

to the Adriatic had found refuge and rest under the protection of the Allied fleets on the island of Corfu. The Serbians were a splendid body of men, once again physically fit and eager to resume their part in the struggle. By the end of July they were holding a part of the Allied line north of Salonika and facing the hated Bulgars.

Gradually, in numbers and equipment, the expeditionary force reached a state that justified the expectation of a move northward. Again, however, the attitude of Greece proved a stumbling block. Greek neutrality had from the beginning been a dubious thing, and it did not improve as the months went by. Not only did the Government at Athens refuse to assist the Allies even in such minor ways as permitting the transportation of the Serbian troops by rail to Salonika, but in numberless trivial ways gave colour to the suspicion that the sympathies of the ruling classes were actually pro-German. Under these conditions the Allied commanders were not in a position to assume an energetic offensive against Bulgaria. Later in the year, some progress northward was made and on November 18th, 1916, the capture of Monastir was announced. During the winter months, warfare on a large scale is, of course, almost impossible in the Balkans. Whether the advent of spring will see a terrific drive northward with the purpose of redeeming Serbia and isolating Bulgaria and Turkey, only those in the inner councils of the Allies know.

Meanwhile the war of diplomacy between the Foreign Offices of London and Paris on the one hand, and wily King Constantine on the other, goes merrily on.

KILLING THE GOOSE, ETC.

"Dad," said the young medical graduate, "in your two weeks' absence I managed to cure Mrs. Goldenby of her indigestion." "My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you, of course, but Mrs. Goldenby's indigestion was what put you through college."

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

The professor was absent-minded and his wife was blessed with a lack of tact that frequently brought embarrassment to both. For instance, when the Dean came for dinner, Mrs. Professor recalled her spouse to his duty as host by saying:

"How inattentive you are, John. You must look after the Dean better. He's helping himself to everything!"

Little Johnny, who had been studying history but a short time, thought he would give his grandfather a try-out on the subject, and asked:

"Say, Gramp, what great war broke out in 1850?"

The old gentleman laid down his paper and looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"Why," he said, "that was the year I married your grandmother."

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