

# He Criticised His Commander

By JAMES BRAINARD

The Grand Duke Nicholas, who commanded the armies of Russia in the world's war for the first two years and was then deposed by the czar, will doubtless be rated by historians as a great military leader. Sent to the Caucasus, he was equally successful in that field.

When the grand duke was going southward to his new command he was traveling alone and innocently one day in a railway carriage in which there was a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of engineers. The grand duke, who is a very tall spare man of serious mien, looked back in a corner wrapped in his cloak. The lieutenant, on the contrary, was alive to everything about him and deposed to be garrulous. He told every one in the compartment that he had just been graduated from the Russian military school for officers and had been ordered to engineer duty in the army in the Caucasus. At this the grand duke looked at the young man and said:

"You must have been a good scholar to be appointed to the corps of engineers."

"I stood first in my class."

"You will serve on the general staff?"

"I suppose so. What do you know about the army, sir? You cannot be a soldier or you would be in uniform."

"Almost any civilian could tell you that the engineers require a scientific education. It is an engineer's part to think; the other corps of the army have only to die."

"How about the generals?" asked the lieutenant.

"The generals are to act."

"Just so. If the grand duke had acted in the recent push of the Germans on Warsaw he would not have been deposed from the command of the army."

"You do not consider a successful retreat evidence of generalship, I suppose?"

"The grand duke was at fault in not having prepared the ground behind him. The books I have been studying lay great stress on a general having ample defense ready in case he is forced back."

"In other words, he should have eyes in the back of his head as well as in front?"

The lieutenant looked at the grand duke inquiringly.

"For my part," the grand duke continued, "I don't believe the books heretofore written on the conduct of war are of any value."

"What, then," asked the lieutenant, "is the use of military schools?"

"They are no use in teaching the art of war. They are useful in preparing men to use such methods as their natural fitness for war may suggest."

"Then I am to understand that I, who have been educated in the science of war, am no more fitted to be a general than you?"

"You assume to be better fitted for leadership than the grand duke?"

"How so?"

"You have criticized his leadership in the recent campaign."

"Well," rejoined the lieutenant thoughtfully, "may not I, who have so recently studied the art of war, be more familiar with it than the grand duke, who, I presume, studied it some thirty years ago?"

"There is no such thing as the art of war. There is that which we assume at different periods to be the art of war, but these assumptions are constantly changing. The great Napoleon demolished the art as it existed at the beginning of his career and made a new one. At present there is one art of war on the Russian frontier and another in the west. Our enemies have developed a new art of war in the present struggle, based largely on scientific discovery. This scientific discovery, or, rather, development, of natural resources has changed war on land as the battle fifty years ago between two American ironclad vessels changed it on the water."

The lieutenant's eyes and mouth by this time were wide open with astonishment at listening to this man without a brass button on his clothing discuss upon the art of war.

"I thought, sir," he stammered, "that I had learned something about war at the military school. I admit I am ambitious to lead a great army, but in any event I shall not do that for perhaps twenty or thirty years. By that time what I have learned will likely be obsolete."

"You have learned what there is to be learned up to the present war. Take care to notice as the years slip by those developments that tend to modify the past."

The grand duke wrapped his cloak about him, leaned back again in his corner and was soon asleep.

When the lieutenant arrived at his post of duty he was sent by the chief of engineers one day to the general headquarters with a message for the general commanding. What was his astonishment, his horror, to see in the tall, spare man with grizzled whiskers who received him the Grand Duke Nicholas. He remembered that he had unwittingly criticized his commander and the uncle of the emperor, and his knees knocked together. But the general gave no sign of remembering him and received his message without referring to having conversed with him once.

The next day the lieutenant received an official despatch from general headquarters. He opened it with trembling hands. It was a notification of promotion.

# American Trained Man Heads British Navy

Among the most prominent of the men in England brought to the front by the exigencies of war is Sir Eric Campbell Geddes, the new first lord of the admiralty. It is said of him that he owes his advancement in no small degree to the training he received in the school of American railroad engineering.



SIR ERIC CAMPBELL GEDDES

was born in India of Scottish parents forty one years ago, and at the age of seventeen came to America for practical experience. He put in a year at a large steel works in Pittsburgh and then went to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for three years more.

When the war broke out he was engaged in railroad engineering. Earl Kitchener selected him to take charge of the transfer of troops and supplies to France. Later he straightened out France's railroad problem. Last May he was made controller of the navy with the rank of vice-admiral. He was intrusted with the work of reorganizing and administering the central civil department of the admiralty. Now, as first lord of the admiralty, he is the head of the British navy.

# Directions For Making And Packing Sauerkraut

Remove the outer green leaves of the cabbage quarter the heads and slice off the core from each quarter, then with a sharp knife cut into thin slices. Use four or five gallons of water for forty pounds of cabbage. Sprinkle a little over each layer as packed. When the cask is full press down as firm as possible. Cover with a cloth and a round clean board.

The salt soon drains the juice from the cabbage, and a weight should be placed on the board to cause the juice or brine to rise above the cover. Some people add a quart of vinegar to twenty five pounds of cabbage as a preservative. Tie a cloth over the jar and set aside.

In cool weather or if placed in the cellar it will be ready for the table in from two to five weeks, varying with the temperature. If kept in a warm place fermentation may be completed in from ten days to two weeks. As soon as gas bubbles cease to rise remove the cloth and board. Wash board, return to jar and tie up closely.

# Mother's Doll Story

## The Long Drive

Once upon a time the nursery animals wanted to go to ride in the new toy cart.

"I'll take you!" cried the dapple gray pony. So the other nursery animals piled into the cart, all but Rover, the fuzzy white puppy.

He took the reins alongside the cart and touched the dapple pony with a little switch that he had broken off the pear tree.

"Giddyap!" cried Rover. But the dapple gray pony would not move an inch. He stood just as still as a toy doll, and the more Rover touched him with the switch the stiffer he stood.

"Maybe I can make him go," said the rag doll. And she jumped out of the new toy cart and ran to the kitchen for a lump of sugar.

"Nice dapple! Nice dapple!" she coaxed, holding the lump of sugar right under the pony's nose.

Dapple sniffed the sugar, licked it, and around and around the nursery he pranced with the animals in the cart. So you see nearly every time a lump of sugar works better than a switch.

**A Bear's Diet.** A bear will eat anything from green grass to elk steaks. Favorite foods are fish, berries, roots, insect larvae, honey, frogs and all kinds of flesh.

**Repeat These Lines Quickly.** When Washington went west, Washington's wife was washing Washington's white wash.

# People of the Virgin Islands.

It is said that between 80 and 90 per cent of the people of the Virgin Islands, formerly the Danish West Indies, are pure black. The rest of them are white. There are very few mulattoes, for the race line is more sharply drawn than in the other islands of the West Indies. The islands pride themselves on their low percentage of illiteracy. Only about 2 per cent of the inhabitants are unable to read and write. In spite of their proximity there is a great difference between the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico. The inhabitants of the former are thoroughly English in their speech and customs, while those of Porto Rico are Spanish. The island of St. Thomas is poor agriculturally. Fishing is the chief occupation, and most of the fish is consumed at home. Ninety per cent of the population is in the towns. Grazing is the chief agricultural industry. Five men are reported to own the entire island outside of the towns. New York Post.

**"The Valkyrie of the Piano."** Teresa Carreno was an extraordinary artist, and the appellation commonly linked with her name failed to do justice to the softer, gentler, more feminine aspects of her art. She was one of the few musical artists of South America who have satisfied the critical standards of Europe and the United States, which demand a patient submission to drudgery as the part of genius itself. Mme. Carreno, a native of Venezuela and composer of the national anthem of that country, was of very mellow as artist and as woman and her temper was quickly mobilized on occasion. But her playing was electric and inspiring and never hum-drum. Her phrasing and her possibly would have made her an outstanding figure in any gathering with out the voice of the piano to speak for her. Philadelphia Ledger.

**Why Women Talk.** Men are down-trodden at their offices all day and have a chance to talk. The women have to stay at home, and with the exception of the milkman, the grocery man, the tea man, the old clothes man, a few miscellaneous peddlers and hucksters and the woman next door there is nobody to talk to. That is why wife talks her husband's head off when he comes home at night. Husband, who, through long years of experience, have grown accustomed to this merely answer "huh-huh" with out hearing. Sometimes the wife will catch them unawares and between remarks will insert a request for \$10.00 with a new dress with. If the husband from force of habit, answers "huh-huh," the wife, of course, gets the gown. Zim in Cartoons Magazine.

# Battles in the Mud.

The "wilderness of mud," as Sir Douglas Haig called it, that bothered the troops at the battle of the Somme, was not quite so bad as that which provoked Napoleon's famous jest that Poland had revealed mud to him as a new element. It is reported that some of his gages mysteriously disappeared in the clay mire, and Marbot says that several men and horses were actually drowned in the mud. The utmost that infantry could cover with infinite labor was one and a quarter miles an hour, and double and quadruple teams could not enable the guns to keep up with them. When Marbot returned to Silesia with Augereau, both being wounded, their carriage was drawn at a walk by twelve and sometimes sixteen horses.

**Once the Home of Pirates.** Margarita, the mountainous island off the coast of Venezuela, has a reputation that ill matches its pleasing name. It was discovered by Columbus in 1498 and got its name from its pear fisheries, for the Spanish word for pearl is the old Greek margarites. For generations it was the headquarters of the pirates—and especially of the slave traders—of the Spanish Main and the prison of slaves who were awaiting transportation.

**Etiquette.** Originally the word etiquette meant a ticket, label or slip of paper attached to a bag or object to indicate its contents. It then came to be used of a ticket given to a person taking part in a ceremony to tell him what he should do; hence the modern meaning.

**Word From Bro'r Williams.** De folks what don't fault wid de world God made can't map out a better one for savy dey.

De day's work ain't well done unless you kin make a pillow of yo' experience an' sleep out de night.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Joyous Funerals.** At funerals of the military nobility in Islam gayety instead of sorrow reigns supreme. The funeral pyre is lighted by the king himself, and this is followed by sports and the lotus dance.

**He Did It.** She (romantically)—The man I marry must be willing to go through fire for me. He—Then I'm your man. The boss has fired me for telephoning you so often.—Boston Transcript.

**Pa Knew.** "Pa, how long can a man live on water?" "It depends, Willie, on whether he is aboard a ship that won't sink."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Rare.** "It's a very rare disease." "What has he?" "Something brought on by overwork." Detroit Free Press.

To give up of your own will what would cost too much in time and strength is not failure—it is success.

# Purchased by The Government

By ETHEL HOLMES

Abel Hawkins was an inventor. He made several very valuable inventions, but, not having the capital to put them on the market, he was obliged to confide his secret to capitalists. As soon as the capitalists got the secret they found a pretext to use the invention without paying a royalty to the inventor. Finally Hawkins determined that if he made another invention he would keep his secret until he had secured a legal contract for the manufacture of the article in question.

The next thing he invented was a powerful explosive. He offered it to the United States government and was referred to several ordnance officers who would witness a demonstration. Hawkins made some of the explosive, fired it from a cannon and sent a hundred pound shot farther than one had ever been sent before. So pleased were the officers with the test that they recommended the purchase of the inventor's secret at once.

At that time, July 1, 1911, the government was troubled to find work for the few soldiers it had. They were called upon to do civil work in emergency. The president called the soldier the nation's handy man, meaning, for instance, that if a flood came and destroyed a town the soldier could put up tents and otherwise provide for the sufferers. As to fight, he was not expected to hurt any one; his duty was only to survive. The consequence was that Abel Hawkins' invention was pigeonholed in the war department, there being no use for it.

Hawkins died suddenly on July 30, 1914, the day the European war broke out. Had he been alive to trust his secret to any one it would have suddenly become very valuable. He had written his secret in cipher, but had left no key to the cipher.

He left a widow and a daughter, Ethel, seventeen years old. Ethel explored a tin box in which her father had kept what few valuable papers he possessed and there found the cipher. It was a string of words without any meaning. Ethel saw at a glance that she would not be able to translate it. There was a chance that a chemist might do so, for there were in it a large number of chemical terms. But Ethel did not dare show it to a chemist for fear he would steal the secret. She had her father's want of confidence in his fellow beings.

Besides, she saw no probability of selling the invention to any but a foreign government, and she had no means to go abroad and reach any of the powers at war. Therefore she put the cipher back in the tin box and took it out only once in the next two years, to show to Oliver Steadman, a young man to whom she was engaged.

Meanwhile Germany began to sink ships and Uncle Sam began to grow wrathful. Oliver Steadman advocated trying to do something with the invention, but since the United States was not at war he received no encouragement, even if the cipher could be interpreted. It seemed hard that so valuable a process should not be utilized, but there was no help for it.

Then came the breaking of relations with Germany, followed by a declaration of war on the part of the United States. One day a message came to her mother in an envelope bearing the stamp of the postoffice of Hongkong, China. It was from the postmaster of that city, who wrote that there was a letter in his office held for postage and had been thus held for a long while. The letter had been mailed at San Francisco, addressed to Mrs. Abel Hawkins, New York city, via Tokyo, Japan, Hongkong, Aden, Port Said, Gibraltar. If she would send the necessary stamps he would forward the letter.

None of the parties concerned could see why any such letter should have been sent in this round about manner. However, the expense of getting it being small it was decided to send the money to secure it.

Meanwhile the government of the United States was getting ready to kill as many Teutons as possible and was looking for an explosive that would carry a shell further than any possessed by their enemies. Some one in the war department ran upon a report of the test made of Abel Hawkins' explosive and sent him a formal request to come to Washington. Hawkins, not having lived long enough for the United States to need his invention, could not respond, but his daughter went in his stead. She received an offer of a million dollars from the government for the cipher formula and accepted it at once. But no one was found to interpret it, and the government was out a million.

Not long after this the letter from Hong Kong was received, and it contained the key to the cipher in question. Hawkins had chosen this original method to lock up his secret for a length of time.

The government offered Ethel Hawkins another million for the key and she was tempted to teach a lesson, but honesty prevailed, and she turned over the key gratis.

Some months after this some one in Washington stumbled on the report of the test made of Hawkins' invention and, not knowing that \$1,000,000 had already been paid for the secret, offered another \$1,000,000 for it. Ethel wrote that she would not know what to do with any more money and made the government a present of the secret. The patriotic gift was telegraphed at once to all the newspapers in the country.

# Inspiration Miscellany

## Married Misery.

The foe of married happiness is in attention. The real wrong to the wife is the real failure of the husband, if when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him and what she is in herself. At first her ministries and her affection are delightful to him. Then perhaps they become a thing of course—received, enjoyed in a fashion but hardly thought of. And sometimes, though not so frequently, the wife becomes unthoughtful of her husband.

Perhaps into most marriages there creeps on one side or on both something of this indifference. Husband and wife live together in the chief external relation. He is the breadwinner; she is the housekeeper. They accept each other's good qualities as necessary easy fitting clothes, without noticing. They put up with each other's defects as with a smoky chimney of any other annoyance.

They would confess to no alienation. They have only got used to each other. It is the same "getting used" that robs life of its brightness; that makes us blind to the stars and the clouds and the bright procession of the day and year, because we have seen them so often; that keeps us mostly in a numb, half-awake state from which only occasionally we are roused to feel that we are living in a divine universe and are ourselves divine. George S. Merriam in "The Man of Today."

## The Highest Greatness.

There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to moral greatness of magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly for life and death, to truth and duty espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion, reposes an unflinching trust in God in the darkest hour and is ever ready to be offered up on the altar of its country or of mankind.—William Ellery Channing.

## Excuses Don't Pay

Thomas E. Wilson, the Chicago packer, has written an article for the American Magazine in which he gives some of the experiences he has had as head of large companies. He says in the August issue:

"An employee should be slower to fire a man than to hire him. To refuse to employ a man probably does him no great harm, but to discharge him may leave a permanent imprint on his character. He may regard himself as having been tried and found wanting—a failure. I would seldom fire a man for a single mistake. Many are stronger for having once made a blunder. They have profited by it and are resolved that nothing like it shall ever occur again. I should much prefer to have a man make mistakes as long as he isn't a repeater—than to make excuses. A little excuse is a dangerous thing. It is a habit that grows on one. A man gets to depend on excuses for careless work instead of striving to do the work properly. The fellow who never has an excuse, even for poor work, shows that he is trying his best to do it right and has at least a clear conscience."

## A Cheerful Face.

It is said there is nothing which diffuses itself more quickly in a family than the coolness, indifference and discontent which manifest themselves in the countenances of one of its members. This thought is not absolutely true. There are some things which communicate themselves with as much rapidity and more force. They are a bright smile, a frank and open heart, a cheerful face, a happy bearing. There is enough misery in the world without adding to it a single frown. A cheerful face is always welcome.

**Thy Duties.** This day thou knowest ten commandments, seated in thy mind ten things which should be done for one that thou doest. Do one of them. This of itself will show thee ten others, which shall be done.—Thomas Carlyle.

## BE THANKFUL.

I think that the sight of sunlight lands  
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—  
That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands,  
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

I think thee that I love the things of earth:  
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,  
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth  
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I think thee that as yet I need not know  
Yet need not fear the mystery of the end.  
But more than all, and though all these should go—  
Dear Lord, this on my knees—I thank thee for my friend.  
—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

## Ephemeral Slang.

A man in middle life recalls the slang of his boyhood with some such indulgent wonder as that with which an elderly woman looks at the fashion plates of her early youth—"cheese it," "straw Katy," "spoony," "chestnut," or even those of more recent coinage—"snap," "skiddoo," "twenty-three," "30 cents." They were artificially charged with meaning, and their effervescence is irrevocably gone. "Lemon" and "lobster" are nearly as fat. With disappearance of a certain kind of early Victorian prudery has gone the vogue of such terms as "inexpressibles" for trousers. Du Maurier's once famous novel has almost reached the vanishing point in the perspective of time, and we no longer speak of feet as "Trilbys." It is not safe, however, to prophesy that because a word comes from a proper name it will fade as fades the fame or notoriety of the person. We have forgotten what "Edgarism" is, but "Fletcherize" may yet make Fletcher immortal, even as "derick" preserves in the dictionaries the name of a once famous hangman.—Robert P. Utter in Harper's Magazine.

## Not a Word Waster.

Sir William Grant, the learned master of the rolls, was a native of the county of Banff and for a considerable time represented that county in parliament. Though a forcible and easy speaker, severely inferior to any of his time at the bar or in parliament, he was a remarkably silent man, says the Farm and Home. He was the most patient of judges. The story is well known of his hearing an elaborate argument for two days on the meaning of an act of parliament and when the counsel finished simply saying, "Gentlemen, the act is repealed." On one of his visits to Banff he rode out a few miles into the country, accompanied by a few friends. The only observation that escaped from him was in passing a field of peas. "Very fine peas!" Next day he rode out with the same cortege and was equally silent, but on passing the same spot he muttered, "And very finely podded too!"

## Music and its Trinity.

What we call music is well described as a trinity. The three components are rhythm, melody and harmony. Rhythm is to music what the will is to the individual. The rhythm of music is its physical side, just like the body or flesh of the human being. Melody in music parallels the heart or blood, a component part of the individual. Harmony is the soul of music just as feeling is the soul of the human being (also possessed of three fold nature). The triple elements in music are represented in the history of the world first by the drum (rhythm); second, by the lute (melody); and third, by the lyre (harmony). Music lays its first hold on the human understanding by its rhythm. All men are influenced by it (even savages). And every soldier (with or without an ear for music) can appreciate the tap, tap of a drummer boy's drum and can march longer and better for it.—Philadelphia Record.

## Be Canny.

Home preparedness—cans loaded with food. That rubber ring you put on a preserving jar helps you to stretch your income. The awful question "What shall I have for dinner?" is easily answered if your shelves are full of home canned products. Can't eat 'em all in summer? Not enough in winter? Home canning is the answer. You put a lid on waste every time you seal a preserving jar. Canned berries are bird proof. Frost doesn't nip canned vegetables. Canned green peas and yellow peaches help fight the blues.—New York Globe.

## From Private to Private Life.

A little known episode in the career of the dethroned czar, Nicholas II, was his period of service in the Russian army as a common soldier. He submitted to all the restrictions placed on an ordinary private, saluting his officers and carrying his full equipment with the rest. On the regimental roll he figured as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, of the Orthodox faith, coming from Tarskoje Selo."

## Two Questions.

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theater?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"—Exchange.

## An Evident Alternative.

"She married him in spite of great opposition, didn't she?" "Yes. If her marriage doesn't turn out well she'll only have herself to blame."

"Good gracious! Why? What's to prevent her blaming him?"

## Easily Detected.

"Smith could never misrepresent his goods, for such a trick could be easily seen through."

"What kind of goods does he sell?" "Window glass."—Baltimore American.

## Somewhat Mixed.

"She seems to look upon my proposal as a sort of slapjack."

"How so?" "Says she'll turn it over in her mind."—Kansas City Journal.

## The Unadorned Truth.

"Pa, what is temperament?" "Just a fancy name for cussedness."—Detroit Free Press.

Work is activity for an end; play is activity as an end.