

I TEUTONI SCONFITTI AL FRONTE ITALIANO

Le Truppe Francesi Conquistano Posizioni Occupate dagli Austro-Tedeschi

PADOVA BOMBARDATA

La Storica Città e' Colpita per la Terza Volta dalle Bombe Teutoniche

ROMA, 1 gennaio. Da un comunicato ufficiale, redatto in base ai bollettini del Quartier Generale Italiano e pubblicato ieri, si apprende che le truppe francesi, operanti alla fronte italiana, hanno assottigliato l'offensiva riportando una notevole vittoria sulla orde austro-tedesca. Il combattimento si svolse presso Osteria Demofreda e Maranzano.

I francesi fecero prigionieri 1350 teutonici e catturarono sessanta mitragliatrici, sette cannoni e parecchio materiale da guerra. Gli aviatori italiani ed inglesi efficacemente si cooperarono per assicurare la vittoria delle truppe francesi.

Questa e' la prima notizia ufficiale che le truppe francesi sono entrate in azione alla fronte italiana, da quando fu segnalata la loro presenza, settimane or sono. Recenti dispacci annunziarono che le truppe francesi erano state piazzate in posizioni pronte per respingere gli attacchi austro-tedeschi. Questa e' la prima volta che hanno assunto l'offensiva.

Un telegramma da Londra reca che Herlino ha ammesso la vittoria riportata dalle truppe francesi. Infatti un bollettino del comando tedesco, pubblicato nel pomeriggio di ieri, dice che i francesi attaccarono e riuscirono a penetrare in alcune delle posizioni occupate dai tedeschi intorno a Monte Tomba.

Il comunicato tedesco aggiunge che i francesi presero l'offensiva nel settore di Monte Tomba, tra Monte Grappa ed il fiume Piave e che dopo viva lotta riuscirono a penetrare in parte delle posizioni austro-tedesche sulle montagne. Nonostante i francesi subirono notevoli perdite, dice Herlino, sarebbero riusciti a catturare 375 prigionieri.

Un comunicato del Ministero della guerra in Roma, pubblicato nel pomeriggio, ha annunziato che la città di Padova per la terza volta e' stata bombardata, ieri, dagli aviatori teutonici.

I bombardamenti del nemico sopra città aperte, divengono sempre più accenti—dice il comunicato. Padova e' stata bombardata per la terza volta senza che siano verificate perdite di vite, nullameno il ricco patrimonio artistico della città ha grandemente sofferto. La facciata della cattedrale e' stata abbattuta.

Telegrammi da Padova confermano appunto che la facciata della storica cattedrale e' stata demolita dalle bombe gettate dagli aviatori austro-tedeschi durante una incursione avvenuta nella notte tra sabato e domenica.

La Cattedrale di Padova fu costruita nel XIII secolo ed e' ritenuta come uno delle più pregevoli opere dell'architettura ecclesiastica nell'Italia settentrionale.

Guilherme Marconi, nominato al commissariato italiano per gli Stati Uniti, partirà tra breve alla volta dell'America. Marconi dividerà il suo tempo tra Washington e New York.

Un sanatorio per i malati tubercolotici, che fu eretto mediante pubblica sottoscrizione fatta dal "Giornale d'Italia", sarà intitolato al nome del Presidente Wilson. Costi e' stato annunziato oggi.

Durante un'intervista concessa dal presidente del consiglio dei Ministri della Grecia, Venizelos, questi disse che l'Italia mira ad avere una base navale nel Mare Egeo e che e' assurdo ritenere che l'Italia segua un programma di espansione in opposizione agli interessi della Grecia. Riferendosi al questione dell'Adriatico, Venizelos dichiarò che la Grecia non ha mira nelle acque adriatiche ed ha offerto la sua cooperazione agli alleati senza stipulare condizioni compensi.

DAI CAMPI MILITARI

Scrivono da Camp Dix (Wrightstown, N. J.) che la Philadelphia Orchestra, sotto la direzione del maestro Leopold Stokowski, darà un concerto al Red Triangle del campo, in sera di mercoledì 2 gennaio. Il costo del biglietto per assistervi e' stato fissato a dieci soldi, ma si crede che il ricavato non basterà a coprire le spese di viaggio per i musicanti.

Le autorità militari erano venute a conoscenza che parecchi soldati di Camp Dix si sarebbero recati a passare le feste presso le loro famiglie, in tenuta da ufficiali commissari ed anzi sembra che parecchi siano riusciti a farsi fotografare in tale uniforme. In vista di ciò sono state prese misure severissime ed una speciale sorveglianza sarà esercitata alla stazione ferroviaria alla partenza dei treni, allo scopo di cogliere coloro che non indossano la regolare divisa.

Parecchi soldati che tentavano partire in breve licenza indossando divise non regolari, gambali o cappelli fuori ordinanza ecc, sono stati fermati alla stazione dal colonnello Battlo, che ha loro imposto di ritornare all'accampamento per mettersi in piena regola con la divisa.

Il freddo al Campo Dix e' intenso e gli abitanti di Wrightstown, N. J., hanno dichiarato che non ricordano di avere avuto in passato, una temperatura simile a quella che si verifica presentemente.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

New Year's Day being a legal holiday the banks and trade exchanges are closed and there was virtually nothing doing in a wholesale way. In the absence of fresh information on which to base reliable quotations, our usual market reports are omitted from today's issue.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Livonia is threatened with revolution. Students, civilians, even army veterans, are ready to overthrow the monarchy and proclaim a republic. Prince Nikky is at the point of death and his grandsons are to inherit the throne. The Crown Prince of Livonia, in only eight years old. The time has come for the king to die and his Chancellor, Metlich, knows it.

In order to safeguard the heir to the throne, the king ordered to watch over him. Nikky is in love with Hedwig, the daughter of the Crown Prince. Hedwig is to marry the Crown Prince, but she has a secret admirer, a young man named Bobby. Bobby is a student at the university and he is in love with Hedwig. He is a young man of high intelligence and he is a member of the revolutionary party.

As they drew near the end of the park, where the Landgrave's house stood, Prince Ferdinand and William Otto searched it with eager eyes. How wonderful it was! How steep and high, and alluring! He glanced sideways at Miss Braithwaite. Most of all, that to her it was only a monstrous heap of sheet-iron and steel, adorned with dejected greenery that had manifestly been out too soon in the chill air of very early spring.

A wonderful possibility presented itself. "If I see Bobby," he asked, "may I stop the carriage and speak to him?" "Certainly not," said the Landgrave. "You will call to him."

"Think it over," suggested Miss Braithwaite. "Would your grandfather like to know that you had done anything so undignified?" "I turned to her a rather desperate pair of eyes. "But I could explain to him," he said. "It was in such a hurry when I left that I'm afraid I forgot to thank him. I ought to thank him, really. He was very polite to me."

Miss Braithwaite sat still in her seat and said nothing. The novelty of riding in a royal carriage had long since passed away, but she was aware that her position was most unusual. Not often did a governess, even of good family, as she was, ride daily in the park with a crown prince. In a way, on these occasions, she was more than a governess. She had, now and then, an inclination to bow right and left herself. And she guarded the dignity of these occasions with a watchful eye. So she said nothing just then. But later on something occurred to her. "You must remember, Otto," she said, "that this—this American child dislikes kings and our sort of government."

"Shades of Mr. Gladstone—our sort of government! It is possible, isn't it, that he would resent your being of the ruling family? Why not let things be as they are?" "Why very friendly," said Ferdinand William Otto in a small voice. "There don't think it would make any difference."

But the seed was sown in the fertile ground of his young mind, to bear quick fruit. It was the Crown Prince who saw Bobby first. He was standing on a bench, peering over the shoulder of the crowd. Prince Ferdinand William Otto saw him and bent forward. "There he is!" he said, in a tense tone. "There on the—"

"Sit up straight," commanded Miss Braithwaite. "May I just wave once? I—" "Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite, in a terrible voice. "But a dreadful thing was happening. Bobby was looking directly at him and making no sign. His mouth was a trifle open, but that was all. Otto had a momentary glimpse of him, of the small cap set far back, of the white sweater, of two coolly critical eyes. Then the crowd closed up and the carriage moved on."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat back in his seat, very pale. Clearly Bobby was through with him. First Nikky had forgotten him, and now the American boy had learned his unfortunate position as one of the detested order, and would have none of him. "You see," said Miss Braithwaite, with an air of relief, "he did not know you."

Up on the box the man beside Beppo kept his hand on the revolver. The carriage turned back toward the palace. Late that afternoon the Chancellor had a visitor. Old Mathilde, his servant and housekeeper, showed some curiosity but little excitement over it. She was, in fact, faintly resentful. The Chancellor had eaten little all day, and now, when she had an omelet ready to turn smoking out of the pan, must come the Princess Hedwig on foot like the common people and demand to see him.

Mathilde admitted her and surveyed her uncompromisingly. Royalties were quite as much in her line as they were in the Crown Prince's. "He is about to have supper, Highness." "Please, Mathilde," begged Hedwig. "It is very important." Mathilde sighed. "As your Highness wishes," she agreed, and went grumblingly back to the study overlooking the walled garden.

"You may bring my supper when it is ready," Hedwig called to her. Mathilde was mollified, but she knew what was fitting, if the Princess did not. The omelet spoiled in the pan.

The Chancellor was in his old smoking coat and slippers. He had made an effort to don his tunic, but Hedwig, on Mathilde's heels, caught him in the act. And, after a glance at her face, he relinquished the idea, bowed over her hand and drew up a chair for her.

And that was how the Chancellor of the kingdom learned that Captain Larisch, aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Crown Prince, had disappeared.

"I am afraid it is serious," she said, watching him with wide, terrified eyes. "I know more than you think I do. I— we hear things, even in the palace. From here, but unconsciously. I know that there is trouble. And it is not like Captain Larisch to desert his post."

"A boyish escapade, Highness," said the Chancellor. But in the twilight, he gripped hard at the arms of his chair. "He will turn up, very much ashamed of himself, tonight or tomorrow."

"That is what you want me to believe. You know better." He leaned back in his chair and considered her from under his heavy brows. So this was how things were; another, and an unlooked-for complication. Outside he could hear Mathilde's heavy footsteps as she waited impatiently for the Princess to go. The odor of a fresh omelet filled the little house. Nikky, gone, perhaps to join the others, who, one by one, had felt the steel of the Terrorists. And this girl, on whom so much hung, sitting there, a figure of young tragedy.

"Highness," he said at last, "if the worst has happened—and that I do not believe—it will be because there is trouble, as you have said. Sooner or later we who love our country must make sacrifices for it. Most of all, those in high places will be called upon, and among them you may be asked to help."

"What can I do?" But she knew, and the Chancellor knew that she knew. "It is Karl, then?" "It may be King Karl, Hedwig." Hedwig rose, and the Chancellor got heavily to his feet. She was fighting for calmness and she succeeded very well. After all, if Nikky were gone, what did it matter? Only—

"There are so many of you," she said, rather pitifully. "And you are all so powerful. And against you there is only—me." "Why against us, Highness?" "Because," said Hedwig, "because I care for some one else, and I shall care for him all the rest of my life, even if he never comes back. You may marry me to whom you please, but I shall go on caring. I shall never forget. And I shall make Karl the worst wife in the world, because I hate him."

She opened the door and went out without ceremony, because she was hard-driven and on the edge of tears. In the corridor she almost ran over the irritated Mathilde and she went all the way back to the palace, much to the dismay of her lady in waiting, who had disapproved of the excursion anyhow. That night the city was searched for Nikky Larisch, but without result.

CHAPTER XIV NIKKY DOES A RECKLESS THING NIKKY LARISCH had been having an exciting time. First of all, he exchanged garments with the chauffeur and changed his own long legs, which proved difficult to cover adequately. But the chauffeur's long fur coat helped considerably. The exchange was rather a ticklish matter, and would have been more so had he not found a revolver in the fur coat pocket. It is always hard to remove a coat from a man whose arms are tucked in his trousers and even more difficult. To remove trousers from a refractory prisoner offers problems. They must be dragged off and a good thrust from a heavy boot, or two boots, has been known to change the fate of nations.

However, Nikky's luck stood. His prisoner kicked, but owing to Nikky's wise precaution of having strapped him nothing untoward happened. Hehold, then, Nikky of the brave heart standing over his prostrate prisoner and rolling him, mummy-fashion, in his own tunic and a rug from the machine. "It is cold, my friend," he said, briefly, "but I am a kindly soul, and if you have told me the truth, you will not have so much as a smuffle to remind you of this tomorrow."

"I have told the truth," Nikky went on, "I think you have made a mistake. You should have chosen the precipice. But as a private gentleman, I thank you."

Having examined the knots in the rope, which were very well done, indeed, and having gaged the chauffeur securely, Nikky prepared to go. In his goggles, with the low-visor cap and fur coat, he looked not unlike his late companion. But he had a jaunty step as he walked toward the car, a bit of swagger that covered perhaps, just a trifle of uneasiness.

Por Nikky now knew his destination, knew that he was bound on perilous work, and that the chances of his returning were about fifty-fifty, or rather less. Nevertheless, he was apparently quite calm as he examined the car. He would have chosen, perhaps, a less perilous place to attempt its mysteries, but needs must. He climbed in and released the brakes. Then, with great caution and considerable noise, he worked it away from the brink of the chasm and started off.

He did not know his way. Over the mountain it was plain enough for there was but one road. After he descended into the plain of Karnia, however, it became difficult. Sign posts were few and not explicit. But at last he found the railroad, which he knew to be that railroad without objective, save as it would serve to move troops toward the border. After that Nikky found it easier.

But, with his course assured, other difficulties presented themselves. To take the letter to those who would receive it was one thing. But to deliver it, with all that it might contain, was another. He was not brilliant, but one by one he had felt the steel of the Terrorists. And this girl, on whom so much hung, sitting there, a figure of young tragedy.

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If, now, he could open the letter and remove it, substituting—well, what could he substitute? There were cigarettes in his pocket. Trust Nikky for that. But how to make the exchange? Nikky pondered. To cut the side of the envelope presented itself. But it was not so simple. The best is none too good when one's life is at stake.

The engine was boiling hard, a dull roaring under the hood that threatened trouble. He drew up beside the road and took off the water-cap. Then he whistled. Why, of course! Had it not been done from time immemorial, this steaming of letters? He examined it. It bore no incriminating seal. He held the envelope over the water-cap, and was loyally pleased to feel the flap loosen. After all, things were easy enough if one used one's brains. He rather regretted using almost all of his cigarette papers, of course. He had, perhaps, never heard of the drop of blinoline on the tongue of a dog.

As for the letter itself, he put it, without even glancing at it, into his cap, under the lining. Then he sealed the envelope again and dried it against one of the lamps. It looked, he reflected, like a no incriminating seal. He was extremely pleased with himself.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Gloucester County Freeholders The Gloucester County Board of Freeholders will meet at the Courthouse, Woodbury, today, at the noon hour, and organize by electing Charles H. Walton, of Woodbury, as the new director. He succeeds Dr. H. M. Forder, of Williamstown, who was elected to represent the county in the House of Assembly, Trenton. The Democrats have a gain of two members in the new board but the Republicans still have a good majority of members. The new members of the board are W. B. Jones, of Washington township; William T. Jones, of Franklin township; and W. H. Dunca, of Greenwich township. J. Royl Axie, of Woodbury, will be elected solicitor of the board, to succeed Oscar B. Hedrow of Wenonah, who is now the county prosecutor.

Pleasantville Council to Organize PLEASANTVILLE, N. J., Jan. 1.—The new body of City Council will organize at noon today with eight Republicans and one Democrat member. The new members are Charles M. Christie and Raymond G. Ireland, who succeed Frank Blackman and Jacob Derr. Albert E. James will be elected president and Nehemiah Andrews city clerk. Appointments will be as follows: Engineer, fire department, Mark Fritsch; assistant, William Biggs; street supervisor, Walter Barnett; chief fire department, Paul Wootton; overseer of the poor, Daniel S. Edwards; chief of police, Clarence Krewson.

HATS TRIMMED FREE OF CHARGE Lit Brothers One Yellow Trading Stamp With Every 10c Purchase All Day Market Eighth Filbert Seventh We Sincerely Wish You A Happy, Prosperous New Year STORE CLOSED ALL DAY TODAY Wednesday's papers will contain important announcements of the Wonderful Sales starting Tomorrow, January 2d, including GREAT ANNUAL WHITE SALE Men's Clothing Sale Floor-Covering Sale Sale of Women's Coats and Suits Sale of Furs Hosiery and Underwear Sale This Store Allows No Discounts on Any Purchase of Merchandise We wish to make known to our patrons that our prices are exactly the same to all, and that no one—not even our own employees—will be given any discounts. Our Contract Department Will Be Continued as Heretofore, and We Are Ready at All Times to Submit Estimates On Any Orders for Furnishings or Supplies for Institutions, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Etc. The policy of this store has always been to give our patrons the very best values in the highest grade merchandise. WE WILLINGLY refund money or exchange goods bought here if not satisfactory. Prompt service is always obtainable. We deliver goods to over seventy towns, villages and cities in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Our Mail Order Department is prompt and efficient. We Thank All for Past Patronage, and Hope for a Continuance of it in the New Year MARKET EIGHTH FILBERT SEVENTH

WARNING TO GAS CONSUMERS Gas consumers are warned that we may be unable, temporarily, fully to meet the great increase in the demand for gas, due to cold weather and the shortage of the domestic coal supply. There is danger of some burners going out when the gas demand is heaviest, and gas coming on again later. Be sure that all burners not in use ARE SHUT OFF. Do not go to sleep with any gas burning. If any burner will not light, be sure to close the gas cock before you leave it. Do not keep a burner lighted unless some one is in the room. If you smell gas, examine and shut off all burner cocks. Do not under any circumstances search for a gas leak with a candle or match. THE UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

GEORGE W. JACOBY MEN'S FURNISHER 620 Chestnut Street takes this opportunity to express thanks to his many loyal customers who gave such enthusiastic response to his recent "need-the-money sale" Launched December 11th The appreciation of the good values, voiced again and again during the progress of this notable sale, will serve as incentive to maintain that standard of value-giving throughout the year 1918. To our friends—old and new—a Happy New Year