ITALIANS DENY RAIDERS DAMAGED COAST CITIES OR SUNK SUBMARINE

Austrians Repulsed When Counter-Attacks Are Made Near Monte Piano—Gains in Carnic Alps

LOFTY PEAK CAPTURED

Artillery Fire Sweeps Isonzo Works, Hidden Battery Destroyed—Austrian Aeroplanes Driven Off

ROME, Aug. 16.

A semiofficial announcement issued in Rome contradicts several assertions contained in recent Austro-Hungarian official communications. The Italian statement denies the Austrian claim that great damage was wrought August 11, when two Austrian torpedoboat destroyers bombarded the seacoast towns of Porto Santo Spirito and Molfetta, in southern Italy, and on the Adriatic.

Denial also is given to a report that the Italian submarine Nautilus has been sunk. Neither was the Noreide, it also is asserted, destroyed in a combat with Austrian vessels, but it went to the bottom as the result of a fault in her machinery.

The following official statement was issued last night at Italian headquarters:

"The struggle beyond the Cadore frontier becomes more intense. In the zone of Monte Piano the enemy, in force, backed by numerous artillery, attempted yesterday to counter-attack our positions, from which he was thrown the day before. After a hot fight he was repulsed, with serious losses.

"In the Sexten Valley (Carnia), while the fire of our artillery against the works of the enemy was continued, our infantry climbed to the summit of Orderbacher Nanzel, a little south of Orderbacher Spitz, there intrenching, while another detachment occupied an important branch of Alpine communications west of Forcella Cengga.

"On the Isonzo a destructive artillery fire was begun on the works defending the Plezo Basin. An enemy battery located in a cavern above Svinjak and cleverly concealed was struck fairly yesterday. On the Carso Plateau during the night of August 13 the enemy set off a number of rockets above our positions, but made no further attacks. Our groups of artillery continued their methodical destruction of the enemy's trenches, some of which, opposite our positions at Selzni, were demolished. Their defenders were put to flight, most of them being struck by shrapnel and rifle fire which was directed against them.

"Enemy aeroplanes in the last few days frequently have flown over the Isonzo region, but always have been driven back by the effective fire of our anti-aeroplane batteries."

An Austrian official communication published August 13, said warships of the Dual Monarchy had bombarded the Italian littoral railway from Molfetta to Seno San Giorgio, shattering one viaduct and setting on fire a factory. The statement added that several depots and the station at Santo Spirito were burned; that the signal station and five factories at Bari were bombarded, one factory being destroyed and that the railway viaduct at Seno San Giorgio was badly damaged. The Italian submarine Nereide was reported to have been sunk in an encounter with an Austrian submarine off the Island of Pelagosa in the Adriatic Sea.

INCENDIARY SETS THREE FIRES IN VACANT HOUSE

Coal Oil Found After Flames Are Extinguished in Vacationist's Home

Three separate fires were started early today in the home of Samuel Lertzman, 23 Sigel street, who is spending a vacation at the seashore with his family, and the police are searching for the incendiary. The flames were discovered by Policeman Greenberg, of the 3d and Dickinson streets station.

Firemen who responded to Greenberg's alarm found a fire in the middle room of the first floor. When this had been extinguished it was discovered that two more fires were blazing on the second floor, one in a rear room closet and the other in a front room bureau.

Each was quickly extinguished. Investigation by the firemen then brought to light distinct traces of coal oil in both burned sections of the second floor. The damage was slight.

"FATHER OF NEWSBOYS" DEAD

John E. Gunckel Devoted Years to Ameliorating Their Condition

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 16.—John E. Gunckel, widely known as the "father of newsboys," founder of the National Association of Newsboys and for many years its president, died early today.

Mr. Gunckel's work for newsboys has attracted attention throughout the world. He took it up while a railway ticket agent, but about eight years ago he received the aid of philanthropists and was enabled to devote his attention solely to ameliorating the condition of the little newspaper venders.

As a result of his efforts $100,000 was raised in Toledo for a newsboy's building.

PORT OF NEW YORK

Steamships Due Today

	From.	Sailed.
[illegible]	Liverpool	Aug. 7
[illegible]	Barcelona	July 22
[illegible]	Patras	July 21
[illegible]	Palermo	Aug. 7

Steamships to Leave

	For.	Date.
[illegible]	Liverpool	Aug. 18
[illegible]	Archangel	Aug. 13
[illegible]	Naples	Aug. 19

Movements of Vessels

[illegible] Kimberg (Den.), Cruz Grande for [illegible], arrived at Bilbao and proceeded [illegible] 14.

[illegible] Finland, New York for San Francisco, passed from Bilbao August 14.

[illegible] Germania (Nor.), Philadelphia for Antwerp, arrived at Cristobal August 14.

[illegible] Scantic, for Philadelphia, steamed from Boston August 15.

[illegible] Diamond (Br.), for Philadelphia, passed from Baltimore August 15.

[illegible] J. T. Stoddard, for Philadelphia, passed from Bangor August 15.

[illegible] Mendi (Span.), from Philadelphia, arrived at Galveston August 15.

[illegible] Pontan, Jacksonville for Philadelphia, passed from Savannah August 16.

[illegible] Lewis, towing schr. Delaware Sun, from Port Arthur, was 30 miles east of Jupiter at 7 p. m. August 15.

[illegible] Winifred, Philadelphia for Port Arthur, was 5 miles east of Alligator light at 7 [illegible] August 15.

[illegible] Gulfstream, Philadelphia for Port [illegible], was 100 miles south of Jupiter at noon [illegible]

[illegible] Tuscan, Philadelphia for Tampico, was [illegible] south of Diamond Shoal lightship [illegible] August 15.

[illegible] Frank Brainard, from Philadelphia, arrived at Pensacola August 15.

MILITARY HONORS PAID MAN KILLED IN CAMP

Body of Corporal, Kicked to Death by Horse at Tobyhanna, Sent to His Home

TOBYHANNA, Pa., Aug. 16.—The body of Charles Essick, the young corporal of Battery C, Pennsylvania Field Artillery, who was kicked to death by a horse, was sent today to his home in Phoenixville. A party of four men, members of the battery company, accompanied the body as an escort. Military honors were accorded to the guardsman, the whole battalion standing at attention for one minute as the bier passed out of the reservation.

Essick was killed accidentally and instantly yesterday afternoon at South Sterling, 10 miles north of here, when a horse fastened to a picket line kicked him in the solar plexus. He and a comrade were wrestling in a friendly way when Essick slipped and fell at the heels of the horse, which became frightened and dealt the deathblow. Scores of guardsmen witnessed the accident.

The whole instruction camp is up and doing this morning in preparation for the inspection to be conducted this afternoon by Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. A. He will inspect the regulars independent of the National Guards, who will be inspected by General Dougherty. Following the dual inspections the generals will meet in conference. The inspection ceremonies necessitated the quick return of the State artillery battalion to the reservation. They arrived in camp this morning before 8 o'clock from South Sterling, where they encamped last night at the end of the second day of their practice march.

Military and civil visitors in camp today are Major Willis S. McNair, U. S. A., who will make a technical inspection of the artillery machinery for General Wood; Colonel Hutchins, of the 8th Regiment, N. G. P.; Colonel Finney, U. S. A.; Major Peters, U. S. A., Medical Corps, who will inspect the living quarters of the army men, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCloskey, of Pittsburgh, who are the guests of their son, Major Manus McCloskey.

ANGLO-FRENCH AIRMEN SHELL CONSTANTINOPLE

Drop Bombs on Galata—120,000 Turkish Wounded Reported in Capital

LONDON, Aug. 16.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Athens says:

"French and British aeroplanes have flown over Constantinople. They threw bombs on Galata, causing heavy casualties."

Galata, on the north side of the Golden Horn, near Seraglio Point, is Constantinople's largest suburb and the Custom House of the capital is situated there. The inhabitants before the war were mainly European Christians.

A dispatch from Athens to the Daily Chronicle says:

"The Turkish populace generally, it is learned on excellent authority, is confused by the rosy communiques which are plastered thickly on every wall in Stamboul. The people can hardly reconcile these glowing accounts of victories with the torrent of Turkish wounded pouring into Constantinople.

"From a reliable source it is stated that the number of wounded in the capital has reached the astounding figure of 120,000, while many thousands are at Maidos or the town of Gallipoli.

"Meanwhile, the strained and increasingly bad relations between the German and Turkish army officers have led to a serious crisis. On quite indisputable authority it is said a few days ago a quarrel among the staff and other officers at the front on the Gallipoli Peninsula led to a mutiny of formidable dimensions against the Germans.

"The latter were forced to take the strongest measures to quell the insurrection, and with considerable difficulty arrested the ringleader and some other officers involved. These, numbering 45, in chains, were sent to Constantinople.

"Several persons who have just arrived here from the Turkish capital all agree in representing the situation as perilous. One of them was told by the Sultan's physician that he was very ill and incapable of attending to State affairs. The Sultan was said to be in a serious state of nervous prostration, audiences being denied even to the most prominent Germans."

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

Frank P. Smith, 5652 Walnut st., and Mary E. Swenk, Muncy, Pa.
Morris Shkolnik, 419 McClellan st., and Rose Kliencrman, 1227 Girard ave.
Preston Edwards, 607 N. Marvine st., and Margaret P. Turner, 729 S. 17th st.
Abe Bachrach, 1014 S. 3d st., and Anna Kesymow, 2341 S. Wilder st.
Richard Manus, 1640 S. 5th st., and Bessie Korensky, 1604 S. 8th st.
Abraham Shull, 2638 S. 10th st., and Mary Levy, 2334 S. 11th st.
Vasily Zenica, Pottstown, Pa., and Anna Harduley, 621 S. American st.
Preston W. Powell, Belgrade st., and Edna M. Ward, 52 N. 62d st.
Hyman Goldberg, 1045 S. 4th st., and Sarah Koltun, 1621 S. 4th st.
Francis Keller, 5755 Cedar ave., and Blanche C. Goldbeck, Camden, N. J.
Grayson P. Brown, New Castle, Del., and Ada Williams, New Castle, Del.
Francis McGill, 221 N. Juniper st., and Helen Daly, 221 N. Juniper st.
Jack Cherry, 915 Wolf st., and Sadie Larkin, 620 McKean st.
Emil G. Krause, 4817 Griscom st., and Laura Hongler, 2555 N. 19th st.
A. Dallas Bauer, 2013 S. 10th st., and Edith V. Hadley, 2013 S. 10th st.
Michele Imperiale, 179 Logan st., and Dolorato Gisondi, 179 Logan st.
Itzik Latman, 2433 Cerlisa st., and Bakis Rothberg, 2433 Cerlisa st.
John F. DeHaven, Jr., 4600 Lancaster ave., and Bertha M. Reigner, 607 Spruce st.
Clarence R. Martin, 4018 Woodland ave., and Ida E. Knox, 218 E. Eleanor st.
Isaac Goldberg, 512 Poplar st., and Esther Picow, 512 Poplar st.
Salvatore Crimaldi, Reading, Pa., and Rosa Spinnato, 1111 Pierce st.
Benjamin Rossen, 634 Tasker st., and Rose Rudnick, 2013 S. 7th st.
William Permutt, 813 S. 5th st., and Eva Abrams, 711 Berks st.
Alela Matteo, 731 Carpenter st., and Elizabeth Supice, 1114 Webster st.

2¾ Carat $135

1½ Carat $75

DIAMONDS

3⅞ Carat $198

We offer you in this big demonstration a beautiful 3⅞-carat diamond ring at $198. We doubt if you can duplicate this gem at any retail jeweler's for less than $250—and we know, because we are diamond cutters. Smaller sizes at proportionately low prices.

I. PRESS & SONS
IMPORTERS & CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS
909 Market St.
Cor. 8th & Chestnut Sts.
SUCCESSORS TO PEARL
OPEN EVENINGS

PLATTSBURG STUDENTS LEAVE TRUNDLE BEDS FOR PRACTICE AT 4 A. M.

Philadelphia Recruits Among Those Who Quit Camp Early to Shoot on Long Distance Range

SUNDAY A DAY OF REST

L. C. Kent and George Wharton Pepper, of This City, Turn in Cards in Sub-Calibre Trials

By a Staff Correspondent

MILITARY INSTRUCTION CAMP, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Rifle practice, on the regular range, brought the Philadelphia recruits in attendance at the Military Instruction Camp out of their cots at 4:30 a. m. today; that is, such of them as belonged to Companies A, B, C and D. The other four companies take their turns tomorrow.

George Wharton Pepper was one of the first to fall in in B Company street, standing at an easy attention in the light of early dawn, with his rifle, freshly cleaned, by his side. Mr. Pepper spent two hours yesterday afternoon cleaning that same gun, and it fairly glistened. The guns are poched with cosmoline, a heavy preservative grease, to keep them from rusting. The first cleaning is an arduous job.

While Mr. Pepper was sitting cross-legged on the ground pulling a piece of cheesecloth back and forth through the gun barrel to remove the last vestige of the rust and dirt, one of the ever-recurring thunder showers came up. Laying aside the gun, he jumped to his feet to assist his tent mates in unfurling the canvas sides of the tent, remarking, as he hopped back and forth over the net work of supporting guy ropes, that it was the best practice he could imagine for a hurdler on a university track team.

LONG-DISTANCE RIFLE PRACTICE.

The rifle shooting on the long-distance range came as the culmination of several days' practice at the subcalibre targets, where but 2-calibre shells are used. Yesterday on the short range the men got their first chance at rapid firing, being required to shoot five shots in 45 seconds, kneeling and prone.

Some of the larger Philadelphians, notably "Beef" Wheeler and Harold Rosengarten, both very stout men, found the prone position more difficult than the kneeling. Ordinarily the case is reversed. They both turned in low scores. Mr. Pepper was above the average with a 39, and L. C. Kent, also of Philadelphia, was among the experts with a 45. All of the subcalibre shooting was at 50 feet. In long range this morning the men got a chance to see what they could do at 300 to 500 yards.

"THE DAY OF REST."

Yesterday, with the exception of the short rifle practice, was a day of complete rest. The recruits stayed in their tents for the most part, smoking, reading and studying military books. Some, however, more energetic, hiked to the Ausable Chasm and other points of interest in the vicinity of the camp.

The machine gun squad, of which Mr. Wheeler is a member, took a long run to a point some 45 miles away, where they had target practice.

However, for the most part, the men remained quite considerably subdued by the effects of the anti-typhoid innoculation administered Saturday.

Mayor Mitchel, of New York, has been flooded with postals and letters signed "Taxpayer," "Pro bono publico," "Veritas" and the like, urging him to return to New York and his desk. The Mayor, however, is one of the most ardent supporters of the camp and what it stands for, and intends to remain for the present, at least.

CATHOLICS WILL NOT SUGGEST PEACE PLAN

Bishop at National Convention Deplores Conditions of Workingmen

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 16.—Apostolic Delegate Bonzano denied before the American Federation of Catholic Societies' 14th annual convention today the report that he would offer a definite peace proposal for adoption by the federation. Bonzano called upon all the Catholics of the country to pray for peace, and that America be kept out of the war.

Fred W. Mansfield, Boston lawyer, in an address on "Divorce," appealed to the Catholic lawyers of the country to exercise a more positive influence toward checking the divorce evil.

Other speakers were Bishop James A. McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., known as the "father of the Federation"; Bishop Schrembs, of the Toledo diocese, and John Whalen, of New York, president of the society.

In his sermon Coadjutor Bishop M. J. Gallagher, of Grand Rapids, Mich., declared that America was facing a serious situation on account of the conditions of the working classes, and the inequitable distribution of wealth, and that unless the tide was stemmed a revolution was certain to follow.

Pedestrian Struck by Auto

Wilbert Stadler, 22 years old, 921 North Broad street, was taken to the St. Joseph's Hospital in a critical condition after he was struck by a touring car at Broad street and Girard avenue today. The driver of the car escaped. According to the police, the driver disregarded the signal of a traffic policeman to stop, striking Stadler as he was crossing Broad street. He was hurled several feet against another automobile and knocked unconscious. Physicians at the hospital say he is internally injured.

"SPORT"

LADS SAVE DOG FROM CLUTCHES OF DEATH

Sport Was Too Good a Friend of the Boys, So Will Find a Home for Him in Country

"Sport," a little yellow dog without a yellow streak, is to have a home in the country, where he will not have to wear a muzzle and where he'll never be in danger of the dog catcher. The animal is the good friend and protector of Hiram Paul, 15-year-old son of Frank Paul, the Coroner's detectie, and about a dozen other lads whose vacation headquarters are in the yard of the Boker Public School, at 22d and Venango streets.

For several years "Sport" has been at home in any one of a dozen back yards in the neighborhood, and in many of the houses. He never lacked plenty of good food and kind treatment, because "Sport" had demonstrated time and again that he had the interests of the boys at heart. Strange dogs that came around looking for trouble generally got it. So did strange boys who came around to beat up "Sport's" boy friends.

A few days ago the dog catchers got "Sport." Charles Smith, janitor of the public school, found the lads holding a mournful consultation of war in the yard. He advised them to raise a rescue fund of $2.50 and secure the release of the animal at the dog pound, 22d and Clearfield streets. Today the boys finished raising the money and there was a triumphal procession back to the schoolyard with their pet. Enough money was raised also to buy a muzzle, but the lads have decided that this is too cruel for "Sport," so they intend to find a home for him in the country.

TO ORGANIZE WORKERS

Plan to Form Union of All Branches of Clothing Industry at Meeting Tonight

An effort will be made to organize all clothing workers of this city at a meeting to be held at District Council No. 2, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, 426 Pine street, tonight. Alexander Cohen, an organizer from the headquarters of the clothing workers, in New York, will be in charge of the meeting.

According to Cohen notices of the meeting have been sent out in three languages and the plans call for five local unions, to embrace the coatmakers, pantsmakers, jacketmakers, vestmakers and knee-pants workers.

The meeting is the result of sporadic strikes at numerous small plants in the city caused by dissatisfaction over hours and wages. The men declare that piecework ers are paid less than those on a weekly wage, which they want equalized, and are asking for a week of 51 hours.

It is said that most of the manufacturers have acceded to the demands of the workers except Wiener & Pollner, 416 Market street, where 30 coatmakers are on a strike.

Funeral of William Borel

Funeral services for William Borel, who died yesterday following a brief illness, will be held tomorrow afternoon at his parent's residence, 528 East Johnson street, Germantown. Mr. Borel, who was 26 years old, was an assistant buyer for the Wanamaker store. He was widely known in church circles and was an active worker in the Market Square Presbyterian Church, Germantown.

OBITUARIES

JOHN T. MORRIS

Manufacturer, Financier, Clubman, Patron of Arts

The body of John T. Morris, former president of the Isaac Morris Iron Works, of Kensington, who died yesterday at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, will be brought to his country place, The Crompton, Chestnut Hill, tomorrow. No arrangements for the funeral have been made.

Mr. Morris, who was about 67 years old, was widely known in this city. He was chairman of the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire, one of the managers of the Philadelphia Saving Fund, a trustee of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, once chairman of the Franklin Institute and an overseer of the William Penn Charter School.

He was also a generous supporter of the Philadelphia Orchestra and a member of the Union League and the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

William R. Hunter

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 16.—William R. Hunter, 58 years old, is dead at Norman Villa. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Edith Norman Hunter, and a daughter, Mrs. Louis Lorillard. Mrs. Hunter's mother, Mrs. George H. Norman, resides in Rome.

Death Notices on Pages 12 and 13

BECKERS'

Final Cleanup is a Man-size Opportunity

Here are STYLE and QUALITY and SERVICE backed by the Becker Guarantee.

Here are prices so ruthlessly cut they'll surprise the most hardened bargain hunter.

And Here's the Reason

We are opening a new Becker Store in the Widener Building.

This means fresh Fall stocks to be labeled and distributed—Summer stocks to be immediately cleared.

All original prices cut one-half
Many reductions even greater

STRAW HATS

$1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 ..... 69c
$3 and $4 ..... 95c
$5 and $6 Panama and Leghorn $3.50

At these Addresses Only
906 Chestnut Street, Juniper and Filbert Sts.,
20 and 22 South 15th Street

"THE SHOPS INDIVIDUAL"

THE DAILY STORY

The King's Jester

Out of the magic stillness of the midsummer night rang a man's infectious laugh. At the sound Amy Pond lifted her head and drew her idle fingers from the fountain pool.

"The king's jester is on the job," sneered her companion.

"Don't!" protested Amy, then she added in confusion: "He might hear you, Mr. Lane—sounds carry so plainly at night.

Ralph Lane smote the marble rim with his palm. "What if Leslie Clifton does hear me?" he asked sharply. "What is it to me—or to—you—Amy?" The last word bore a note of lingering tenderness.

"I have not given you permission to call me that," said the girl steadily.

He leaned forward, his dark face close to her fair one. The moonlight shone impartially on both and revealed them plainly to an old man and a young one seated on the other side of the fountain.

"You will give me permission to call you that—and much more—will you not?" breathed Ralph Lane in the girl's ear.

Amy drew back quickly, and rose to her feet. "It is impossible," she said firmly.

"You do not care for me?" demanded Lane darkly.

She shook her head. "I am sorry, Mr. Lane. I never could—in that way. We have always been good friends and I don't like to lose my friends," she added wistfully.

He laughed shortly. It was an unpleasant laugh, quite unlike the hearty, contagious laughter of Leslie Clifton, which had earned for that impecunious young man the sobriquet of the "king's jester" or "the court fool," he being merely pri-

"And would you say anything more?" he whispered.

vate secretary to the rich and acrimonious Mr. Jasper Root, chronic invalid as well as cotton king.

Amy Pond was Jasper Root's grandniece and a frequent visitor in that bachelor household.

Across the fountain Lane's contemptuous voice had carried clearly. The old man chuckled in his beard and poked his private secretary, playfully.

"So they call you the 'king's jester,' do they, Clifton? Well, you have certainly earned the title! I've felt 10 years younger since you came. You're an antidote for old age. If I can ever persuade myself to part with you, I shall recommend you as a sure cure for grouchy, gouty old men like myself."

Clifton laughed again, but this time his voice was low and bitter.

"Being the king's jester has its disadvantages," he said wryly.

"Such as being laughed at by the beautiful princess?"

"Yes—and by rival jesters!" retorted the goaded Clifton.

Jasper roared with laughter, and, having thumped his stick upon his gouty toe in an ecstacy of amusement, he straightway fell to groaning with anguish. Clifton helped him into the house, and, after giving him into the hands of his valet, returned to the garden for a smoke before retiring. In the drawing room Amy's parents were playing bridge—double dummy—and, as there was no sight of Amy or Ralph Lane, Clifton concluded that they were still at the fountain.

He turned the other way and went into the rose garden, which was Mr. Root's hobby. In the centre, by the sun dial, stood a slender, pliant, white-clad form.

It was Amy Pond, her elbows on the stone face of the dial, her eyes hidden in her hands. Ralph Lane had disappeared.

At the sound of Clifton's step on the path, the girl lifted her head and looked at him. "Oh—it is you!" she said, in a peculiar tone.

"The king's jester—and the humble subject of your royal highness," he bowed, with mock humility.

"You heard!" she cried, contritely.

"I have heard it so many times before," he laughed.

"But why—why do you do it?"

"You mean, why do I play the fool?"

"Yes," she retorted as abruptly.

"For money!"

Amy drew back. "You mean—you actually mean that you toady to my uncle and amuse him in order that he may—that you might—oh, it is too horrible to mention!"

"In order that he may change his will in my favor?" asked the young man blandly. "Oh, no; kings are not given to leaving all their wealth to the court fool. I am afraid you are prejudiced, Miss Pond; and you could hardly understand my real reason."

Amy's head was bent over the sun dial and her slim forefinger was tracing the carved legend around the face.

"This says that I am as true as the sun," said the girl, suddenly lifting her head.

Clifton smiled wistfully at her. "Suppose I were to tell you that that is my own motto?" he asked.

"It could not be—under the circumstances," she retorted.

"You mean in my role as the king's jester?"

"Yes. You are not true to yourself when you are bartering your manliness for the ignoble role of fool, hoping to derive worldly riches. Oh, I cannot believe you! I don't believe a word of what you say!" she cried, and disappeared toward the house.

Leslie Clifton leaned toward the sun dial and looked down at the stone face. His finger touched several damp spots on its surface.

"Tears!" he murmured incredulously. "The darling!"

* * *

The next morning Miss Pond pleaded headache and did not appear at breakfast, so it is no wonder that when her uncle's physician arrived for his weekly consultation with his rich patient, Amy sought him out and took the celebrated specialist for a walk in the secluded rose garden.

"I cannot believe there is anything the matter with you, Miss Amy," protested Dr. Weems, peering at her through his spectacles.

"I am dying—dying of curiosity. Physician, can you cure that disease?" she asked with a wavering laugh that revealed heartache to the great specialist.

"Perhaps I can find a remedy," he said guardedly.

"Then tell me, Doctor Weems, do you know why Leslie Clifton engaged himself to my uncle as secretary? His whole purpose in life seems to be to amuse Uncle Jasper—to make him laugh—and—and—"

"Forget his pain," finished the doctor quietly.

"It sounds so silly," said Amy weakly.

"It sounds noble to me—to us who know that Clifton has left his own practice in Chicago to lift your uncle out of his slough of despondency, to give him new life, new views of life, and to leave him with a fresh grip on the remaining years that may be his. Doctor Clifton is a valued colleague of mine. He will get nothing out this incident save his salary which Mr. Root pays him and the knowledge that he may use in other cases. That was the understanding when he attempted your uncle's cure. Mr. Root believes Clifton to be a happy-hearted youngster without a care on his mind. I know him to be a hard-working physician, whose special study is nerves, and who will stoop to any means to broaden his knowledge. Next week he will leave Mr. Jasper Root, cured!"

Amy was sobbing. "Oh, Doctor Weems, I have done him such an injustice!"

"Then now is a good time to ask his forgiveness," snapped the specialist, as he beckoned to Leslie Clifton and promptly effaced himself from the rose garden.

Leslie looked at the girl's bowed, sunny head, and his heart contracted. He laid his firm white hand on the silken coils, and when she had lifted her drenched eyes and looked at him she promptly hid her face in her hands.

Leslie smiled tenderly. "The king's jester would have speech with her royal highness, the princess," he said.

"Yes?" she quavered.

"What would you say if the court fool confessed himself in love with the king's daughter?"

"I would say that—that the cap and bells are but masks to hide the nobleman behind the jester's dress," she whispered.

"And would you say anything more?" he whispered.

"I would say that I could love the man behind the mask and forgive him for being a jester because he is so much more a man!"

And in the rose garden these two traced the motto that circled the sun dial's face.

"I am as true as the sun."

"You are truer!" whispered Amy.

And not until then did Doctor Clifton know that his secret mission was discovered.

Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

It's more than an extra good soap that softens water and makes heavy suds. Fels-Naptha soap contains as much naptha and other harmless cleansers as will best do the work.

FELS-NAPTHA

Your part of the weekly wash is the easy part. The 30 minutes soaking dissolves the grease and loosens the dirt so that out it comes with a few rubs—you save your back and half the time.

Use Fels-Naptha for all soap-and-water work.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILWAY

15 DAY TOURS Niagara Falls

Leave Reading Terminal 8:30 A. M.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21
A DAYLIGHT TRIP VIA
Scenic Reading-Lehigh Valley Route

Round Trip Tickets $12.00
Good Returning Within 15 Days.

Other Trips, August 28, September 4, 18

Leaflet full particulars all agents.

$1 Seashore EXCURSIONS

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Ferries 7:00 A. M.

EVERY DAY FOR
Atlantic City, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Stone Harbor, Wildwood, Cape May

ADDITIONAL
Cape May and Schellinger's Landing, Chestnut St., 6:40; South St., 6:50 A. M. Sundays. Atlantic City, Saturdays in August and Sundays, 7:20 A. M.

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
HAS BEEN AWARDED THE

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND TRADE MARK

GRAND PRIZE
HIGHEST AWARD
BY THE SUPERIOR JURY OF THE
Panama-Pacific International Exp.
AT SAN FRANCISCO
COVERING

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Borden's Evaporated Milk
Borden's Milk Crystals
Borden's Malted Milk
Borden's Grade A Milk
(Pasteurized and Certified)
Borden's Extra Heavy Cream

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED ON
Borden's Milk Chocolate, Borden's Milk Chocolate Almond Bars and Borden's Machine Wrapped Caramels