life partner because

he was a good dancer.
"I don't mind confessing that I would

in all likelihood have broken the engage-

ment, even had you not come," she told Sledge, deciding suddenly to have it all

out, to be perfectly frank, and, for the first time, to look her own self squarely in the face. "I had realized just at the last moment," she went on, "that Bert's attitude toward our marriage was not

what it should be. That does not neces-

sarily mean, however, that I am willing to marry you. That's one thing you can't

make me do, Mr. Sledge," and she looked

He studied her a long time, and felt

"I guess not," he humbly confessed. "I

thought I could, but I got to let you be

She could not know how much that

admission hurt him, but she vaguely

guessed at it, and something like pity

"In that I must be," she asserted. "T

thought we were going to your home," she added, puzzling over the out-of-the-

aim quietly in the eye.

the boss."

stirred within her.

way route.
"Naw. yours!"
"Mine?" she returned.

little trace of resentment rose in

of exhibatation in her rel

should go back and marry Bert!
"No!" she bluntly confessed.
Sledge opened the front window.

to allege Bert's enthusiasm.

"Home!" he commanded Billy.

name. Want anybody killed?"

you're strong for that."

A TALE OF RED ROSES

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

listance.

ing Jessie.

Molly laughed.

of freedom

"Waver's tickled stiff. I got him a big job. He didn't want to sell, though." Molly longed for Fern. "I thought the Governor was going to Switzerland," she observed, wondering how things fell so conveniently to

Sledge's hand. "Naw, Judge Langdale's going there," he told her, looking morelly shead at the road. "You'll take me out to the house

before you go back, won't you, Molly?"
"Who's there?" she inquired.
"Mike and the servants. They went with the furniture

Siedge seemed to feel no need of a Mother Grundy, and she realized, with a trace of approbation, that there was a fineness in him which made decency a matter of principle, rather than of circumstances.

cumstances.
"I don't mind the ride," she laughed,
feeling suddenly triumphant. After all,
she had won her battle with Sledge, and had reduced him to the pulpy consistency all men should be in their loves.

He was so obviously downcast that she

wanted to cheer him up, but she could think of nothing to say which would lighten the heavy gloom now settling upon him. That failure in itself made her feel rather mean, and she was not at all satis-fied with herself when they finally drew up to the porch of the magnificent Waver

Sledge alighted immediately, and held out his hand.
"You fooled me before:" he charged,
"but that's off."

"It's off," she assured him in his own language. His big hand was warm, and a solid substantial thing to hold to. She was glad that he liked her so well. It was safe and comfortable to know that, "Good words!" he approved, "Molly, you're a lady," He still held her hand.

voi're a lady." He still held her hand. He looked at it foolishly. He squared his shoulders with sudden deflance. He kissed it: "Back to Marley's, Billy!" he directed, and closed the door of the limousine. Billy pulled away from the porch. She waved her hand at Sledge as they in de the turn. There was a new droop to his shoulders as he stood there on the stately big porch, all alone, in his black Prince ert, with a red rose in his buttonhole. Around the corner of the house, there painfully limped a once white bull ter-

rjer, with one eye gone and both ears chewed to ribbons, and scars criss-crossed in every direction Molly tapped half hysterically on the window in front of her, and fumbled frantically to get it open.
"Drive back!" she called. "I want to see Bob!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Bob looked up at her with a distinct see, I'm wise, Miss Molly. That pinhead couldn't love anybody enough to go the grin as she alighted.
"He's crazy about you." said Siedge, locking down at them both with hungry affection. "I got a big kennel out here for him, but he's lonesome. There's a place for Smash, too."
"Oh, they'd fight," she quickly protested. grip as she alighted. That pinhead I can. I'll murder anybody you "You!" she savagely retorted; and then

to her own surprise, laughed. She had put her hand on the catch of the door, tested.
"Not now," he returned mournfully but, since he made no attempt to stop "Bob's been licked." "You don't hate me that much," he calmly informed her "You like me."
Again she laughed; this time at his naivete. "You see, it's like this," he explained. "I'm a big slob and I'm rough.

"Then it will be safe for me to take Bob home with me when I win him," Molly mischievously suggested. "Plumb safe," Sledge bravely agreed. "You want to take him back today?"
"Not right now, I think," she quickly start something any minute, and when I replied, with a pang of regret that she had given him this needless hurt. Governor Wayer's former butler, a

With a thrill Molly realized that he was right in this. She did admire force. She admired Sledge, and, now that she had gray-haired Englishman of torturing dig- Mr. Spalding nity, came out on the porch.
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to time to think it over, something within her responded to his direct and simple method of breaking up her wedding. Sledge Sledge turned and looked him over with disfavor.

"But love is different," she replied, arguing more to herself than to him. "Nix!" he denied. "It's the strongest thing there is."
"Love cries," Molly mused, remembering Jessie. 'Well?" he grunted. "Mr. Reeler is telephoning, sir. He wishes to know if Miss Marley is here."
"Come on, Molly," invited Sledge.
"We'll tell him. Do you like that butler?" he asked, as they went in the

"It hurts," he agreed. "It used to library. "He is a very efficient one, I believe," sound like a joke to me-till I got it. Molly, when I think of you I could holler. she granted.
"All right; I'll keep him," he decided, want to break chains with my

"I did think I'd fire him and get a wooden one. Honest, Molly, that guy ain't human." chest. I don't dare touch you; it makes me weak. You don't want to go back and marry Bert, do you?" picked up the telephone. He picked up the telephone.
"Hello, Tommy, Yes, you bet she's
here. No, nothin' doin'! Melly wins.

so un-Siedge-like that she would have pitted him had she not been so absorbed here. Sure! Here, Molly. Molly took the telephone, but instead of the full voice of Tommy, she heard the eager one of Fern. tion he had asked her. Nothing seemed more remote and absurd than that she "Are you married yet, Molly?" Fern wanted to know. laughed Molly. "Hurry up!" he admonished Billy, and

"I didn't think you would until Tommy and I got out there," she chattered. "Oh, isn't it just great?"

'Just what do you mean is so great?' nquired Molly everything. There was a pause, and then there was a great change in the voice of Fern. "Tell me it isn't so, Molly! Tommy says you're not going to marry Sledge. "Did you really expect me to?" asked olly curiously. "Why, of course I did!" declared Fern.

"You're crazy in love with him! You always have been. Now, haven't you?" "Have I?" wondered Molly, dazed, and thinking it over.

"Of course you have," insisted Fern.
"You've been dippy about him ever since he sent out that first wagon-load of red s, only you're too stubborn to say I'm so disappointed I can't see, Why?"

"It was so romantic. Tommy's been telling me all about it. Tommy's already got the county clerk, by phone, at his home, and he's gone over to the courthouse to get a blank marriage license. He's probably on the way out there now, to have you fill it in at the house, and Judge Blake is with him to perform the ceremony. I was going to bring out your father in my blue car, and make Tommy run your red one." "Have him bring Jessie," begged Molly.

"I don't think she'll come," regress. "Her folks won't let her."
"Dicky will," Molly assured her. "Invite Dicky, too. Tell him I want him. Have him bring Smash. He likes Dicky, And bring all my red roses!"
"Anybody else?" asked Fern, quiver-

ing with eagerness. "You can't have Bert, you know. He's gone. He hustled down to the police station to have Sledge "It was to be," he corrected. "The Governor's house. I bought it, furniture and all. I sent Waver to Paria." arrested. Both the girls laughed hilariously at that absurd idea, while Sledge stood by

in a dumb trance. "We'll hide him." giggled Molly, "If present her plan of work.

we can find any place big enough, don't want Judge Blake, Fern. Has Doc-

tor Templeton gone?"
"Yes, but we can get him again,"
shrilled Fern, whose voice had been gradually rising in pitch as she became more and more excited. "He'll do anything for me. Say, Molly, Jessie's here yet, and she just tells me that she's afraid whe won't dare come. Sledge, you know."
"You tell Jessie it's all right." directed Molly. "Mr. Sledge is going to

take father's company into the consoli-dation, and that will make everybody's stock worth a hundred dollars a share tomorrow morning, and the West End Bank can pay out its depositors, and Bert Gilder can sell out his stock and his amusement park property at a profit, and go back East and be a social leader. 'She turned from the telephone a minute. 'Say, Henny,' she addressed Sledge mischievously, sliding her disengaged hand affectionatly up on his shoulder, would you object to having Doctor Templeton

"That preacher that soaked me in the neck?" queried Sledge. "Hell, no!" THE END.



The illness of a prima donna scheduled for four of the six operas which were to have been given at the Forrest Theatre caused the cancellation of the San Carlo company's engagement at that house The result was a musical evening of more usual proportions. Hunter Welsh, planist, and Albert Spalding, violinist, gave recitals, the former at the Little Theatre, the latter at Witherspoon Hall. The meagreness of the audiences rather than the playing of the artists indicated that the musical season is waning.

Mr. Welsh's Recital Chopin, Schumann and Liszt were the

inevitable numbers on a program in which the earlier pieces were by all odds the most interesting and most illuminative of the player's capabilities. Those pieces were two "choral preludes" and the "Chaconne" of Bach, arranged by Ferrucio Busoni, and Mozart's Sonata in A major. Bach for the inner light, Mozart for the outer graces are the inexorable testing ground for planists. For Mr. Welsh it should be said immediately that he played them both excellently. His tone is always vizorous and strong

n the preludes and in sections of the Chaconne it was sonorous and full. In Mozart it had the requisite delicacy. technical difficulties of the Chaconne, arranged from the complex violin scoring by a master of the plane, taxed Mr. Welsh severely, but he did not falter under the strain. And his expression (for one cannot speak of "interpretation" in the case of Bach) was splendidly ver-satile, contained, discreet; yet full, thoroughly satisfying. Only artistic satisfaction could have come to Mr. Weisn from his recital; of that he should have full measure.

The four parts of Mr. Spalding's program did not indicate a progression of musical feeling, because Bach, with the inexplicable and imperishable Chaconne stood second. He was preceded by Niccolo Porpora and followed by Tschaikowsky, and later by a group of "violinist" violin numbers." After one has played Bach and Tschaikowsky well one is per-mitted, no doubt, to play the inevitable After one has played so there need be no great criticism of Mr Spalding's final numbers. In particular as they indicated his virtues and his fallings as equally as the rain descends on just and unjust.

Not that Mr. Spalding's playing had any of that quality of eternal righteous-ness which sometimes characterizes the phenomena of nature. He had difficulty in finding accurate tone, and in keeping it, and often in refining his tone for clear-ness he lost both power and sweetness

and tended to be sharp and plercing.

This was a notable defect in a gallery of virtues. Mr. Spalding's playing is firm and strong, his interpretations moderate and just. Often in a climax he etirred his hearers through an evident sincerity of feeling. One may speak of him, not patronizingly, as a young violinist. He is young because his technique is still imperfect; but more happily, he is young because he gives himself unreservedly to his music, and it cannot be that his devotion should not be rewarded, in time, with high distinction.

"The Tales of Hoffmann"

When the Behrens Opera Club produces 'The Tales of Hoffmann' tonight the part of Coppelius and Doctor Miracle, the sinister duality of the later acts, will be sung by Homer Lind, who is saving the club from disaster by substituting for Dr. S. H. Lipschutz. Doctor Lipschutz was taken suddenly ill and Mr. Lind can-celed a New York engagement to save The singers of the leading oles and the chorus and ballet have been arefully trained. The performance at carefully trained. the Academy tonight promises well.

## SCHOOL GARDENING BEGUN

State College Professor Gives 1000 Trees-First Meeting Today. The contribution of 1000 small trees to public school gardens by Professor Fer-ruson, of State College, marks the first

important step in the new course of school gardening.

In a meeting of garden enthusiasts, to be held in the Stock Exchange Building regretted

today, plans for the study of soil culture, flowers and vegetables will be formulated, whereby school children will be taught whereby school children will be taught to care for trees and to fight the various inacets that prey upon them. Arrange-ments will be made for a garden exhibit at the end of the summer, at which prizes will be awarded to the juvenile gardeners achieving the best results. Miss Caro Miller, director of school gardens, will present her plan of work.

Funeral of Dr. H. B. Brunstay Funeral of Dr. H. B. Brussian The funeral of Dr. Harry B. Brussian quarantine physician of the port of P. adelphia under Governor Beavers at ministration, was held today from his late residence, 708 North 52d stress. Interment will be held in Birdsboro, Paterment will b

## OBITUARIES

Nathan A. Taylor

Nathan A. Taylor

Nathan A. Taylor, a senior member of
the firm of N. & G. Taylor Company,
tinplate manufacturers, and a promisent
member of the Union League, died yesterday at his home. Effecthelm, Moreland
avenue, St. Martins. He was & plans
old. Mr. Taylor's firm, which is one of
the oldest tinplate concerns in this country, was founded 105 years ago by his
grandfather, William Taylor. He was a
member of the Down Town Club, Philadelphia Cricket Club and the Philadelphia Country Club. He leaves a widow
who was Miss Florence N. Supplee, and
four daughters, Mrs. W. Justice, Mrs.
William M. Humphrey, Miss Evalus William M. Humphrey, Miss Evaline Taylor and Miss Marjorie Taylor. The funeral services will take place tomorrow afternoon at Mr. Taylors home in St. Martins.

James T. Halsey

James T. Halsey, a well-known in-centor, died early today at the University ventor, died early today at the University Hospital after an illness of several months. An operation, which was performed as a last resort to save his life, proved futile. Mr. and Mrs. Harrisca Crulkshank, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. Halsey, were summoned from Wilmington, Del., and, with other rejatives, were with him in his last monrest. were with him in his last moments. In addition to Mrs. Cruikshank, Mr. Halsey is survived by a widow and another daugh-ter, Heloise Minor Halsey. Mr. Halsey was 63 years old. He was a member of the Merion Club and lived at in South 206 street. South 22d street.

Louis R. Halstead, head of the firm of Halstead & Co., brass founders, died yea-terday at his home, 4532 Chestnut street, following an illness of four months du-

Louis R. Halstead

ration. He was 45 years old. Mr. Hal-stead succeeded his father, David Halstead succeeded his later, stead, in the control of the brass foundry stead, in the concern was founded in 181. in 1906. The concern was founded in 1812. Surviving him are his widow and one son. He was a Mason and a member of a number of fraternal orders. MARRIED

McCALL SELLERS.—At St. Peter's P. E. Church, at noon April 25, 1915, by the Rev. Dr. Edward M. Jefferys, RICHARD CONE McCALL, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McCall, and ELLEN JAQUETT SELLERS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. win Jaquett Sellers. MARRIED

Deaths

AUERBACH.—On Monday, April 26, 1918, at her residence, 175 W. 72d st., New Inticity. RUSA AUERBACH, beloved sister of Mrs. L. Banberger and Julius Auerbach, is the 76th year of her age. Funeral servise will be hold at Month Sinai Cemeter, Wednesday, April 28, at 12 octock noon.

COANE.—Suddenly, on April 24, 1915, LAURAR, wife of Robert Coane. Relatives as friends are invited to attend the finderly services. Wednesday afternoon, at 3 octock at her late residence, 2116 Chestnut At, Interment strictly private. Please omit flowers. FALKENHAGEN.—On April 28, 1918, 19

FALKENHAGEN,—On April 25, 1915, 20, SEPHINE, widow of Frank Falkenhagen. Relatives and friends, also Ponemah Counci. No. 78, D. of P. are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m. precisely, at her late residence, 3:30 N. 13h st. Interment private, at Westminster Conserve.

tery.

FENIMORE.—On April 24, 1915, at her residence, Ocean Grove, N. J., ELIZA J., wife of Capitain George W. Fenimore. Relative and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at I o'clock precisely, at the residence of bir nephew, John H. Mactague, 4529 Lecust st., Philadelphia. Interment private.

HALSTEAD.—At his late residence, 4321 (heatnut st., on April 26, 1915, LOUIS R., husband, of S. Edith Halstead, Due notice of the funeral will be given.

of the funeral will be given.

HICKMAN.—On the 25th inst., LEWIS B.

HICKMAN, in his 77th year. Relatives and
friends are invited to attend the funeral, as
Wednesday, at 1 o'clock, from the residence
of his son-in-law, John E. Ingham, Chestat
Heights, Fa. Interment at Friends Burring
Ground, Chichester, Fa. Carriages will meet
trains leaving Oxfora at 10.30 and Philadephia at 11:07 at Chester Herkhis, Pa.

HIGGINS.—On April 26, 1915, 1 PAULINE, daughter of the late F Lynch Higgins, M. D., and Fauline Higgins, Due notice of funeral will be HUNOLD,—On April 23, 1915, REGINA, widow of Henry Hunold, Sr., aged 71 years. Relatives and friends, also Holy Trinity Alta Society, are invited to attend the funral on Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, free her late realdence, 333 South 6th at, Seisma Requiem Mass at Holy Trinity Church at 30 a. m. precisely. Interment at Holy Crest Cemetery.

Cemetery.

AY.—On April 25, 1915, JAMES CLARK

KAY, son of John and Margaret Kay, in he
32d year, of Partick, Glasgow, Scotland,

Funeral from residence of his uncle. Mr.

Samuel Clark, 216 Beigrade et., on Wednesday, I o'clock, Interment private.

MEYSER —On April 24, 1915, HANNAH M. wife of Sylvester Keyser and sister of the late stontage of Chicago, in her late stontage weight was and friends are invited to the fact of the late of the late

ment private.

RIEGER.—On April 25, 1815, CONRAD C.

RIEGER, husband of Wilhelmina Reservines Dickell, aged So years. Relatives all friends, also members of Schiller Lodge, No. 25, I. O. C. F.; Eureka Lodge, No. 1, F. O. of J.; Humbold Lodge, No. 1, F. O. of J.; Humbold Lodge, No. 1, F. O. of J.; S. and members of the German Reforms Salem Church, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Thursday afternoon, at a ociola precisely, at his late residence, No. 181, N. 21d, st. Interment private at Month Vernon Centelery.

SIMMONS.—Entered into reat, on April 25, 1915. SARAH A. widney of the late William Simmons. Relatives and friends are lavial to attend the fuberal services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at her late residents, 1422 Wharton st. Interment private. TAYLOR On April 26, 1915, NATHAN A. TAYLOR at his home, St. Martine Chestnut Hill, in his 60th year Function services will be held at his late residence. 416 Moreland ave., St. Martine, on Webselday, April 28, at 3.30 p. m. Tam leaves Basad Street Station, P. H. R. at 2.40 p. m. for St. Martin's. Interment private.

ate.
WHITE.—In Providence, R. I., on April 24, 1915. KATE MERWIN, wife of the late William Wurts White. Funcari services serviced held Monday. April 26, 1915. at 11 a. m., at her late residence, 150 George at. International State of the Computer of the Providence, R. I.

NO. 103-ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN-THE KID'S CLEVER, BUT THE ODDS SEEM TO BE AGAINST HIM!!

"That's nothing," he sheepishly denied.

"You're a continuous shock," sughed "You do such big things."

