CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR FROM JUNE TO DECEMBER

June 28—Archduke Francis Ferdinand assassinated.
July 23—Austria sends an ultimatum to Servia.
July 31—Russia orders general mobilization.
August 1—Germany declares war on Russia—French cabinet orders general mobilization.
August 2—German forces enter Luxemburg—Germany addresses ultimatum to Belgium demanding free passage for her troops.
August 4—England sends ultimatum to Berlin, demanding unqualified observance of Belgian neutrality—Germany rejects ultimatum—German troops begin attack on Liege—President Wilson issues proclamation of neutrality.
August 5—England announces existence of state of war with Germany—President Wilson tenders his good offices to the warring nations.
August 7—Germans enter Liege—French invade southern Alsace.
August 8—Italy reaffirms neutrality.
August 15—Austrians enter Servia—Japan sends ultimatum to Germany.
August 17—British expeditionary force completes its landing in France—Belgian capital removed from Brussels—Beginning of a five days' battle in Lorraine, ending in repulse of French across frontier with heavy loss—Beginning of five days' battle between Servians and Austrians on the Jadar, ending in Austrian rout.
August 20—Germans enter Brussels—Belgian army retreats on Antwerp.
August 21—Germans begin attack on Namur.
August 23—Germans enter Namur and begin attack on Mons—Austria announces victory over Russians at Krasnik.
August 24—British began retreat from Mons—Zeppelin drops bombs into Antwerp.
August 25—Mulhausen evacuated by the French.
August 26—Non-partizan French cabinet organized—Germans take Longwy.
August 27—Louvain burned by Germans—Japanese blockade Tsing-Tau.
August 28—British fleet sinks five German warships off Heligoland.
August 29—Russians defeated in three days' battle near Tannenberg.
August 30—Germans occupy Amiens.
September 2—German advance penetrates to Creil, about 30 miles from Paris, and swings eastward—French centre between Verdun and Rheims driven back—Seat of French government removed to Bordeaux.
September 3—Russians occupy Lemberg.
September 5—Battle begins south of the Marne and east of Paris in which the German right wing is pushed back, followed by a general retreat.
September 7—Maubeuge taken by the Germans.
September 12—German retreat halts on the Aisne.
September 16—Belgian commission protests to President Wilson against German atrocities.
September 20—Germans bombard Rheims and injured the famous cathedral.
September 22—German submarine sinks British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue in the North Sea—Russians capture Jaroslav and invest Przemysl.
September 26—British troops from India land at Marsailles.
September 28—Germans begin siege of Antwerp—Russian patrols penetrate Carpathian passes into Hungary.
September 30—German warships bombard Japanese position before Kiau-Chau.
October 1—Heavy fighting near Aras begins.
October 2—End of week's battle at Augustowo in which the Germans are forced out of Russian territory.
October 5—Belgian government removed from Antwerp to Ostend.
October 7—Bombardment of Antwerp begins—Japanese seize Caroline Islands.
October 9—Antwerp occupied by the Germans.
October 10—French win cavalry engagement around Hazlebrouck.
October 12—A Boer commando in the Cape province mutinies and martial law is declared throughout the South African union.
October 13—Belgian government transferred from Ostend to Hayre.
October 14—Allies occupy Ypres—Battle begins on the Vistula.
October 15—Ostend occupied by the Germans.
October 16—British cruiser Hawke sunk by German submarine.
October 17—Japanese cruiser Takachiho sunk by torpedo in Kiau-Chau Bay.
October 18—Belgian army effects junction with allied left, battle on from channel coast to Lille.
October 20—English gunboats participate in battle of Nieuport on Belgian coast.
October 24—Ten days' battle before Warsaw ends in German defeat.
October 26—After a week of furious fighting German assaults on allied line from Nieuport to Ypres slacken.
October 27—South African sedition spreads, Gen. Dewet and Gen. Beyers in revolt—Russians pursue retreating Germans and reoccupy Lodz and Radom.
October 28—Berlin admits retreat from Warsaw and Ivangorod—German cruiser Emden enters harbor of Penang and torpedoes Russian cruiser and French destroyer.
October 29—Turkey begins war on Russia by naval attacks on Odessa, Novorossysk, and Theodosia in the Crimea.
October 30—Col. Maritz, rebel leader in Cape Province, beaten and driven out of the colony.
November 1—A squadron of five German cruisers, including the Gneisenau and Scharnhorst, defeated a British squadron off Coronel, on the coast of Chili—Turks bombard Sebastopol.
November 3—German squadron makes a raid to British coast near Yarmouth.
November 4—German cruiser Yorck strikes mine in Jade Bay and sinks—Heavy fighting around Ypres.
November 5—England and France declare war on Turkey—Dardanelles forts bombarded—Russians reoccupy Jaroslav.
November 6—Tsing-Tau surrenders to the Japanese—Russians occupy Koprvkeui on road to Erzerum.
November 7—German light cruiser Geier interns in Honolulu—Austrians report advance in Servia—Russians reach Pleschen in Silesia and enter East Prussia—Germans capture strategic position near Vienne-le-Chateau in the Argonne.
November 10—The Emden defeated, and forced ashore at North Keeling Island in Bay of Benegal, by Australian cruiser Sydney.
November 11—Germans capture Dixmude—German submarine sinks British gunboat Niger off Deal.
November 12—Russians occupy Johannisburg in East Prussia.
November 13—Fighting renewed at Nieuport.
November 14—Heavy fighting between Soldau and Stalluponen in East Prussia.
November 15—Battle between Russians and German centre between Vistula and Warthe rivers, ending in Russian retirement.
November 16—The Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople proclaims a holy war against the allies—British House of Commons votes a war loan of £225,000,000.
November 17—Belgium announces Austrian victory over Servians at Valjevo.
November 18—French capture Tracy-le-Val—Naval battle in Black Sea, in which Turks and Russians both claim victory.
November 19—French detachment trapped at Chauvoncourt near St. Mihiel—House of Commons votes a new army of 1,000,000 men—More than 1,100,000 men already under arms, exclusive of territorials.
November 23—German advance in Poland halted.
November 26—British battleship Bulwark destroyed by explosion in Medway river.
November 28—Russian official despatches indicate the encirclement of a large German force around Lodz.
November 30—Allies take the offensive—German attacks weaker.
December 1—British and Japanese warships in Pacific closing in on German squadron.

Sort Of Sanitarium.

It is nice to know in these days of lost reputations that Oriental hospitality, at any rate, shows no signs of decadence. A correspondent has come across the following announcement in a tailor's shop in Tokio:—

"Respectable ladies and gentlemen may come here to have fits."

PERIL OF THE AVIATOR

Guns Whose Shells Can Reach 20,000 Feet

American Review of Reviews.

It is evident that some attempt must be made to prevent an air scout from reconnoitering. To accomplish that end, aeroplane must be pitted against aeroplane or an attempt made to bring down a scout to the ground by means of high-powered guns. Both methods are in use in the present war.

Most military aeroplanes carry two passengers seated in tandem. One man guides and controls the machine, the other observes the terrain below and manipulates either a rifle or a machine gun. Single-seated machines are also used, but machine guns cannot be successfully fired by an aviator whose hands and feet may not leave the controls. To engage in a machine-gun or rifle duel 5,0000 feet above the ground requires courage of a kind that surpasses the heroism recorded in the epics of old. Indeed, there is nothing in all Homer which for sheer daring can be compared with the feat that a fighting air scout is called upon to perform.

He risks his life doubly—doubly because he is exposed both to fire and to the danger of a vertiginous drop to the ground. If the supporting stays of his wings are clipped, if a control wire is severed, he must experience all the agony of plunging down to a frightful and inevitable death. No wonder that the two dozen aeroplanes which were used on al sides during the Balkan campaign carefully avoided one another.

If an aeroplane flies to a height greater than 4,500 feet itis reasonably safe from the fire of rifles and artillery on the ground. But at that height it is extremely difficult to reconnoiter successfully. Whole batteries seem more like minute crawling insects than guns and men, and it is difficult to distinguish cavalry from horse artillery. The temptation to descend into the danger zone in order to see more clearly is strong. In the Balkans at least two aviators were shot by rifles from the ground because they ventured below the safe height of 4,000 feet, and in the present war, if the newspapers are to be credited, half a dozen scouts have been killed by fire from the ground.

No less than three types of artillery have been designed by Krupp to be used against airships and aeroplanes. One of these is a nine-pounder piece, much like an ordinary gun, hauled by horses, but which can be directed almost vertically upward; a second is to be used on shipboard, and a third is a three-inch piece firing a twelve-pound shrapnel and is mounted on a motor truck. These guns can reach a height of about 20,000 feet, which therefore marks the lower limit of safety for an airship or an aeroplane.

POLLY PERKINS

No one would have stigmatized Polly Perkins as being insane. Eccentric, mentally unbalanced, she certainly was and another couple of years might possibly see her comfortably ensconsed in a home for incurables. For the present she was happily if whimsically domiciled in a tiny cottage on Long Island. Miss Polly's mental state was the cause of rude jests from village children and one of amused interest to older minds. Week-end guests were sure to be taken past the abode of Polly Perkins just as they were invariably regaled by the story of the haunted house on the old farm road.

'She's dippy on the subject of pink," said Jimmy Rogers as he strolled past Miss Perkin's cottage with Bob Hawthorne after a swim in the sound.

"I wouldn't have believed it," laughed Hawthorne as he eyed with amused glance the pink-painted cottage, the pink flower gardens, pink gate posts and outbuildings. "I suppose she has pink bows on all the livestock," he commented.

"She surely has," chuckled Jimmy "every living chicken in the barnyard has a pink bow on his neck."

"You're joking!" exclaimed Hawthorne, but at that moment the cluck cluck of the discussed birds announced their presence and both men laughed aloud. A most tidy little flock of chickens, each bird wearing a pink bow on its neck, came pecking away over Miss Polly's front lawn.

"I don't call that eccentric. I call it plain 'cracked,'" said Hawthorne. "What kind of a freak is this Polly Perkins?" he said.

"Not so much of a freak as you'd expect," said Jimmy as they moved along the street. "Of course, she dresses entirely in pink and looks not half bad under the pink sun bonnet she wears about the garden. You know she writes stories and things for the magazines."

"That accounts for it," said Hawthorne; "they are nearly all dippy on some line, these writer people." After that the two men fell into a discussion of the yacht races being held at the club and promptly forgot all about Polly Perkins and her chickens.

It was not until a few days later that Hawthorne, lolling in Jimmy Rogers' hammock, looked up to see a lone chicken clucking away and pecking contentedly for vermin in Roger's well-kept lown. The chicken had a more or less bedraggled pink bow on its neck that sadly interfered at times with the capturing of dainties from the soft sod.

"Hello!" exclaimed Hawthorne, drawing himself up from his most comfortable position the better to look at the hen. "If you haven't strayed from Miss Perkins' pink domain I'll eat my hat."

And because Bob Hawthorne was a trifle bored with his own society and more or less curious regarding the eccentric Miss Perkins, he decided to make a martyr of himself, and take the straying bird home.

He had little difficulty in catching the chicken. Evidently Miss Perkins' hens were more in the nature of pets than table delicacies. He wondered if each and every bird had a name such as Florabelle or Sylvia or even Peter Perkins. He supposed they would have.

After a few moments of reconnoitering he discovered much to his surprise that a wing of Miss Perkins' property practically adjoined that of Jimmy Rogers. He climbed the latter's fence and found himself facing the back of a pink chicken coop. Hawthorne laughed shortly and would have continued his progress toward the restoration of Miss Perkins' poultry to its owners, save that a sharp turn around the fence brough him into the awkward position of having tripped over a pink-clad figure. She was lying flat on her back among the tall grasses, and Hawthorne swore softly under his breath. The chicken flew madly out of his slackened clutch and the pink-clad one opened startled eyes that were shining with recent dreams.

Hawthorne's conversational ability was lost somewhere in the blue depths of her eyes. He only stood and stared down at her. If all mentally unbalanced people were so lovely to look upon as Polly Perkins, Hawthorne hoped he would meet many of that variety on his life's path.

"You've no right to be snoring in that wet grass," he said—that happening to be the only thought he seemed able to give voice to.

"I was not snoring, and the grass is as dry as a bone," the girl said with asperity. She had arisen to a sitting posture and was endeavoring to coax back the frightened chicken. "I don't know why—all men think that every blade of grass in the universe is continually wet anyway. Men creatures invariably think of sneezing and rheumatism instead of electricity and renewed life coming out of the grass."

She had got the chicken back by continued coaxing the while she was addressing her remarks to Hawthorne and was petting it with two charmingly white hands. Hawthorne found himself wishing himself the pet chicken of an eccentric writer person whose mania was an overfondness for pink.

"Are you Miss Polly Perkins?" he asked, when her wide-open eyes again roamed toward his face. He wanted to make sure of her identity.

"Yes, I am," she said. "Is there anything else you would like to know, Rude Person?" she inquired with a peculiarly disconcerting frankness.

Hawthorne stiffened perceptibly: then, remembering Miss Perkins' mental condition, smiled in what he supposed to be a most compassionate manner.

To Polly Perkins the smile was an odd mixture of damaged pride and a desire to hide the same by forced amusement. She in turn cast a quizzical look into Hawthorne's glowering eyes and burst into a peal of laughter.

"You know," she informed him, "I am not the Miss Polly Perkins you think I am. I am her niece." With that she turned swiftly on her heels and left Bob Hawthorne standing beside the pink chicken coop. He smiled as he went back toward Jimmy Rogers' garden and realized that his holidays were going to be more interesting than he had expected.

"You know," she confided to him two nights later when they left the clubhouse after a most delightful tango evening, "I have a dreadful confession to make." Since Bob's eyes were anything but fear inspiring, Polly continued: "I saw you that day in Mr. Roger's garden and sneaked down to Aunt Polly's chicken coop and deliberately put that bird over the fence so that you might see it."

"And?" questioned Hawthorne, beginning to see things as they really were and always would be where Polly was concerned.

"Well—I felt that you were a trifle bored lying in that hammock, and that anything in the way of diversion would appeal to you."

"But what about yourself?" questioned Hawthorne eagerly.

"I had seen you through my glasses from Aunt Polly's window," confessed Polly unblushingly, "and I rather liked the idea of a diversion from my own environment."

"Are you engaged?" he asked bluntly.

"No—Rude Person," she replied.

"Then prepare for [illegible]," said Bod possessing himself of slim fingers that he [illegible] jealously caressing the [illegible] chicken.

"For the best," [illegible] softly.

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This statement is certified to by the Rev. E. H. Emett, Baptist minister of Brockville, Ont.

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[illegible] d from our agents. [illegible] TING GOODS CO.,

GEN. FRENCH WAS LATE.

Dinner Spoiled While He Was Winning Victory.

Paris, Dec. 4.—Lamorlette, head cook of the well-known Restaurant Vatel, who has been in charge of General French's cuisine since the outbreak of the war, prides himself on never having failed to produce a new dish every day. He has now reached his 122nd. At the battle of the Marne, he had prepared a magnificent souffle, which was practically ruined by the unpunctuality of the general, who when he finally came, explained to [illegible] distracted cook that his delay [illegible] to helping win a victory. [illegible] ly, says the Figaro, was La[illegible] artistic soul appeased.

[illegible]ssia Takes Control.

[illegible]aland, Dec. 4.—An imperial ukase [illegible] to-day authorizes the [illegible] finance to take control [illegible]ditures and receipts of [illegible]panies and enterprises [illegible]rated in Russia by [illegible]rmany, Austria-Hun[illegible]

[illegible] Had Six Thousand

[illegible]4.—News reaches [illegible]rican hospital at [illegible] has had more than [illegible]nts, although it [illegible] no more than fifty. [illegible] of German wound[illegible] estimates yet made.

[illegible]es happens that [illegible] good judgment [illegible] the worst of [illegible] selecting hus-