DAUGHTER OF RICH MAN VANISHES FROM FAST EXPRESS TRAIN

Disappears at South Framingham While En Route With Father, Who Was Taking Her to School.

WORCESTER Mass., Sept. 29.—Disappearing mysteriously between Boston and Worcester, while on the way to Peekskill, N. Y., on a Boston and Albany express train Sunday afternoon, no trace as yet has been found of Miss Katharine Keating, 16 years old, daughter of H. S. Keating, a wealthy Dallas, Tex., attorney.

The father was taking the girl from Boston to a private school in Peekskill. He says she had about $125 in her pocketbook and looked 20 instead of 16.

Miss Keating and her father started from Boston for Albany, where they were to change cars for Peekskill. Just previous to the train pulling into South Framingham Mr. Keating left his parlor seat to smoke, returning as the train was possibly 15 or 20 miles from this city to find his daughter gone.

Believing she had gone to the women's washroom, the father waited a few minutes, but when the train approached Worcester became worried and started a search of all cars with the aid of the conductor. No trace of the girl could be found and the father alighted in Worcester and wired South Framingham and then notified the local police.

The police of Worcester and South Framingham traced the girl to the latter city, where it was said she boarded a trolley car for Worcester. No reason for leaving the train is given by the wealthy Dallas attorney, other than the fact that his daughter was unwilling to return to the Peekskill school. He was asked if it was not possible that a romance was responsible, and he answered that as far as he knew there was none.

U. S. EMBASSY SPLENDORS

Americans in London Amazed by Magnifience of New Quarters.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—The American Embassy has opened for business with all comers in the new offices, at 4 Grosvenor Gardens. Naturalized Americans and refugees from the Continent who called there thought they had visited Buckingham Palace by mistake, so magnificent are the embassy's present quarters. Jeffersonian simplicity is noticeable only in the rooms where carpets are not yet laid, owing to the haste in moving.

The house is a skyscraper, according to London ideas, there being five stories and a sort of roof garden above. Each secretary has a room big enough to play tennis in, and the Ambassador's sanctum is so spacious that it is necessary to use a megaphone in speaking across it. The top floor has slightly smaller rooms, which the unmarried attaches are regarding covetously as possible bachelor apartments.

American residents of London who called to inspect the new embassy were speechless at the splendor, and respect for the United States, which has increased tremendously since the war began, took another upward leap.

FARLEY IN NEW YORK AGAIN

Aged Prelate Back From Rome With Vivid War Experience.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Cardinal Farley arrived last night from Rome on the Sant' Anna with a vivid description of his war experiences and his impressions of the new Pope.

The big delegation of 300, who intended to go down the harbor on the Highlander and take the Cardinal off the liner at Quarantine, decided at the last moment to remain at the Battery. The Highlander was tied up there, and the Cardinal, who arrived at Quarantine at 9:45, was brought up the bay on the cutter Manhattan.

During the trip up the harbor the fireboat New Yorker played her searchlights on the deck of the cutter, and in the sharp circle of light the aged prelate stood, bareheaded, acknowledging the salutes of various craft.

Once aboard the Highlander the Reception Committee filed before the Cardinal and paid its obeisance. The boat immediately started up the river to 50th street, where the Cardinal was placed in an automobile and hurried to his home, at Madison avenue and 50th street.

ENTERS SETTLEMENT WORK

Executive Secretary of Civic Federation Changes Field of Activity.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 29.—Robert A Crosby, executive secretary of the Civic Federation in this city, has resigned to become head worker of the University Settlement, Eldridge street, New York. He succeeds Dr. Robbins Gilman, and begins his new duties November 1. His wife will be associated with him.

Mr. Crosby came here six years ago from the University of Maine, and has been active in local civic affairs.

CLASS OFFICERS CHOSEN

Students at West Chester Normal School Pick Leaders.

WEST CHESTER, Sept. 29.—The classes at the West Chester State Normal School have chosen their officers for the current term. The seniors have chosen Norman Stevens, president; James Ulsh, vice president; Katharine Hartman, secretary, and Anna Butler, treasurer.

The junior class has also organized, selecting Clarence Stitter, president; Harry Schoonly, vice president; Irene Randall, secretary, and Beatrice Ball, treasurer.

BISHOP TRIED FOR ARSON

Charged That He and Others Burned Church for Insurance.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 29.—Bishop C. R. Harris, a Negro presiding over the largest district in the Southern African Methodist Episcopal Church; W. J. Trent, secretary of the Negro Young Men's Christian Association, in Atlanta, and seven Negro doctors and lawyers are on trial here in the Superior Court, charged with arson.

It is alleged they caused the burning of a local Negro Methodist Church two years ago to get insurance.

Mills Close; 800 Out of Work

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 29.—The mills of the Quidnick-Windham Manufacturing Company, at Willimantic, Conn., and Quidnick, R. I., were closed yesterday by a temporary receiver, Charles H. Newell, of Pawtucket, R. I. Between 800 and 900 operatives were thrown out of work. A hearing will be held October 13 in Providence, on a petition for a permanent receiver. The petition avers that the corporation is insolvent and that a receiver is required to conserve the estate.

MINOR TERRORS OF WAR; ITS COMEDY AND PATHOS

An eloquent commentary on the feeling that exists between British officers and men, and a reason why the list of casualties among the British commissioned officers has been so large is furnished in the following letter written by a noncommissioned officer of the Buffs:

"No regiment fought harder than we did, and no regiment has better officers, who went shoulder to shoulder with their men, but you can't expect absolute impossibilities to be accomplished, no matter how brave the boys are, when you are fighting a force 20 to 30 times as strong. If some of you at home who have spoken sneeringly of British officers could have seen how they handled their men and shirked nothing you would be ashamed of yourselves. We are all determined when it is fit again to return and get our own back."

Hundreds of men from the Salvation Army missions have answered the call of Lord Kitchener for services loyally and promptly. Stories of the gallantry and bravery of the Salvationists are now coming back from the front.

One of the wounded served as a motor driver in the royal field artillery. He was a bandsman in the Salvation Army before war was declared and told of hearing other former Salvationists singing the favorite songs of the army on the battlefields at night.

Telling of the fighting, the former bandsman said:

"Shells were bursting all around us and I was struck by a splinter. It was only a flesh wound, however, so I bound it up and went ahead with my work. First it seemed the enemy was getting the better of us, then he would retreat and so the battle went all day. Comrades were falling all around me. The Germans were falling in hundreds. So thick were the dead of the enemy that when the order to advance was given we simply had to force the motor over heaps of bodies. While following the retreating Germans six of us got lost. For four days we tramped without anything to eat or drink. On the third day our tongues were hanging out from thirst and two of the men went mad. It was on the fourth night that we fell in with the British ambulance sections, and one of the first sounds I heard was a wounded man in one of the wagons singing:

"'I'm a child of a king,
I'm a child of a king,
With Jesus my saviour,
I'm a child of a king.'

"I learned that he was a Salvationist and later in the stillness of the night I heard a clear voice in another part of the camp singing:

"'Then we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.'

"The song was taken up in other parts of the camp until it swelled into a chorus of voices that made the air ring with the old Salvation Army song."

Reports indicate it sometimes takes a lot to kill a modern soldier. Sergeant Fougere, of France, received eight bullet wounds, a broken arm and other injuries, and although shot in the calf, thigh and ankle, escaped being captured by Germans, and limped ten miles to his regiment. Another French soldier received six bullet and three bayonet wounds and is recovering. The French War Office estimates only two men are killed out of every 100 hit. The penetration is so clean one soldier did not know he had been hit for three hours, and another bullet went through two soldiers and lodged in a cavalryman's saddle.

"If oLndon were to follow the example of the Russian capital and change its name," says the London Times, "Cosmopolis might be a suitable title. For six weeks citizens of other nations have been pouring into England until London has become a vast hostel. Belgians whose homes have become smoking ruins, Frenchmen on whose lands the soldiers of three nations are now fighting, Russians whom the outbreak of war surprised in some alien country—all have sought these shores. Here, too, are many of our enemies' subjects—Germans and Austrians who were in England when war broke out, and have chosen to prolong their sojourn. At the hint of war, Germans who were in Paris flowed over to England. This invasion has turned London into a city where alien tongues may be heard everywhere. In omnibuses and trains, in the shops and theatres one sees foreigners and listens to foreign speech. One might almost suggest that London's new motto should be 'Ici on parle Francais,' for in certain parts of the city the language of our Allies is heard almost as frequently as our own."

Some of the privates at least in the German ranks are under the impression that Japan and the United States are taking part in the war on the German side, acording to a letter received in London from an officer of a Highland regiment now at the front.

In every camp where Britain's new armies are being trained the regular drill instructors are sweating over their company rolls at night, desperately trying to remember the pronunciation of the names of aristocratic recruits who do not recognize Cholmondley when pronounced as it is spelt.

A sergeant calling the roll for a company of the new "sportsmen" battalion for the first time had a terrible experience recently. Having disposed successfully of a few "Harpers," "Mitchells," etc., he came to the name "Montague."

"Private Montaig," shouted the sergeant.

There was no reply, but when the name was repeated a half-hearted "Here, sir," came from the ranks.

"Why didn't you answer before?" demanded the sergeant. "Because my name is Mon-te-gue," replied the recruit.

"Well," snapped the sergeant, "you'll do seven days' fatigew."

The next name on the list, Majoribanks, brought no response, for the sergeant pronounced "Majoreybanks."

A second call brought the mild response, "I expect you mean me, sir. My name is 'Marshbanks.'"

The sergeant almost reeled, but proceeded bravely with "Colquhoun."

"Private Col-kew-houn," he called. "Coohoon, sir, that's me," came a brisk reply from the front rank.

The drill instructor gave up and, closing his book, he wearily gave the order "number." When this was completed he said:

"One hundred and twenty-one. That's right. Now, if there are any more of you with fancy names just come to me after drill and tell me how you would like to be called."

A tale of disappointment told to King George by a wounded private told of a section who missed their dinner. The vehicle carrying the food had just arrived when the Germans came on. The attack having been repulsed, and the enemy driven back, the British were returning, no doubt feeling that a meal had been well-earned, when a German shell struck the wagon and blew it and the dinner to pieces. The soldiers had to console themselves as best they could with a biscuit apiece.

A story of peculiarly hard luck was that of a soldier who took advantage of a halt to remove one of his boots. Hardly had he got it off than a German attack developed and in the skirmish his boot was lost. For the subsequent three days he did his best, marching with one foot properly shod and the other practically bare, but at the end of that time he had to be sent home as an invalid.

As in the days of the Boer War, hapless infants are already being marked for life by the critical events of the European conflict. "Alsace Lorraine Jones" and "Louvain Nicholls" are among the child-insurance registrations of the current week. The epidemic of topical nomenclature in the South African days was crystallized into a song, of which the chorus ran:

The baby's name was Kitchener, Carrington, Kekewich, Methuen, White.
Cronje, Kruger, Powell, Majuba, Gatacre, Warren, Colonso Bright.
Capetown, Mafeking, French, Kimberley, Ladysmith, Dobbs,
The Union Jack, Fighting Mac, Buller, Pretoria, Bobs.

When M. Antoine Revelli, a Paris engineer, reached his flat one night this week he found in his bed, sleeping the sleep of innocence, a rosy infant. Pinned on the coverlet was a note, "My mother is dead, and my father has gone to the front." M. Revelli has accepted the charge so delicately laid upon him.

The London Daily Mail's Paris correspondent tells a story of a trick played by Lieut. Col. La Roque, who was wounded and captured in the battle of the Marne.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a German ambulance corps, established in a farm. There were several German Red Cross attendants and a guard of five men, under a sergeant with fixed bayonets.

At 4 o'clock the next afternoon a small French patrol, searching the neighborhood, fired a few shots at some Uhlans posted near there, and, after putting them to flight, rode away. La Roque turned this incident to profit.

He at once took command of the German detachment, and, speaking excellent German, assured the Red Cross attendants they had nothing to fear, as he would protect them. Then, turning to the guard of six men, he told them if they did not want to be shot by French troopers they had better surrender themselves to him. He made them lay down their arms and locked them up in a shed.

La Roque then made his escape, and despite two wounds, succeeded in reaching a French outpost before falling down exhausted from loss of blood.

LIQUOR QUESTION STIRS DELAWARE AS LEADING ISSUE

Lower Portion of State Especially Interested in Subject of License and Party Lines Disregarded.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 29.—Politicians of all parties are worried over the prohibition question. In this county they are of the opinion that the "wets" will be in a majority, and that the question of license will not figure largely in the campaign, but in the lower portion of the State the situation is mixed, and no one can tell what the effect is going to be.

It is said the "wet" and "dry" lines are closer drawn in the lower part of the State than ever before and that residents are aligning themselves on this issue more than with the political parties. In one district a Democrat has been nominated who is a "dry" man and the Republicans there say that they will support him because he is "dry." In another district a Republican nominated for office may be "dry" and the "dry" Democrats are apparently with him to a man. The same division is being made on men who are "wet."

The Progressives by declaring for Statewide prohibition expect to get all of the "dry" votes, but this they will not do. The "wet" and "dry" people will vote for the men who favor them regardless of party lines, because they consider this the most important question which is to come before the Legislature.

Two years ago the question was not so strongly drawn in respect to legislative candidates, because there was a United States Senator to be elected, and the "wets" and "drys" put aside their differences in order to assist in the election of a man of their own party to the Senate, but this year there is no Senator to be elected. It is therefore regarded as important by those interested in the liquor question that they should elect men of their own views.

PLOT TO BLACKMAIL HILL

Duluth Police Charge Man With Scheme to Get $50,000.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 29.—Charles Howell, of Glen Flora, Wis., is held here for the Federal authorities and, according to the police, has confessed that he prepared, through a series of letters, to blackmail James J. Hill and the latter's son, Louis W. Hill, out of $50,000.

The police say Howell also confessed that he had sent similar letters to persons in Duluth and towns in Wisconsin.

LESS "WET" IN KENTUCKY

106 Counties of the 120 in State Are "Dry" Now.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 29.—Nine of twelve Kentucky counties in which local option elections were held yesterday voted "dry" according to unofficial returns tonight. Those counties voting to remain "wet" were Henderson, with a majority of 1053; Fayette, 3264, and Anderson with 64.

Counties voting dry were Carroll, Montgomery, Mason, Bell, Boone, Clark, Shelby, Zourbon and Scott. Three counties, Daviess, McCracken and Chritian, recently voted "wet."

Yesterday's election leaves 14 of 120 counties in the State "wet."

ASKS $60,000 OF OLDFIELD

Auto Racer Charged With Running Down a Man.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 29.—Barney Oldfield, automobile racer, has been sued for $60,000 by Christopher Ringhausen.

Ringhausen alleges that Oldfield, when traveling 30 miles an hour on September 24, struck him and his motorcycle, injuring both; that he did not stop behind a street car; did not blow his horn; failed to give right of way to vehicles on right at intersections; attacked him after the accident, and used loud and abusive language.

Ringhausen asks $25,000 for personal injuries; $25,000 for "being attacked" and $10,000 for injured feelings.

DISPOSITION OF PRISONERS IS PROBLEM TO PETROGRAD

800,000 Austrians Taken Is Report. To Be Distributed in Muscovy.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 29.

The Russian regards the Austrian as a gentlemanly opponent, with whom it is a pleasure to fight.

Not that the Austrian does not fight well. The struggle in Poland and Galicia has been as bloody as that on the Meuse, and the Austrian, though beaten, has fought gallantly against overwhelming numbers, better generals and better troops.

The Austrians have never levied any contribution on occupied towns, and have treated Russian prisoners and wounded with reasonable humanity.

It is not easy to arrive at a correct estimate of the number of Austrian prisoners interned in various parts of Russia. The Bourse Gazette, one of the leading evening newspapers of Petrograd, sets the figure at 800,000. Among the large contingent of prisoners at Kiev is the former Austrian commandant of Lemberg.

The Austrian prisoners arriving in Petrograd are a decidedly mixed crowd. The first thing that strikes one about them is the extraordinary number of Slavs.

Kiev is overflowing with prisoners. They are also streaming into Petrograd. They are becoming a national problem.

"What shall we do with our Austrian prisoners?" is the cry of the moment. As a matter of fact, they are being directed to Vologda and other remote internal Governments of Muscovy, where they will be as peaceful for the next six months as if they were snowed up at the North Pole.

To give the Austrian officer his due, he does not often, when captured pester his captors for favors. Some Austrian officers do not seem, however, to take the war seriously. The best Austrian troops are those from the Tyrol. They have had not quarrel with the Slavs, and know nothing about them, while the troops from eastern Austria are either half Slav themselves or are easygoing and not serious.

This lack of seriousness constitutes the great moral defect of the Austro-Hungarian army. It explains the readiness of the Austrians to surrender and retreat.

LEFT HUSBAND A CENT

"Account of His Worthlessness," Says Wife in Her Will.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—John B. Hendrickson, 1438 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, who is "on account of his worthlessness" mut off with one cent by the will of his wife, who died August 6 last at the New York State Hospital, King's Park, has filed with Surrogate Ketcham of Brooklyn a petition for its probate.

Hendrickson says he has waited ever since his wife's death for her executrix, Mrs. Martha Winter, 17 St. Mark's place, Brooklyn, to file the will. He says he believes Mrs. Winter will refuse to act as executrix of the will and will refuse to apply for its probate. Under the terms of the instrument an estate of $3000 is distributed among Mrs. Hendrickson's four children.

SENDS HIS REPORT FROM JAIL

President of Bridge Workers Urges Close Affiliation With Other Unions.

PEORIA, Ill., Sept. 29.—President F. M. Ryan's annal report was read here yesterday before the convention of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

The report, sent by the president from the Leavenworth penitentiary, where he is serving a sentence imposed by the Federal courts, advises closer affiliation with other trade unions and a more united support of the labor press.

Acting President J. E. McClory in his report recommended a general organization plan and an increase in officers' salaries.

TROTOL USED FOR MINES

New Submarine Explosive Fired by Electricity.

A new submarine mine explosive called "trotol," which cannot be set off by percussion, but which has to be confined and fired by electricity, has been employed in the annual war test of submarine mines off Sandy Hook.

Trotol, it is declared, can be melted and handled without danger. Mines loaded with 100 pounds of the new explosive and fired during the recent test threw columns of water and pieces of targets 250 feet to 350 feet in the air. Each mine was allowed to remain in the water two hours before being exploded in order to test the water-tight joints in the cable containing the firing circuit.