### ODERN RELIGION LIKE SLOT MACHINE AT ST. PATRICK DINNER

ne Rev. Dr. Edwards Says Speaker of the House Makes Present Age Has Mechanical

spellgion as a slot-machine," was the scription given modern theology by the Frederick Edwards, pastor of Grace ch New York city, speaking today the noon Lenten services at the Garat theatre. The mechanical character dish present age, said Doctor Edwards, and influenced the conception of religion, on has been said that each age makes a God in accordance with the ideals, and arely there is something in it," said Doc-Bdwards. "The dominant idea of any station is bound to find its way into my conception of God. This mechanical an whose ideal is an automatic machine which will do everything, even to cleaning and feeding itself while man goes fishing, as managed to work these thoughts into molegy. Creation is such a machine which will run itself, wind itself and take eare of judgment.

we have carried the thought over into mext world. We have a mechanical safe of mind toward heaven and an ausuals hell. A man dies and walis the next world, the same man, and ces to the office as usual. He looks erand upon the same scenery. His vir-es loom modestly and sadly; his conness loom modestly and sadly; his con-sence works like a cash register. The derits and the fire have all gone. They had too much imagination in them. They use not automatic enough. In place of these we have a process sometiving like that of milling flour. But to my mind it that of miling hour. But to my mind it does not dome up to the old-fashioned list of God even as a purely intellectual reposition, much less a moral one. God then was a father; this—this is only a

SOUL A GROWING FORCE

The Rev. John Melish Says It Develops During Life.

In every man, drunk or sober," said the Rev. John Melish today in his noonas Lenten sermon on "The Soul," at st Stephen's Church, "there is something which repudlates his intemperance and allims his sobriety, that condemns his seeness and asserts his nobility. He harness and asserts his nothing. He say belle it and forset it, but even in his felly and his sin it comes to his mind and his life in spite of himself, and challeges his right to be a brute and desires his peace."

The speaker declared that which man like his soul is not a full-blown flower.

offs his soul is not a full-blown flower, but a seed, something to be grown. He said that failure to grasp the meaning of his simple fact about the soul is respon-ble for many religious misapprehen-

"Day by day and year by year," he con trued, "we grow our souls. The eye is is to trained and the ear is to be tuned inthe by little to the appreciation and admiration of the test. The figure of the planting suggests not only the idea of rowth, but the soil, where the seed or boot takes root and which is essential

short takes root and which is essential as he fruit or flower.

"Among the ancient Greeks there was a race called the race of the flaming sheek. So all of us start the race of life with a torch aflame, the eternity in our bests bright. What value is life though a reach the coal first if our terribie. wa reach the goal first, if our torch is deal God grant that every one of you may be able when your race is run to sand and held aloft your torch aflame."

### INFLUENCE AND RELIGION

enten Preacher Discusses Effect of Association on Religion.

Three influences exerted by the indivi-dual or his fellow men were discussed by the Rev. Dr. Royden K. Yerkes, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, 34th street and Wood-land avenue, at the moonday Lenten serv-le at Old St. Peter's Church, 3d and Pine streets, today "We can regard our associates as either

usising or hindering us in accomplish-br our ideals," he said.

If they help us, we use them; if not, we get them out of the way. This is the principle which actuates the heartless lumbers man and the robber alike, the liess capitalist and the equally soul-

"Again, we let our fellows severely alone, and concentrate our attention on our own salvation. This is good Buddham but very poor Christianity. "Finally, remembering that love for the heighbor is placed by Jesus on an equal footing with love for God, we show one own religious."

er own religion by our honest endeavor to develop our neighbor's character. Every one is exerting one of these three influences on his fellow men and these influences on his fellow men and thus is making or marring his own char-ter and theirs. He is driving them arther from God, his influence is usc-tantiles them closer to God. ten or is drawing them closer to God.

PROPER OBSERVANCE OF LENT Whing up candy or foregoing the suring of the theatre are not real ob-ances of Lent," said the Rev. Dr. ii M. Steele, rector of the Church of Luke and the Epiphany, in a noonday arres above Market, today. The proper above warket, today. The proper above warket of Lent must be with regard to be spiritual and not the material, he add-We must wrestle against spiritual sciednes and not against the flesh and had. People are too material now, and suppasses the physical, which is the lowset form of observance. We must give up

### PORT OF PHILADELPHIA

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Steamships to Leave . Liverpool

IRISHMEN HEAR CLARK

Fervent Appeal for Support of President.

More than 500 Irishmen attended the 144th annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick last night at the Bellevice-Stratford and heard Champ Clark deliver a fervent, loyal plea for the support of President Wilson by all the nation. The reference by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to the President was more in the nature of a prayer than any-

Preceding it there had been recitations by the toastmaster, former Judge Theo-dore F. Jenkins, of little gems of Irish verse, and there had been bits of the quaint, half-humorous, half-melancholy longs for which Ireland is famous, so that

Party ties were forgotten when the man who was defeated by Woodrow Wil-son stood up and declared the man in the White House had borne a greater burden than any other Fresident since Lincoln; when he asserted Woodrow Wilon was among the really great Presi dents who could be counted on the fingers

The Speaker then launched into a de-fense of the legislation enacted by the Democrats. At the outset he was greet-ed by the singing of the famous "Houn" Dawg' song. He was followed by Michael Monahan, of New York, who paid a tribute to St. Patrick and the Friendly Sons. Chief Justice Elkin was the next speaker. He responded to a teast to Pennsylvania, and he was followed by E. J. Cattell.

Governor Brumbaugh and Senator Penrose were unable to be present at the banquet and notes of regret from them

Were read.

There were various other observances of St. Patrick's day last night, City Solicitor Michael J. Ryan delivering an address at the Academy of Music in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd. Archbishop Prendergast was present. Mr Ryan had been ill and was so weak that for a time it was feared he would not be able to speak.

A St. Patrick's dinner dance was held at the Merion Cricket Club, about 250 guests attending.

### SUFFRAGISTS OPEN **CAMPAIGN IN ARDMORE**

Main Line Section Invaded in Interests of "Votes for Women" Cause.

Suffragists in Philadelphia who are carrying on the extensive "votes for women" campaign throughout the city and adjacent places have decided to invade Ardmore and win some converts to the "rayso" in the carries of Carre vade Ardmore and win some converts to the "cause" in that section, Conse-quently they have just established head-quarters in the Ardmore Chronicle Build-ing and from there carry on their cam-paign among the people living in that section, as well as make excursions into near lying townships. The use of the headquarters offices are donated by the Ardmore Chronicle. Ardmore Chronicle.

Propagandist meetings continue to be the main means whereby suffragists ex-pect to advertise their cause and to gain support. Miss Dille Hastings, a promi-nent suffragist of this city and who is noted among suffrage adherents for her excellent speeches in favor of votes for women, is active in these meetings. She will deliver an address this evening at a meeting of the Mothers' Club, which will be held at the University Settlement, 26th

be held at the University Settlement, 26th and Lombard streets, at 9 o'clock. Her subject will be "Mothers and Politics."

Suffragists in Moorestown, N. J., will renew their activity tonight, when Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, will be the principal speaker at a suffrage rally to be held under the auspices of the Moorestown Franchise Society. The affair will take place in the Town Hall at 8 o'clock.

An elaborate demonstration is sched-uled for suffragists in Camden tomorrow night, under the auspices of the Camden Equal Suffrage League. Several prominent persons in suffrage circles will attend and deliver addresses. Among them will be Miss Dille Hastings and Ferdinand H. Glaser, both of whom have been active workers in recent votes for women campaigns. Mrs. W. D. Kerlin, president of the league, will preside at

the affair. The Woman Suffrage party, of Aldan, Delaware County, gave a card party last night at the home of Mrs. James Manning for the benefit of the "cause." number of negroes were addressed on suffrage questions last night at 587 North tlat street by Miss Dille Hastings and Miss Sarah Chambers.

#### PIGS' RED-HAIRED KIDNAPPER MUST HAVE BEEN A BUTCHER

Otherwise They Would Have Squealed, Glenolden Police Force Deduces.

A red-haired butcher, who wore rub-bers, kidnapped three black-haired pigs from the barn of Fred Rupertus, at Glenolden, and went away without closing the door. That the thief was impolite and not a gentleman was evident from his method of working. He destroyed valuable har-ness to the the pigs' legs together and took some good bags which he jammed

over the animals' heads.

Therefore, the police force does not doubt that the pigs were bound and gagged before being kidnapped.

After considerable deduction, the police department says he is sure that the thief, in addition to being a red-haired butcher with rubbers, also weighed at least 250 pounds and was short.

The door through which he carried the

The door through which he carried the hogs was only 5 feet 2 inches high. A tail thief, strong enough to carry the pigs, couldn't have stooped enough to get through the door and at the same time keep hold of the pigs. Several strands of red hair, imbedded in the fresh white wash of the barn, show that the intruder braced himself against the wall as he pulled the pigs out. A number of small waffle-like indentations on the dampness of the floor show that he wore small warne-like indentations on the dampness of the floor show that he wore new rubbers. The pigs were kidnapped without their voicing a squeal, therefore the thief must have been a butcher. The first red-halred man in Glenolden wearing rubbers will be arrested—if he's fat.

UNION LEAGUE TO HONOR ROOT

Elaborate Plans for Reception to Ex-

Senator Next Tuesday.

## THE BLUE BUCKLE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

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On board a transattantic liner, returning from Europe, Craig Rutherford falls in ove with a woman, a Mrs. Taicott. She keems to be troubled by something, but revokes his leip, and spends miss of the time will, her juvalid husband. Also on board in the property of the leip, and spends misses of the time with pier juvalid husband. Also on board in the server who makes a business processition nancer with mancier with masses a business processition of Rutherford, and in a convenient nance with the line worm with the server of the manning of the server of the manning with the server of th

message. The operator to let mind the message. The message he takes is that a valuable diamond hecklace is being smuggled into diamond hecklace is being smuggled into diamond hecklace is being smuggled into diamond hecklace is being some woman are guilty. Again suspicion is differed against the Talcotts, Later Mrs. Talcott is attacked by a ruftian, who attempts to finate the hire bookle from her Craig Rutherford rescues her. Following the woman, he loves he catches a glimps of her in Holderman's mitto with her arms about his neck.

At the deck, New York, Mrs. Talcott.

mer in Holderman's smite with her arms out his neck.
At the dock, New York, Mrs. Talcott ress her way into crair's cub and asks in the drive her home. As they examine a house crair attempts to declare his common and the strength of the declare his common and the strength of the strengt

"Gentlemen," continued Craig, "the first duty of a secret-service man is to keep. himself in perfect physical condition. You agree with me?

They assured him that they did.

Rutherford put his revolver back into is pocket. With his eyes still fastened upon the men, he stepped backward and took down from the wall a long, sim, and exceedingly pointed rapler. This he swiched through the air a few times with the ease of an accomplished fencer. Still testing the blade he turned his attention to the stocky man; it was the same fellow who had tried to wrest the buckle away from its wearer on ship-

'What is your name?" he asked. "John Meyer," the man answered sul-

observed. "Mr. Meyer, I can tell by the whites of your eyes—which are yellow—and by your complexion—which is bad—that your liver is in no condition to do duty as the liver of a real, live secret-service man. Unless you take a little wholesome exercise, other than pawing ever nivate papers which don't courser. over private papers which don't concern you. I give you only six months to live; then you'll die of fatty degeneration of the heart.'

The man smiled feebly and shifted from one foot to the other. Evidently he didn't know what to make of this self-possessed young man who delivered medical advice, with a rapier and a revolver used by way of emphasis. "Thank you," he muttered.

"Oh, you needn't thank me for that! That's only a prelude, I mean to give you something really worth while!" Craig sought Gooley with his eyes. That irishman could scarcely mask the wildly appreciative glow of satisfaction behind his assumed look of cowardice. He was fairly reveling in the situation.
"Mike, you rascal, open up the windows. Exercise always demands plenty of fresh gir."

Mike promptly did as he was told. "Now, gentlemen, off with your coats!" Craig instructed.

The men looked scared, but they made no move to offer.

"Very well, then, I shall not insist." But I am afraid you will find your coats cumbersome before we are through. Have either of you gentlemen ever heard of

what is called the 'retting-up' exercise' The men darted swift, worried glances at each other.
"It's great for the liver, and good for the heart." Craig continued, "But before we begin, I'd like to know the name of the man who employa you to bother

defenseless women, and enter cabins and apartments in their owner's absence? There was a low grumble from the ble. Like a flash, Craig was at them. His

rapier swished dangerously close to their ears. The point of it touched one of them "Down on your haunches!" he com-

manded. They minded with surprising swiftness, "Now up!" he ordered, "I tell you, it's the finest exercise ever invented. Now down! Now up, now down, now up, now down again-"

They were hard at it by this time. Without mercy he made them bob up and down, the perspiration streaming from their faces. without mercy he made them bob up and down, the perspiration streaming from their faces the while.

"Told you you ought to have taken off your coats! But never mind-a free perspiration is good for one. It opens the pores. Great, isn't it? Now, who is your

Howbeit, with all their sweating and uffing, they would not answer.
"Ah, a little more of the setting-up.

After that, for a few minutes, Craig did not speak. His commands were the vicious motions of that villainous looking blade. As it sang about them they bobbed up and down like clockwork until their unaccustomed muscles seemed ready to

At the end of five minutes Mr. Meyer At the end of five minutes air, steyer rolled panting back against the safe.

"I—I can't do on, governor!" he said.

Still Craig didn't waste words. He simply touched the recumbent figure with the rapier point. Mr. Meyer resumed the apler point. Mr. wholesome torture.

"Lord!" he gasped, two minutes later. I'm done. I'll tell."
"No!" the slimmer thief objected.

"Yes!" Meyer groaned.
"Your mind is made up, Mr. Meyer?"

usked Craig.
"You bet!" was the heartfelt response. "Then stay where you are and rest. We'll take another ounce or two of fat rom the left ventricle of our firm young

The younger man stayed at it with a pluck that made Rutherford respect him. He hobbed until he literally could not force his body to obey his will. He sank down exhausted but silent. Craig knew, however, that he had Meyer in a communicative mood. nicative mood.

"Now tell me, Mr. Meyer, are you still after that necklace?"
"Nope, that never was our game," said "Then what?" asked Craig, in some sur-

prise.
"A blue buckle," was the reply.
In spite of himself Craig started, Was all the world blue-buckle crazy?
"Why did you want that?" he demanded.

"Dunno." The man shook his head.
"Orders is orders!"
"You didn't find it, did you?"

Senator Next Tuesday.

A high tribute will be paid Esihu Root, the private citizen, who will address the members of the Union League Club on the night of March 23. Mr. Root, in his private capacity as a citizen, will be honored in the same way the club has beenered men in public life, of national and international fame.

Mr. Root will make his address, the subject of which has not been made known, at 8:30 c'clock, after which a reception will be tendered him. Many prominent men of the city will be present. Mr. Root is president of the Union League Club in New York, and officers and members of that organization will altern the reception.

The First Regiment Bahd will furnish the main. Several "stunts" will be being watched. He must be doubly as bing pared.

"Now, get out, both of you," he said to the two men, convinced that he could get no more out of them. And as a finishing touch to his performance, he added: "You, too, Golley! You're discharged!" Mike tramped out after the two departing crooks, but he wore a cheerful grin. "Heighol" sighed Craig, stretching himself. "I feel better now. That setting-up exercise is great—when the other fellow does it for you."

XIII

THE LITTLE ITALIAN RESTAURANT Feeling much more himself than he had felt all that day, Rutherford sallied forth about dusk for a brisk stroll. He disappointed the waiting cabby, the same man who had driven him to Riverside Drive, by shaking his head negatively, and set his face downtown as he brandished his substantial walking stick. Across Madison Square he walked, striking Fifth avenue at the Flatiron Building, and following that brilliantly lighted thoroughfare down toward the spot where the white curve of Washing-ton Arch marked the end of the old fashionable section.

As he walked on, he pendered over the changes which had taken place in the fine old avenue, even during his own memory of it-changes which had proceeded so rapidly that he was actually startled by the difference shown in the two short years of his recent absence From 14th street to 23d a mass of tall. From 14th street to 23d a mass of tall, ugly buildings had sprung up, almost obliterating the last of the old brownstone fronts and flaunting signs of "Lofts to Let," or worse still, the sign of some foreign garment-workers' shop Craig rubbed his eyes. Could this be 5th avenue, the most famous boulevard of this great city; or had be blundered into some street on the East Side? Only the arch at the far end and the few blocks below lith street preserved any semblance of the dignity of the old. Craig was to have this fact brought still more forcibly home to him one day later, when he tried to walk down the avenue during the noon hour. The sidewalks were a teeming mass of humanity, straight from the Ghetto, and newsboys hawked papers in a foreign tongue. Craig was forced more than once into the street itself, in order to pass this turned bases, and was also to pass this turgid mass; and was also included in the impatient, raucous command of the officer to "Move on!" Could this be America, he thought; and was this the prized thoroughfare of an Amer-

ican city?
Tonight, however, before he reached the arch, he turned at right angles down a side street. Rambling old West 10th street has no particular charms for a pedestrian, but through it he proceeded, impelled by something to which he gave no name, but acknowledged, neverthe-

had entered with the supposed Mrs. Tal-cott. It was dark. He glanced at his watch as he passed the street lamp, and found it was 7 o'clock. He wondered just what would be the proper thing to do at this informal hour. Certainly it was too early to call. Why hadn't be thought of that before? He decided to stroll back and forth down the block a bit, and think Suddenly the door of the house orened

and a girl, wrapped in a gray ulster, and with a little close hat drawn down over her hair, came down the steps. He had seen the cloak too often not to recognize it. The blue buckle had dangled from it. after the attack on board the Gothic.

The girl walked quickly to the street lamp he had just passed. There was a mail box there, and she was evidently malling a letter. He followed her quietly until she had stopped at the box "May I mail it for you, Miss Ballan-yne?" he asked, lifting his hat. The girl gave a little cry of surprise "Why, Mr. Rutherford, how you startled

ne!" Then with a touch of hauteur: Thank you, I'm quite able to manage But Craig was quietly beloing her with the box lift, as though his presence here were the most natural and welcome

thing in the world-neither of which seemed true.
"A truce, Miss Ballantyne!" he said,
smiling at her frankly, "I don't blame
your being offended after last night, but things are too much upset at present for the commanding general"—he bowed to her—"to be at outs with the high private

in the rear ranks!" "Has anything else happened" she little rea asked quickly, forgetting her plaue in up at hi the meaning which might underlie his tonight!"

"Nothing highly important, yet some-"Nothing highly important, yet some-what diverting. I'll teil you all about it later, if I may, only please accept my apologies for last night, won't you?" She hesitated a second, and then ex-tended her hand. "Mr. Rutherford," she said simply, "I-we already owe you too much to hold grudges, and father is very

much distressed over it all. He is posi-tively ill today." vely ill today.
"Can I see him?" asked Craig, impul-vely. "I could at least offer him a Miss Ballantyne laughed in spite of

herself at his boylshness; but as he turned toward the house she drew back 'No, you can't see him tonight," she said.

"Why, isn't he at home?"
"No-that is-"
"It seems to me he is never visible,

even when at home," observed Craig.
The girl smiled in an amused sort of
way, as though she were making game
of him. But she made no reply.

TRe DHILADELPHIA (

"I'm going to keep you guessing," she exclaimed.

"You're going to keep me what?" he queried.

They had stopped at the foot of her own steps. Still no light gleamed from any window and Craig wondered how the girl could summon courage enough to enter such a place alone. The longer to enter such a place alone. The longer they stood there, the more awkward grew the situation. At last she broke the silence. A smile still twitched about

am not going to ask you in," she said slyly. "I am afraid you would find out too much about me if I did." "Is that your only reason?" queried

"You see," she went on, "it's Sophie's evening out and I am still stuenable to Mrs. Grundy. I have not the freedom that I could appropriate when you thought I was Mrs. Talcott."
"But your father is at home," said Craig. "He is chaperon enough."
The girl was still smiling. "Do you know," she said. "I think you liked we know, she said. "I think you liked we

The girl was still smiling. "Do you know," she said, "I think you liked me better as Mrs. Talcott than as Miss Rs. lantyne. I know you consider me yet a bit of an adventuress-at least I hop-

Why do you hope I do?" asked Craig. "I know just enough of men," she laughed soberly, "to know that they prefer a woman who is a mystery. Besides, I have to pay old scores." "Old scores," returned Craig. "Scores against whem?"

ingly. "I am sure that mentally at reary you have charged me with almost every you have charged me Even new you are thinking to yourself that now and then I'm a pernicious little liar-ob, yes,

Craig mumbled something by way of protest. She had taken him completely by surprise. "I am going to punish you," she said.

"by not telling you anything about my-self. You are honest and frank-faced and sincere. Mr. Butherford—" Craig started. Helderman had used almost the same language, only Helderman had been complimentary. This girl was

"I am beginning," said Craig, "to be-Heve I really am sincere."
"Well, then, tell me honestly," she said,
"am I still a mystery to you?"
"You are," he answered frankles, "a very bewildering and fascinating

I intend to remain one then," she "Bewildering and fazcinating?" queried mystery," she answered, flushing,

plain mystery

"Impossible," said Craig, "for you to a plain mystery.' "I will be a complicated one then," she returned, 'so far as you are concerned. You have seen all there is to see, Mr. Rutherford, and I think that many peoespecially a man like Helderman ald have unraveled all the myster out me by this time at least. But am going to let you guess. You have al the facts, but you have not arrived at the solution. Until you guess right you will think me a merry little prevaricator to the end. That is just to punish you, And so that you can't guess right-and

so that you can't see any more I am not going to let you in. Now, am I more of a mystery than ever?"
"You are," said Crais.

"You are sure you like adventuresses?" "I like you," said Craig. hope you never solve the mystery

"I hope you never solve the mystery that is me," she said.
"Why not?" he asked.
"Oh, just because," she answered.
Craig laughed aloud. "You're just a woman after all," he said.
"Do you know," she said, impulsively.
"It is impossible to te angry with you when you laugh like that."
"Then prove it!" he said, heartily.
"How?"
"I how a known a laugh of was just about."

"How."
"I have a bully plan I was just about to propose. Do you accept it?"
"No pigs in a poke, please. What is it?"
"I know a quant little Italian restaurant, not far from here—one of the few landmarks left. As it is Sophie's night out—also, father has been in the little of the landmarks." out-also father's-won't you do me the honor to dine with me?"
"You are going there?" she asked heat-

Rutherford nodded a 116 "I-I believe I should like to see that little restaurant." she admitted, looking up at him. "It is a little lonely at home.

She spoke the words almost like a tired child would have done, and Rutherford felt a lum rise in his throat, as he drew her arm within his own. Poor, brave,

lonely little girl! "It is not far away, and I believe you'll like the cuisine," he said in common-place tones. And he chatted on everyday topics until they had found seats in a remote corner of the little cafe. Only a few people happened to be here this evening. They had their corner quite

to themselves, and the impassioned love-songs of the fat Italian baritone at the piano were softened to them by the dis-"I am going to lay a disagreeable ghost.

once for all. 'the girl announced suddenly. "What led you to believe that I-that you saw me with Mr. Helderman?"
"!-oh, let's not talk about it!"

"Miss Ballantyne, do I look like a per-son of sane and sober mind? Would you imagine that there was anything the mat-ter with my eyesight?"
"Why, no—"



### Electric Sweeper at a **Bargain Price**

Until April 15th you will have an unequalled opportunity to purchase a high-grade Electric Sweeper, with eight cleaning attachments, at \$24.85. Usually you pay \$25.00 or more for an equally good sweeper without the additional cleaning implements. Note, also, the exceptionally convenient terms:

at time of purchase and the balance in monthly payments of as little as \$2.00, if desired.

Although this machine weighs only nine pounds, it is sturdy and rugged in construction. Note these features, found only in much higher-priced machines: Convenient switch for starting and stopping motor, dust hag which is instantly removeable, revolving brush in notells to pick up time and thread. This owesper is guaranteed by the manufacturer and will give satisfactory service for years.

satisfactory service for years.

Remember that the \$14.85 price and special terms are good only until April 15th -- and make sure of your Cleaner new! nstrations in the Electric Shop and District Offices

FLECTRIC OMPANY

"Then I can only repeat that I saw you or thought I saw you, as plainly almost as I see you now—as plainly at I saw you that moonlight night I first talked to you out on the steamer deck, and as I saw you when you came back out and passed us while Mr. Heiderman and I were promenadize." enading."

"I-when do you mean?"

Nothing could be more genuine than the look of bawilderment that spread over Miss Ballantyne's face. She had ceased to be angry. She knew that Craig was to be angry. honestly trying to tell her of occurrences about which she knew nothing. He recalled the circumstances of that

"Why, I did not return to the deck. I could not find my vell, and father was not very well that night."
"Sure?" saked Craig, bewildered in his

"Positive!" "Then there's some deep-dyed mystery still unsolved," asserted Craig, with an attempt at lightness. "Let's order dinner! They roast chicken delightfully here: and do you like red wine or white wine? They'll insist upon giving you one kind or the other."

fraig was right. The chicken was delicious, the romaine salad was a fitting accompaniment and the wine wasn't so 'Ry the bye," he continued presently. "I can solve one mystery for you

"What Is 117 Tell mat" "You never found that veil, did you?"

"Why, no, I think not."
"Ever lie awake of nights wondering where that piece of chiffon had vanished?" "Often and often!" she mimicked his mock-heroic style, "It haunts me in my

He drew a small parcel from an inside pocket and unfolded it carefully.
"When I thought it belonged to Mrs.
Talcott," he announced, "I hid it care-

Talcott," he announced, "I hid it carefully. But now it is my proudest possession!"
"Silly boy!" she chided, blushing in spite of herself. "Come, I need a vell—"
"Not this one!" And he hastily restored it to his pocket.
There came a gap in the conversation. In the effort to bridge it. Miss Ballantyne fell in. Apropos of nothing she said: "Is the Miss Arany, who called on you about the buckle, pretty?"
"Why, yes," Rutherford affirmed, with studied calmness.
"Would you call her beautiful?"
"One of the most beautiful women I ever saw!"

You-you admired her?" Miss Ballantype was twisting her napkin with her fingers. She did not look at him. "In some ways-yes," he replied frank-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

### CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Selfish Princess

Once upon a time, in the long, long three heautiful birds flew round over ago, there lived a very beautiful her head. Delightina was much pleased princess whose name was Delightina. Her mother had named her that because of her own delight in having a little daughter. And for many years De. lighting gave her parents so much pleas-

ure that she seemed truly named. But, unfortunately, her parents leved her more dearly than wisely; and they gave her everything she could possibly wish for-which is a bad thing for anyody, even a princess.

She lost all her pretty grateful ways and only thought of her kind parents as givers. She spent many hours thinking up things to ask for, but never gave one fleeting thought to what she could do for them.

This was very bad for her, and the kind fairies who watched over her determined to show her how ungrateful and hard she was becoming. They re solved to change her ways.

So one day when Delightina was out walking with her three pet goats, the fairy queen disguised herself as a beggar and appeared on the road before Delignting, "Oh! fair lady," cried the beggar, "give me a crust of bread and I will give you three wishes." "I do not want your three wishes,"

replied Delightina crossly, "I only want three dogs instead of these tiresome roats." And instantly the goats vanished and three dogs ran alongside of their mistress. Delighting walked along with them, but she found them hard to manage. So when she saw the beggar again by

the roadside, she said, "I do not want these dogs, I want three squirrels," (Squirrels were very rare in that country and Delightina had never had any, yo Immediately three squirrels ran by her Immediately three squirrels ran by her side in place of the dogs, and the princess walked on without a "thank you." But the squirrels ran and frisked about so much that they were not as good company as Delightina had expected them to be: so when she again saw the beggar in the road, she ran to her and said commandingly. "Take these squirrels away, and bring me three birds!" At once the squirrels were gone and

her head. Delightina was much pleased at first, but in a few minutes she tired of looking upwards and she called to

of looking upwards and she called to the beggar, who was resting nearby. "After all, I don't want the birds, give me back my goats!"
Instantly the birds vanished, but though Deligatina watched carefully, no goats came to take their place. "Where are the goats?" she asked impatiently. "They are gone forever," replied the beggar, and she threw off her disguise. "And you have had your three wishes. Now give me my bread!" Now give me my bread!'

The princess had no bread and she was very frightened, for she recognized the fairy queen and knew she had been very rude to her. "Dear me, what shall do?" she cried.

I do?" she cried.
"Give me three years of your life,"
replied the queen, and the princess had
no choice but to obey. So for three
years see lived at the fairy palace and
learned lessons of kindness and selfdenial, and then she went back to her
own home and lived happily ever after. Copyright, 1915-Clara Ingram Judson

LEGAL TANGLE IN THAW'S CASE MADE MORE COMPLEX

Appeal to Prevent Return to New Hampshire Adds New Turn. NEW YORK, March 18 .- On the eve of

NEW YORK, March 18.—On the eve of his new habeas corpus hearing tomorrow, Harry K. Thaw's legal complications increased today. An appeal formally taken from Justice Page's ruling preventing Thaw from returning to New Hampshire, a distinct, separate proceeding from the habeas corpus suit, added a new turn. Thaw's attorneys intimated today that the Billey refuses to permit a test if Justice Bijur refuses to permit a test of Thaw's sanity under the habeas cor-pus writ, that proceeding would be aban-doned and a fresh one started in the Federal courts to keep Thaw out of Mat-teawan, while a decision on the appeal from Justice Page's roling is awaited.

PEA. \$5.50; EGG, \$7.00 STOVE, \$7.25; NUT, \$7.50

4 Yarda: Main Office, 413 N. 13th

Burn Cummings'

# On Page 550 of this Week's Issue:

"On a quarter-acre lot, in one of the best residential sections of a city of a hundred thousand population, I raised, last summer, Swiss chard, spinach, endive, lettuce, radishes, peas, string beans, beets, turnips, carrots, salsify, squashes, marrows, cucumbers, melon, corn, parsnips, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, peppers and Brussels sprouts. I supplied a family of seven for six months, and sold enough to pay for plowing, seed, fertilizer and incidental expenses."

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