

CAPTAIN DELK BLAMES JEALOUSY FOR CHARGES

Commander of Torpedoed Leelanaw Says Officers Resented Style of His Quarters

Captain Eugene B. Delk, who was commander of the torpedoed American steamer Leelanaw, ascribes as the cause which prompted the charges against him made in New York last night by Robert Davis, chief engineer of the vessel, and Charles N. Wurnemburg, second assistant engineer, that jealousy resulted, he said, from the fact that he was quartered in so much better style in Kirkwall, when they put into port, than his officers were.

Delk's officers said their treatment in Kirkwall was "outrageous," and that six of them were placed in a room with three beds, while Captain Delk stopped at the best hotel in town. They also assert that Captain Delk tried to have every man in the crew who was of German descent turned over to the British military authorities.

Captain Delk, at his home, 640 South 55th street, said that he was unaware that his officers had not been quartered promptly. He admitted that he had stopped at a good hotel, and said that the officers were envious of this.

He discussed the charges that he had turned Germans over to the British Government and admitted that he did have one man given into their custody, but that man was a reporter for two German newspapers, the Fatherland and the Staats Zeitung.

Another man, who was a German by birth and had papers to prove that he was German, showed these documents to the captain of the submarine, Captain Delk said, and the captain permitted him to remain aboard the submarine. A third man, who was the captain's personal steward, was a German who had come to this country as a boy and lived here all his life. Captain Delk asserted that this man succeeded in making the British authorities believe that he was a native of Holland.

The captain has made public the name of the man he considers responsible for the charges made against him. That man, he says, is Thomas Sully, who was an officer on the vessel and formerly employed in this country as a railroad detective. He said that his training "to look for something wrong" made him believe instinctively that conditions on the Leelanaw were not as they should have been.

Davis and Wurnemburg, when seen in New York, characterized Captain Delk's explanation and charges against Sully as "false and malicious."

SALE OF BIBLES DECREASES
Book Stores Report Rapid Disappearance of Effects of "Billy" Sunday's 11 Weeks' Revival

A slump in the sale of Bibles since "Billy" Sunday's visit is reported by booksellers of this city. Also the sale of books dealing with Sunday and his works has decreased considerably since the evangelist left town.

Booksellers pointed out that a decrease in the sale of books, such as "The Real 'Billy' Sunday" and "Billy Sunday, the Man and His Message," was to be expected when interest in the revivals waned with the departure of Mr. Sunday. But they say that it is a lasting testimony to the efficacy of his work that the sale of hundreds of Bibles, in addition to the normal sales, resulted from his visit to Philadelphia.

At the American Baptist Publication Society it was said that the sale of Bibles was almost doubled while Sunday was here. Since he left the sale has decreased considerably. The sale of books about Sunday has decreased so that now very few are sold. Sometimes as many as six or eight of these books are sold there in a week, but the average is much lower.

At the Methodist Book Store, in the Witherspoon Building, sold many more Bibles while the revival was in progress. The sale of books on Sunday, it was said, has dwindled so that weeks pass at times without a sale. Barely do they sell more than two copies of these books in a week. It was reported that during the revival there was a heavy demand for these books.

At the Methodist Book Store it was said that there was no great increase in the sale of Bibles while Mr. Sunday was here, but there was a large sale of books relating to him. A slight increase in the sale of Sunday books was noticeable, but it did not reach the large proportions reported elsewhere.

HOLDS UP TRAIN WITH GUN
Pat Sullivan Objects to Speed of Train and Number of Cars, and Is Arrested

Pat Sullivan reached the limit of endurance early today after losing years of sleep in the last few weeks. He used a shotgun, donned his red flannel shirt and rushing out, took up a position in the middle of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway track in front of his home at 1255 Cadwallader street.

Presently, perhaps sooner, a shifting engine trundled along with a half dozen cars behind it.

"Halt!" said Pat, leveling the shotgun. It may be the engineer did not fear the gun, but as Pat was wearing a red shirt he had to halt.

LIGHTS WILL SHINE BRIGHTLY TO GIVE SUFFERERS SUNSHINE



ORGANIZERS OF CHARITY FETE

Unfortunate Father, Unable to Move From Chair, His Sick Wife and Two Children to Benefit From Block Party

A FAMILY that has taken the full measure of disaster with rare fortitude has stirred the sympathy of an entire neighborhood. John Brophy, helpless in a chair, must see his wife lie suffering and his little son lie suffering, and must know that, elsewhere, his small daughter lies suffering, and there is no help for it but that which kind souls can bring to make easier the afflictions.

Therefore, a party will be given and many-colored lanterns will swing and sway in the breeze. They will shed soft rays of light upon young people while they dance, while they eat chocolate layer cake and drink lemonade. And all the money earned that night will go to the family that knows none of such pleasures. The block party will be given on Memphis street, between Clearfield and Allegheny avenue, on the nights of August 13 and 14.

Brophy is only 25 and his wife is three years younger. They were children and grew up together in the neighborhood where they live. Their home was at 2220 East Clearfield street. He was a driver until he lost his work. Then, becoming afflicted with dropsy, he tried to support his family with the small proceeds of a little candy store, which failed.

During four months he has been helpless and in great pain. His wife has suffered from tuberculosis for three years. She lies on a couch near Brophy's chair, and on a cot in that room is little William, 2 years old, who is going blind. One eye is sightless now. Marie, 4 years old, their other child, is at an aunt's home, and the little girl has falling sight.

Mrs. Brophy's mother is quite helpless with rheumatism. Her husband, Michael Weldon, 70 years old, is the only one who has his health. He has gallantly gone about seeking work. But, if he has his health, he has not the youth that does his sick family good. The old man has had to accept the indignity of being told he is too old to be given a job, and not once but time and again, he has heard: "No, we can't take you on; you're too old."

One woman, Mrs. Nellie Langley, of 2303 East Clearfield street, has helped much, being a volunteer nurse for the whole family. The committee in charge of the block party plans includes Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Mary Frank, Mrs. Catharine Martin, Mrs. Elizabeth McKenzie, Mrs. Adaire, Mrs. Anna Bergen, Mrs. Mary McKenna, Mrs. Mary Higgins, Miss Anna Kelly and Edward Kelly, August Martin, James Conlon, Morris Lawrence, Thomas Burke, William Smerder and Henry Weiner.

TWO HIGH GOVERNMENT POSTS SOON TO BE FILLED
Palmer Leads for Counselor, Connolly for Treasury Comptroller

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Keen struggles were under way today for two choice Government positions soon to be filled. President Wilson is expected soon to announce the appointment of a new counselor for the State Department and a new Comptroller of the Treasury.

A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, is generally believed to be the leading candidate for the State Department berth. Friends of C. Stone Johnson, of Texas, at present Solicitor in the State Department, are making a hard fight for his promotion, however.

GRANGE PICNIC DRAWS BIG CROWD TO PITMAN

Alcyon Park the Scene of Assemblage Numbering Many Thousands

PITMAN, N. J., Aug. 13.—Undaunted by the rain which drenched many thousands of the vast crowd attending the Grangers' picnic at Alcyon Park yesterday afternoon, the merry-makers returned to this borough today by the thousands, until it appears that the attendance will be almost as large as on the previous two days of the frolic. Today, the last of the picnic, has been designated as sports day and a particularly elaborate program of motorcycle races and a ball game between the Pitman ushers and the Clayton teams have been arranged for the afternoon. Admission to these events and to an open-air vaudeville performance is to be free.

The day's program was officially begun this morning with a concert by Cincinnatus Band. This was followed by the resumption of the numerous machinery exhibits that have been a feature of the picnic since it opened. Particular interest is manifested among the farmers attending the picnic in the many mechanical power devices, which may be utilized in almost every branch of farming at an immense saving of labor and time. Second only to these in popularity are the exhibits of automobiles, talking machines, piano-players and a host of other luxuries. The numerous orders booked by agents for these commodities and the hundreds of automobiles parked in the environs of the park testify to the fact that the Jersey farmers are little if any behind their city friends in the realization of the comforts and conveniences offered in the markets of the world.

In the meantime the committee on arrangements is already discussing plans for the Grangers' picnic next year and promises that the event will be carried out on an even greater scale than this year. Theodore Brown, secretary of the Grangers, voiced the opinion of his fellow officers today when he said it has been "some picnic, all right, but next year we are going to show you something that will be the talk of the State."

\$13,000 DUE CITY FOR POLES

Licenses Not Paid Because Returns of Corporations Were Wrong

An inspection and census of the electric light, telephone and telegraph poles in the city by inspectors of the Electrical Bureau has disclosed that the corporations owning the poles owe the city more than \$13,000 license money for poles unrecorded at the bureau before the inspection. Chief Pike, of the bureau, attributes the unrecorded poles to errors on the part of corporations in making their returns.

McNICHOL UNDERBIDS VARE

Rival of South Philadelphia Leader Gets \$212,500.74 Contract

State Senator James P. McNichol has underbid South Philadelphia municipal contractor. The McNichol bid of \$212,500.74 for the widening and improving of Delaware avenue from Quaker to Vandall street is just \$7.42 under the bid submitted by Vare for the same work. McNichol's bid was the lowest of nine submitted.

Although Senator Vare has considered South Philadelphia his private domain for municipal contracting work, Senator McNichol has twice this year bid low for work. Recently a McNichol concern obtained the \$5,000 work of repaving South street with wood block.

Kendrick Indorsed for Councils

Indorsement of William G. Kendrick's candidacy on the Republican ticket for Common Councilman from the 4th Ward, has been made by the Belmar Tennis Club, of which Mr. Kendrick is a member. At a stated meeting, the members of the club passed a resolution agreeing to do all in their power to aid Mr. Kendrick in the coming primary.

SOCIETY WOMAN ASKS DIVORCE

Mrs. Irene B. Polk Begins Proceedings in Baltimore

Philadelphia society was interested today in dispatches from Baltimore to the effect that Mrs. Irene Brainerd Polk has filed suit for divorce from David Peale Polk, son of Stewart Polk, a descendant of President James K. Polk. Mr. Polk's sister Lucille obtained a divorce from her first husband, William E. Carter, shortly after they had escaped from the Titanic with their two children. Later Mrs. Carter married George H. Brooks, of this city, in London.

THE DAILY STORY Her Railway Journey

The bell rang. The engine took a long breath, the depot went the other way, and the people standing on the platform had a foolish, left look, as if they had been forgotten. Then the oval of green grass, with "Littleton" picked out in white shells, the pride of the Village Improvement League, slid past the window. Familiar houses flew past, each one flying faster than the last, and as Winifred Mayne caught the last flutter of the outskirts of the little town, the train gathered speed and settled down to the clanking rhythm of the rails.

"Going to take a little trip, Miss Winnie—do you good," said the conductor, sociably. He glanced at her ticket and noted with surprise her distant destination.

"Goin' clear through? You don't say," with frank curiosity, did not explain. It was not necessary that all Littleton should know where she was going and what for. She nestled back into her seat.

Then he picked up the paper and showed her a cartoon and talked about the news of the day. When she asked the conductor when they would reach Le Pere he looked at her with sudden interest.

"I am going to Le Pere," he said; "we shall be late and if I can be of any assistance, I hope you will allow me to be."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I am not used to traveling. This is unusual—very. I was sent for."

After that there was no reason why she should not go in to dinner with him, and in the light and warmth of the dining car she lost her tired look, bright color fluttered in her cheeks, and they touched the red plush cushion with a furtive hand. How good it was to be going somewhere, to be out of the world again—to have all this luxury of swift movement without exertion, to get away from two little rooms. Putting her telescope on the seat beside her and her umbrella standing in front of her like a sentinel, she settled down between the high-backed seats with a sense of privacy. If only she could keep the seat to herself!

How good it was to be going somewhere! Even she remembered with a shock, ashamed to be so glad, even on such a sad, hurried, sorrowful journey as this. For this was a journey with a telegram at one end of it and a dying man at the other. It was a wonderful telegram in that it not only told her to come quickly if she would see her brother alive, but had also put more money into her purse than had been there for many a day. She might have gone in the Pullman coach; she might have fared royally in the dining car; but the ingrained thrifty instinct of long necessity made her put up a modest lunch and she hoped to be able to eat it in a seat all to herself.

She looked out of the window. Already the landscape began to be unfamiliar, for she had made few journeys in the hard winter years since she had come to Littleton. They were among the mountains now and she could see far, wide horizons, the rise and fall of ranges, great stretches of country flooded with light. She seemed above it all. It was the land of the sky.

By and by twilight blotted out the landscape and made the window pane an opaque mirror, and in it she could see her own face and her prim little hat, which revealed her forehead with its shadowing sweep of brown hair. Now that she had time to look about her she saw that the hats of other women were dragged down over her eyes, and she saw that her delicate three-buttoned kid glove, smooth over her slender wrist, should have been a mannish affair of dogskin, with one big button. Still she thought her clothes were good and—ladylike—she was sure of that, and at least, her chin did not sag.

And then she caught herself up with sudden swift remorse. How could she think of such things? How could she think of anything, on such a sad, hurried, sorrowful journey as this, but of the brother she was going to see?

They had drifted apart—that was all. He had gone West and had written less and less often, and at last not at all. She had remained behind and taught school until her health broke down. Then she had made her daylong charge on life with the point of a needle. Long practice had made her neat grand mistress of the art of making the best of things.

A new conductor came on—brusque and unapproachable. She began to be tired; she wondered what time it was, and then the thing she dreaded happened—a big man stepped, a pleasant voice said, "Is this seat occupied?"

The man sat down, in the impersonal fashion of the accustomed traveler. Of course she never meant to talk to a stranger, but there was something reassuring in the bearing of this one and she asked him what time it was.

"Cannot I make you a little more comfortable?" he asked as he put her telescope and umbrella up on the rack.

"I wonder," she said timidly, "whether you are?"

"Yes," he said. "I am a matter-of-course professional tone that put all embarrassment to flight. 'I'm so glad that you got your sleep. We are here yet you see. Now I will see if there's any chance for breakfast.'"

"How good it is," said the man. "You are sure there isn't any more?" They seemed to have known each other for years. In all her life she had never been so happy, so cared for. And he—in all his life he had never been so happy in caring for any one.

"The nurse met them at the door. Mr. Mayne is much better. He slept all night, for the first time."

"Dear little girl—it's good to see you," said the sick man. "I was afraid I couldn't wait for you, but I seem to have come back. The doctor will know whether I've come back to stay."

"The keen, kind eyes that had been searching him met his, the fingers that had already sought pulse and heart were laid reassuringly on his hand.

"It looks as if you had, Johnny," he said, as a boy might say to a sister. "I'll never let you go again, Winnie," said the sick man. "I hope there's nobody else to interfere with my claim."

The day before how gladly she would have assured him that there could be no one else. But now—she looked appealingly at the doctor. He had been doing everything for her for the last 24 hours.

"Yes, there is somebody else, John. But you and I won't quarrel over her," said the doctor.

"And even the nurse understood." (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

lingered over their coffee all the water looked at them disapprovingly.

"We are losing time constantly," he said, consulting the time table. "I wonder what's the matter," and then with a shock and jar, the train stood still, with a broken-down engine.

"You're dead tired," he said, two hours later, "and there's no sleeper. They were to put it on at the junction."

She protested that she didn't mind; she was not sleepy. But he turned over the empty seat in front of them and made her put her feet up on it. He put on a traveling cap that made him look years younger, and settled himself for such rest as might be had. And sitting primly bolt upright, Miss Winnie closed her eyes only to open them when the sun shone through the window the next morning, and to find her head resting coolly on a broad, square shoulder.

"Rested?" he said, in a matter-of-course professional tone that put all embarrassment to flight. "I'm so glad that you got your sleep. We are here yet you see. Now I will see if there's any chance for breakfast."

"How good it is," said the man. "You are sure there isn't any more?" They seemed to have known each other for years. In all her life she had never been so happy, so cared for. And he—in all his life he had never been so happy in caring for any one.

"The nurse met them at the door. Mr. Mayne is much better. He slept all night, for the first time."

"Dear little girl—it's good to see you," said the sick man. "I was afraid I couldn't wait for you, but I seem to have come back. The doctor will know whether I've come back to stay."

"The keen, kind eyes that had been searching him met his, the fingers that had already sought pulse and heart were laid reassuringly on his hand.

"It looks as if you had, Johnny," he said, as a boy might say to a sister. "I'll never let you go again, Winnie," said the sick man. "I hope there's nobody else to interfere with my claim."

The day before how gladly she would have assured him that there could be no one else. But now—she looked appealingly at the doctor. He had been doing everything for her for the last 24 hours.

"Yes, there is somebody else, John. But you and I won't quarrel over her," said the doctor.

"And even the nurse understood." (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Soap plus Naptha means Washday minus Drudgery. And that's what a Fels-Naptha washday is.

Minus boiling, minus hard rubbing, minus a half day's hard work by the old-fashioned way. The combination of naphtha and other harmless cleansers does the hard work—not you. Use Fels-Naptha for all soap-and-water work.



This Victrola and 10 Records

The Heppe No. 14 Victor Outfit, consisting of this beautiful Mahogany (or oak) cabinet type Victrola XIV at \$150 and 10 records (of your own selection) to the value of \$10, making a total for the complete outfit of \$160, may be purchased AT ITS CASH PRICE through the Heppe rental-payment plan on special low terms.

Pay \$10 Down—\$2 Weekly At Heppe's

These terms are for those who do not care to pay the full amount at the time of purchase. The price, however, is only \$160, whether you settle in cash, or charge account, or by our rental-payment plan. This is but one of the features of buying through

Heppe Victor Service

Service at Heppe's includes not only attention and advice from trained musician salesmen, but it also includes accommodation from the store, in a rental-payment service, charge account privileges, large, comfortable booths, messenger delivery service, free delivery to all parts of the United States.

All of these advantages are available to those who purchase this No. 14 outfit. If you find it inconvenient to call

Mail This Coupon

Full details of this outfit, together with large illustrated catalogs, will be sent on request.

Victrolas \$15 Up

C. J. Heppe & Son 1117-1119 Chestnut Street 6th and Thompson Streets. Please send me Full particulars about No. 14 Outfit. (Check whichever you wish) Victrola catalog and terms. NAME ADDRESS

C. J. HEPPE & SON 1117-1119 Chestnut Street 6th and Thompson Streets

Table with weather and tide information. Columns include location (San Francisco, San Diego), weather, temperature, and tide times for various locations like Chesapeake Bay, Buzzards Bay, etc.