How a Regiment Was Saved

By RICHARD MACKLEY

In a little town near the Russian border Colonel Ullendorf was encamped with his regiment. There was at the time no enemy very near him, and he sent for his daughter, Sonia, to come from Moscow to visit him. But the pan-European war was on, and there might be fighting at any moment. So the colonel wrote his daughter to come with as little baggage as possible and be ready to get back at short notice.

When Sonia came she was escorted by Paul Schumsky, a citizen.

"Didn't I write you," said the colonel, "not to bring any useless baggage?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then what did you bring that weakling for?"

"Well, he offered to be my protector, and I"--

"Protector! Do you suppose that whippersnapper could protect any one? Why, he'd need a nurse himself."

"If he needs one I'll take care of him."

The very next day the colonel's attention was diverted from Schumsky to an attack of the enemy. He had barely time to tell his daughter to get back to Moscow as fast as possible when he was called upon to head his regiment in battle.

The Russian position was on a low ridge that rose above the surrounding country. The Germans straightway began to make a pair of pincers of themselves, their favorite strategy, driving in the Russian flanks. When they had their enemy in the shape of a horseshoe they proceeded to drive in the heels and soon cut off the Russian communications. Colonel Ullendorf, realizing that unless he could be reenforced his command would be captured, was in despair. He sent several officers to the rear to beg for succor, but none of them got through. When he was meditating surrender he was told that a man in citizen's dress had come from the rear and desired to speak with him. Then who should appear but Paul Schumsky, his clothes half torn off his back, dirty, begrimed with powder and bleeding.

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel. "How did you get through?"

"Fought my way."

"With a message?"

"Yes, colonel."

"A promise of re-enforcements?"

"No, colonel."

"Then what in thunder is it?"

"I proposed marriage to your daughter, and she referred me to you."

A group of officers standing about broke into a laugh. The colonel looked as if he didn't know whether to laugh or to cut the citizen down with his sword. Presently an idea struck him.

"Since you have come through, maybe you can go back."

"I can try."

"Well, go back and send me re-enforcements. If you succeed you shall have my daughter."

Scarcely had the words been spoken when Schumsky betook himself to the rear so rapidly that it occurred to those viewing him that his legs were a great advantage to him. Being on an eminence, they could see him at a great distance. A German horseman saw him and gave chase. The ground was rough, and Schumsky was a better jumper than the horse. Then he sprinted over a field, rifles popping at him on both sides. He fell, but got up and went on, this time with a limp. Uhlans started for him, but he led them into a strip of timber, emerging on the other side, while they remained in the wood. Again he fell, and when he arose he limped some more. Finally he disappeared from view in the distance and was not seen again. The colonel, who had been watching him through a pair of glasses, lowered them and muttered:

"If he gets us succor he can have Sonia, and I'd give him a dozen other daughters if I had them. Thank heaven, night is coming on! The enemy can't drive us to the wall before morning."

Soon after daylight the sound of firing was heard in the Russian rear, and after awhile a force was seen constituting a wedge that was driving apart the heels of the German horseshoe. The approaching line advanced rapidly, and the colonel, mounting his horse, rode to meet it. There he found the officer in command, who was being piloted by Paul Schumsky. Paul cut a ridiculous figure. He wore a derby hat, a bobtail coat and spats over his shoes.

"I've won her, colonel!" he said enthusiastically, waving his hat.

The colonel gave him a look of mingled admiration, contempt and gratitude.

"Yes, you've won," he said in a snarling tone, "but go and get off that toggery and put yourself into a uniform before I go back on my word."

With that he turned to the officer commanding the re-enforcements for consultation. The result was that the Germans were driven off and Colonel Ullendorf's regiment was saved from capture.

Before the colonel would permit the marriage between Schumsky and his daughter Schumsky was forced to enlist and was soon after promoted to a commission. It seems that Sonia, who had been bothered with his begging her to say yes, in order to get rid of him, had told him to go ask her father, never dreaming that he would do so. However, her father would not hear of her going back on her word, and she finally willingly married the man who had saved the regiment.

Author Whose Mishap Gave Idea For a Novel

A year or so ago William Johnston, a well known editor and writer, had a mishap which made it necessary for him to use crutches for several months. Chafing under the inconvenience, he comforted himself by thinking how

Photo by American Press Association.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

much harder fairness must be for an active boy at a period in life when practically all his amusements involve tests of physical endurance. Out of this grew the idea for Mr. Johnston's new novel, "Limpy," recently published. It is the story of a boy who had to wear a brace on one leg. Irvin S. Cobb, after reading it, wrote that somebody might have written a truer, sweeter, more appealing, more convincing story of a boy than Limpy, but nobody ever has."

Care of Young Goslings

There is very little that the owner can do to hurry the hatching of goose eggs, while under the mother, except to see that she is properly supplied with water and food in easily accessible channels, says the American Agriculturist. The period of incubation is from twenty-eight to thirty-three days, but averages thirty days. Do not feed the goslings until two days old, but give them tender, finely cut grass and water. They should not be allowed to swim, however, until they grow older. The first feed may be rolled oats or stale bread slightly moistened with water. Some poultrymen recommend bran, cornbread or chick food. In any event, the feeding should be light and two-thirds or three-quarters should be made up of tender green food. There should be protected houses or coops where the goslings may have adequate shelter from the rain. After a week or ten days they may be safely turned out on good pasture. Fresh drinking water is supplied at all times.

Mother's Doll Story

The Squirrel's House

There was once a nice toy dog of the name of Pip. He lived in a charming little doghouse that stood near the nursery window.

His master was Fred about six years old. And when spring came Fred lost all interest in toy dogs and wanted a live squirrel.

"Papa, how can I get a pet squirrel?" he was always asking.

And, since he lived in a big city where there were no squirrels except those in the parks, his daddy always said, "I'm sure I don't know, Fred."

But one beautiful sunny day his papa took Fred to the country, and there they found a very kind farmer who caught them a squirrel in a wood-en trap.

When Fred got home what do you think he did with his toy dog--his old friend that had been his pet doll since he was a little baby? Why, he just pitched Pip out of the doghouse and put the squirrel in.

But Pip had a lovely disposition; and instead of barking and making a horrid fuss he ran right out in the kitchen for a bone to give the squirrel. But squirrels like nuts best, so Fred sold newspapers till he earned 10 cents to buy nuts for his new pet.

Home Rules For Young.

Be prompt at every meal hour.

Shut every door after you and without slamming it.

Let your first, last and best confidant be your mother.

Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping or running in the house.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

The Lion's Tongue.

The lion's tongue is so rough that it can be used to rasp the flesh from the bones. The horny, clawlike papillae, or prickles, are nearly a quarter of an inch long. It has been said that the cat uses her prickly tongue in the same way, but she uses it chiefly as a comb.

Charade.

My first is to drink from
My second, to allow,
My whole is two verses
You have guessed it by now.

Answer—Cup, let—couplet.

CITY OF THE FUTURE.

Vision of the Change That May Come Through the Motorcar.

Segregation of traffic was practically unknown before 1900. When the motorcar came it was obvious enough that the eight mile an hour truck and the twenty mile an hour pleasure car could not simultaneously run on the same densely packed avenue. Not the fastest, but the slowest, vehicle determines the speed of a congested street's traffic. This conclusion then is justified. In the city of the future there will be separate streets for the fast pleasure or passenger motorcar and for the slow commercial motor truck.

Moreover, trucks are increasing in weight, so that ordinary pavements cannot support the heaviest that can be built. It is very evident that the city must provide one type of street for the fast pleasure car and still another for the heavier, slower truck.

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, London, Paris and Berlin have found subways preferable to elevated structures for rapid transit railways for very much the same reasons that confront us even now with the increasing use of the motorcar, and we may expect that motor truck subways will be provided in the congested city of the future. There are straws enough to show that this is the tendency of thought among municipal engineers.

It becomes safe to prophesy that the city of the future will provide highways for its heavy motor trucks deep in the ground. Swift passenger motors will speed along in the sunshine unobstructed and undelayed.

So the city of the future, the city that the motorcar will bring into being, will be pleasantly different from that compact aggregation of towering office buildings and dwellings painted by romancers. It will be an open, sunny city, its outskirts thirty miles from its commercial center, its suburbs, if suburbs they can be called, sixty or a hundred miles distant and easily reached by trains perhaps twice as fast as those which now convey us to our work. There will be no slums in that motor city, for slums are created by high land values, which cannot be leveled so long as this is a horse ruled world. The home building instinct, an instinct as natural as the nest building instinct of a mated bird, will be easily satisfied. That follows from the more equable distribution of land values which the motorcar will bring about and from the ease with which a man may journey from his house to his office or to a distant railway station.

And with that change there will be satisfied the craving for the open air, for trees and flowers, for starlight and moonshine, for outdoor games and the full enjoyment of nature. Only in the heart of the city itself will there remain in subways for trains and motor trucks a reminder of the life we now lead. And even there the spacious public squares and the fine, smooth wide streets, necessitated by many parallel streams of speeding cars, will faintly recall the constricted city passageways of the present.—Waldemar Kaempffert in McClure's Magazine.

Spare Your Eyes.

The summer vacation is often a disappointment to persons who are obliged to overuse their eyes throughout the working year and who depend on their vacation for a chance to restore their strength. The reason is that they do not take the trouble to look after their eyes and give them a vacation too. The glare from the water or from the hot sands, long dusty journeys, automobiling, bicycling against sun and wind, only give the eyes a change of work, not a rest. Every summer "comfort kit" should include dark glasses, some simple eye drops and a dropper, and remember, if you can, not to read while you lie in a hammock.—Youth's Companion.

The Man at the Top.

A generation ago the big man in business was the man who "had everything at his fingers' ends." Long hours, hard labor, the mastery of infinite detail—that did the trick. Today big business asks something more. Results count, not hours and labor. The gift of tact, a knowledge of men that amounts to genius—this, often as much as industry, has come to be the distinguishing mark of the man at the top.

Obeyed Orders.

She was a green girl just landed from the old country, and it was her first day at her new place. When her master and mistress sat down to dinner the latter said, "Oh, Mary, bring the catsup, please." So Mary went downstairs and brought them up—both of 'em.—Boston Transcript.

Too Much Light.

Patience—She used to have a birthday party every year, with a cake with candles in it, you know.

Patrice—Doesn't she now?

"Oh, no! She's given 'em up. She thought the candles threw too much light on her age."—Yonkers Statesman.

Interested.

"Is your boy Josh interested in his studies?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Every once in awhile he picks up a book an' looks it over an' says he wishes he knew what it's all about."—Washington Star.

Suspicious.

Tom—I wonder why Harry broke his engagement with Miss Peckem? Jack—According to my information her father offered to lend him money enough to get married on.—Exchange.

A grateful thought toward heaven is of itself a prayer.—Lessing.

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THE G. S. Announcement For Thrifty Catholics

Right in this section is a Manufacturing Concern that is Very Much out of the Ordinary. Just for Convenience Let Us Call it the G. S. Concern---But that is Not Its Real Name. Mention of the Firm's Name Would Immediately Bring a Flash of Recognition to Your Mind.

FOR A SCORE OF YEARS IT HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED. During that time it grew from a mere nothing to a big something. Its present big factory stands as a permanent monument to a steady growth, and a long list of satisfied customers.

THIS G. S. CONCERN IS MANUFACTURING AN EXCLUSIVE LINE, which is practically free from competition. Its products are popular and in demand. They sell fast---and repeat. In the manufacture of these goods there is a very big profit. In fact, the earnings were so satisfactory that "outsiders" never had an opportunity to share in them. In other words, the G. S. business was held tight.

Some Years Ago a Western Inventor Worked Out a New Idea in This Line. It was a Great Improvement.

THE IDEA QUICKLY DEVELOPED INTO A VOLUME OF BUSINESS THAT WAS RECORD-BREAKING. In a short while a string of factories was needed to cope with the demand. From its very inception the idea was a money-maker. This is evident by the fact that several substantial fortunes have been made by its manufacturers.

Recently the G. S. People Had a Chance to Acquire the Rights, Formulas, etc., for this Product.

THIS RARE OPPORTUNITY WAS QUICKLY ACCEPTED. Subsequently, the wonderful little product was made by the local concern.

Right from the start the G. S. firm had more business than it could take care of. Manufacturing facilities were many times improved by the installation of automatic equipment. Output was increased. The volume of business became heavier each day. With every appearance of the mail-man there came another bunch of orders.

Thousands and Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Business was Turned Down, Despite Herculean Efforts to Fill All Orders.

BUT AS ALL OF THIS TREMENDOUS VOLUME OF BUSINESS belongs to the G. S. concern, it proposes to take care of it. Therefore, its output will be increased by still further expansion in manufacturing facilities. This will be accomplished by a short cut---THE G. S. COMPANY WILL BE ENLARGED.

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