

SIRES AND SONS.

G. W. Nevill, seventy-seven, of Philadelphia has donated \$38,000 to hospital in that city.

H. C. Gerlach, former noted globe trotter, has settled down in Milwaukee as a lawyer.

Lieutenant Colonel Julius L. Powell, the only remaining officer of the army who served in the Confederate ranks, has been placed on the retired list as a brigadier general.

Mr. William Watson Obyrne, C. B., who has been elected president of the British Royal College of Surgeons, is an honorary surgeon to the king, professor of clinical surgery, King's college, and was Hunterian professor to the Royal College of Surgeons from 1898-90.

General Paul Mary Caesar Gerald Pau, who has been placed in command of one of the French armies, was born at Montellmar, in France, and is now in his sixty-seventh year. He was trained at St. Cyr, the West Point of France, and was graduated in 1877. General Pau fought through the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He lost an arm at Froeschviller.

Current Comment.

The Nobel prize this year may be turned over to the Red Cross.

It's not too early to begin thinking up things to be thankful for on Thanksgiving.—Louisville Herald.

Latin America is in a fair way to discover again that the United States is her good friend.—Rochester Herald.

For this season at least the steamship lines need fear no aerial competition across the Atlantic.—Baltimore American.

The continued silence of the stock ticker has apparently not greatly disturbed the people of this country.—Washington Star.

The annual parade of the Grand Army has now dwindled to approximately 5,000 men in line at Detroit this year, and it will never be so large again.—Springfield Republican.

Pert Personal.

One Wied has been looted out of the garden of nations by the Albanian people.—New York Mail.

Thomas Hardy's poem on the war will serve to confirm his reputation as a great prose writer.—New York World.

George Bernard Shaw boasts that he does not smoke, says an exchange. Is there anything George doesn't boast of?—Detroit Free Press.

It is altogether probable that John Lind is remaining strictly neutral, but we'll wager no one could get him to say so.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

William Waldorf Astor has given \$25,000 to the Prince of Wales relief fund. William will be a lord yet if his liberality holds out.—Chicago Herald.

Industrial Items.

New York has 100,000 clockmakers. Women act as factory inspectors in British Columbia.

Swedish mines employ 100 women and 2,704 children.

There are almost 300,000 unorganized coal miners in this country.

Women employed in the metal trades at Milan, Italy, are paid 5 cents an hour.

It requires some 17,000 clerks to man the 3,400 railroad postoffices in the United States.

Of the nearly 12,000 women employed in the silk industry in New Jersey over 2,200 receive an average of from \$12 to \$15 per week in wages.

Fashion Frills

Fall styles for men are right much the same thing that Sherman said war was—Greenville (S. C.) News.

The dressmakers propose "war styles" for women's clothes. Can the women of a peace nation consistently wear them?—New York World.

We have been trying to figure out why it is that the uglier the fashion the prettier the woman seems, but we give it up.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

A shortage of foreign dyestuffs will prolong the fashion of white stockings. Gratitude may be felt that economic conditions can revive the barber pole effects that our forefathers knew.—Washington Star.

Recent Inventions.

An attachment by which any camera can be used to enlarge negatives has been patented.

To provide sleeping quarters in an automobile there has been patented a folding bed much on the principle of the sleeping car berth.

So that a man can adjust himself to any light while shaving a Missourian has patented a mirror mounted on a rotatable rod, supported by a wire frame, to be suspended from his neck.

Crop Notes.

Put down the 1914 apple crop at 210,000,000 bushels. And it's up to us to see that they don't spoil.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kansas is planning to plant an additional 2,000,000 acres in wheat. There will be need for it next year, no doubt.—Rochester Herald.

And now it seems that we are to have a bumper cotton crop too. These European chaps had better stop grasping and get in on some of this prosperity.—Indianapolis News.

Thrilling Arctic Rescue  
Of Marooned Expedition  
In Northern Ice Fields

EIGHT survivors of a part of the Canadian arctic expedition which started northward a year ago last June under the leadership of Vilhjalmur Stefansson have been rescued by the steam schooner King and Wing from their perilous camp at Wrangell Island. It will be recalled that Stefansson left his main ship, the Karluk, to go on a hunting expedition with two others of the party, and that the Karluk was subsequently crushed in the ice. Captain Robert Bartlett in command of the ship, with most of the party, reached Wrangell Island.

Previous to this four of Bartlett's party against the wishes of Captain Bartlett had left the ship's party and pushed on in an attempt to reach Wrangell Island. These were Dr. Mackay, Murray, Bechet, scientists attached to the expedition, and Seaman Morris.

Dr. Mackay did not believe in the use of dogs, and he and his companions started out, pulling a sledge by hand. They failed to reach the island, and probably lost their sledge and provisions in crossing the leads in the ice, dying of starvation or freezing to death.

Another party consisting of four of the crew of the Karluk, headed by First Mate Anderson, probably lost their lives somewhere between Wrangell Island and Herald Island while endeavoring to land provisions for the main party, which was under the leadership of Captain Bartlett.

Captain Bartlett saved as large an amount of the Karluk's stores as possible before the ship went down. The party knew that practically its only chance of being saved lay in reaching Wrangell Island, and the dangerous trip was undertaken over the ice floes, carrying the provisions.

Upon reaching the island, Captain Bartlett took two natives and a dog team and worked his way to Bering Strait. There he boarded a whaler.



PHOTOS BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON AND THE KARLUK.

which brought him to Nome and immediately communicated with the revenue cutter service.

The revenue cutter Bear got as far as Point Barrow on Aug. 27, but was not able on its trip south to approach near enough to Wrangell Island to make the rescue.

A shortage of coal supply prevented the Bear from remaining at the island and she returned to Nome, but started back again in September, apparently arriving just in time to take the survivors from the schooner King and Wing.

To the King and Wing belongs the credit of getting the marooned men off Wrangell Island. Returning, she met the Bear and transferred the survivors to the cutter at the request of Captain Bartlett, as the men were badly in need of medical attention.

The meeting of Captain Bartlett and the survivors was affecting, as none of them had expected to see him again. No relief ships having arrived in August, they had given Captain Bartlett up as lost and were preparing to winter in the arctic. When the King and Wing found them they were building a house of driftwood and were almost entirely out of provisions.

All the survivors were extremely weak and emaciated from the lack of food and exposure to the rigors of the arctic climate. Two men had frozen feet, but it is believed that they will recover completely under the care of the surgeons of the cutter Bear.

After taking on board the rescued men the Bear proceeded north to Herald Island in the hope of finding the remainder of the crew. Arriving off the island, they found themselves blocked twelve miles off shore by the ice. From their position they could see no signs of human life on the island and turned south on their way back to Nome. On the way they stopped at Cape Serdze, Siberia, where they notified the Russian authorities if the rescue of the Karluk men and asked them to keep a lookout for the others. Captain Bartlett and the survivors are now making their way to Victoria, B. C.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Jeanie D. Lottman, aged twenty-two, has obtained the degree of master of laws from Boston university.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Coneselo Vanderbilt, has, it is said, contributed \$2,000,000 to the suffrage cause in England.

Mrs. Margaret Stockman of Hampstead Garden, a suburb of London, is so framing her will as to disinherit her only son if women do not get the vote before her death.

Mrs. Montessori will supervise the work of the model Montessori school to be conducted as a part of the educational demonstration work at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in 1915.

China already has women doctors, but it remains for Miss Yarrow Low to offer to her country the services of a woman lawyer. Miss Low is a junior at an American university and feels sure that by the time she has won her degree her home province of Peking will be ready to receive her.

Flippant Flings.

Adam blamed it on an apple. But nowadays it is a peach that usually starts all the trouble.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ohio has not yet signified its usual desire to furnish all of the presidential candidates in 1916.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another interesting point is. What effect will this war have on some of those titles that have been bought by the rich papers of American girls.—Duluth Herald.

"The golden age of beautiful women is passing," observes—or at least alleges—a Japanese naval officer. No wonder these fair easterners are mad enough to go to war.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Animal Oddities.

There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

The founder lays 7,000,000 eggs a year, the turbot 12,000,000.

The earliest riser of the bird family is the greenfinch, which sometimes begins to sing at 1 o'clock on a summer morning.

In appearance flying fish are very like a sand mullet. The wings resemble an "extended" dorsal fin and open and shut like a lady's fan.

One little honeybee will hang suspended from a limb, while from his body a hundred others will depend on holding to another, chain fashion, and one cannot see that the first bee wavers or finds his load heavy.

Tax Suggestions.

Let economy be taxation's teammate.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Moving pictures of the war ought to be taxed on their gate receipts.—Philadelphia Record.

Let's have a tax on baseball tickets and have it effective from Nov. 1 to March 1 each year.—Lawrence Telegram.

A war tax on automobiles which would take the joy out of the joy ride could not be wholly burdensome.—New York World.

We would suggest that the administration might get a pile of money by putting a war tax on the free lunch.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Town Topics.

Baltimore needn't think she owns "The Star Spangled Banner."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Chicago, like Boston, loses her grand opera by reason of the European war. By the way, it is still true, in Chicago, that nothing is wasted but the squeal.—Manchester Union.

"Near-side stops" for the street cars have proved to be very popular in New York, where some people in the past have experienced difficulty in getting the motormen to stop at all.—Boston Globe.

Cost of Living.

Why not a five and ten cent butcher shop?—Washington Herald.

The grocers blame prices on the "man higher up," but always it is the man lowest down who pays them.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Newark, N. J., has also opened municipal markets. A general engagement is opening against the advance of prices, with a particular effort to outflank beef.—New York Sun.

Train and Track.

Finland has 2,430 miles of railway. About 65 per cent of the Swiss federal railways rest on steel ties.

As a recognition of good service the Erie railroad paints the name of a meritorious engineer on the locomotive. Russia's railways are narrower than the European standard. They were built so to hamper any attempt at military invasion.

Simple Salve.

Never neglect a cough or a continued cold. Consult your physician early.

Don't let your baby crawl on a dirty floor. Wash his hands after creeping.

To disguise the unpleasant taste of opium salts drop in a little lemon juice. Then you will find the salt solution quite pleasant to take. Hot water used both internally and externally is highly recommended by medical men as a cure for insomnia. Bathing the feet in hot water is said to be particularly efficacious.

OCCUPATIONS FOR DOGS.

A Variety of Jobs is Now Open to the Canines.

"Dogs with an occupation," writes a correspondent of an English periodical, "are much happier than dogs without. They are so full of energy that they love to be occupied. And yet, except for sheep tending, house watching and for sporting purposes, we give them little or nothing to do. Look at the dog helping to pull a baker's handcart in the streets of Brussels. How interested he is in his business! He may be down while his master is away delivering the bread, but he is always on the watch, and as soon as his master appears, he is ready to receive her."



Photo by American Press Association.

THESE ARE 20,000 DIFFERENT KINDS OF BUTTERFLIES.

appears, and long before he is ready, he is all eagerness to start again. Having work times, too, gives double zest to off times."

New occupations have been made for dogs in the present war and they have been found useful in Belgium for drug light artillery. These dogs had previously drawn small milk carts and other peaceful dog wagons. Dogs are also being employed by British, French and German troops in aiding to make searches for the wounded. They also have been found useful on outposts and picket posts at night to give warnings against surprise. In this country new occupations are also being found for dogs, and one of these is as an aid to the police in tracking criminals and in helping to catch criminals by chasing them and tripping them up.

Dogs are in use in the Russian army for sentry duty on outposts. Every Russian regiment has thirty of these dogs, whose service has been found to be of extraordinary value in outpost work at night. An outpost, its own sentinels doing their regular tours of duty and their watchfulness supplemented by that of these dogs, is as nearly secure against surprise or against being "rushed" as is possible.

The march of an army by day and its rest by night depend on security against surprise, and these Russian soldier dogs are alert sentinels. They may not be always awake and may not always walk their post in a military manner, but if they sleep it is in light and watchful sleep. No strange sound escapes them. No strange footstep can approach. Their sense of smell is so keen that they give warning of the approach of a foe before his stealthy footsteps may be heard.

THE CLOSING OF MONTE CARLO

Famous Gambling Resort Has Shut Its Doors Till Better Times.

Monte Carlo, the most famous of all gambling resorts, has been closed on account of the war. One of its four directors, M. Kreuz, was arrested by the French as a spy. All sorts of plans were found upon him, and he has been imprisoned at Nice.

"In accordance with an agreement between France and the principality of Monaco foreigners of German or Austro-Hungarian nationality were ordered out of the principality.

"No doubt the prince by grace of the gaming table," says a Berlin paper, "will be heartily sorry to have to lose good customers, but he can take comfort from the thought that he has heretofore taken enough money from them."



THE MAJOR DOMO OF MONTE CARLO, WHO HAS CLOSED THE DOORS.

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"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—Freck.

He calls on her no more. The meet regards the girl with scorn. He thought she was a fairy, but she stopped on his pet corn.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What makes the beautiful brood bound from rock to rock, dearest?" "It's full of spring water, darling."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Late to your bed and early to rise will give you more time for awaiting the flies.—Yonkers Statesman.

"He is a self-made man, is he not?" "Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."—Judge.

In poker speech there's many a grin beyond the slightest doubt. One loser says he's ten bucks in, which means he's that much out.—Detroit Free Press.

"They tried the new play on the dog." "With what results?" "Howling success."—Baltimore American.

The doctor didn't have a dime. "Oh, how is business, sir?" we cried. "There's nothing doing yet, but I'm a patient waiter," he replied.—New York Mail.

Patience—How in the world do you succeed in forgetting things?" Patience—Really, I don't remember.—Yonkers Statesman.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, like a diamond, up so far, a celestial jewel set. Maybe we will tax you yet.—Washington Post.

Gabe—The boss is looking for a manager, but he can't get any one capable of filling the position. Steve—Why doesn't he get married?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A purling vagary comes to my mind—The head of the family is always behind.—Buffalo News.

"How is Jaggs succeeding in drowning his troubles?" "He was complaining this morning of that sinking feeling."

Lives of felices all remind us, find we each nine lives apiece. What a mess we'd leave behind us on our ultimate decease!—New York Evening Sun.

"Mr. Green has called to pay his respects to you, sir." "Disappointed again. I thought he'd come to pay me that ten he owes."—Detroit Free Press.

"Take anything," he asked his friend, "for that bad cold and chill?" "Thought you were on the wagon," said the friend. "Of course I will."—Dallas News.

"How did you get along playing golf with your wife?" "Well, at the ninth hole she was about 22,000 words ahead."—Life.

After much improvement in weapons made to kill there's the old fashioned cupid with bow and arrows still!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misses—Why did you place the alarm clock beside the pan of dough, Mary? Mary—So it would know what time to rise, mum.—Boston Transcript.

I've often been, I will confess, quite scared before I saw that my special bug-a-boo was but a man of straw.—New York Times.

The Sire—Your reckless course spells ruin. The Son—Spelling always came easy to me.—Exchange.

At housework dainty Mabel stops. She says she knows not how. The only thing she ever mope is, now and then, her brow.—Detroit Free Press.

"I bear the sea captain is in hard luck. He married a girl, and she ran away from him." "Yes; he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper."—London Tit-Bits.

A hard worked man is William Lerch. He is a busy slob. He hustles round each day in search of some nice easy job.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What kind of a husband will he make?" "One that is perfectly safe for a woman to drive."—Freck.

A frog's front legs are short and slow. His hind legs can't be beaten. And yet his slow legs get away while the swift are caught and eaten.—New York Mail.

"Bilgins is a remarkably well informed man." "Yes; he knows so much that you can't tell him anything and you can't understand all that he tells you."—Washington Star.

In auto clocks we do delight, we'd mention at this juncture. The wheels go running day and night and never get a puncture.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Love is blind, isn't it?" "So they say." "Then how about love at first sight?"—Baltimore American.

To one old habit she still clings, she's careless and she's fair; she always did make light of things—she likes to bleach her hair.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

KEEPING A RESOLUTION

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

The day I was graduated from the medical school—the only woman in my class—dear old Dr. Phillips, who handed me my diploma, said to me, with a smile:

"There it is, my dear. But it will do you no good."

"Why do you say that, doctor?" I asked, much disconcerted.

"Some young fellow will induce you to marry him, and you will have no time to practice a profession which, if practiced properly, will require all your time."

I was young and headstrong. Moreover, I had spent years preparing myself for my vocation. I grasped the doctor's hand and, raising my other, dramatically said:

"I promise you, Dr. Phillips, that I will devote my life to the sick. I make this pledge that it shall be impossible for me to go back on my profession."

I shall never forget the kindly smile or the twinkle of the eye with which the good doctor received this vow. I strutted out of the room and as I closed the door behind me shut off part of what he said:

"I'll bet you don't practice three—"

I tried to get a position that would give me hospital work, but, failing in this, hung up my shingle as a general practitioner. I had been practicing but a few months when an elderly lady came to my office and said that she would like me to treat her son. From her description of his disease I thought that it was probably melancholia. The young man was up and about and attending to business. I therefore suggested that he call at my office during my consultation hours. But his mother said that it was she who desired the services of a physician for her son and she could only succeed in submitting him to treatment and insisted on my going to the house. Besides, she wished him to see a woman physician, whereas if he went to an office he would probably go to a man.

This argument prevailed, and it was agreed that I was to call the next day after 5 in the afternoon, when the young man—Dick's mother called him—had returned from business. I made the call, was received by the lady and introduced to the patient. There was that about him which reminded me of some one else, but I could not tell who the other person was. He did not appear to be ill, but appearances are often deceptive.

I pled him with questions, which he seemed disinclined to answer, and I succeeded in getting very little out of him. All I could do was to recommend that he take out of door exercise and have what society he relished. His mother was present during the interview, and when I arose to depart she put her arms about me and said:

"Help us out by giving us your company occasionally as well as your professional services, won't you? Dick won't go out, and I know no young persons to invite to the house."

I could give no definite reply to this, of course, and simply bowed assent.

"Oblige me by staying to dinner with us," continued the old lady, and she began quietly to remove my hat and coat. I made but a faint resistance, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at table. For my life I could see no sign of illness in Dick, who was very entertaining and charmed me with his conversation.

I am not going to give the history of my professional treatment of my patient, Richard Ashley, for mingled with it is a love story of which he is the hero and I the heroine. Which was never ill, though he led me to suppose that there was a nervous weakness about him that did not appear on the surface. I studied his case for months, trying different remedies, which I had my doubts he ever took. Finally I found myself so deeply in love that I was ready to sacrifice my profession for him. Indeed, the great problem of my life became, not how to cure him, or any one else, for that matter, but to appropriate him to myself. It was I rather than he who suffered from a peculiar disease. If any attractive young woman came near him I was seized with a terrible anxiety lest some other woman should take him away from me.

However, time proved that these fears were groundless, for one evening after one of my visits to him and I had been invited to dinner his mother left us alone together in the library, and what I so desired was clinched by a proposal.

As soon as our engagement was made known to the members of our respective families congratulations began to come in. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts" called on me, and they were all not only very gracious to me, but regarded me with an amused curiosity. One day who should come to see me but my old preceptor, Dr. Phillips, to whom I had made the pledge not to marry. I could not escape him, so I faced him. He was brimming over with amusement.

"You little humbug!" he said. "I knew you would not be saved for the medical profession, so I resolved to get you into my family. I told my nephew about you and your pledge, suggesting that he make you break it. He has done his work beautifully, though his mother has been of great assistance to him."

"You miserable, mean, good for nothing!"

I threw myself into the dear old man's arms.

ROBERT