

**MOST HATED TURKISH
OFFICIAL IN ASIA MINOR**



DJEMAL PASHA

Djemal Pasha, the most hated official in Asia Minor, has been withdrawn by the Turkish government as governor of Palestine owing to the intense feeling his methods aroused among the population.

**A GENERAL SURVEY OF
THE WAR**

German forces which landed on the Russian island of Oesel, at the head of the Gulf of Riga, on Friday, occupied Arensburg, the capital of the island, on Saturday, it was officially announced by the Russian war office. Arensburg is on the southern shore of Oesel island.

The northern group of German warships, the statement adds, dispatched a torpedo boat squadron between the islands of Oesel and Dago, which pressed back the Russian patrols. Russian naval forces reinforced the patrol and accepted battle, whereupon the German ships retired.

Fighting for Oesel island, the war office announced, continued all day Monday. German naval aerial forces are supporting the land forces on the northern and southern sectors of the island.

Further movements of the German naval forces into the Gulf of Riga, the statement says, are covered by the long-range artillery of the Russians from Oesel island.

Premier Kerensky in an urgent appeal to the Baltic fleet to defend the fatherland "in this hour of trial" divulged the fact that the garrison of Kronstadt, the chief fortress and military port of Russia, and the station of the Baltic fleet, twenty miles west of Petrograd, by its attitude already has weakened the defensive resources of the fortress.

Eight dreadnaughts, a dozen light cruisers, 40 torpedo-boats and 30 mine sweepers participated in the German landing on Oesel island. The people of Petrograd received the news of the occupation calmly.

Another British attack opened in Flanders. Only three days had elapsed since the last attack was made. The former push was launched, after a four-day pause. Previously intervals of a week or more had elapsed between the British attacks.

Unofficial dispatches from British headquarters reported that the British had pushed several hundred yards into the German lines, the advance along one wide sector averaging nearly half a mile. On Passchendaele ridge Haig's troops had fought their way within about 1,000 yards of the center of Passchendaele village.

The Germans seem to have sensed the approaching battle, although they probably were ignorant as to just where the blow would fall, as Friday's Berlin statement reported that the British drumfire was directed on the front from the River Lys to the Ypres-Menin road. This area is south of the front actually attacked. As a precautionary measure, the German guns dropped gas shells on the British front nearly two hours before the attack was launched.

Numbers of prisoners already had been taken by the British when the correspondents filed their dispatches. Apparently the objective is the remainder of the ridge commanding the Flanders plain, over the dominant points of which the British have already passed and are driving downward.

Another notable fact in connection with the present series of drives is that each is now apparently being made regardless of weather conditions. One good day for airplanes observation was enough for the British in this instance to get their ranges, launch their drumfire, drop their barrage and push to the attack through the mud and renewed rainfall.

Brakeman Crushed to Death.
Hugh Collins, twenty, a Pennsylvania railroad fireman, was crushed to death between freight cars in Pittsburgh.

**FIRES ON ITALIAN
SHIP BY MISTAKE**

**U. S. Patrol Boat Kills Two
on Submarine**

SIMS REPORTS OCCURRENCE

Secretary Daniels Send Message To Italian Ministry of Marine Expressing Regret Over Affair.

Vice Admiral Sims cabled the navy department that an American patrol vessel, on duty at night in the war zone, had fired on an Italian submarine, which failed to answer recognition signals, killing one officer and one enlisted man.

Secretary Daniels at once sent a message to the Italian ministry of marine, expressing the deepest regret over the unfortunate occurrence and tendering his and the American navy's deepest sympathy for the loss of life. The navy department issued this statement:

"The navy department has been informed by Vice Admiral Sims that recently an American patrol vessel while on patrol duty at night encountered an Italian submarine and that when the latter failed to answer the established recognition signals the patrol vessel opened fire which resulted in the killing of one officer and one enlisted man before the identity of the submarine was established.

"Vice Admiral Sims is thoroughly investigating the unfortunate occurrence and reports will be forwarded later to the department.

"The secretary of the navy upon receipt of the first news dispatched the following message to the Italian minister of marine:

"I have learned with deepest regret of the unfortunate occurrence which resulted in an American patrol vessel firing, through a misunderstanding, upon an Italian submarine, causing the death of one officer and one enlisted man on the latter.

"As our patrol vessels are in European waters primarily for the purpose of co-operating with the Italian and other allied vessels, in our common cause, the unfortunate encounter is all the more regrettable. Due to the recent unusual activity of enemy submarines in this region, which have resulted in the loss of several vessels, the patrol had been strictly maintained and the unfortunate fact that the patrol vessel did not obtain the recognition signals resulted in her opening fire. Please accept on behalf of myself and the American navy sincere and heartfelt sympathy for the loss of life which has resulted.

"JOSEPHUS DANIELS."

Church Knitting Banned.

Harrisburg ministers have come out in formal statements against women taking knitting to church services even though they were engaged in war work. Strong statements on the subject were sent to the newspapers.

\$2,000,000 More Loaned to Belgium.

A loan of \$2,000,000 to Belgium was announced by the treasury department. This makes the total advanced to Belgium by the United States \$55,000,000.

LIVE STOCK AND GRAIN

Pittsburgh
Cattle—Prime, \$13.25@14; good, \$12@13; tidy butchers, \$10.50@11.50; fair, \$8@9.25; common, \$6.50@7.50; heifers, \$6@9.75; common to good fat bulls, \$5.50@8.75; common to good fat cows, \$4@8.50; fresh cows and springers, \$40@90.
Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, \$7.50@12; good mixed, \$7.25@11.25; fair mixed, \$9@10; culls and common, \$5@7.50; heavy ewes, \$7@10.50; spring lambs, \$12@13; veal calves, \$15.50@16.50; heavy and thin calves, \$7@11.50.
Hogs—Prime heavy, heavy mixed and mediums, \$19@19.10; heavy yorkers, \$18.75@19; light yorkers, \$17.90@18; pigs, \$17.50@17.75; roughs, \$16.50@17.25; stags, \$15.50@16.
Cleveland
Hogs—Heavies, \$19.15@19.20; mixed, \$19.15@19.20; yorkers, \$19.10; pigs, \$17.50; roughs, \$18; stags, \$16.25.
Sheep and Lambs—Choice spring lambs, \$17@17.50; fair to good, \$16@17; common, \$8@14.50; choice sheep, \$9.50@11.10; culls and common, \$5@8. Calves—Choice, \$15.50@16; fair to good, \$14@15; heavy and common, \$9@12.
Cattle—Prime shipping steers, \$11@12; good to choice, \$10@11; good to choice butcher, \$8.50@9.50; fair to good, \$7.50@8.25; common to light steers, \$6.50@7.25; good to choice heifers, \$7.50@8.50; choice fat butcher bulls, \$7.25@8.25; bologna bulls, \$6@7; choice fat cows, \$7@8; fair to good, \$5.50@6.50; canners and cutters, \$5@5.50 milch cows and springers, \$60@90.
Chicago.
Hogs—Bulk, \$18.20@19.40; light, \$17.70@19.15; mixed, \$17.80@19.65; heavy, \$17.80@19.65; rough, \$17.80@18.05; pigs, \$14@17.85.
Cattle—Native steers, \$7.10@13.60; western steers, \$6.25@14.60; stockers and feeders, \$6.15@11.50; cows and heifers, \$5@12.25; calves, \$9.50@16.
Sheep—Wethers, \$9@12.85; lambs, \$13.50@18.40.
Chicago Grain Close.
Wheat Corn Oats
October 50
December 54 1/2

"THE DOCTOR ISN'T IN!"

By OLIVE GRAY.

Dr. Charles Morse walked thoughtfully to his office. The verb was not unusual, the adverb was, for although he always walked he was seldom thoughtful.

Could his thoughts have been photographed, the picture would have been of a breakfast table with a persuasive sister on one side, himself on the other. And could a dictagraph have absorbed the conversation, the record would have been as follows:

"But, Charles, dear, we girls have counted so much on our clubhouse. Suffragists need a headquarters and how are we to get it if every man refuses a donation as you do. We were counting on a hundred dollars from you anyway."

"Good heavens, sis, I work days for that much. Besides, I don't approve of suffrage."

"You're horrid, Charlie, and I won't talk to you any more. But never mind; we'll get it yet. I'll send Jane Gregory after you. There isn't a man in the city who can resist her, and I am morally certain that if she asks you for a hundred dollars you'll give one long look into her lovely eyes and dig down in your jeans for double the amount."

"Not if I see her first!" her brother answered with heat. "I don't care how pretty she is. I won't give a cent for any fool thing like that."

Doctor Charles reached his office and "opened up" himself, for Mary, his office girl, was away on a vacation. He sterilized instruments, put bottles within easy reach and addressed a set of teeth for mailing, for Charlie was a dentist. Then he opened the paper to see if he could get a girl for two weeks to take Mary's place. But not a soul wanted to work. And then a happy thought struck him. "I'll put a card on the office door, 'Girl Wanted.' Maybe that will catch somebody."

It did.

About ten o'clock, while he was adjusting some bridgework, the outside office door opened, and someone came in. Doctor Charlie went out to see, and there was a young girl, demure, shy and wide-eyed.

"I saw your card," she began diffidently.

"Good! I need an office girl for two weeks. Would you like to try it at ten dollars a week?" He rather hoped she would. He thought it would be pleasant to have her around.

"I can stay right now if you want me."

"All right; that's fine. Put your things in that closet and I'll give you instructions as soon as I'm through. And, by the way, if anybody—a lady—comes to see me, tell her I'm not in. She has gray eyes—well, I can't describe her exactly, but I rather think you'll know. She's after money, and I'd rather not see her."

"I understand," said the girl quietly unpinning her hat.

The morning wore on; patients came and went, and the new girl seemed to be doing very well. About noon he distinctly heard her say to someone who came in, "The doctor is not in."

About two o'clock, in the silence of the office he again heard the outer door open and the girl say distinctly, "No, the doctor is not in!"

Doctor Charlie was indignant. "The idea. Sis is rather overdoing it, or else that girl she's sending has more brass than I gave her credit for, to come twice in a day."

But what was his surprise when for a third time he heard the new girl telling someone that the doctor was not in.

At five o'clock the last patient had departed, and Doctor Charlie at last had time to give his assistant some instructions.

"I want to compliment you," he began, "on the way you got rid of that girl. Her name's Gregory."

"That girl?" she asked, her wide eyes opening still wider. Her mouth, with its wistful little droop, was getting a gripping hold on the young dentist's heart.

"Yes, I heard you tell her three times that I wasn't in."

"Oh, but they were different people."

"What do you mean?"

"The first was Mrs. Arnfeld. She's out canvassing for the new minister's home. I thought you wouldn't want to be disturbed."

"Right O!"

"And then there was Mrs. McArdle. She's determined to have a new Y. W. C. A. And the last was from your church. They are going to burn tribute generously, and besides they want to—"

"That's plenty," gasped Doctor Charlie. "But what's happened to Jane, I wonder?"

"I'm Jane," said the girl. "You see, we're all trying to earn money for the new clubhouse, and when I saw your sign I thought I'd like to try it here. And don't you think when I've side-tracked so many people today you might give us a little donation? Just a small one would do—a hundred dollars or so."

Doctor Charlie dropped limply into a chair. "I lose," he said weakly.

And, after the suffragettes had their building, and Doctor Charlie and Jane were married, she told him how she did it.

"There wasn't a soul there to see you that day for subscriptions," she confessed. "I made it all up."

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Her Dowry

By RUTH GRAHAM

In the Rocky mountains, not far west of Denver, there lived William Harrison, who had taken his wife and daughter into the gold region for the purpose of looking in the ground for a fortune. He settled himself and them in a log cabin on Clear creek. He would wash for gold until he found himself possessed of enough of the precious metal to keep his family for awhile, then he would start out on a prospecting tour, to dig holes in the ground, hoping to find gold in paying quantities.

But Harrison's diggings resulted in nothing. Each day he became more disappointed and discouraged.

One day a stranger came to Harrison's cabin and asked for a night's lodging. Mrs. Harrison took him in and gave him what she had, which was little enough, for they were very poor. He was waited on by Isabel at supper and chatted with her while he ate. He drew from her the story of her father's efforts to win a fortune for her out of the ground, besides a secret that was unknown to her parents. She loved a young man who was hunting for gold and had achieved no more success than her father. He was able to obtain only a precarious living for himself, and it would be a sin for the couple to marry while doomed to such abject poverty.

The stranger seemed much interested in the girl's story and asked many questions concerning the young man. Isabel assured him that he was of good character and not liable to a change or one following an ignis fatuus, since everybody in that region was a gold hunter. He was the son of a prospector. Therefore he might be said to have been born to the occupation.

The stranger seemed to be a peculiar man with strange ideas. Instead of berating Isabel's father or her lover for wasting time in a hunt that there was not one chance in a thousand of being successful, he said that life consisted of taking chances, for no one could tell what a day or an hour might bring forth. "Life," he said, "is not even a speculation. It is sure to end in the grave."

This was said with a melancholy spirit. The man was ill and possibly was influenced by his illness. He remained a month in Harrison's cabin, ministered to by Mrs. Harrison and Isabel. But he showed such interest in Isabel that he fell entirely under her care. He was delayed by a snowstorm that came early in the winter, and the snow was likely to remain on the ground for many months. Isabel told her friend that she regretted this because it covered a little grotto near the house where in fair weather she used to go and sew or read. He replied that life was only enjoyed by contrasts and the longer she was kept out of her grotto the happier she would be to get into it again.

When it ceased to snow the stranger took his departure. Before going he said to her:

"You will receive a dowry which will enable you to marry the man you love."

Isabel looked at him in astonishment and asked him when the dowry would come to her.

"When the sun is warm enough to melt the snow," was the reply.

The stranger was such an odd individual that Isabel thought little of this statement, thinking that he was not aware of what he said. She certainly did not place sufficient faith in it to tell it to her father and mother or to her lover.

That was a long winter, and her father found prospecting difficult on account of the deep snow. The family pined for the spring to come to release them from their cabin and enable them to enjoy the out of door life, so invigorating in the mountains.

At last there came a series of warm days, and the snow began to melt and run down the gulches in torrents. It was so thick that it required time to leave bare any of the soil or rocks. One remark of the stranger Isabel remembered. It was that the longer she was kept out of her grotto the more she would rejoice at re-entering it.

One morning after several warm days she was sitting by the window of her little room sewing. The sun was still melting the snow, shining brightly. Thinking of the stranger's remark about her grotto, she turned her head to look at it, for she could see it from her window. The snow had been melted so far as to leave several bare spots. On the edge of one of these spots she noticed a dazzling light made by the sun shining on some smooth substance. Isabel's curiosity was excited as to what this substance was, for she did not remember to have left any bit of metal or glass there in the autumn. She went out to the grotto, and there at her feet was a gold piece.

She picked it up wonderingly, then hunted in the snow for more. She found no more, but the next morning the snow had melted so far as to uncover a basket that had been missing, and it was full of gold coins.

The wonder stricken girl counted them and found what was an ample dowry.

She at once connected it with the stranger she had nursed and put it away for him, thinking he would return and claim it. But he never came. Isabel kept it untouched till the next autumn came on, and then, having heard nothing from him, she acted on what he had said about finding her dowry "when the snow melts" and appropriated it to herself.

SPEND HOLIDAYS IN WORK!



College girls from all parts of Lancashire and Cheshire volunteered to spend their holiday this year moss-gathering in Shropshire. They sleep under canvas and lead a camp life. The photograph shows two stalwart girls of the camp dressed in their outdoor attire, which includes smocks, puttees and breeches.

Matches Scarce in England.

A grave allegation of profiteering in matches at the expense of the public, according to the London Chronicle, was made against wholesalers and retailers by an official of a match factory recently. He explained that the chief causes of the present shortage were the stoppage of the importation of foreign supplies and the requirements of the army.

Pigeons as Carriers.

Pigeons have been used as messengers for many thousands of years. Dove is the Anglo-Saxon name; pigeon the Norman name. During the fifth Egyptian dynasty, 3,000 years before Christ, it was the fashion to domesticate pigeons and to train them as carriers and messengers. The promptness with which Caesar was informed of the rebellion in Gaul, and thereby enabled to cross the Alps before those uprising could possess the entire province, was due to the use of carrier pigeons. In the Crusades, these birds were skillful and faithful messengers.

Smelting Art Ancient One.

In the old world the art of smelting ores was discovered about 1200 B. C. It has sometimes been suggested that iron tools and weapons may have been made at an earlier period from meteorites. Recently a considerable amount of evidence in behalf of this hypothesis has been presented by C. F. Zinner. He has compiled a list of the known iron-containing meteorites, nearly all accumulated within the last century, and he shows from these alone about 250 tons of iron might be obtained. Of this amount more than 99 per cent is malleable, consisting of a nickel-iron alloy.

A Vast Stage.

The largest stage in the world is that of the Grand Opera house in Paris. It is 100 feet wide, nearly 200 feet in depth and 80 feet high. The height is measured from the level of the stage to the "flies." The stage of the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, is 101 feet wide, 89 feet deep and 77 feet high.

Flowers.

Flowers are perhaps the most effective of the many little "finishing touches" necessary to an attractive home. There are thousands of persons with beautiful houses, costly furnishings, perhaps, artistically and skillfully arranged by the hands of a clever decorator, but it takes the little finishing touches, the seemingly unimportant tiny things, done by the woman who loves and exists for her home and expresses her soul in her surroundings to make the house lovable.—Exchange.

Gourd Family Is Important.

The gourd family furnishes the human families with many edible fruits, and it is believed that pumpkins and squashes are of American origin, though in nowise certain. On the other hand, it is known that watermelons, muskmelons, cucumbers and all that branch of the family are of Asiatic origin. Yet all countries have native species of this great family.

Lines to Be Remembered.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Menicus.

To Insure Pleasant Dreams.

The bedroom should be the sunniest and best room in the house. It should be rounded, with no corners for holding "dead air." The bed should be in the middle of the room, and the bedclothes light and warm in winter, but never exerting pressure on the sleeper. The bed should be aired all day, and made up just before retiring. Sleep in the most comfortable position, avoiding all theories against special positions.

LOVE IS BLIND

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"What is the matter, Gloria?" asked Dick anxiously.

She looked at him pensively a moment, then answered, "I was just wondering if I do really love you better than anyone else in the world."

He was silent a minute, then, "Don't you think," he said slowly, "that you'd better decide pretty soon, dear. The invitations are out for our wedding and we've already received some presents."

She nodded gravely. "I haven't forgotten Dickie. Only I was thinking that after we were married what if I should meet some one I liked better than you? Wouldn't it be terrible!"

"It would!"

"You see, Dick, I got to thinking today. I've been out of school but a few months and I've known only a few men. Of course, dear, you were the only man in the world for me from the first, but after all, how do I know that you are the only man for me? I might think so and then when it's too late find there's some one else."

Dick shivered. "This is horrible, Gloria. Are you sure you feel quite well? You've had too much worry and fussing over your trousseau and it's got on your nerves."

But Gloria was firm. "It isn't just a fancy, Dickie dear. I'm sure it will come out all right and I'm positive I could never care for anyone but you—you're so—so darling, but I want to make sure and I have a plan that will set things right, I know, if every one will only agree to it."

"What is it?" anxiously.

"For mother to take me away somewhere for two weeks where I'll meet oceans of people so I can look them over. Then I'll know, dear, when I see all those other men that no one is so splendid as my own Dick. Don't you think it's a good plan?"

"No, I don't," he declared instantly. Gloria's mother looked astonished but finally agreed. "I believe it's just what the child needs," she admitted.

But Dick, when he heard it, went through terrible torments and racked his brains for a preventative or cure. Then he thought of something, of college days when he was a star performer of the Mask and Wig club and he smiled wilyly.

"We'll mix things up a bit," said Gloria's mother. "Some land, some sea, and a few other things thrown in. Baltimore first, then down the bay to Old Point, and across the Roads to Norfolk. After that it will probably be Boston by boat then to Albany by rail and down the Hudson to New York."

Gloria was in high spirits when, after a day of shopping in Baltimore, they took a taxi to the docks and got on their boat.

It was then that the stranger put in an appearance. He was about Dick's height and build and had eyes not unlike Gloria's fiancé, but he also had a manner, and a mustache, and a way of brushing his smooth black hair that was most distinguished.

When Gloria first saw him walking across the salon with the air of a nobleman, she instantly compared him with Dick, to the detriment of her beloved's independent stride and his rebellious thatch of curly brown locks.

To her surprise and joy she found the splendid looking stranger next to her at dinner and in a few minutes they were talking.

From that time on he scarcely left Gloria's side. That evening on the boat they sat up until midnight watching the moon and stars and talking of many things. Mr. Tavenner had been everywhere and knew many interesting people and things, as he had said. She must try to remember them all to tell Dick. Dick was quiet and uninclined to talk—how she wished he could be entertaining like this.

The next morning he left the boat with them, saw that they got the right car to Old Point Comfort, relieved Mrs. Haworth of the annoyance of her luggage and engaged rooms. He took them over the fort, having procured special permission, showed them over a battleship, escorted them back to their boat, and thereafter during the trip while Gloria's mother was unable to leave her cabin most of the way to Boston he took very excellent care of the bride-elect.

And then there was Boston itself, where he showed them around for two days, and after that he was even persuaded to go as far as Albany. But instead of taking the boat to New York he bade them a reluctant good-by and disappeared.

Dick met the travelers at the station.

"Well, dearest," he asked Gloria when they were alone, "did you meet anyone you can care for more than me?"

"No, dear, I didn't, but there was one man who was lovely to me all through the trip, and do you know, I had a feeling that if it hadn't been for you I should have chosen him for my husband. In some way he reminded me very much of you—I never could quite explain it, for he was very distinguished and knew such a lot of things," innocently.

"Thank you!"

"But I've quite decided, dear, that you are the only man I can ever really care about, so it's all right."

Dick kissed her fervently.

That night Dick slipped a wig and mustache into the fire. "I kept the others away at any rate," he exulted. "Who says love isn't blind?"

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