The Rt. Rev. C. E. Woodcock, Episcopal op of Kentucky, in his noon Lenten ser-at, the Garrick Theatre took for his "He that is not with Me is against He said there are two kinds of Chrisclass are friends of God

the other class are those who forget, then ignere God and Christianity. "These men." he said, "can be found in of our clubs. They are cowards. They no reason for being on earth. They shriveled-up specimens of humanity, are afraid to die and want to try and a reason for not believing in God. They Christian slackers, and they are far dishonorable than national slackers. Such people are the greatest enemies to Christianity, which is continually wounded by them, because they are in the Christian They do more harm than outside

fold. They do more harm than outside persecution has ever done.

The worst insult to God is the sin of indifference. These indifferent men are like shriveled apples on a tree in November. They are of no account whatever. It is impossible for them to be as some politicians. he work from both sides. They should be

all or nothing." was bringing his hand down with emphasis at the words, "I respect a are against Christianity. His hand in contact with a gold crucifix susnded from a chain on his breast and the ucifix dropped to the stage floor. The his discourse and later replaced the

ablem of faith on the chain. The theatre was crowded. The twenty-six hundred seats were taken long before 12:30, and many had to stand during the

TEST OF CHRISTIANITY THEME OF LENTEN TALK

In speaking on "The Acid Test of Christlan Conduct' at the noonday Leuten service at St. Stephen's Church. Tenth below Chestnut, today, the Rev. John McGann, of Springfield, Mass., said: "May God grant the United States of America the courage self-judgment in the present crisis, for then can Christ forgive us for what

We cannot judge one another fairly, mid the speaker. "We are either too severe or too lenient. We must judge ourselves, and self-judgment puts men in the way of

SUBMISSION TO THINGS INEVITABLE SUGGESTED

The willingness of men to take up the and plunge into the red of battle and their shirking of the little every-day tauntings that arise in the workaday scheme of life was dwelt upon by the Rev. Carl M. Block, of Haddonfield, N. J., in the noonday Lenten service today at Old g. Paul's Church, Third street below Wal-

"It is the little things that count," said the speaker, "because the big things are based on them. The home is a mighty factor in human life, and yet it is the everyday upsets that manage to completely undermine it. The law of compensation ap-plies to all classes of life. What one man has another man lacks. There must be a another man lacks. tolerance and submission to the things that

SOLACE OF CONFESSIONAL PRIEST'S LENTEN THEME

of the confessional was described by the Rev. John J. Greene, S. J., in the noon-day Lenten service at St. Joseph's church, Willing's Alley, today, "Great peace and consolation," Father Greene sagt, "come from confiding our troubles to a friend, What greater peace must come come from confiding our troubles to unburdening our hearts to God Him-

The very unusualness of confession, the speaker said, proves the divinity of the institution. It is a supreme act for a man disclose the innermost secrets of his life and only a supreme sacrament could make him be willing to do so.

AMERICAN BEAUTY CALLED ROSE QUEEN

Chairman of National Rose Festival Declares None Possesses Like Fragrance and Petals

The American Beauty is the sweetest rose them all!

This may sound like a bromidic platitude, but given in the midst of thousands of collars' worth of roses, the growing of which intrinsically occupied several more thousands of dollars, it assumes weight.

Mr. Adolph Farenwald, ex president of the National Rose Society and chairman of the local committee in charge of the Na-tional Rose Festival, which entered the second day of its exhibition at the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill Breets, today, made the statement and qualified it by saying that no amount of cross-breeding on the part of foreign or home Frowers has ever been able to produce a rose whose fragrance equals that of the American Beauty.

To the casual uninitiated and to the just

plain lover of the rose, to whom the little white sticks attached to the bushes do not main a very great deal, there seem to be plenty of blooms that vie with the vivid Beauty. If "many a flower is born to blush unseen," none of that class is included in the exhibition at the Armory. Exquisite petaled fragrance ranging from the five feet high Hadley roses that won the sweepstake prize last night to the thiest and daintiest of the baby pink ramblers that climb up the lattice of the garen, which is the centerpiece of the garand the particular exhibit of J. J. Haber-mehl & Son, cry out for recognition.

Exhibits that are attracting much atten-ion are those of Michell, Pennock and breer. Philadelphia florists



PERCE BROS.Co.

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS The Wrath of the Idol

CAPTAIN HAYES placed the tiny image came a tornado of milled-edged discs, clashing above and around him with the cunning of saber points. mouth and eyes.

"I wonder you didn't convert it into hard cash long ago, cap'n." Mr. Howe, the first mate of the schooner Three Moons, eyed the golden image reverently. "I know a man in Bombay who stole a similar article from a form." from a temple, and his shipmates found

"Natied feet and ears to the temple door," broke in Captain Hayes gruffly. "And served him right, too; I've no patience with emple thieves."
The mate's glance wandered from the

small golden image on the camp table to the perturbed face of Captain Hayes. The buccaneer flushed slightly. "Never The buccaneer flushed slightly. "Never nd how I got the idol, Bill. It doesn't

affect the business in hand." "What business in hand."
"What business?" asked the other simply.
"The mine-selling business. Do you think
I've been boring into the earth for the last
half year without sixing up the show?
We've struck rock at last, and there isn't
enough gold in it to buy a dog license. enough gold in it to buy a dog license. I'm going to sait the show, Bib, and sell it o that Hindu crowd at White Marble. Pheir coolie agents have been spying around

"But that image!" gasped the mate. You ain't going to-"

here lately.

"Break it up into small pieces and ham-mer it into the blamed roof. Salt the show with a seven-ounce god, that's what I'm going to do!"

Captain Hayes had cast anchor s months before at the inlet's mouth, in his chooner, the Three Moons, hoping to obtain some of the rich wash dirt that was being pucketed from the guilles and creek beds by gangs of allen adventurers.

Hayes had no capital to support his venture; his crew was unpaid, and each week saw him sinking into the heart of the hill, where there was neither gold no payable wash dirt. The idea of salting his claim had come as a desperate alternative.

The local Hindoos desired his claim; day and night they watched his entry into the tunnel, fully believing that he had struck the northern limit of the great Aladdin reef, which had returned over \$500,000 in dividends to its shareholders only a few months before. Bully Haves was bardly the man to disappoint a party of Hindu mining speculators.

Two days after the salting operations party of Hindoos, headed by Ganem Singh, a wealthy mining speculator, strolled leis urely from the township and scrambled down the billside

"One thousand dollars for your stone heap, Capateen Hayes," he drawled lazily, "Eh, what you think?"

Hayes shrugged, while his eyes grew hard at the points. "Make it \$2000, Ganem singh, and I'll hand you the certificate." The buccaneer went aboard the schooner. x hours later, and deposited a parcel of and American money inside the

ron safe that stood in his cabin. "The Hindoo gold-scouters have bought me out. Bill." he confided to the mate. "And the point that troubles me is that we can't put to sea without stores and a new rig-

While Hayes was at Emu Creek, ordering tores to be taken aboard the schooner Ganem Singh had collected a gang of coolies and was soon pushing on work within the gold-salted mine under the hill.

Late in the afternoon the serang in charge the tunnel loosened with a pick several mail pieces of gold that shone between the crannies of an overhanging reef. was beside him like a panther on the blood scent. Other tiny pellets were dug out from the face of the reef and placed in Ganem's trembling palm.

"Scraps, scraps!" he cried flercely. There is nothing behind them! Still, we oust work on, the wall of the rock may onceal undreamt of riches. Let us-

A coolie rushed forward from the enof the workings exhibiting several small sings of hammered gold. One piece, larger than the others, bore a partially effaced Hindu inscription that brought a cry of age from the coolie gang. Another pellet taken from a water-worn chink in the roof. proved to be one of the finely chiseled fea-

"By Ganesh, it is the nose of Brahma! coughed the serang. "What magic is this?" Other portions of the god were swiftly unearthed, until it lay in fifty pieces before the scowling mob within the tunnel. When Captain Hays boarded the schooner and was about to descend to the cabin he

saw a half empty paint pot that had been left on the stairhead.

Stooping, he raised it curiously, and then

uttered a cry of surprise. Inside the pot sat a small brass image or Brahma. With an oath he cast it overboard in time to see a sheet of flame burst from the pot, fol-lowed by a muffled roar as it sank in the

By degrees it dawned on the buccaneer that Ganem Singh was responsible for the attempts on his life. He felt certain, too, that the Hindoos had unearthed portions of the gold from the mine, and he was now experiencing the first symptoms of their

Drawing the cash box from the cabin safe, he gianced at the tightly packed rows of English and American gold coins he had received from Ganem Singh. In all his life Hayes had never felt his limbs tremble so

Hayes had never felt his limbs tremble so violently; the cash box rattled in his hands as though a score of fingers were rapping its sides and bottom. The rows of coins broke from the bottom of the box, scattering over his hand in a chinking wave.

The buccaneer drew away astounded, a touch of fear in his eyes. His brain was perfectly free from alcohol, his senses keen as a new biade, yet before him, inside the safe, stood his old familiar cash box, a jangling pandemonium of dancing coins.

Up and over his bare feet they rolled and spun, 2000 strong, ringing, floating around his body until each gold piece appeared to be invested with the vitality of a

peared to be invested with the vitality of a

The mellow chink of the money ceased suddenly; the sound took on a new a thudding bullet-like whang as the flying coins struck the joists and sides of the cabin. The mass of displaced money be-



An hour later the mate hurried downstairs and knocked at the cabin door. Receiving no reply, he entered. The floor of the cabin was strewn with money; it lay in yellow piles beside the open safe and bunk as though a juggler had been at work only a moment before,

The mate stared dumbly, rubbed his eyes and stooped to the floor. Then seizing the inanimate Hayes, he shook him into a sitting position. There was blood marks on Hayes's face and hands, dark on his brow and shoulder

Hayes crawled from the bunk unsteadily. his eyes wandering from the open safe to said after a while, "and clean that carror ade lying for'rd."

A score of coolies were visible in the cutting, shoveling the broken quartz on to a heap of tailings at the tunnel mouth.

"It is the sahib thief who sold us the mine." Ganem Singh spoke from the dark-ness of the tunnel. "Let him come." He came. They watched his big shadow leap across the cutting, and, at a sign from Ganem, they withdrew into the dark drive. A muffled whisper disturbed the hot silence then a slow heckling laugh as the white man hesitated near the tunnel mouth.

"Peace, Ganem Singh!" he said hearsely "I have tasted your magic and I'm willing to admit that it has made me feel tired." Another smothered laugh greeted his words. Not a foot stirred within the tun-

The buccaneer lit a cheroot with painful deliberation; the little gasping noises coming from the dark drive suggested that the Hindoos were intensely amused at his sudden appearance. He smiled forgivingly

"That coin-spinning trick was prettily, done, Ganem-Singh. Now"—he advanced a few paces nearer the tunnel, his chin thrust out—"I want to know if you intend to make my life a nuisance with your exploding cigars and your dollar-spinning acts. you going to follow me from port to port practicing your black art on my schooner and crew?" he demanded,

"The magic of our people will yet de-troy thee, Sahib Hayes." A turbaned stroy thee, Sahib Hayes." A turbaned shape loomed from the darkness of the tun-"Go thy ways; there is no peace be-

"I'm going to return your money, Ganemingh." Hayes bent before the black gun muzzle and drove in a heavy package of coins with the rammer. "I've got a fit of honesty, and I want to stop you and your tribe exploding things in my face."

A cry from the mine, followed by a sudden rushing of feet. Sixteen coolies appeared midway down the tunnel, each car-rying a long-bladed knife; without a word of command they charged swiftly up the

Hayes laughed jeeringly and signaled the mate. The responding gunflash lit up the black mouth of the tunnel, the charge of dollars swept through the close-packed motwith the force of shrapnel, hewing down the stabbing arms and bodies in a strug-The gun smoke cozed lazily from the

drive and floated into the hot sunlight over-head. Ganem Singh appeared at the tunnel mouth, a misty gleam in his eyes, though the unexpected discharge had affected his reason. The buccaneer measured him foot and eye. "You'll swear off annoying me in fu-ture. Ganem. You'll call off your agents.

if there are any left, or I'll rip the Brahmin soul out of you with your own dollars. "It was Radizar Singh who brought about the jadoo, Sahib. He is dead. Let there Hauling the gun from the cutting, the schooner party returned slowly to the pier. Hayes was first to gain the shelter of the fo'c's le awning. Here his eye fell upon

the mate ascending the steep gangway. coat pockets bulging over his hips. He frowned darkly. "Guess there was no need for you to stay behind and load yourself with the Hindus' dollars, Mr. Howe. One thief at

time, please." "Dollars!" The mate wiped his hot brow and drew a handful of smoke-blackened coins from his pocket. "Pieces of brass with their faces washed in gold! There wasn't a real one among the whole 2000!" The buccaneer stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Guess I made that sufficiently clear to the Hindus." he said after a while.



TODAY'S FASHION

EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21 1917



A Charming Fabric Hat

THE fabric hat promises to be a general I favorite this spring. Narrow folds of done-gray silk are sewn together like straw oraid to fashion this charming, wide-brimned hat. The medium low crown is rimmed with a band of pale pink taffeta rnamented with dull silver embroidery. The nderbrim has a shirred facing of pale pink taffeta. This hat can be worn with spring rocks of silk or with dainty summer frocks of transparent materials. (Copyright.)

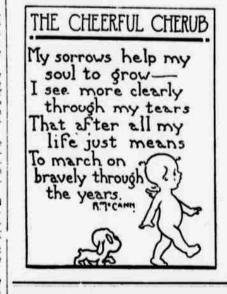
Blue Roses

Shepherd in delicate Dresden china. Loitering ever the while you twine a gar land of oddly azure roses, all for a shepherdess passing fair oor little shepherdess waiting there All the time for your china posies, Posies pale for her jet-black hair!

Doesn't she wait (oh, the anxious glances Flowers for one of your stately dances. A crown to finish a dainty toilette. Haven't the harps just now begun, Minutes 'neath a china sun'h Doesn't she dread that the dust may soil it When, oh, when will the boy be done?

Summer and winter and still you linger Laggard lover with lazy finger. Never your little maid's wreath completing. Never your state of the petalled showers, Must she wait all her dancing hours, Wait in spite of her shy entreating.

Patrick R. Chalmers



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1831 Spruce St.



MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

How Dicky's Mother Rescued Madge From Harry Underwood and His Companions

THAT startled fawn look in your face is very becoming." mocked Harry Underwood.

Of course, I knew that his melodramatic stopped his personal allusions. of course, I knew that his melodramatic nonsense of a moment before had been the veriest buffoonery born of his drink-muddled brain. I knew, too, that he had no other thought save the mimicry of a melodrama villain. which it is his chief delight to

But even with this knowledge appealing to my saner self, I could not help shuddering and paling at his burlesque threat to carry me off to some lonely island.

Call it superstition, premonition, what you

will, yet, ridiculous as it may sound, I feel a sinister menace whenever Harry Underwood is near me. Almost from the moment his black eyes

looked into mine when Dicky introduced me to him at the theatre I have had the same uncanny feeling. It is more than dislike It is positive dread.

Somewhere, somehow, I know that Harry inderwood will cause me very real trouble

the future when there is any present dif-ficulty confronting me. My problem now was to get away from him without attracting any more attention. So I forced my

"How is Mrs. Underwood" I said banally. 'I hope she is well I haven't seen her since I was at your home last Sunday.' 'Gee, but you're interested in Lil's health,' he commented. 'I wish you would stir up a little interest in mine. Lil's al right, but I'm a sick man. He waved hi hand again toward his companions, who appeared to be much interested in the leap-

they've still got a holdover from last night. Now, I haven't any holdover. I'm just sick. These fellows ought to be ashamed of themselves—can't carry any liquor at all I'm ashamed of them. They'd like to meet you, I know, but I won't let them. I positively forbid it. Think I'd introduce the lady of my heart to rummies like that No sir-ee, not Harry Underwood!

"You know I haven't explained yet why

EASTER CARDS



Hoskins

in Profusion



"You see, it's this way." he said, with a confidential air that would have appealed to my sense of the ludicrous if I had been less annoyed. "These two fellows, good enough chaps." patronizingly, "live in Oshkosh. That's not their fault." he hastened to add with a generous sir. "They can't help it. They have to live there. Well, they came to New York for a business trip and I tried to make up to them last night for having to live anywhere else than in New York.

"We went up one side of Brondway from

"We went up one side of Broadway fron Forty-second street for three or four block and came down the other, and took a drink in every place we could buy one.

"It was some record, I tell you," he went on broudly, "but what a bundle we did ac-quire! I didn't dare to go home to my calm fireside. You know Ldl. So I stayed the night with the boys at their hotel.

When we got up a little while ago we decided we'd have to do a penance of some sort. The worst thing I could think of was to go to Brooklyn or Staten Island. We tossed a coin to see which we'd do, heads staten Island, talls Brooklyn. It came down heads, and here we are waiting for the

To my horror he executed a few dance steps, chanting the while, "Waiting for the good old ship." He had sense enough left to keep his voice low, and I was much re-lieved to see that no one appeared to notice

If I had not been so genuinely a and annoyed I could have laughed at mental picture I had of Harry Under escorting my mother-in-law and me ferry trip to Staten Island. But it was time for laughter. Instead, I was at wits end to know what to do. The to the proposed ferry trip swidently appet to his befuddled imagination. He to toward my mother-in-law.

"Goin' to take you and little lady on nice ferry trip," he announced gent "Sorry, yacht's out of commission morning, but ferry will do very well."

1 have not much reason to like

"Young man, you are impertment, itoxicated," she said haughtily. "Pl

And taking me firmly by the arm mother-in-law walked steadily with me ward the door of the women's restroom. manner of conducting me was much same as that the matron of a reform would use in taking a charge from on place to another, but I was too relieved to care. The leering face of Harry Under wood was no longer before my eyes, and hi befuddled words no longer jarred upon my cars. Those were the only things that mattered to me for the moment. In my relief I felt strong enough to brave the weight of my mother-in-law's anger which I was versure was about to descend upon me.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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The Woman Who Wants a Charming Easter Frock



Pictured is a lovely affair in Roman striped navy chiffon taffeta with self-color Georgette sleeves and maize color Georgette vestee and collar. The pointed tunic is gloriously full and drapes in graceful folds. Other models are of embroidered Georgette in the new delicate shades, crepes de

chine and chiffon taffetas in accordion-pleated and boxpleated models, French serges in effectively beaded or smart tailored pleated styles, and hosts of others for Easter and Spring wear.

Special Values in Easter Frocks at \$10.98and others up to \$39.50 THE THE PERSON OF THE PERSON O

"Stop That Torpedo!" Is Humanity's Cry to Science

Edison's New Invention

CUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER will contain a striking article by Charles W. Duke on what inventors are doing to overcome the menace of the submarine. Their aim is to explode the U-boat's deadly missile before it reaches its target -to "stop" the torpedo! Edison, foremost among American inventors, stirred by the loss of American ships, has promised the world a wonderful new invention, mayhap he will succeed in stealing the submarine's sting! Read Mr. Duke's interesting article in

Sunday's

PUBLIC LEDGER