THE MASTER OF MAN:-:By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

Is Man's Law Too Hard for the Woman in the Case? Is Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She Pays the Legal Penalty?

In This Frank and Gripping Story the Man, as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Victor Stowell, son of the Deemster and Chief Judge of the Isle of Man, is handsome and of fine nature. To save his chum, Alick Gell, son of the Speaker of the Manx Parliament, from an escapade, Victor takes the blame of walking with Bessie Collister, a pretty peasant girl, outside school bounds, and is sent home. Gell follows and admits the blame. The girl is dismissed from her position as maid and shipped home to her hard stepfather, who is a tenant of the Speaker. The two boys dawdle and have a good time until Victor falls in love with beautiful and great-hearted Fenella Stanley, daughter of the Governor. Fenella's ambition and honor. This excites his ambition and he studies hard for the law, as does Gell. Fenella, after graduating from college, where she imbibes advanced ideas on the rights of women and the wrongs they suffer from men's laws, takes a post for seven years as the lady warden of a London institution, as she is not sure of her feeling toward Victor. Meanwhile, Bessie attracts Victor's attention again, just as Fenella begins to feel that maybe, if she is to have his love, she had better return to the Isle of Man.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER VIII

The Call of Bessie Collister

IT WAS the first Saturday in August, when the throbbing and thunging of the vast machinery of the mills and factories of the English industrial counties come to a temporary stop, and for three days at least, tens of thousands of its servers, male and female, pour into the island for health and holiday.

HALL CAINE

Stowell and Gell had never yet seen the inrushing of the liberated ones, so with no other thought, and little thinking what fierce game fate was playing with them, they came into Douglas that day, in flannels and straw hats, in eager spirits and with high steps, to look on its sights and scenes.

It was late afternoon, and they made first for the pier, where a crowd of people had already assembled to witness the arrival of an incoming steamer.

She was densely crowded. Every inch of her deck seemed to be packed with passengers, chiefly young girls, as the young men thought, some of them handsome, many of them pretty, all of them comely. With sparkling eyes and laughing mouths they shouted their salutations to their friends on the pier, while they untied the handkerchiefs which they had bound about their heads to keep down their hair in the breeze on the sea, and pinned on their hats before landing.

The young men found the scene delightful. A little crude, perhaps a little common, even a little coarse, but still delightful.

Then they walked along the promenade, and that, too, was crowded. From the water's edge to the round hilltops at the back of the town, every thoroughfare seemed to be thrilling with joyous activity. Hackney carriages, piled high with luggage and higher still with passengers, were sweeping round the curve of the bay; windows and doors were open and filled with faces, and the whole sea front, from end to end, seemed to be as full of women's eyes as a midnight sky of stars.

For tea they went up to Castle Mona—a grave-looking mansion in the middle of the bay, built for a royal residence by one of the Earls of Derby when they were lords of Man before the Athols, but now declined to the condition of a hotel for English visitors, with its wooded slopes to the sea (wherein more than one of our old Manx Kings may have pondered the problems of the island kingdom), transformed into a public tea garden, on which pretty women were sitting under colored sunshades and a string band from London was playing the latest airs from Paris.

The young men took a table at the seaward end of the lawn, with the rowing boats skimming the fringe of the water in front, the white yachts scudding across the breast of the bay, the brown-sailed luggers dropping out of the harbor with the first flood of the flowing tide; and then the human tide of joyous life running fast on the promenade below—girls chiefly, as they thought, usually in white frocks, white stockings and white shoes, skipping along like human daisy chains with their arms entwined about each other's waists, and sometimes turning their heads over their shoulders to look up at them and laugh.

The sun went down behind the hills at the back of the town, the string band stopped, the colored sunshades disappeared, the gong was sounded from the hall of the hotel and they went indoors for dinner.

They sat by an open window of the stately dining-room (wherein our old Earls and their Countesses once kept court), and being in higher spirits than ever by this time, they ate of every dish that was put before them, drank a bottle of champagne, toasted each other and every pretty woman they could remember of the many they had seen that day ("Here's to that fine girl with the black eyes who was standing by the funnel"), and looked at intervals at the scenes outside until the light failed and the darkness claimed them.

At one moment they saw the dark hull of another steamer, lit up in every port-hole, gliding toward the pier, and at the next (or what seemed like the next), shooting across the white sheet of light from the uncovered windows of their dining-room, a large blue landau drawn by a pair of Irish bays, driven by a liveried coachman. Gell leaped up to look at it.

"Vic," he cried, "I think that must be the Governor's carriage."

"It is," said Stowell.

"And that's the Governor himself inside of it."

"No doubt."

"And the lady sitting beside him is—yes, no—yes—upon my soul I believe it was his daughter."

"Impossible," said Stowell, and, remembering what Janet had told him, he thought no more of the matter.

They returned to the lawn to smoke after dinner, and then the sky was dark and the stars had begun to appear; the tide was up, but the sea was silent; the rowing-boats were lying on the shingle of the beach; the yachts were at anchor in the bay; the last of the fishing-boats, each with a lamp in its pinnacle, were doubling the black brow of the head, and from the farthest rock of it the revolving light in the lighthouse was sweeping the darkness from the face of the town as with an illuminated fan. The young men were enraptured. It was wonderful! It was enchanting! It was like walking on the terrace at Monte Carlo!

Then suddenly, as at the striking of a clock, the town itself began to flume. One by one the facades of the theatres and dancing palaces that lined the front were lit up by electricity. It raced along like ignited gunpowder and in a few minutes the broad curve of the bay from headland to headland was sparkling and blazing under 10,000 lights.

It was now the beginning of night in the little gay town. The young men could hear the creak of the iron turnstile to one of the dancing halls near at hand, and the shuffling of the feet of the multitudes who were passing through it, and then, a few minutes later, the muffled music of the orchestra and the deadened drumming of the dancing within.

That was more than they could bear, in their present state of excitement, without taking part in the scene of it, so within five minutes more they were passing through the turnstile themselves and hurrying down a tunnel of trees, lit up by colored lamps, to the open door of the dancing hall—deep in a dark garden which seemed to sleep in shadow on either side of them.

The vast place, decorated in gold and domed with glass, was crowded, but going up into the gallery the young men secured seats by the front rail and were able to look down. What a spectacle! Never before, they thought, though they had traveled round the world, had they seen anything to compare with it. To the clash of the brass instruments and the boom of the big drums, 5000 young men and young women were dancing on the floor below. Most of the men wore flannels and colored waistscarves, and most of the girls were in muslin and straw hats. They were only the workers from the mills and factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, but the flush of the sun and the sea was in their faces and the joy and health of young life was in their blood.

"Catch the ten train back—promise me, promise me"

Stowell felt himself becoming giddy. Waves of perfume were floating up to him, with the warmth of women's bright eyes, red lips and joyous laughter. His nerves were quivering; his pulses were beating with a pounding rush. He was beginning to feel afraid of himself and he had an almost irresistible impulse to get up and go.

II

One other person important to this story had come to Douglas that day—Bessie Collister. During the first three years after her return home from Castletown she had lived in physical fear of Dan Baldromma; but during the next three years, having grown big and strong and become useful on the farm, she had been more than able to hold her own with him, and he had even been compelled to pay her wages.

"I don't know in the world what's coming over the girls," he would say. "In my young days they were content with griddins and herrings three times a day, and welcome, but nothing will do now, if it's your own daughter itself, but ten pounds a year per annum, and as much beaf bread and butcher's mate as would fill the inside of a lime kiln."

"Aw, but the girl's smart though," Mrs. Collister would answer.

"I'm saying nothing against her," Dan would reply. "A middling good girl enough, and handy with the bases, but impercnt grown—impercnt uncommon and bad with the tongue."

There was scarcely a farmer on the island who would not have given Bessie twice the wages Dan paid her, but she remained at home, partly for reasons of her own and partly to protect her mother from Dan's brutalities by holding over his head the threat of leaving him.

Mrs. Collister, who had been stricken with sciatica and was hobbling about on a stick, had by this time taken refuge from her lifelong martyrdom in religion, having joined the "Primitives," whose chapel in whitewashed barn stood at the opposite angle of the glen and the high road.

She had tried to induce her daughter to follow her there, but Bessie had refused, having come to the conclusion that the "locals" on the "plan-bee," whose favorite subject was the crucifixion of the flesh, were always preaching at her mother or pointing at her.

So on Sunday mornings, when the church bells were ringing across the Curragh, and the chapel-going women of the parish were going by with their hymn books in their handkerchiefs, and old Will Skillicorne, who was a class leader, was coming down from his thatched cottage in his tall beaver, black frock coat and black kid gloves, Bessie, in her sunbonnet and a pair of Dan's in her sunbonnet and a pair of Dan's old boots, and with her skirt tucked up over her linsey-wolsey petticoat, would be seen feeding the pigs or washing out a bowl of potatoes at the pump.

And on Sunday evenings, while the Primitives were singing a hymn outside their chapel before going in for service, she would be tripping past, lightly shod, and wearing a hat with an ostrich feather, on her way to town, where a German band played sacred music on the promenade, and young people, walking arm-in-arm, laughed and "glimed" at each other under the gas light.

"I wonder at herself though, bringing up her daughter like a heythen in a Christian land," old Will would say. "But then what can you expect from a child of sin and a son of Belial"—the latter being a dig at Dan, whose lusty voice could always be heard over the singing, reading aloud to himself in the kitchen the "Rights of Man" or "The Mistakes of Moses."

Bessie was a full-developed and warm-blooded woman by this time, living all day and every day in the natural world of the farmyard, ready to break loose at the first touch.

But then came her adventure with Stowell and Gell in the glen, and it altered everything. Running down in her excitement she told her mother what had happened, and her mother, in a moment of tenderness, told Dan, and Dan, in the impurity of his heart, drew his own conclusions.

"It's the Spaker's son again," he said, making a noise in his nostrils.

The young men had camped out there expressly to meet Bessie, and it wasn't the first time the girl had gone up to them.

"Goodness sakes, man veen, how do thou know that? And what's the harm done ahyway?" said Mrs. Collister.

"Wait and see what's the harm, woman. Girls is not to trust when a wastrel like that is about. We've known it before now, haven't we?"

To one other person Bessie told the story of the glen, and that was her chief friend, Susie Stephen, the English barmaid at the Ginger Hall Inn—a girl of fair complexion and some good looks who had shocked the young wives of the parish by wearing short frocks, transparent stockings and a blouse cut low over the bosom.

It was at closing time a few nights after the event, and as the girls stood whispering together by the half-open door, with the lights put out in the bar behind them, they squealed with laughter, laid hold of each other and shuddered.

The young men had gone from the glen by that time, but the August holidays were coming, so they decided to go up to Douglas on the Saturday following to dance off their excitement.

At 5 o'clock that day, having milked her cows, and given a drink of meal and water to her calves, Bessie was in her bedroom making ready for her journey.

It was a stuffy little one-eyed chamber over the dairy, entered from the first landing of the stairs, open to the whitewashed seraas (which gave it a turfy odor), having a skylight in the thatch, a truckle bed, a deal table for washstand, and a few dried sheepskins on the floor for rugs.

Bessie threw off the big unlaced boots and the other garments of the cow-house, kicking the one into a corner and throwing the others in a disorderly mass on the bed over her pink-and-white sunbonnet, washed to the waist and then folded her arms over each other in their warmth and roundness and laughed to herself in sheer joy of bounding health and conscious beauty.

While doing so she heard her stepfather's voice in the kitchen below, loud as usual and as full of protest, but she had a matter of more moment to think of now—what to wear out of her scanty wardrobe.

The question was easily decided. After putting on white rubber shoes and white stockings, she drew aside a sheet on the wall that ran on a string and took down a white woolen skirt and a new cream-colored blouse cut low at the neck like Susie's.

But the anchor of her hope was her hat, which she was to wear for the first time, having bought it the day before in Ramsey. It was shaped like a shell, with a round lip in front, and to find the proper angle for it on her head was a perplexing problem. So she stood long and twisted about before an unframed sheet of silvered glass which hung by a nail on the wall, with a lash comb in her hand and a number of hatpins across her mouth, while the floor creaked under her, and the conversation went on below.

She got it right at last, just tilted a little aside, to look pert and saucy, with her black hair, which was long and wavy, creeping up to it like a cushion. And then, standing off from her glass to look at it again over her shoulder, with eyes that danced with delight, she turned to the door and walked with a buoyant step downstairs.

III

Dan Baldromma also had made an engagement for that day, handbills having been distributed in Ramsey during the morning saying that "Mr. Daniel Collister, of Baldromma" would deliver an address in the market place at 7 o'clock in the evening.

At 5 Dan had strapped down the lever which stopped the flow of water on to his overshot wheel and stepped into the dwelling house, where Liza, his wife, had laid tea for two and was blowing up a fire of dry gorse to boil the kettle.

"Tell your girl to put a lil rub on my Sunday boots," he said.

"But she's upstairs dressing for Douglas," said Mrs. Collister.

"You don't say?" said Dan. "So that's the way she's earning her living?"

"Chut, man," said Mrs. Collister. "If a girl's in life she wants aisement sometimes, doesn't she? And her ragging and tearing to keep the farm going, and a big wash coming on next week, too."

"Well, that's good! That's rich! I thought it was myself that was keeping the farm going. Douglas, you say? Well, well! I wonder at you, encouraging your girl to go to such places, and you a bound Primitive. Tell her to put a rub on my boots, ma'am."

"I'll do it myself, Dan," said Mrs. Collister, "It's little enough time the girl will have to catch the train, and her fixing on her new hat, too."

"New hat, eh?"

"Aw, yes, man, the one she bought at Miss Corkill's yesterday."

"What a woman! And you telling me, when you got five gookden sovereigns out of me on Monday that she was for wearing it at the Sulby anniversary. I wonder you are not afraid for your quarterly ticket."

"But it was only the girl's half year's wages, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. Thou art always saying so at the Cross anyway."

"Hold thy tongue, woman, and don't be milking that ould cow any more—it's dry, I tell thee."

It was at this moment that Bessie came downstairs, and Dan, who was on the three-legged stool before the fire, making wry faces as he dragged off his mill boots with a bootjack, fell on her at first with his favorite weapon, irony.

"Aw, the smart you are in your new hat, girl—smart tremenjous."

"I didn't think you'd have the taste to like it," said Bessie, sitting at the table.

"Taste, is it?" said Dan. "Aw, the grand we are! The pride that's in some ones is extraordinary though. There'll be no holding you! You'll be going up and up! Your mother has always been used of a poor man's house and the wind above the thatch. But you'll be wanting feather beds and marble halls, I'm thinking."

"They won't be yours to find then, so you needn't worry," said Bessie.

"You think not? I'm not so sure of that. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward ? * * So you're for Douglas, are you?"

"Yes, I am, if you'll let me take my tea in time for the train."

"Aisy, bogh, aisy!" said Mrs. Collister.

"Well, you're your own woman now, so I suppose you've got lave to go," said Dan.

And then rising to his stockinged feet, his face hard and all his irony gone, he added, "But I'm my own man, too, and this is my own house, I'm thinking, and if you're not home for 11 o'clock tonight, my door will be shut on you."

Bessie leaped up from the table.

"Shut you door if you like. There'll be lots of ones to open theirs," she cried, and swept out of the house.

"There you are, woman!" said Dan. "What did I say? Impcrent uncommon and dirty with the tongue! She'll have to clane it this time though. If she's not back for 11 she'll take the road and no more two words about it."

Mrs. Collister struggled to her feet and followed Bessie, pretending she had forgotten something.

"Bessie! Bessie!"

Bessie stopped at the end of the "street" and her mother hobbled up to her.

"Be home for 11, bogh," she whispered. "It's freckened mortal I am that himself has some bad schame on."

"What schame?" asked Bessie.

"I don't know what, but something, so give him no chance."

"What do I care about his chance?"

"Aw, ballaveen, ballaveen, haven't I enough to bear with thy father and thee? Catch the ten train back—promise me, promise me."

"Very well, I promise," said Bessie, and at the next moment she was gone.

Five minutes later, arm-in-arm with Susie, she was swinging down the road to the railway station for Douglas.

The little gay town, when they reached it, was at full tide, with pianos banging in the open-windowed houses, guitars twanging in the streets, and lines of young men marching along the pavements and singing in chorus. The girls, fresh from their twinkling village by the lonely hills, with the river burrowing under the darkness of the bridge, were almost dizzy with the sights and sounds.

When they came skipping down the steep streets to the front, and plunged into the electric light which illuminated the bay, they could scarcely restrain themselves from running. And when, bubbling with the animal life which had been suppressed, famished and starved in them, they passed through the turnstile to the dancing palace and hurried down the tunnel of trees, lit by colored lamps, and saw the stream of white light which came from the open door, and heard the crash of the band and the drumming of the dancers within, their feet were scarcely touching the ground and they felt as if they wanted to fly. And when at last, having entered the hall, the whole blazing scene burst on them in a blinding flash, they drew up with a breathless gasp.

"Oh! Oh!"

One moment they stood by the door with blinking and sparkling eyes, their linked arms quivering in close grip. Then Bessie, who was the first to recover from the intoxicating shock, looked up and around, and saw Stowell and Gell sitting in the gallery.

"Good sakes alive," she whispered, "they're there!"

"Who? The gentlemen?"

"Yes, in the front row. Be quiet, girl. They see us. Don't look up. They might come down."

And then the girls laughed with glee at their conscious make-believe, and their arms quivered again to the rush of their warm blood.

To be continued tomorrow

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WILL TELL OF PASTEUR

Dr. Ernest Laplace Will Speak at St. Joseph's College

Dr. Ernest Laplace, chief surgeon of the Misericordia Hospital and first American pupil of the famous Dr. Louis Pasteur, will speak tomorrow night at a discussion of Pasteur's discoveries in bacteriological and pathological science, in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College, Seventeenth and Stiles streets.

The meeting is under the auspices of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia. A musical program, under direction of Nicola A. Montani, will include Jessica Dragonetti, soprano; Edward J. Dooner, tenor; Edward Prophet, tenor, and Claude Jones, pianist.

Deaths

ALEXANDER—April 3, MARY, wife of John R. Alexander, aged 72. Funeral Wed., 1 P. M., from residence of her son-in-law, W. Wightman, 937 S. 50th st., Camden, N. J. Int. private, Mt. Moriah Cem.

ALLEN, DEBORAH S., wife of George B. Allen, in her 83d year. Relatives and friends invited to funeral services, on Fourth Month 4th, 1922, at 2 o'clock, at residence of son-in-law, E. S. Dreby, Jr., 1125 Harrison st., Frankford. Int. private. Friends may call Wed. eve. Norristown and Allentown papers please copy.

BARDSLEY—April 3, GEORGE E., husband of Anna M. Bardsley (nee Simpson). Funeral services Thurs., 8:30 P. M., at late residence, 5826 Cedarhurst st. Int. Fernwood Cem. Friends call Wed. evening, 8 to 10.

BERTRAM—April 2, EMMA F., wife of Theodore F. Bertram. Relatives and friends invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., residence, 619 W. Montgomery ave. Int. private.

BLUM—Suddenly, April 3, MAX, husband of Dora Blum, aged 47. Relatives and friends, Equity Lodge, No. 561, F. and A. M.; Phila. Lodge, No. 2, B. P. O. E.; Barbarossa Lodge, No. 135, K. of P., are invited to funeral services, Thurs., 10:30 A. M., precisely, at his late residence, 1320 Warner ave., Logan. Int. Adath Jeshurun Cem.

BUSCH—On April 2, 1922, the Rev. AUGUSTUS BUSCH, husband of Minnie Busch. Relatives and friends are invited to the services Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of his daughter, 3482 N. 17th st. Interment private, at Hillside Cemetery. Friends may call Wednesday evening.

BUTLER—April 3, HELEN J., only daughter of Benjamin J. and Frances M. Butler. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., parents' residence, 1602 N. 12th st. Solemn requiem mass at St. Malachy's Church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

CALLAGHAN—April 3, PETER, husband of Jane Callaghan. Relatives and friends, also Division 84, A. O. H., and other societies of which he was a member, invited to funeral, Thurs., 8 A. M., late residence, 4021 Morgan ave. Solemn requiem mass Church of Our Mother of Sorrows 9 A. M. Int. St. Denis' Cem.

CLIGGETT—April 2, CATHERINE A., daughter of late John and Mary Cliggett. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., from residence of her brother, Rodger E. Cliggett, 2921 Reed st. Solemn requiem mass at Church of Nativity 10 A. M. Int. New Cathedral Cem.

COFFEY—April 3, 1922, ELIZABETH, wife of the late William Coffey. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., from residence of Mrs. Michael Veale, 2145 Bainbridge st. Solemn requiem mass St. Charles' Church 10 A. M. Int. Cathedral Cem.

CORNEY—Suddenly, April 4, at the Masonic Home, WILLIAM P. CORNEY, aged 79. Relatives and friends, also William B. Schneider Lodge, No. 419, F. and A. M., and Beverage Dispensers' Local, No. 115, are invited to funeral services, Fri., 2 P. M., at the chapel of Andrew J. Bair & Son, Arch and 19th sts. Int. Mt. Peace Cem.

CROCKETT—April 2, 1922, SAMUEL, husband of Agnes Crockett. Relatives and friends invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., late residence, 2051 W. York st. Int. Greenmount Cem. Remains may be viewed Wed., after 7 P. M.

CULLY—March 31, ELIZABETH V., beloved daughter of William and Mary Cully (nee Burns), formerly of Dover st. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Wed., 8:30 A. M., from residence of her aunt, Mrs. Myers, 2641 Martha st. Solemn mass of requiem 10 A. M. Church of the Visitation B. V. M. Int. private.

DAGNEY—April 2, JOHN H., husband of Annie F. Dagney (nee Dougherty) and son of the late Thomas and Anna Dagney, aged 56. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., from his late residence, 6828 York road, Oak Lane. Solemn high requiem mass at the Church of the Holy Angels, Oak Lane, 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

DAVIS—April 3, EMMA JANE, wife of James J. Davis (nee Allsop). Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Fri., 2 P. M., at the residence of her aunt, 1323 W. Lehigh ave. Int. private, Northwood Cem. Friends may call Thurs. eve.

DAVIS—April 1, CARRIE, wife of late William Davis (nee Reynolds). Relatives and friends invited to attend funeral services, Wed., 2 P. M., late residence, 853 E. Huntingdon st. Int. private, North Cedar Hill Cem. Friends may call Tues., after 7 P. M.

DE CAMP—At Pemberton, N. J., April 2, 1922, ANN ELIZA, widow of George W. De Camp, aged 84. Funeral services at her late residence, Pemberton, N. J., Wed., at 2 P. M. Int. at Lecolatown Cem.

DEIP—April 1, at Lansdale, Pa., LUTHER A., beloved husband of Margaret Deip (nee Rudolph), aged 28. Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2:30 P. M., at his late residence, Richardson and Columbia aves., Lansdale. Remains may be viewed Wed. evening.

DEL VECCHIO—April 2, LUCIA, daughter of Filomena and Josephine del Vecchio. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., residence, 1522 S. Carlisle st. High mass St. Rita's Church. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

DILLIN—On April 1, 1922, EDITH MAY, daughter of William F. and the late Ella Dillin. Service on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the Oliver H. Bair Bldg., 1820 Chestnut st. Interment private.

DOERING—At Denver, Col., March 30, ARTHUR A., formerly sergeant 110th Ambulances Co., 28th Div., son of Louis A. Doering. Relatives, friends Wm. D. Oakley Post, No. 133, American Legion; Assn. of War Mothers and Hartville Social Club, are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 2 P. M., residence, 3401 E. 2d st. Int. North Cedar Hill Cem. Viewing Wed. eve.

DOUGHERTY—March 30, ALOYSIUS B. G., beloved son of Matthew A. and Margaret Dougherty (nee Higgins), in his 25th year. Funeral from his parents' residence, 2922 Reed st. Solemn high requiem mass 8:30 A. M., Wed., St. Gabriel's church, to which all relatives and friends are invited, also Sodality of the B. V. M., Holy Name and all societies of which he was a member. (Ft. St. Mary's Cem., Phoenixville, Train leaves Reading Terminal, 10:30 A. M.

EIB—April 3, ANNA WILHELMINA (nee Schellenberger), wife of George F. Eib. Services Fri., 2 P. M., residence, 2567 N. 30th st. Int. private. Friends may call Thurs. eve.

FANNING—April 2, formerly of 2617 Montgomery ave., MARY, widow of Joseph T. Fanning. Relatives and friends, B. V. M. Sodality and League of the Sacred Heart of St. Elizabeth's Church, invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., residence of cousin, Mrs. J. H. Gorman, 887 N. 48th st. Solemn requiem mass at our Mother of Sorrows Church at 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

FANTE—LOUIS, aged 44 years, husband of Carmela L. (nee Di Mucci) and late president of the firm of D. Fante & Sons, Inc., at his late residence, 1004-06-08 S. 9th st. Relatives and friends, also D. Fante & Sons, Phila. Lodge, No. 2, and Cir. Colo Dante Alighieri, are invited to view remains, after 6 P. M. Thurs., and attend funeral on Fri., 8:30 A. M., from late residence. Solemn high mass of requiem at Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel 9:30 A. M. precisely. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

FARNETT—April 3, 1922, SARAH, widow of Morton Farnett. Relatives and friends, also all societies, are invited to attend funeral services, Fri., 2 P. M., at her late residence, 5009 N. Woodstock st. Friends may call Thurs. eve.

FORNITO—Suddenly, April 2, 1922, FRANK, husband of Virginia Fornito (nee Napoli) and son of Luigi and Alfonsina Fornito. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, on Thurs., at 8:30 A. M. from residence, 3577 Tulip st. Solemn requiem mass Mater Dolorosa's Church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

FRIDAY—On April 2, 1922, WILLIAM J., husband of Lily A. Friday (nee Dunning), in his 60th year. Funeral on Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, 2014 Lin st., Logan. Interment private. Viewing Wednesday evening.

GERSTEMEIER—April 1, 1922, HENRY G., husband of Frederica Gerstemeier (nee Rippelt), aged 62. Relatives and friends, also Parker-Norris Lodge, No. 450, I. O. O. F., and Hottin Lodge, No. 14, I. O. D. H. S., of Philadelphia, and all other societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 2 P. M., from his late residence, 7337 Montrose st., Burholme, Phila. Int. Oxford Church Grounds. Remains may be viewed Wed. eve.

GILLIGAN—At his home in Oxford, on April 3, CHARLES E., GILLIGAN, Funeral services at Oxford Methodist Church, on Thursday, April 6, at 2:30 P. M. Interment Oxford Cemetery.

GLIDDEN—At New Orleans, La., April 1, ORVAN A. GLIDDEN, D. D. S. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 11 A. M., chapel of Andrew J. Bair & Son, Arch and 19th sts. Int. private, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco papers please copy.

GODSHALK—April 2, EDWARD H. GODSHALK, in his 85th year. Funeral services at his late residence, 116 Mt. Creek road, Ardmore, Wednesday, 11 A. M. Interment private.

GRADY—April 2, 1922, THOMAS P., son of Delia and late Martin J. Grady, aged 2. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 2 P. M., from residence, 1812 S. 10th st.

GRAHAM—April 3, 1922, ELIZA J., wife of Robert Graham. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., at her late residence, 1616 W. Wesonig ave., Germantown. Int. private.

GRANT—March 31, HANNAH, daughter of late Thomas and Anne Grindall. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Tues., 8:30 A. M., from late residence, 5819 Thomas ave. Solemn requiem mass at the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

GUNZENHAUSER—On April 2, 1922, CHARLES GUNZENHAUSER, aged 70 years. Relatives and friends, also Assembly No. 31 A. O. U. W., invited to funeral services, on Thursday, at 2 P. M., at late residence, 1683 N. 29th st. Int. Interment Northwood Cemetery. Friends may call Wednesday evening.

HAFFNER—April 1, 1922, EDWARD T., husband of Margaret and son of late Aaron and Mary A. Hackett. Due notice of the funeral will be given. late residence, 241 E. Ashmead st.

HAGERTY—April 3, JOHN F., husband of the late Elizabeth Hagerty. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Fri., 8 A. M., from the late residence, 31 and Wolf sts. Solemn high mass of requiem at the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel 9:30 A. M. precisely. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

HANNIGAN—April 3, 1922, JOHN, husband of Anna Hanagan (nee Perry), late of Queenstown, County Waterford, Ireland. Relatives and friends, also U. D. of Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 122, Knights of Waterford and Holy Name Society of St. Stephen's Church, are invited to the funeral, Fri., 8:30 A. M. from late residence, 840 N. 11th st. Solemn requiem mass St. Stephen's church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

HEISER—April 3, 1922, MARGARET, wife of James H. Heiser. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Fri., 8 A. M. from the residence of her husband, 129 Federal st. High mass St. Paul church of the Sacred Heart 9:30 A. M. Int. Old Cathedral Cem.

HENNINGER—April 3, WILLIAM, husband of Emma Henninger (nee Wilhelm), brother and brother-in-law of William, Christian and Florence Henninger. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 10:30 A. M., residence, 1048 N. Marvine st. Viewing Wed. eve. Int. Hillside Cem.

HEYDON—April 4, 1922, ELIZABETH, beloved wife of Samuel Heydon. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Fri., 2:30 P. M., late residence, 8226 N. Bailey st. Requiem mass at the Church of the Corpus Christi 9 A. M. Int. private.

HUSTED—April 3, MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Charles H. Husted. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., at 1728 Federal st. Int. Mt. Moriah Cem. Remains may be viewed Wed. eve.

JACKSON—April 3, CLYDE C., husband of M. Gertys Jackson. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M. precisely, at the David H. Schuyler Building, Broad and Diamond sts. Int. private.

KELLY—March 3, 1922, DANIEL, husband of Mary Kelly (nee Friel). Relatives and friends and all societies of which he was a member are invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., from his late residence, 2221 S. Rosewood st. Solemn high mass of requiem at St. Monica's Church 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

KELLY—April 2, SARAH, daughter of the late Peter and Bridget Kelly. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Fri., 8:30 A. M., from her late residence, 3124 Cedar st. Solemn requiem mass at Church of the Nativity 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

KENNEDY—April 3, ANNIE, widow of William J. Kennedy. Funeral Fri., 2 P. M., residence, 264 W. Rubicam st. Int. Oakland Cem. Remains viewed Thurs., after 7 P. M.

KERNS—April 2, GEORGE W., husband of the late Cecelia Kerns. Relatives and friends, also Colonel D. B. Birney Post, No. 63, G. A. R.; Kensington Lodge, No. 55, K. of P., invited to funeral services, Wed., 2 P. M., precisely, at late residence, 3544 N. Marvine st. Int. private.

KERSHAW—April 4, AQUILLA, husband of Sophie Kershaw. Relatives and friends, Robin Hood Lodge, No. 76, O. U. A. M., George L. Hall Council and Athenian Council are invited to funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., residence, 2706 N. Fairhill st. Remains viewed Wed. eve. Int. private.

KLANG—April 3, JOHN, beloved husband of Sally Healy Klang. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., from his late residence, 2127 S. 17th st. and Washington ave. Oak Lane. Solemn requiem mass at Holy Angels' Church 11 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

KNIGHT—April 2, WILLIAM J., husband of Bertha C. Knight and son of Sallie J. and the late William H. Knight, of Ashbourne, Pa. Relatives and friends are invited to funeral, Thurs., 2 P. M., from his mother's residence, 9247 N. Lambert st. Int. private.

LAKJER—April 2, PAUL LAKJER aged 36, Relatives and friends and auditors of which he is a member invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 2 P. M. precisely, at 1118 Snyder ave. Int. Chester Hills.

LEMKE—April 3, GERTRUDE, husband of Auguste Lemke, aged 41. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Thurs., 2 P. M., at his late residence, 5027 N. 6th st. Int. Oakland Cem. Remains may be viewed Wed. from 7 to 9 P. M.

LINDSAY—On April 1, JOHN LINDSAY aged 83 years, a native of Scotland. Funeral services Wednesday, at 1 P. M., at his late residence, 2401 N. College ave. Friends may call Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock. Int. private.

MAGINNIS—April 2, ELIZABETH, wife of George Maginnis. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., late residence, 1010 S. Fraser st. Solemn requiem mass at Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament 10 A. M. Int. Holy Cross Cem.

MAULL—April 3, VALIERIA, wife of Theodore Maull, aged 88. Relatives and friends invited to funeral services, Fri., 2 P. M., residence, 206 Virginia ave. Audubon, N. J. Int. private, Mt. Moriah Cem. Viewing Thurs., 7 to 9 P. M.

McCANDLESS—April 3, ROBERT, McCANDLESS, aged 74. Relatives and friends invited to funeral services, Fri., 2:30 P. M., late residence, 113 E. 3d st., Media, Pa. Int. Media Cem. Friends may call Thurs. eve.

McCARRON—April 3, CECELIA C., daughter of late Andrew and Catherine McCarron (nee O'Brien). Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8 A. M., late residence, 6224 Callowhill st. Solemn requiem mass at Church of the Rosary 9:30 A. M. Int. New Cathedral Cem.

McCULLOUGH—At Akron, O., on April 2, PETER J. McCULLOUGH. Due notice of the funeral will be given from the residence of his mother, Mrs. Robert Brewster, 10 Merion ave., 60th st. and West Chester road.

MEAD—April 3, AGNES, beloved daughter of Hannah J. and late John F. Mead. Relatives and friends are invited to funeral, Fri., 8:30 A. M., late residence, 3900 N. Tech st. Solemn requiem mass at the Cathedral 10 A. M. Int. Cathedral Cem.

MERVINE—April 3, CAROLINE, widow of Samuel S. Mervine, aged 71 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Wed., 2 P. M., at her late residence, 1556 N. 29th st. Int. private, Atlantic City papers please copy.

MOULTON—Suddenly, on April 3, 1922, HARRY S., husband of Julia E. Doran Moulton, of 1025 Chestnut st. Services on Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, at the Oliver H. Bair Bldg., 1820 Chestnut st. Interment private. Friends may call Wednesday evening.

MULLIGAN—April 4, 1922, MATTIE, wife of Thomas Mulligan (nee Price). Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Fri., 2 P. M., at her late residence, 43 Maplewood ave., Germantown. Int. private, Holy Sepulchre Cem.

O'HARA—April 1, BRIDGET, wife of late Daniel O'Hara. Relatives and friends invited to funeral, Thurs., 8:30 A. M., residence, 2904 Ellsworth st. High mass St. Anthony's Church 10 A. M. Int. New Cathedral Cem.

OLSON—March 31, at Oakland, Calif., ELIZABETH C., wife of George E. Olson and daughter of Elizabeth and the late James Nixon, aged 35. Relatives and friends are invited to funeral services, Thurs., 2:30 P. M., at the residence of her father-in-law, Frank P. Meyers, 115 W. Roosevelt Boulevard. Int. private. Ivy Hill. Remains may be viewed Wed. eve.

O'ROURKE—April 2, ANNIE MAY, wife of James O'Rourke and daughter of late Charles and Margaret Grunnell. Relatives and friends, also Parkside Circle, No. 92, of which she was a member, invited to funeral, Thurs.,