The Empty Sleeve

An Episode of the European War.

By MARTHA V. MONROE.

A young man in khaki uniform stepped toward a cab standing by the curb in Oxford circus, London, and was met at the cab door by a tall, athletic looking man in a cutaway coat and silk hat. The gentleman looked about him for another vehicle, but, not seeing any, said to the young soldier:

"Perhaps if we happen to be going the same way we can both use the cab."

"I'm going to Westminster abbey."

"And I go to Downing street. That will be very little out of the way if at all. Get in."

The youngster entered the cab, followed by the other, who first gave some directions that the soldier did not hear.

"Are you a resident of London?" asked the young man by way of opening conversation.

"I am."

"I'm a stranger. I'm from Canada. I came over with the troops that landed the other day. I've got leave for the day to go sightseeing. I shall take in the abbey first."

"You'll find it very interesting."

"By the bye, you, being a Londoner, can perhaps tell me how to get to this place." And he handed the gentleman sitting beside him a paper on which was written the name of a suburban town.

"To go there you take the Paddington station. Tell the driver. He'll know."

"I can't go today. I have so much to see. When I go back to Montreal if I live through the war everybody will ask me, 'Have you seen this and have you seen that in London?' and I don't want to say I haven't. So I told the young lady who lives at that address she must come to camp to see me instead of my taking up the time granted me for leave to go out of town on a railway."

"Which means that you are engaged to her?"

"That's just what it does mean. She was brought up in Canada. Her father came to England a year ago. When the war broke out and you fellows over here called on us Canadians to help you out I thought it would be a good opportunity to come over and see her. So I enlisted."

The gentleman cast a side glance at his companion, but said nothing.

"Do you think it will be much of a fight?" asked the youngster.

"A very big fight."

"Well, I don't mind seeing some service. I dare say it will be a valuable experience. Of course I don't want to get killed. Gladys—I mean Miss Arkright; she's my fiancee, you know—she don't like the idea"—

"Arkright?" interrupted the gentleman—"Samuel Arkright's daughter?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Quite well."

"My name is Glover—James Glover of the —th Canadian foot. I suppose you have met my fiancee?"

"Oh, yes, I know Gladys Arkright."

"Nice girl, isn't she?" looking up wistfully for the stranger's approval of the girl he loved.

"Gladys is a lovely girl."

By this time the cab had stopped and the gentleman got out.

"To the abbey," he said to the cabman, handing him the fare, then to the Canadian: "Much obliged for accommodating me. When you see Gladys give her my love."

"Who shall I say?"

But before the other could reply he was buttonholed by a man, and as he entered the building for which he was headed half a dozen others surrounded him.

Private James Glover visited Westminster abbey, the Tower of London and various other sights. Wherever he was recognized as a Canadian soldier he met with kindly greetings. Every inquiry he made was responded to with alacrity, and an old gentleman of seventy volunteered to take him to see several curiosities of which he had not heard. When he returned to camp he was informed that his regiment would be moved the next day to a channel port to be carried to France. He had barely time to write a brief goodby to his sweetheart before he turned in for the night and was up before the sun the next morning.

Young Glover found the trenches indeed an experience. Having come from a cold climate, he stood winter weather fairly well. His introduction to natural war was like that of most other men who for the first time listened to the din of battle. He was badly scared. But they were making veterans rapidly in those days, and the Canadian soon got that control of himself which marks the difference between a raw recruit and a veteran. Then, too, when in the thick of it he lost consciousness of everything but what he and his comrades were doing. When he shot at the enemy he shot as he would at a flock of birds, not because he had any animosity toward them, but because of the excitement he was under.

One day after a long cannonading on the part of the allies the order was given to charge the trenches. Glover was back of a line of bayonets moving at double quick pace across a field when suddenly he was turned completely round, then fell in a heap. The Germans' fire was so murderous that his comrades, reaching a depression in the earth, dropped while myriads of all sorts of missiles passed over them. Then re-enforcements came, passed on and were driven back to the allies' trenches, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

That night Glover lay on the battlefield. Now and again the glare of searchlights fell on objects about him, giving a ghastly hue to everything and intensifying that on the faces of his dead and wounded companions. Toward morning there was a lull in the firing of cannon, and after daylight another dash was made from the allies' lines, and the ground captured was held long enough to remove some of the wounded. But Glover was not among the number.

During the day many things were running through his brain, among others his words to the gentleman who had ridden with him in the cab from Oxford circus to Downing street. The wounded man remembered the flippant way in which he had spoken of war and the experience it would give him. Experience! Call it rather a taste of inferno.

During the day the field on which Glover was lying was fought over, being lost and retaken by each side half a dozen times. On one of these advances by the English he was carried back to their trenches and in due time sent to England with a load of wounded comrades. Arriving in London he was placed in a hospital, where his life hung in the balance for awhile; then he began slowly to mend.

One of the strangest features of war is that one who has experienced its sufferings and its terrors when out of it has an unconquerable desire to get back to it again. Though Glover was as comfortable as a wounded man could be made, though he received frequent visits from his sweetheart, he was constantly making inquiries of the surgeons as to how soon he would be able to return to the front.

One morning he was told that during the day the hospital would be honored by a visit from a member of the cabinet. Thinking it about time he tidied himself up, he asked his nurse for a basin in which to wash his hands and face, and when the barber came to make his daily round Glover received the first shave since he was wounded.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was a stir among the attendants, the door of the ward in which Glover was lying was thrown open, and a tall man with a black mustache attended by a number of officers and citizens entered. Advancing to the nearest cot, he spoke a few words to the invalid, then went down the aisle between the beds, addressing a word here and a word there, till he reached Glover. The Canadian looked at him, feeling sure that he had seen him before. Then it flashed upon him that he was the man who had ridden with him in a cab when he was seeing the sights of London.

By this time Glover had learned the difference between a private and an officer and the difference between a subaltern and a general. While the stranger was advancing he had asked who he was and was told that he was Lord Kitchener, secretary for war and acknowledged to be the greatest living organizer of an army. Glover, remembering how he had talked familiarly with one so far above him in rank, would have pulled the covers up over his face to avoid recognition, but he realized that this would not be allowable. The secretary for war approached his bedside, spoke to him and passed on. He had been too preoccupied by the mighty task before him when riding in the cab in Glover's company to recognize him on meeting him again. Glover was more thankful than if he had missed an exploding shell.

Not long after this Glover was informed that he was to be discharged from the service on account of disability. He was as much disgruntled as his fiancee was pleased. As soon as he was well enough he was removed to her home, where he received her constant attention. He had spoken to her of having met one who knew her, but she could not identify the person by his description. He was so embarrassed at having conversed familiarly with the secretary for war that he could not bring himself to tell her of the episode. At any rate, he put off doing so.

As soon as Glover was as well as he would ever be—he'd lost an arm—a wedding day was fixed for his and Gladys' marriage. One day when the pair were shopping together in London they met on the street the man who had shared a cab with Glover—in other words, the secretary for war. He stopped to speak to Gladys and to tell her that he was sorry he had not the time to attend her wedding.

Glover looked the other way, but Gladys insisted on introducing him to her friend. This time the secretary looked at Glover with a more fixed attention and remembered him.

"I think," he remarked, "that I have seen you before. Did we not some months ago ride in the same cab?"

"We did, and since then I have had sufficient experience in war to last me a whole lifetime."

"So I observe," remarked the secretary, looking attentively at the empty sleeve.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover have returned to Canada, where the husband is the recipient of much attention. His friends do what they can to get him to tell of his service at the front, and he will sometimes accommodate them. Fortunately for him they would rather hear about this than the sights of London. At any mention of the latter subject he shuts up like a mouse trap.

BREVITY OF ENGLISH.

Its Advantage In This Respect Over French and German.

In an international report, printed in parallel columns in French, German and English, the three versions being exact translations of each other, the English report invariably finished first; sometimes it won by a whole page. As a rule, the French report was the most diffuse.

This brevity of English is partly explained by the fact that English is made up to an extraordinary extent of words of one syllable. Its nouns having (unlike the German) lost all their inflections except the possessive "s," have become mere roots, a very large proportion of them monosyllabic. In Germany a monosyllabic root practically always gets an extra syllable tacked on by way of case ending. In the second place English has little of the elaborate and explicit machinery of structure that French has, so it saves space in prepositions and such paraphernalia. Instead, English has what the grammarians call incipient agglutination—that is, sticking words together in groups without either prepositions or case endings to connect them.

An example of the former kind of brevity is a word like "earthquake," two syllables, compared with the German "erdbeben," three syllables, and the French "tremblement de terre," five syllables. An example of the terseness of English would be a phrase like, "I have been to the house and have now come back;" every word a single syllable. In a telegram this would be just as intelligible in the form "Been house now back." You cannot carry that sort of thing far in any other European language.—Manchester Guardian.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

It Had a Short Life In What Is Now Eastern Tennessee.

In 1784 North Carolina, growing impatient of the burden that her western settlements had imposed upon her treasury and irritated by the complaints of the people of those sections, passed an act conveying to the federal government all the lands that now constitute the state of Tennessee.

The people of the country that is now eastern Tennessee, feeling themselves left without a government, made haste to organize themselves into an independent commonwealth, which they called, as a tribute to the illustrious philosopher, the state of Franklin. These people applied for admission into the Union; but the federal government being slow and unwilling to act and North Carolina having repealed the act of cession of her western province to the Union, the state of Franklin came into very troubled waters for some years.

Some efforts were made to persuade the Kentuckians to join themselves to the state of Franklin, a provision having been made for such co-operation in the constitution of the experiment, but they came to nothing. The new state gradually fell to pieces, and in 1787 its brilliant and able governor, John Sevier, was put on trial for high treason. He was released by a daring rescue and subsequently pardoned and restored in name to the leadership, which he never lost in the affections of his people. In 1787 the last legislature of the state of Franklin held its session at Greenville.—Philadelphia Press.

Napoleon's Confidence.

Just before his marriage Napoleon received the appointment of commander in chief of the army of Italy. He was then twenty-six. "You are rather young," said one of the directors, "to assume responsibility so weighty and to take command over veteran generals."

"In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be old or dead."

"We can place you in command of men only," said Carnot, "for the troops are in need of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies."

"Give me only men enough," Napoleon answered, "and I ask for nothing more. I will be answerable for the result."—"Table Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte."

Pure Bred Arab Horses.

In Cairo there is a society for preserving the pure bred Arab horse. It is said that recent changes in the lives and habits of the Bedouins have resulted in the deterioration of these horses. A practical horseman of wide experience says that as a rule the Arab horse is now no better treated than our own horses, whatever may have been true of the old days when such poems as "The Arab to His Steed" were written.

A Troublemaker.

"Why did you tell my wife that before I met her I promised to love you forever?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, but that's no kind of conversation to go to a man's wife with."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fulfilled.

Mrs. Gnaggs—Before we were married you used to say you could listen to my sweet voice all night. Mr. Gnaggs—Well, at that time I had no idea I'd ever have to do it.—Judge.

Not a Bout Winner.

Tramp—Once I was well known as a wrestler, mum. Lady—And do you wrestle now? Tramp—Only wid poverty, mum.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Comparison more than reality makes men happy and can make them wretched.—Feltham.

A Mind Reading Craze

By MARTHA V. MONROE

A mind reader had come to town and had given some astonishing public exhibitions. But this had not the effect on the beau monde of an exhibition he gave at the house of Mrs. MacGruder, one of society's leaders. This private entertainment made him fashionable, and every young man who had shaken his brains down into his heels at cotillon parties and every young girl whose aristocratic manners and conserved beauty had given her the right to look down on her sisters who had the brains to take down the dictation of a scientific constructor or a merchant prince was talking about mind reading.

Pete Barnical and Lucy Witridge were sitting together, she on a sofa, he in a chair opposite her. He was holding a skein of yarn on his hands which she was winding into a ball.

"I have heard," said Miss Witridge, "that Mrs. Fowelton is very much displeased that Mrs. MacGruder got ahead of her by giving that mind reading exhibition at her house. You see, all society is talking about it. Of course it is greatly to Mrs. MacGruder's credit to have introduced the matter."

"Did the mind reader find out who had the most mind?"

"I don't think that was his object. He told what people were thinking about."

"What were they thinking about?"

"What a question! It wasn't that which was wonderful; it was that he could tell without knowing what they were thinking about."

"How could he tell what he didn't know?"

She lifted her big brown liquid eyes from a tangle in the yarn she was straightening out to his with a kind of puzzled wonder.

"I didn't mean to say," she replied when she had given her brain time to work out an answer, "that he could tell what a person was thinking about without knowing it, but he didn't know it until—until"—

"He found it out," supplied Pete.

"No, not that either. The remarkable feature of his performance was the way he found it out."

"How did he do it?"

"How did he do it? Why, he did it by"— She was stalled again.

"Perhaps he didn't know himself."

"That's it. He said he didn't know how he did it."

"What did he do?"

"He took Billy Perkins' hand and, blindfolded, led Billy to what he was thinking about. Then Mr. Horton wrote something on a piece of paper, folded it, put it in an envelope, put the envelope in a book, put the book on the top of the library, and then the"—

"Where did he put the library?"

"The library! He didn't put that anywhere. It was there already."

"Well, then what happened?"

"The mind reader told what was written on the paper, though he had been blindfolded all the time."

"That's nothing remarkable. I'll bet I can tell what you're thinking about this minute."

"I don't believe you can do any such thing."

"Try me. Think of something, and I'll tell you what it is."

"Very well. I've thought of something."

"A pumpkin."

There was contempt in her expression as she looked at him and replied that she wasn't thinking of any such thing.

"Yes, you were. You were thinking of Tom Baxter. You couldn't think of Tom Baxter without thinking of Tom Baxter's head. Tom Baxter's head is a pumpkin."

"How ridiculous!" But she did not smile. Indeed, she made the exclamation because she didn't quite grasp the logical conclusion.

"I'll tell you what you do," he proceeded, not giving her time to think it all out. "You fix your mind on something and I'll lead you to it."

She spent some time selecting an object, then told him she was ready. He took her hand and led her to the piano.

"I didn't think of that at all," she said.

"I'll try again," he said, still holding her hand, and he led her to a clock on the mantel.

"Wrong again."

He led her to a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. She didn't say whether he was right or not, nor did he ask her. They sank into their respective seats on the tete-a-tete. He still held her hand.

"I can tell you what you are thinking about," he said.

"What?"

"Tom Baxter."

"I'm not."

"Me."

She did not reply to this. She lowered her eyes.

"And I can tell you," he went on, "what you think I'm thinking about."

"What?"

"You're thinking that I'm thinking that I—that I love you."

There was a great deal more of this intellectual conversation, but at this point it became what the world has heard very often, though it is a question if it tires persons. The mind reader had at least given a young man a reasonable excuse to propose.

But why he went so far out of his way to tell a simple truth that she wanted to hear only persons endowed with sentiment know, and they can't tell.

How Warships Communicate.

Every battleship at sea has its wireless installation adjusted so that it can send and receive signals and messages to other squadrons at sea or in harbor and to stations ashore. For the purpose of obtaining information as to the whereabout of the enemy and guarding against surprises wireless telegraphy is, of course, invaluable, says the Wireless World. A great number of cruisers are sent out ahead and spread a number of miles across. The duty of these ships is to keep a thorough lookout and report to the ship in the battle fleet looking out on their particular wave length. This ship in turn reports by semaphore or Morse lamp to the admiral of the battle fleet. The cruisers are sometimes assisted by torpedo boat destroyers. Now, if thirty of these ships are used it will be readily seen that the area of their vision is enormous, and it would be almost impossible for a fleet to pass unobserved. Immediately any of the ships sight the enemy's squadron they would report at once by wireless, stating the number of ships sighted, with their speed, latitude and longitude, etc. The admiral would then give his orders, also by wireless.—Pearson's Weekly.

Queerest Dolls In the World.

The dollies played with by little Mohammedan children are sadly unique. They are not allowed any features and are, in fact, little more than mere bundles of rags rolled up. Mrs. Penny in "Southern India" recalls the reason for this deficiency. The Moslems believe that any human figure that is made by man will receive life at the last day and will reproach its maker for having brought it into existence without having the power to endow it with human and spiritual privileges. One feels that the prophet might have compromised a little when it came to dolls, especially in view of what was later to happen.

When British rupees were first circulated in India the figure of the sovereign in relief was regarded with distrust. Fortunately for the peace of the merchant the eye was so small as to be almost invisible. Through this loophole the followers of the prophet found a way of escape from the difficulty, deciding that no harm would come in the use of the money.

A Stonehenge Legend.

Friar's Heel is the name given to a large stone at Stonehenge, England. An interesting tale surrounds the placing of this stone in its present upright position. It is related that Geoffrey of Monmouth said that the devil bought some stones of an old woman in Ireland, wrapped them up in withies and took them to Salisbury plain. Before he got to Mount Ambre the withies broke and one of the stones fell into the Avon; the rest were carried to the plain. After the fiend had fixed them in the ground he cried out, "No man will ever find out how these stones came here." A friar replied, "That's more than thee can tell," whereupon the fiend threw one of the stones at him and struck him on the heel. The stone stuck in the ground and is said to remain there to the present hour.

A Remarkable Prediction.

Manasseh Cutler of Massachusetts, in a circular in 1787 "booming" the settlement which the New Englanders were about to plant on the Ohio at the mouth of the Muskingum, declared that "the current down the Ohio and the Mississippi" for produce and merchandise of all sorts would one day "be more crowded than any other streams on earth," which was a remarkable prediction considering that it was made twenty years before Fulton's Clermont was launched in the Hudson, which was the first steamboat in the world ever put in successful operation.

Family Fun.

They had been having a quarrel, and after Mrs. Gilson had spoken the last word, as usual, she felt that perhaps she had overdone the matter and, picking up the evening paper, began to read little items from it.

"Oh, Henry," she laughed, "isn't this funny? Here is a man advertising for a silent partner with $1,000."

"Funny!" growled Gilson. "Yes; it's terribly funny if he'd married you he'd have been darned glad to get a silent partner even if she didn't have a cent."—Philadelphia Record.

Comprehensive Advice.

It is probable that seldom has better advice been given than in the following condensed rules: Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; talk less, think more; preach less, practice more. To follow these is to strive for better health, further popularity and greater success.

Explaining It.

"Robert," said his mother, "what mischief have you been up to now? I can tell by the look in your eyes that you have been naughty."

"Oh," replied Robert, "that's part of the look left over from the last time I was naughty."—Chicago News.

Love's Victim.

"Where did you get that awful indigestion?"

"My wife tried to win my love through my stomach."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Spear of Sarcasm.

"The whaling industry is dead."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Throwing the harpoon is now classed as an indoor sport."—Washington Star.

Don't tell your enemy what you think of him; it will worry him lots more to have to guess.—Smart Set.

HOOKING A SHARK.

It's an Exciting Sport Even if One Doesn't See the Fish.

Fishing for sharks off the pier at Palm Beach is a Brobdingnagian sport. You fish with clotheslines and a hook the size of a split anchor. Half of some great fish is slipped on your hook for bait. You throw it off the pier and fasten the end of the line to the railing and then take out your detective story and read.

Sometimes you get a bite; sometimes you don't. At evening the colored gentleman in charge of the shark fishing on the pier goes around and takes in the lines. That in itself is on rare occasions an exciting sport.

Once a New York vacationist was standing on the pier enjoying the sunset after a day's fruitless angling when he heard a shout from the colored gentleman, who had discovered a shark on one of the lines that had been left out. The colored gentleman was having trouble in handling the beast, so the New Yorker went to his assistance. Together they pulled and hauled at the line in vain. Another man on the pier joined in, and then the three braced their feet against the rail and tugged for all they were worth. But in spite of all they could do the line slipped gradually through their fingers.

Finally all the slack was used up, and the rope, coming taut against the rail, snapped like a thread. The New Yorker has always wished he could have had just one look at that shark.—New York Post.

MARTEL AND POITIERS.

The Man and Battle That Saved Europe From the Saracen Yoke.

A traveler approaching the city of Poitiers, France, would hardly believe that it was around the site of that small city that the battle which saved all Europe from the Saracen yoke was fought. The man who commanded the French in that great battle was Charles, who afterward received the surname Martel, "the hammer," from his mighty prowess in that fight.

He baffled the Saracen invasion by his great victory at Poitiers. The Saracens had mastered all Asia and conquered Spain. Nothing could withstand their arms, and the Crescent bore death and desolation before it wherever it went. The Mohammedans determined to conquer all Europe in the name of the Prophet. Spain had fallen, and France was next. The two armies met at Poitiers. The strife was bloody, for the Saracens had the prestige of former victories and the advantage of numbers. France had the wisdom of Martel. That wisdom triumphed, and the Mohammedan was hurled back, a broken power. This victory saved Europe from want and desolation, for the brave people would have suffered anything sooner than embrace Mohammedanism. The great champion of Christian civilization lived nine years after his famous triumph at Poitiers and died in the year 741.—Irish World.

Force of Drops of Water.

It seems almost incredible that so small a thing as a drop of rain should injure the propeller of an aeroplane, but such is the case. At so great a speed does the propeller revolve—1,200 revolutions a minute as a matter of fact—that a rain drop hits it with such enormous force as to chip a piece of the wood away. Some idea of the hardships entailed by flying through the rain at sixty miles an hour may be gathered from the fact that an aviator who recently went through such an experience, alighted with the edge of his propeller fretted as though it had been gnawed by rats. The rain drops had chipped pieces out of the blades and also bruised the aviator's face, owing to the force with which they hit against his flesh.—London Spectator.

Antiquity of "A Regular Shindy."

The antiquity of many familiar terms is surprising when it is known. Many people are not aware that "What the dickens?" occurs in Shakespeare, but fewer still will be prepared to hear that the phrase "a regular shindy" is found in an author's note to a poem called "The Popish Kingdom," published in 1570. A writer quotes this note, which refers to the celebration of Maundy Thursday. "Midnight services are held in church, the lights are put out, and a regular shindy follows, men being beaten and wounded."—London Globe.

Fine Language.

As a rule the educated native of West Africa, like his Indian brother, loves high flown language. A clerk some time ago sent a report complaining that the carbines of the police at his station often misfired. This is how he put it: "It is ridiculous to report that the firearms of the police when pointed at the firmament refuse to give explosive sound."—London Saturday Review.

Of the Past.

Geologists say that several species of man have entirely disappeared from the earth. Doubtless these last species include the nice old gentleman who used to pull off his boots of an evening with the help of the bootjack.—Chicago News.

The Fourth Estate.

The expression "fourth estate" was first used by Thomas Carlyle and was applied to the editors during the period of the French revolution.

Impudent.

Registrar—How old are you, madam? She—I've seen nineteen summers, sir. Registrar—How long have you been blind?—Brooklyn Eagle.