ARCHITECTURE OF FAIR BUILDINGS SHOWN IN SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Artistic Features Emphasized in Reproductions Offered for Inspection at Museum of Art—Pennell Lithographs of Panama Canal Included, Showing Progress of Work and Giving Idea of Local Color.

Court in Italian Building.

"Wild Flower"

Wind and Spray Fountain.

Muse Finding the Head of Orpheus.

Colonade, Palace of Fine Arts.

BY LILIAN TINGLE.

THE architectural detail of the Palace of Fine Arts, the Court of the Ages and the Italian building is admirably shown in the series of artistic compositions now on view at the Museum of Art—the photographic records, made by Robert Maxill, of building and sculptures at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Especially charming are three different "notes" of the "Wind and Spray Fountain," by Anna Coleman Ladd, in which the play of the wind on the water and the spirited movement of the dancing figures have been happily caught by the camera.

The quiet beauty of the "Muse finding the Head of Orpheus," by Edward Berge, with its beautiful background of drooping branches, calm water, and the classic calmness of the Art Palace, has also been skillfully brought out, by Mr. Magill, from several different points of view.

Equally beautiful, in a different way, is the contrast of sunshine and shadow on the urns and columns, in the composition showing the bright little "Wild Flower," by Edward Berge.

Other sculptures in this series are the "Fauns Toilet," "An Outcast," and "L'Amour," by Attilio Piccirilli; "The Dusk Baby," by Edward B. Parsons; "Piping Pan," by Louis Saint Gaudens; and "The Fountain of Youth," by Edith Woodman Barrows. The setting of the last is also finely reproduced in "Arch, Tower of Jewels."

Local color is delightfully expressed in the "Courts of the Italian Building," which seem to breathe the spirit of Florence and the Barzello.

Many beautiful aspects of the Corinthian colonnade of the Fine Arts Palace, with its green walls, stately rotunda and mirror-like lagoon are shown, the whole series giving a vivid and interesting record of one aspect of the art of the world's fair, both for those who wish to revive their own impressions and for those who, not having actually visited the Exposition, may yet desire to gain some idea of its beauties.

These photographs are arranged in connection with the Pennell lithograph of the Panama Canal, now exhibited in the museum for a short time only.

During the last few years Pennell has given, in the form of lithographs and etchings, many impressions of distinctively modern and industrial aspects of life. Of these the Panama lithographs, showing the different stages of the enormous construction work of the canal and the tropical luxuriance of the landscape, are perhaps the most significant and interesting, as having not only an artistic, but also a historic value.

VETERAN WARRIOR, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER NOW IS HAPPY FARMER

Samuel F. Blythe Closing Picturesque Career on Pretty Twin Oaks Farm at Hood River—Service in Civil War Interesting—Horace Greeley's Advice Followed at Close of War and Fortune Is Sought in the West.

S. F. Blythe, Pioneer Printer Who Has Retired to Hood River Farm

Early Office of "The Glacier" Published By S. F. Blythe At Hood River

HOOD RIVER, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—Retired dean of Pacific Coast printers and pioneer newspaper man or Montana, San Francisco and Portland, Samuel F. Blythe, at the age of 73 years, may be found today the resident-owner of Twin Oaks Farm, one of the Hood River Valley's most beautiful homesites. When Mr. Blythe in the days of his prime was active in following his profession, those days before the linotype machine was introduced, he had no equal in his swiftness and accuracy at the case. At Virginia City, Mont., in 1867, and in Portland in later years, working on the old Bulletin, Mr. Blythe made records that have never been surpassed. Recalling these earlier years as he tills his farm today, Mr. Blythe is contented, and in all Hood River there is perhaps no man more optimistic.

"We have talked of our financial stringencies and our hard times the past year," said Mr. Blythe, "but the troubles of today are inconsequential to those of us oldtimers who lived through 1873, the year of Portland's big fire. A panic had seized upon the entire country, and our calamity added to our depression."

Three Years Spent in War.

A native of Pennsylvania Mr. Blythe was living in Ohio at the outbreak of the Civil War. Answering the call for volunteers he enlisted in Company E, Twenty-Second Ohio Infantry. He saw three years of active service in the Mississippi Valley. He was with the Army of the West under General Grant at the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth and siege of Corinth. He participated in the siege of Vicksburg and the capture of that city. Later he participated in the capture of Little Rock, Ark.

When the Army was stationed on the Tennessee River, Mr. Blythe was ordered to take charge of a print shop at Trenton and make up a quantity of blanks for the Quartermaster's Department.

"While I was engaged in this work," he said, "a new regiment that had just joined us became engaged in a battle at a crossroads. One of the boys, fired with enthusiasm over the new and thrilling experiences and, visited by an inspiration, wrote a poem of many stanzas describing the battle. He came to me and I bargained to print the poem for him at $2.50 a quire, obtaining the paper, writing tablets that were kept for us soldiers when we wanted to write home. As fast as I delivered the printed poems he sold them at 25 cents apiece to members of his regiment. Both of us were fast acquiring the small change of that regiment when orders came to march.

Poem Printed for Southern Girl.

"While I was working at Trenton a Southern girl brought me a copy of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' and I made a number of copies of it for her. In reply to this bit of wartime Southern sentiment a Kansas officer wrote a poem and I printed copies of it for him."

Mr. Blythe declares that he would be glad to secure a copy of the reply to the "Bonnie Blue Flag." The sentiment, he says, called to the minds of the Confederates that the Stars and Stripes would eventually wave again supreme above both the North and South, and that the soldiers of both armies would again be brothers.

Toward the close of the war Mr. Blythe enlisted in Company I, Second Regiment, Hancock's Veteran Corps. During the trial of Mrs. Surratt, who was convicted as an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, the corps was stationed in Washington.

"We were in charge of the execution of the woman," said Mr. Blythe. "My regiment was stationed just outside the enclosure in which Mrs. Surratt was put to death. We stood there in solid ranks with charged bayonets, while thousands of people surged up against us. One man, he was drunk, as he was pushed against me, tried to exchange a handful of greenbacks for my gun."

Horace Greeley's Advice Taken.

No sooner was Mr. Blythe a private citizen again than he determined to take the advice of Horace Greeley and strike for the West. He and a comrade, Dan Ridenour, arrived at St. Joseph, Mo. Here the comrade became discouraged and turned back. "We had no money for outfitting," said Mr. Blythe, "and we had planned on making our way across the plains by driving oxen. As soon as we saw the teams of animals and how they were managed, we knew we would never reach the Rocky Mountains in this manner. So Dan returned to Ohio to his sweetheart. I was determined to reach the Rockies before going back.

"I made immediately for a newspaper office, and work was given me at the office of the St. Joseph Gazette, despite the fact that I was not then a union man; for even then the labor unions were active.

"Just when I had saved up $75 four friends, among them Captain William Lockwood, reached St. Joseph en route to the West. They persuaded me to put my $75 in the jackpot and join them. I had just two bits left after turning that money over to Captain Lockwood. I spent the last cent of it—it was one of those old shin plasters—for a dozen eggs for our last feast the night before we started on the long trail."

Party of Pioneers Inexperienced.

Mr. Blythe says that he feels sure that no more inexperienced party ever left St. Joseph. None of us knew anything about oxen and of course we were bested in our bargains for teams. We crossed the Missouri River on May 20 and on the first night one of those severe thunder storms struck us. For fear that we could not put the yokes on again, we had left the oxen tied in pairs to trees. All five of us piled in our wagon for the night. I shall never forget the lightning, the thunder and that terrible downpour. The next day we made a farmhouse—we had progressed just six miles. The farmer assisted us with our oxen the following morning and we started on. Fortunately for us we overtook a party with an overloaded wagon. Mired to the hubs, the heavy schooner was stuck. However, the party had an experienced negro ox-driver. The negro hitched on our teams and soon had his wagon out of the mudhole. The owner of the outfit then made a bargain with us. He gave us a team of oxen and the negro driver and put a part of his freight aboard our wagon. And thus we reached the West. I don't believe we would ever have succeeded if we had not met with this outfit; for just another day of the trials we were having would have disheartened all of our party."

Members of Mr. Blythe's party filed on claims near Bozeman, Mont. Irrigation ditches were dug, poles were cut for fencing and plowing was done.

Hard Work Helps Appetite.

"To furnish money to buy supplies," says Mr. Blythe, "I hired out to an old German farmer to work in his harvest fields. He gave me $3 a day and board. I had never bound grain before, and for the first few days I thought it would kill me, but I stuck to it. When I became toughtened I don't think any man ever enjoyed his meals as I did there at that old German's home."

The next Spring, however, the farms were abandoned. The homesteaders did not have sufficient funds to purchase seed, which was selling for $5 per bushel.

"We lost our cattle, wagon and everything we had," said Mr. Blythe. "It was then that I determined to go to Virginia City, where I finally secured work on the Montana Post, published every other day. The regular pay was $1 for 1000 ems. I could easily set 10,000 ems a day. I remained there for a year. The Legislature sat while I was at work for the Post and I secured a job on territorial bill work. This was considered fat, and during one week of six days I made $144.

Later, when working on the Bulletin, in Portland, Mr. Blythe set 93,000 ems during a six-day week. However, the Portland price was only 60 cents per 1000.

Return to Ohio Made.

After a year the Virginia City plant was removed to Helena, then the center of mining interests.

"I decided to return to Ohio," said Mr. Blythe. "The journey was made by Missouri River steamer from Fort Benton. During the year I had accumulated $1500.

"I arrived home at Eaton, Ohio, where my mother lived, on the night before July 4. The weather was terrifically hot and after a year in the high altitude I found that I was not able to stand it. I left for Chicago, where I worked on the daily newspapers, and in September (this was in the year 1868) I left again for the Rocky Mountains. At Salt Lake City two of us boys who formed the party purchased cayuses and rode horseback the entire distance from the Utah city to Helena, Mont."

Mr. Blythe the next year left for California. He worked for a time on the Sacramento Union and journeyed on down to San Francisco, where he worked on the Call, the Chronicle, the Bulletin and Alta Californian.

Oregon Reached in 1870.

In June, 1870, Ben Holladay, planning to start a paper in Portland, sent James O'Meara to San Francisco to purchase a plant. The San Francisco Times had just ceased publication and Mr. O'Meara purchased the entire outfit of the defunct paper. The foreman for the new Portland paper, the Bulletin, and the city editor were secured in San Francisco. The foreman was instructed to select a crew of swift, sober compositors and Mr. Blythe was among the printers chosen for the journey north.

"We all came up on Mr. Holladay's boat," says Mr. Blythe. "There were 10 of us in the party. So far as I know I am the only printer of that party that survives. Even the pressmen were chosen in San Francisco.

"The Bulletin lasted for five years and I remained with it. The late Harvey W. Scott became editor. Later the Bulletin failed and Mr. Scott became editor of The Oregonian, making for himself a National name.

"In 1875 a number of us printers started the Daily Bee. It ran until 1881. I was with the Bee but 11 months. For a time it was a popular and progressive paper. It was made unpopular when the business manager of the publication engaged one day in a street fight with and killed the business manager of the Evening Telegram.

Old Daily News Short-Lived.

In 1873 a Democratic Legislature passed what was known as the Litigant Act. The statute was enacted for the purpose of building up a Democratic organ in the City of Portland and at the same time aiding struggling Democratic sheets throughout the state. It provided that all legal publications be placed in papers designated by the Governor.

"The late Judge C. B. Bellinger, who was a Federal Judge at the time of his death, organized a company of printers and started the Daily News. I was one of the printers and remained there a year. Other members of the joint stock company owning the paper and compositors on the sheet were J. J. Curry, John S. Hughes and Arthur Delaney. One of the first acts of the following Republican Legislature was to repeal the Litigant Act, and of course this killed the Daily News."

In 1877 Mr. Blythe came up to Hood River seeking health. He purchased 22 acres of oak covered land on the old state road west of the city. Later 22 additional adjoining acres were bought. In 1881 he returned to Portland and engaged for two years with Ed Casey and H. Paffenburg in the publication of the Farm and Dairyman, which is now merged with the Pacific Farmer. In 1884 Mr. Blythe came to Hood River and spent two years on his farm, returning to Portland in 1886 to work for six months as a postal clerk.

Hood River Glacier Bought.

After working as printer at intervals for five years for John H. Cradlebaugh, who, with George T. Prather, founded the Hood River Glacier, Mr. Blythe purchased this pioneer paper of the Hood River Valley. A claim against the early publisher for wages as typesetter was applied on the purchase price. Until 1904, when the Glacier was sold to A. D. Mce, its present publisher, Mr. Blythe was a leading spirit in the activities of the Apple Valley.

His son, E. N. Blythe, now a member of the staff of The Oregonian, received his early newspaper training in his father's office.

The smell of printer's ink still has its charm for the former printer-publisher, and on visits to the city he cannot refrain from entering the plant of his former publication, there to fill his nostrils with the peculiar print-shop odor.

Mr. Blythe, nod Adjutant of Canby Post, this city, is past Commander of the Department of Oregon, G. A. R. He has been present at numerous National encampments of the Grand Army. To the local old soldiers and the early pioneers Mr. Blythe is known as Sam. Let a veteran get ill or find himself in need and a message to Twin Oaks gets a quick response.

Twin Oaks farm is such a novelty in the Hood River Valley that it has become the mecca for numerous local people and visitors to the Valley often journey there to witness the pleasing pastoral scenes. While Mr. Blythe has a productive orchard, he has left much of his estate in a natural condition. Giant oaks stand in the meadows. Indeed, there are oaks rearing themselves on every corner of the farm. Their foliage shades the deep, cool spring, the source of the domestic water supply. The farm name originated from two oaks, as nearly alike as Nature could make them, that grew side by side in front of the pioneer home.

This old building is now used for a storehouse. Mr. Blythe has built a handsome and commodious new residence among his oak trees. With the stores from their gardens in cellars and garret, with their time taken in the care of a number of livestock and their poultry, Mr. Blythe and his wife, are spending a happy evening time of life. They were married in Portland in 1873, Mrs. Blythe's maiden name having been Emma Nation. Mrs. Blythe is a native Englishwoman. Her family, however, came to America when she was a small child. They resided in Pennsylvania until 1871, when they journeyed across the country to Oregon.

Twin Oaks Farm has become known throughout the bounds of the county for the good old-fashioned, rural hospitality, with which Mr. and Mrs. Blythe entertain their guests and it is not infrequent that parties of pioneers and veterans and their families assemble there to make merry and live over in the stories that are told the days of long ago.

WORK OF NURSE "AT FRONT" AND TALES INCIDENT THERETO TOLD

Edith E. Lanyon Tells of "Throwing Up Her Job" at Drill Hall and Entering Auxiliary Military Hospital—Escaping Zeppelin Raids Cited and Stories From War Front Related by Those Returning From France.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

I.

DONCASTER, England, Oct. 22.—After working hard every day on the registration, I finally "threw up my job" at the Drill Hall on Wednesday night, as I had to go on duty at the auxiliary military hospital the next morning at 9 o'clock. So in the end I have blossomed into a nurse quite suddenly. I knew they had decided to take me, but did not expect to be on duty until Monday. One of the nurses went to Egypt, however, and, as they are very busy, they needed someone to take her place at once.

I am just off duty (my second day), and feel somewhat tired, but exceedingly glad to be of use. I am on ward work this week. The other nurses are nice, and several of them are old friends of mine.

To enter the hospital I became a member of the detachment, so now belong to a voluntary aid detachment of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Having passed the Red Cross nursing examination, I am entitled to wear the Red Cross brassard on my right arm. When I pass my present examination I can wear the brassard of St. John on my left arm. My uniform is (or rather will be—it is not quite ready yet) gray linen with white linen apron and starched, shiny, invulnerable and exceedingly uncomfortable collar and cuffs, and a shiny white linen belt like an evergreen collar.

Red Cross Caps Worn.

We are supposed to wear the regulation British army nurses' cap, which has a fascinating curtain affair at the back, but as most of the nurses already had Red Cross caps, we are wearing those. We are "on active service" and under military rules.

When our commandant speaks to us or passes by, we have to stand at "attention," with our arms straight by our sides and our heels clicking together. We must always address her as "madame." Our quartermaster is also a personage, but the rest of us all rank alike as nurses, seniors, of course, having the precedence. As I am the latest addition, I, like a single player at golf, have no standing whatever. But they are all nice to me.

Being a new broom, I swept the wards so clean this morning that I have a large blister on my thumb. There is a concert tonight at the hospital for the soldiers and all nurses on duty are supposed to attend, but I am staying away to write this, as I go on duty again in the morning.

The nurses have lunch together before going off duty, and we have rather an amusing time. One of them told me all the soldiers shouted out "Oh, here's Fritz again!" every time they had sausages for supper.

Hospital Formerly Private House.

The hospital is a large private house, in beautiful grounds, that has been lent for the duration of the war. We have 52 soldier patients now, many of them from the Dardanelles. They are in charge of their sergeant and are mostly convalescent. They are supposed to make their own beds, if able, and to peel the potatoes. The rest of the help, with the exception of a paid cook and a charwoman who does the scrubbing, is all voluntary. The members of the detachment take it in turns to go on duty and everyone takes a turn at everything. A nurse is on ward duty one week and then on surgery duty, kitchen duty, office duty, night duty, or is nurse in charge, as it may happen. The most lowly one week may be in an exalted place next.

Some of the nurses personally conduct their patients to football games, vaudeville shows or the movies.

Charlie Chaplin seems to be in great favor here, and is popular with the soldiers just now. I saw a picture the other day of an army chaplain who was stopped by the sentry and asked for the password. He laughingly said "Chaplain," the sentry grinned and said, "Pass, Charlie."

The Red Cross brassard entitles one to walk about in the firing line without being fired on, as the enemy is supposed to respect the Red Cross of Geneva. As a matter of fact, to walk about within gunshot of our enemy in Flanders is an up-to-date method of committing suicide.

We have all read the American Minister's account of the shooting of Miss Cavell.

Doctors Kept Busy.

After the last Zeppelin air raid the doctors were all busy, several attending to those wounded but many more treating the bad colds of the people who would go out in evening dress and thin shoes to look at the Zeppelins. All the windows of the house where I was staying before I came here were rattled and damaged by the explosion of the bombs not far away.

The chances are one in many millions that one gets killed in England by a Zeppelin. I daresay one is really in more danger crossing Second and Morrison streets at 6 o'clock in the evening to catch a streetcar! I was run down myself by an automobile in Portland, and I have never been hit by a Zeppelin. One can only die once. Here in Europe just now death may be near, but life itself is certainly full of interest. The doctor told us in his lectures last night that in these days we ought to be prepared to bandage fractures at the most unexpected times and in the most unexpected places.

I told some time ago of how the Earl of Crawford was acting as stretcher bearer. He has now armed his first stripe and is a lance-corporal.

We constantly hear amusing stories from our friends on active service. One man told us how the Captain expostulated with a man for not having had a clean enough shave that morning. The man said: "Well, sir, there were several of us shaving at one glass, and I think I must have shaved the wrong face!"

The Sergeant for whom I am knitting a scarf told his mother in his last letter that he had just had a good wash for the first time since he had landed in France, five weeks ago; too busy fighting before that. A young friend of mine still stationed in England told me that water was scarce at his camp, and he only got washed every three days. As he is exceedingly blond, it might be rather noticeable. Men with olive complexions should be sent there.

One officer, who is so good-looking that his friends always called him "Apollo," was wounded in the Dardanelles and had to have an arm amputated. He says he reminds himself now of the Venue de Milo.

I have another friend in the Sportsman's Battalion who said he was 28 when he enlisted. He has a gray hair or two. The other day the doctor asked him confidentially to tell him his age —"not your regimental age, but your real age." So my friend added on the other 15 years or so he had forgotten to mention.

I think some of these liars will be forgiven by the god of battles. I am a bit of a liar myself. I have a military hospital age. It is well to be young these days. If a Zeppelin drops a bomb on my head I assure you I shall have been cut off in the flower of my youth. That is another up-to-date death, appendicitis is a back number.

I must not write more now; I must save my strength to sweep those spotlessly clean wards still cleaner tomorrow. I am glad I can say that I am a nurse at last! In the morning I am taking the hospital a gift of an American soap shaker and some Dutch Cleanser.

HISTORY OF PACIFIC TRACED

(Continued From First Page.)

mentary schools. The simple facts of the case are that in the great majority of human beings the distinctly intellectual interests are not dominant. If we were to confine our educational end and aim in a less exclusive way, if we were to introduce into educational processes the activities which appeal to those whose dominant interest is to do and make, we should find the hold of the school more prolonged and containing more of culture.

"You ask me what are our plans for the future and how we aim to meet the present need for graduates who are better prepared to grapple with the problems of life," said Dr. Bushnell. "I can answer that by reading to you the notes of a talk I made recently at a dinner given to a few university men who had asked somewhat the same question.

Former Answer Given.

"Here is about what I told them:

"It is the determined purpose of the faculty of Pacific University to retain and emphasize still more the thorough cultural training about the fundamentals of life that has distinguished Pacific University in the past. It is our purpose to give proper attention particularly to religion and morals, as the larger state institutions find themselves restrained from doing. But it is also our policy to recognize the necessary place in the curriculum of the present point of view, and to endeavor to keep the theoretical work closely in touch with the practical so as to interest and instruct the largest range of students possible.

"The time is coming when we in America shall feel it a disgrace that only 1 or 2 per cent of the population ever get through college. The theory of the liberal arts college is that it offers the culture which all persons in a democracy should have. That so small percentage of persons avail themselves of it is due not merely to the poverty of the masses and their inability to pay for an education, but it is due also to the fact that higher education is still so poorly adapted to their needs that it does not sufficiently interest them. We propose to give at Pacific University an opportunity both through courses of applied science and through means of self-support for all classes of young people to fit themselves to be citizens of a republic.

"Whether it be proper for a college, drawing its students largely from a city, to adopt an exclusive policy limiting its students largely to those with a strictly intellectual interest, this certainly should not be the policy of a college drawing its students from rural and suburban districts which recognize the presence and importance of interests other than those of the intellectual in life. Pacific University proposes to train young men and women in the fundamentals not only for the professional man, but also for the housewife, the farmer, the mechanic and the business man.

"In carrying out this policy we first desire to recognize the new, important relationships between the United States and the Spanish-American republics of South America. To that end we plan at the earliest practical moment to establish a department of Spanish and South American relations which shall not only teach the Spanish language, but shall take up instruction in the commerce, business and social practices of our South American neighbors.

"We plan to develop at Forest Grove a center of training for young men and women interested in entering this important field of work. The matter has already been taken up with the director-general of the Pan-American Union at Washington, D. C., and has his approval. The professor in charge may possibly be from South America, and the department may afford free scholarships for South American students as well as students of our own country.

Manual Training to Be Practical.

"In connection with the proposed applied science courses and manual training, we desire to give a large number of students immediate employment, and can do this to the best advantage by work on permanent improvements to the campus, in the construction of grades, concrete walks, landscape gardening, market gardens and a central heating plant, among other things.

"A further development of this plan contemplates the establishment of a system of trade shops on the campus, for the double purpose of teaching the fundamentals of manual training and the construction of marketable goods to help in the support of the student employed. Such shops may include the work of printing, bookbinding, furniture-making, broom-making, concrete-block construction, gardening, etc. The proper development of the plan would contemplate some work by the students themselves in the construction of buildings, funds for the purchase of materials, and part of labor, endowment for proper and adequate maintenance and instruction, and perhaps also a boys' dormitory and science hall."

Alfalfa Field Owner Wants Pasturage Fee for Apiary.

Professor of Washington State School for Deaf Turns Down Plan to Provide Own Honey.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—A man owning an alfalfa field near the Washington State School for the Deaf, in this city, recently proposed to Professor Thomas P. Clarke, superintendent, that he start an apiary at the institution to teach the students the science of raising bees, and also providing honey for the school.

Professor Clarke began to investigate and thought the idea a good one. A number of the boys were willing to take up the course and even anxious to do so. Mr. Clarke was about ready to obtain the bees and hives when his neighbor came again and in the course of the conversation, said that his charge for bee pasturage would only be nominal, and would not be exorbitant.

When this finally percolated through Mr. Clarke's mind, he was almost stunned that a man would want to charge for bee pasturage. He decided that he would not start an apiary at the state institution.

He told this experience at the meeting of the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce last night, and said that Vancouver would begin to grow when people would not be so eager to make a few dollars out of something which they should not.

FISHERMAN RESCUES FOUR

Orphanage Runaways Near Death in Lake When Stolen Boat Swamped.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—Gus Anderson was fishing off the pier at the foot of Argyle avenue. Suddenly his ear caught the sound of cries out in the lake. About half a mile from shore he saw a little sailboat careening in the sharp breeze and a small figure in the bow of the boat waving a coat.

A choppy sea was running, but Gus jumped into a near-by rowboat and within 10 minutes was at the side of the wobbling little craft.

He found the half-capsized sailboat nearly filled with water, and standing in it, soaked to their waists, four small and very scared boys.

He transferred them to his boat and headed for shore. The youngsters told him their names and that they had run away from the Guardian Angel German Catholic Orphan Asylum, stolen the sailboat at the foot of Argyle avenue and had put out to sea.

The Summerdale police station was notified and to the officers who responded to the call the boys said their names were Ralph Livingston, 11; Charles Beck, 13; William Gondola, 12, and Charles Brighton, 12.

The shivering young adventurers were returned to the orphanage late in the afternoon. It was not the first time they had run away, but it was their initial attempt at navigating the high seas.

It will be their last, they say.

MILADY'S SECRET IS OUT

Eve Is Woman's Dress Model Nowadays Is Revealed.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—Eve is steadily becoming the fashion model for women. The authority for this statement is G. W. Frosch, of 5516 Lafayette avenue. Mr. Frosch is a salesman of laundry supplies and has no artistic interest in the fact that women are wearing fewer clothes than ever before, which, he contends, is "lamentable but true."

But in order to sell laundry supplies there must be laundries, and busy laundries, too.

And there's the rub in milady's emulation of her Garden of Eden ancestor in the matter of raiment. During the course of his business trips Mr. Frosch has come to the conclusion that "cutting the top half from gowns and the garments worn under them is cutting an equal amount from the laundry business."

"Underwear, which furnishes a large part of the laundry's work," said Mr. Frosch, "seems to be getting old-fashioned with the women. What with the clothes they leave off, the labor-saving devices which enable them to do much of their own work, and the heat—Jess Summers, it begins to look as though the most ancient of institutions—the laundry—soon will have nothing to wash but men's collars."

Thousand Men Idle Due to Strike.

SEBRING, O., Nov. 13.—One thousand employes of the general ware potteries here were forced to quit work because of the strike, several days ago, of decalcomania girls, who ask an increase from $1.50 to $1.75 a day.

LAW ENFORCED BY KNIFE

Ten Men at Wisconsin Home Operated on as Test.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., Nov. 5.—Operations for sterilization, first under the new Wisconsin law, have been performed at the state home for feebleminded on ten male inmates, whose ages ranged from 15 to 30. The patients are reported to be doing well.

At the operation Dr. P. H. Lindley represented the state board of control.

No more such operations will be performed until the results of the ten cases are determined.

Curl Hair This Way and Keep It Healthy

It has been found that the use of a harmless and inexpensive fluid which druggists know as "silmerine," will keep the straightest hair in curl, giving it the appearance of true naturalness, besides keeping the hair softer and glossier than possible with the heated iron. The liquid may be applied with a clean tooth brush, this being drawn through the hair from crown to tip and allowed to dry over night.

In the morning the hair will be beautifully wavy and curling, and will lie easily and loosely on the head, as it should, considering its welfare from a hygienic standpoint. A few ounces of liquid silmerine will last for months and as it is really beneficial to the hair, which cannot be said of the heated iron, it should be generally adopted by the fair sex. It will not spot or discolor scalp or hair, nor leave any sediment, grease or stickiness.—Home Doctor. (Adv.)