

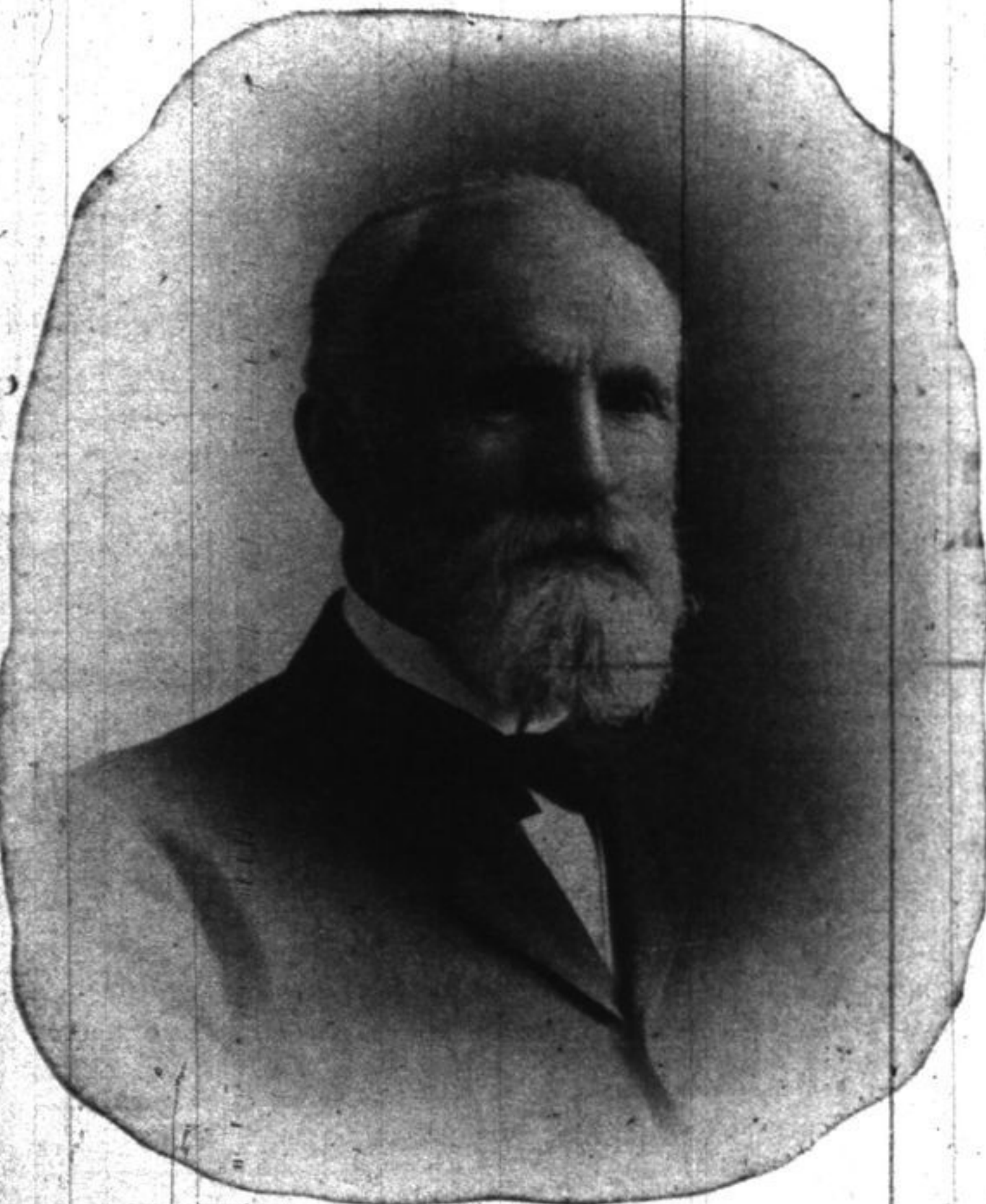
## VIEWS OF NORTHWESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST SATURDAY NOON



An interior view of dormitory which was completely destroyed



Exterior view of dormitory and mess hall, the latter being saved



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## The Strange Case of W. Winfred Collins

A Combination of Events Not Likely to Happen More Than Once

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

The ocean steamer Albert Corwith had passed the strait of Gibraltar coming westward and was standing toward the island of Madeira when the man in the crew's nest informed the third mate on duty at the time that something that looked like wreckage had appeared on the port quarter. The ship was put off her course a few points, and on drawing nearer a ship's boat was found wedged in between a portion of a mast, a spar and some cordage. Meanwhile the captain had come on deck and was looking through his glasses at the floating objects.

"Isn't there some one in that boat, Mr. Reushaw?" he asked of the third mate, who was also using his binoculars.

"It looks that way, sir."

"Lower a boat and find out." The engines were stopped, a boat was lowered, and the mate was pulled to the wreckage. He returned bearing the body of a young woman.

"Dead?" asked the captain as the boat pulled alongside.

"I think not, sir."

The gangway was lowered, and the woman was carried on deck. The mate had taken a flask with him and had given her a swallow of brandy. The ship's surgeon took charge of her and gave her an additional stimulant, and soon after taking it she opened her eyes.

"Bring some broth from the galley as soon as it can be prepared," said the doctor.

Fortunately the dinner hour was at hand and the soup was ready. The girl closed her eyes and had apparently relapsed into unconsciousness, but on being given a little of the broth she opened them again and this time seemed to take in the men bending over her. The surgeon directed that she be taken below and turned over to the stewardess to be put into a berth.

It was some time before the castaway was in condition to be questioned. Then the surgeon, Dr. Reeves, undertook the task. The examination was brief, for the girl remembered nothing lack of lying on the ship's deck with a number of men looking down upon her.

On the return of the rescue party the captain had sent for the third mate, who had been in charge of it, and asked him if in the wreckage he had seen anything to indicate to what ship it had belonged. To this Reushaw replied that he had not. There was nothing that would have been likely to bear the vessel's name except the boat in which the girl was found, and this had been so battered by the surrounding wreckage that most of the paint had been rubbed off. The officer had looked for a name on the boat and had seen only parts of a few remaining letters on the starboard stern. They resembled a G or a C, an A and an M or an N and were probably the last letters of the name of the ship to which the boat belonged. The captain had reproved the officer for not bringing the boat with him, whereupon the latter excused himself on the ground that it had been so surrounded by the wreckage that to extricate it would have been very difficult.

The stewardess, finding the castaway's hair matted with blood, washed it and found that it had come from a contusion of the scalp. She intended to call the doctor's attention to it, but it did not seem to her to be of much importance and was healing over, so she forgot to mention it. There were other contusions on the body, but none that were serious.

Here was a case of a girl of twenty cut off from relatives, who were also cut off from her. If she had come to earth from another planet she could not have been a greater stranger. The ship on which she had sailed would either be reported missing or would make port, but neither of these happenings would be likely to give a clue to the girl's identity.

The Albert Corwith was bound for Boston and was due there about ten days after picking up the castaway. This did not give much time for a decision as to what to do with the castaway when the ship reached port. In a few days she was sufficiently restored to go on deck and before the voyage was ended was quite herself with the exception of memory. She was still oblivious to the past. The captain handed a subscription paper with a substantial amount, and it was passed through the ship. The amount raised was given to the poor girl who must go ashore to an unremembered world.

The girl was much moved when the money was given her and accepted it, hoping that some day she might benefit some one to a like amount. She must have a name since her own was lost, and she decided to take that of the ship whose crew had rescued her. She would call herself Alberta Corwith.

Two years before the rescue of the castaway a young man and a girl of eighteen were standing on an eminence near Portland, Me., looking out to sea. On the morrow they were to part, for the girl was going to Europe to study art.

"I don't like to think..."

the man, "that the broad Atlantic will be between us for so long a time. I shall scratch off every day on the calendar as it passes till I have you with me again."

"It will not be long, Tom," replied the girl. "A year is not so long as it was when we were children. A month isn't much more than a week was then, and it is only eighteen months between now and the time I return."

The next day Winfred Collins went by train to Boston and thence across the Atlantic to Havre. She studied both in France and Italy during a year and a half, as she had intended, then went to Genoa to sail for home. She wrote her lover that she would leave Genoa on a certain date in an ocean steamer the name of which she gave him. When the ship came in Tom Gilbreth was on the dock eagerly scanning the passengers who descended the gangway looking for his Winfred. The line grew thin and she had not appeared. The last person descended, but not the girl he was looking for. Running up the gangway, he sought the purser and asked him if the name of Winfred Collins was on the passenger list. It was not.

The mystery was not solved within a week or two, as Gilbreth supposed it would be. A month passed and there were no tidings of Winfred. Two months passed and her lover was in an agony of fear and suspense. Cablegrams to Genoa brought only the information that her name was on the register of a hotel there the day the steamer on which she was to have sailed left port. She had paid her bill and left the house two days later.

Gilbreth went abroad in search of his betrothed, but finding no trace of her, returned disappointed and in despair. He knew not which way to turn to continue his search. Thinking that she might have sailed by another ship, he searched the records of ships that had within that limit of time sailed from Italian ports and found that a small American owned ship, the Pelican, had sailed from Leghorn two days after the date Winfred was to have sailed from Genoa, but was overdue several months.

Here was a clue to information concerning Winfred, but unobtainable information. If Winfred had missed the ship on which she was to have sailed and taken the Pelican instead she was probably lost. Tom hoped that the clue he had found was incorrect.

One day a friend of Tom's who knew of his trouble called his attention to an item that had been floating among the newspapers mentioning the rescue of a woman at sea. It included mention of the parts of letters on the boat from which she was taken. He inferred that they were C A N, the last three letters of the word Pelican. Then he knew that he was on the track of his betrothed.

All now depended on his finding Alberta Corwith, who had been merged in the millions of New York's inhabitants. There was but one medium by which she could be found. If that failed the task was impossible. If Alberta Corwith had remained in New York the chances were far better than if she had gone elsewhere. Tom laid out a system of advertising by which the New York field should be first covered, intending to extend the search throughout the United States if the New York field did not produce the desired result. His advertisement read, "Information wanted of Alberta Corwith."

Within a month after the insertion Tom received a note from a dry goods firm in New York city informing him that an Alberta Corwith was employed in one of their departments. Tom took the next train for New York, went to the address mentioned and, on inquiry, learned that Miss Corwith would be found in the cloak department. There he found Winfred Collins.

He sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but she recoiled. He told her who she was and that he was her fiancé. She listened with interest to what he said, but did not remember ever having seen him before.

Winfred being found, the next question was, Could her memory be restored? The case was submitted to physicians, who gave various reports. One medical man suggested that while knocked about in the boat among the wreckage the castaway might have received a blow on the head that had produced the amnesia. He examined Winfred's head and found a slight depression. This was the place from which the stewardess had washed away the clotted blood.

Soon after this discovery Winfred's skull was operated upon. Several persons whom she had known before going abroad, including her betrothed, stood about her when she came out from the effects of the anesthetic. Though suffering from it, her eyes brightened, and on seeing her lover she attempted to hold out her arms to him.

The case of Winfred Collins excited marked attention owing to the strange combination of circumstances which composed it. She had taken a train from Paris which should have landed her in Genoa a couple of hours before the leaving of the steamer on which she had intended to cross the Atlantic. A railroad accident delayed the train four hours. The steamer having sailed on her arrival, hearing that the ship from Leghorn would sail the next day, she went there and boarded it.

The story of the shipwreck was clear in her mind up to a certain point. After that it was a blank. She remembered getting into the ship's boat with several of the crew and a few events after doing so. Then the mental record stopped. The doctors believed that at this point she received the blow which succeeded her memory till the moment it was restored by the opera-

### PACKING FOR A JOURNEY.

Here is a Scheme That May or May Not Be of Help.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled with reverence a habit of his methodical uncle, who was a great traveler and who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

"Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

### Turner's Little Afterthought.

An English critic's reference to Turner's fine picture "The Wreck Buoy" reminds a faithful newspaper reader of a curious anecdote in connection with it. When Turner first sent this picture to the Royal Academy it was hung among several brilliantly colored pictures. On vanishing day Turner found the effect of his dull gray rendering of a stormy sea altogether spoiled by its bright surroundings. Without a moment's hesitation he painted in the lighted buoy in the foreground, and its dab of crimson light showed so brilliantly in its gray setting that Turner's picture became the prominent one, and its rivals on each side were cast into the shade. It is curious, if true, that the most noticeable feature of the picture should have been an afterthought.

### Esakimo Courtship.

If European death scenes astonish, the consenting "Yes" of a bride at marriage shocks an Eskimo woman. Not only must a bride show herself unconsenting; she must, if she respects herself and tribal traditions, scream and struggle with all her might when her wooer or his envoy enters her family residence and, laying hold upon her, drags her, usually by the topknot, to her new home. She may be presented with a new lamp and water pail by her bridegroom, and she is as a general thing mightily pleased at her change of estate. But she is far too circumspect to show her pleasure or affection and keeps up a noisy demonstration until she feels that she has done all that a well bred maiden should do.

### In a Braid.

A youthful bride had undertaken to keep house. She went to the municipal markets of course. One day the man at the vegetable stall displayed, for her admiration, a bunch of fine asparagus, "picked not three hours ago," he said. The new housekeeper gazed upon the asparagus with unaffected amazement. "Does it grow like that?" she asked. "I always supposed the cook braided the ends of it."—New York Post.

### Another Job in Sight.

"Another good job is going to be made in the office for somebody." "How do you know?" "The boss' daughter is going to be married and he'll have a son-in-law to place."—Detroit Free Press.

### Uncertainty.

"I am always horribly nervous when I buy a suit of clothes from a stranger tailor." "Yes; a person you don't know is hard to stand off."—Houston Post.

### Literal.

"They say Mrs. He-Style always welcomes her poor relations under her roof." "Yes; I understand she puts them in the attic."—Pittsburgh Courier.

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