

NEW RUSSIA BEING BORN OUT OF EUROPEAN WAR

German Arms Are Blasting the Shackles Off the Back- ward Empire.

NEW PATRIOTISM IS AROUSED

Honest Attempts of Government to
Solve Problems Encourages Intel-
lectuals to Look For Better
Things—Remarkable Exploit
of a Russian Soldier.

Petrograd.—Out of the tears and suf-
ferings of the great war a new Russia
is being born—a Russia of fair govern-
ment, progress and economic solidity.
This is the belief of many patriots.

Perhaps it is all a beautiful dream.
The patriots were profoundly discour-
aged last September when the czar
prorogated the duma. But hope re-
vived and was intensified fivefold
when Nicholas not only called togeth-
er his congress again, but a few days
ago appeared in person at the opening
of this representative body and wel-
comed the members in the name of
victory.

It is hard for western minds to com-
prehend just what this action of "The
Little Father" meant to the Russian
mujik. To the humble peasant his
czar is a demigod, indeed almost an
equal of the Virgin Mary and the
Christ. For him to personally receive
the peasants' representatives was an
inspiration for the war-driven Rus-
sian.

The further proceedings of the duma
will therefore be watched with more
interest than ever. The body is pa-
triotic to the last man and the liberal
block, or union of parties, has de-
cided to forego pressing for reforms
until the crisis in the nation's history
is past.

The Premier, M. Sturmer, has a re-
cord of conservatism which does not
recommend him to the liberal elements,
yet, like the czar, he now conciliates
the most radical and so combines the
mighty people to oppose a united front
to the German.

The honest attempts of the govern-
ment to solve the frightful transporta-
tion problem, which has resulted in
famine in one province with a super-
abundance of the needed products in
another nearby province, are gener-
ally recognized. The efforts have
not met with great success, however.
Russian bureaucracy, unlike the Ger-
man brand, is not efficient. But the
spirit in which the problem has been
met, like the severe measures taken
to root out and punish war grafting
in high places, have encouraged the in-
tellectuals to look for better things.

M. Sazonoff, the foreign minister, is
another government official who,
though a conservative, has gained the
respect and confidence of the people.
It is felt that Russia's delicate rela-
tions with her allies and with Sweden
and the United States are in good
hands.

Even if Russia should lose this war,
or it should result in a draw, great
changes are to be expected. Russian
reforms have grown out of conflict.
When Lloyd-George, the British min-
ister of munitions, said that German
arms are blasting the fetters off back-
ward Russia he told the truth.

It was the constant incursions of the
Tartars which led to the consolidation
of old Russia about Moscow. A reign
of terror in the first half of the sev-
enteenth century led to the formation
of the house of Romanoff, under which
the Russian empire has grown to its
present greatness.

Great Giant Awakens.
A century later the war with Sweden
brought the nation to a realization of
its need of western ways. Under Pe-
ter the Great the Swedish struggle re-
sulted in the permanent alignment of
Russia with the nations of the West,
instead of the civilizations of the East.
With the Napoleonic wars Russia
took several more steps out of her
semi-Asiatic seclusion. The Crimean
war brought a further spread of en-
lightened ideas and had much to do
with the famous emancipation of the
serfs. The feudal system received fur-
ther blows at the end of the Turkish
war of 1877-78.

As a climax to the Russo-Japanese
war came the bloody revolution of
1905, the birth of the first duma and
the seeming dawn of freedom.

But it was a false dawn. There fol-
lowed reaction of the most terrible
sort, pogroms, wholesale arrests, the
suppression of liberal ideas and great
shipments of the intellectual leaders
to Siberia.

This era was passing away when the
war began. In the spring of 1914 the
duma dared to refuse to pass the
budget. It fought the reactionary gov-
ernment on almost equal terms.

The war caused the liberal leaders
to consent to delay. Old institutions
were allowed to stand unchallenged
in the hour of crisis when every nerve
and sinew of the nation were needed
in the great trial of arms.

The war itself has done much to
enlighten. The ignorant young peas-
ant, who seldom went more than fifty
miles from his little village, has trav-
eled to the battle front and talked
with all sorts of men he never
dreamed existed.

The suppression of vodka has
wrought marvels. The older peasant,
instead of spending his evenings in
besotting revels, now takes his place
in a little group around some man or

woman who can read, and listens to
the latest news about the war or the
words of wisdom from some volume
purchased at the neighboring town by
the joint contributions of many poor
folk.

Russia is moving and stirring. The
world is bound to hear more of the
Slavs. Backward, dirty and ignorant
the vast mass is today, but it cannot
be denied its place.

Europe today has about 130,000,000
Slavs to 70,000,000 Germans. In Rus-
sia the rate of increase of population
is 2.01 a year, while in Germany it is
1.40 and falling. This birth rate of
Russia constitutes an insuperable
force.

Russia has natural resources greater
than those of all the rest of Europe
put together. These are almost wholly
undeveloped. As the Slavic conscience
finds itself and modern ideas spread,
the Slavic influence in the world af-
fairs is bound to grow.

Exploit of Russian Soldier.

A Russian scout tells the following
story of his successful exploit behind
the enemy's lines:

"As I have a good knowledge of
Polish I was sent to blow up some
bridges in the Austrian rear. I changed
my uniform for civilian dress and, hav-
ing crossed myself, left our trenches
and crawled in the direction of the
enemy's positions. On reaching the
Austrian lines I suddenly heard voices
to my right, so I quickly changed my
course to the left, and succeeded in
crossing a trench, from which one
could only hear measured snoring.

"It was a dark night and very late.
I ventured several steps forward, but
was then unexpectedly met by a field
patrol of 15 men. The commanding
officer (an Austrian) seized me, and
began questioning me in Polish.
He asked who I was, where I had come
from, and how I got there at that late
hour. I told him that I was an Aus-
trian-Pole, and had run away from the
Russians in Tarnopol, as they had com-
pelled me to dig trenches without any
wages. The officer appeared to be-
lieve me, and told a Magyar soldier
to take me to the staff of the regiment
for examination.

"When the guard and I reached the
depths of the enemy's positions he
asked me for a match, which I read-
ily gave him, as I had a box in my
pocket. He ordered me to stop, and I
obeyed. He then leaned his rifle

against a tree and, taking a pipe and
tobacco out of his pocket, struck a
light. It was still quite dark, and,
taking my chance, with the left hand I
grasped the rifle, while with my right
I made a gesture as if I intended to
blow my nose. With a violent swing
I struck the man on the head with the
butt end of the rifle, and he fell down
without even uttering a cry.

"Having satisfied myself that the
Magyar was dead, I took off his dis-
tinguished conduct medal and searched
his pockets, where I found a book,
from which it appeared that he had
been a teacher in a Lemberg school.
Dragging the body to the nearest ditch
I laid it down beside the rifle, and con-
tinued my course toward the bridges
which I was to blow up.

Blow Up Bridges.

"I wandered about for the rest of
the night, and when it became too
light to go on I lay down in some vege-
table beds behind the ruins of a peas-
ant's hut. From here I was able to
observe the country, and to find out,
from the map which I carried, the
places where the bridges would most
probably be. Having spent the day
in this position, I renewed my wander-
ings at the fall of darkness. I reached
the first bridge, and saw the sentry
with his rifle. On seeing me, the sen-
try called out, 'Wer Kommt?'

"Instead of giving him an answer I
ran up to the bridge and threw four
hand grenades one after the other.
They were well aimed, and the bridge,
with the sentry, was blown into the
air. The body fell into the river, and
the bridge began to burn.

"Not losing a moment, I ran to the
next bridge, which lay half a mile dis-
tant. The sentry was standing and
staring at the burning bridge, without
paying any attention to me. As I ap-
proached I flung a grenade at a dis-
tance of fifteen paces. It struck the
man's feet and both his legs were torn
off by the explosion. Then I quickly
threw the remaining four grenades,
and the bridge collapsed and began
burning.

"My task was accomplished, and I
ran away as fast as I could, and
reached the destroyed hut where I had
spent the previous day. Soon I heard
an alarm, which had been raised to
catch me. Men on horseback fired and
galloped in search of me, but luckily
they just missed me, and presently
they disappeared in the distance. An
hour after this uproar I crept out of
my hiding-place and eventually reached
the spot where I was first stopped.
This time, however, I managed to slip
past unnoticed, and, continuing on all
four, I soon got within our lines
again. I was taken to the staff, my
exploit was verified, and I received the
St. George's Cross of the third degree."

SEEING WITH EARS

Science Promises Much for the Afflicted of War.

Marvelous Instrument Being Perfect-
ed Which Enables the Blind to De-
tect Light by Means of
the Ear.

London.—Many brave fellows who
left this country in the pride of man-
hood are bound to return suffering
from serious defects, but fortunately,
clever devices are being perfected to
render their lot easier. Hitherto we
have looked upon blindness as an ap-
palling affliction, but already discover-
ies have been made which will do
much to improve the condition of
those who do not possess natural
sight.

There is every hope for believing
that science shortly will provide new
eyes, or rather new means for seeing.
Much progress has been made with
this object in view.

The retina, marvelous as it is, is
merely a highly nervous, special kind
of skin. There are creatures whose
sense of sight consists of their whole
body. Hence there is nothing im-
probable in the view that eventually
the human skin may be trained to re-
ceive impressions of light, and so to
act as the organ of sight.

There is being perfected a marvel-
ous instrument which enables the
blind to detect a light by means of
the ear. By its aid a blind person
not only can recognize light, but can
locate it and even measure its in-
tensity.

The instrument is doubtless the be-
ginning of an important series of in-
ventions. So far it merely places a
blind person in the position of one
who is partially blind, that is, who is
able to detect the presence of light.
Before long, it is hoped that the exist-
ing instrument will be greatly im-
proved, although in any form it will
merely be the starting point on the
road to a great victory.

There is a special substance, se-
lenium, which has its electrical re-
sistance altered by light; it is due to
this substance that it is possible to
send photographs from one place to
another by means of an electrical wire.
In the new instrument the selenium
operates a kind of telephone.

A pair of these telephones are
placed on the hand, and are attached
to a little camera containing the se-
lenium. Assuming this is adjusted for
darkness, no sound will be heard when
the individual is in darkness. As soon
as any light falls upon the camera a
noise is heard which varies in loud-
ness according to the intensity of the
light. Thus moonlight makes a dis-
tinct noise, while a considerable roar-
ing sound is heard as the effect of sun-
light.

In practice it has been found best

to arrange the apparatus so that the
brightest light produces silence, but
the less intense the light the greater
the noise. Thus a blind person fitted
with this apparatus can easily tell
when he passes into a shadow. If in
a room, he can tell when he is pass-
ing a window or doorway. Moreover,
the passage of anybody between the
light and the blind person will greatly
affect the instrument.

Many wonderful effects have been
obtained. At present all the instru-
ment does is to inform the blind per-
son whether he is in light or darkness,
and the degree or either. This, how-
ever, is a long stride towards the so-
lution of the problem of seeing with-
out eyes.

Fortunately it is possible to afford
aid more easily in the case of those
who are deafened as a result of ex-
plosions and so on.

Science has already done much to
cope with deafness by providing arti-
ficial ear drums. Very delicate mi-
crophones can now be obtained which
greatly magnify sounds, rendering
them within the capacity of persons
who normally hear with difficulty.
There are instruments in use to con-
vey sounds by way of the mouth in-
stead of through the ears.

Hearing is merely the result of vi-
brations of sound beating upon the
drum of the ear, this being communi-
cated to the brain by a series of
nerves. Deafness is a defect in this
means of communication. Now, a
person can hear distinctly by means
of his teeth; this can easily be proved
by placing one end of a pocket knife
in the mouth and the other end on a
piano.

In a similar way, one may commu-
nicate sound waves to the brain through
any other bony substance, even the
skull itself. Starting from these facts
an apparatus has been devised which
when attached to the head will act as
an artificial ear.

The fact is that we do not see with
our eyes, hear with our ears, smell
with our nose, taste with our tongue,
or feel with our skin. It is the brain
which acts in every case, and the very
useful organs mentioned only act as
suitable apparatus for the collection
and transmission.

In each case certain sorts of vibra-
tion are set up, those passing by
means of the nerves to the brain.

It is very interesting in this respect
to notice how persons suffering from
some physical disability frequently
"feel" sensations in parts that have
been amputated, the explanation being
that the brain has been acted upon.
A somewhat allied fact is that a blow
over the head will give a sensation of
light, vibrations being set up and
means of the nerves to the brain.

He is indeed lost who is lost to
shame.

HAS DISTINCT FLAVOR

CAULIFLOWER ONE OF THE BEST
OF VEGETABLES.

Careful Preparation Needed to Bring
Out Its Really Fine Qualities in
Some Dishes That Have Indorse-
ment of Experts.

Cauliflower has a distinctive flavor,
suggesting cabbage somewhat, but
more delicate. Whatever the method
of preparing it for the table, care
should be taken to preserve and de-
velop its flavor and to keep the creamy
white color which is so attractive.
This means that it must be cooked
just long enough to insure tenderness
and no longer. If overcooked, the
white portion turns dark and the flavor
becomes strong and finally rank. Some
persons insist that overcooked caulif-
lower and overcooked cabbage may be
the cause of digestive disturbance
which is not noticed when these vege-
tables are properly cooked.

The following recipes are worth try-
ing:

**Boiled Cauliflower With Drawn But-
ter.**—Place the cauliflower, head up,
in boiling water to which salt has been
added (one teaspoonful to a quart of
water) and cook until just tender,
which should require for a medium-
sized cauliflower about one-half hour.
Then remove whole to a hot dish and
serve with melted butter. Sometimes
the head is wrapped in cheesecloth be-
fore being cooked to make sure that
the delicate flowerets are not broken
off. If the leaf stalks are cooked with
the head, serve in such a way that
each person receives a portion of both
head and leaf.

Creamed Cauliflower.—The caulif-
lower cooked as above may be served
with a cream sauce, and the dish looks
particularly well when the head is left
whole and the sauce is poured over it.
If more convenient, however, it may
be broken up into small portions,
which should be arranged neatly in
the dish and then covered with the
sauce.

Cream Sauce.—This kind of sauce
(so often served with vegetables)
should be made rather thick for caulif-
lower, as follows: One cupful milk,
two tablespoonfuls butter, two table-
spoonfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful
salt and one-fourth teaspoonful pepper.
Heat the milk over boiling water; beat
the butter and flour to a cream and
stir into the hot milk. Cook five min-
utes, then add salt and pepper.

In this and the other dishes referred
to salt and pepper can be added as
desired.

Cauliflower Baked With Cheese
(Cauliflower au Gratin).—Break into
pieces a well-drained head of plain
boiled cauliflower and fill a dish with
layers (two or at most three) of caulif-
lower lightly sprinkled with grated
cheese. Pour over all a cupful of
cream sauce; sprinkle the top with
battered bread crumbs, and, if a decid-
ed cheese flavor is liked, with a little
grated cheese also. Bake in a moder-
ately hot oven until the top is a deli-
cate brown.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup.—Cream
soups can be made by adding the pulp
of a vegetable (enough to insure good
flavor) to a thin cream sauce. A good
proportion is one cupful of vegetable
pulp (in this case cauliflower broken
into very small pieces or put through a
rather coarse sieve) to a quart of
sauce.

Creamed Celery.

Celery two cupfuls, white sauce one
cupful.

Method: Select the tender parts of
the celery and serve as a relish. The
tougher, undesirable parts, break into
inch pieces and cook until tender in
enough boiling salted water to cover
(30 to 60 minutes). Make a white
sauce by melting one tablespoonful of
butter and adding one tablespoonful
of flour and stirring until smooth, grad-
ually pouring on the one-fourth cupful
of milk and stirring until smooth.
Add the cooking water.

Fruit Pudding.

Take one egg, beaten slightly; one-
half cupful butter and lard mixed, one
cupful milk, scant one-half teaspoon-
ful cloves, allspice, cinnamon, nut-
meg, ginger, one-half teaspoonful
salt, one teaspoonful soda, three cup-
fuls flour, one cupful seeded raisins,
one-half cupful citron, one cupful wal-
nut meats, ground.

Steam three and one-half hours.
Serve with cream or wine or brandy
sauce. This makes an excellent des-
sert and will keep a long time.

Creole Balls.

Add to one cupful of milk butter the
size of an egg and let it come to a
boil. After the milk boils add three
cupfuls light brown sugar, getting the
mixture to the boiling point as quick-
ly as possible to avoid curdling. Stir
continually. When a soft ball will
form in the water it is done. Remove
from the stove and beat, add one tea-
spoonful vanilla, one cupful nut
meats. When it creams form in small
bell shapes or mounds.

Veal Balls.

Eight ounces of cold cooked veal,
three ounces of bacon fried, two
tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces
of grated roll, one tablespoonful of
chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Pass
the meat and bacon twice through the
mincing machine. Stir grated roll
into cream, add egg, salt, pepper and
parsley and lastly the meat, mixing
all thoroughly. Form into balls the
size of a nut, boil for five minutes in
soup and serve hot.

CALIFORNIA'S CYPRESS GROVE



THE FOREST OF CYPRESS

THERE is a lone tree in Lom-
bardy that accomplished what
a million men suffered and
slaved to do. It stood in the
path of the great Simplon road, and
at the sight of its stately grace Na-
poleon turned the road from a straight
line, that its beauty might remain
man's heritage. It is the cypress of
Somma, and stands as a monument
to the greatness of one man and a les-
son to those who would sacrifice
beauty to the god of gain, says Mark
Daniels, former superintendent of na-
tional parks, in American Forestry.

That Napoleons are scarce we
know, but are there so few who
have not even enough of his vision
to see and appreciate the glory of a
magnificent forest or the eternal mir-
acle of a waterfall that they will con-
tinue to squander these birthrights by
indiscriminately hewing down the for-
ests and damming up the streams?

There stands not one cypress, but
a grove of them, of surpassing beauty,
on our western coast. True, they are
not of that tall, stately variety, with
formal, architectural lines; they are,
on the contrary, the exact or complete
reverse, for they are gnarled and
twisted; but they are beautiful in their
setting as anything that the eyes of
man may rest upon. There is but a
comparatively small area where they
still grow, and they are as distinct
among the other conifers of their re-
gion as are the Sequoia Gigantea
amongst the conifers of the Sierra
Nevada. In fact, in many respects
they remind one of the "big trees,"
as they are called; for they have a
most distinct individuality which
makes them stand out alone.

They are to be found only in a cer-
tain locality, and their age is much
disputed. I have heard this estimated
to be from 100 to 7,000 years, and
there seems to be no reconciling the
various contestants. However, the
question whether they have seen one
or twenty generations of time would
seem to be of small moment, in the
light of the fact that they are strug-
gling through the last few years of
one generation of American tourists.
But they seem to stand the storm of
"oh's" and "ah's" with the same for-
titude with which they resist the gales
and blasts of that beloved seacoast
on the very edge of which they spread
their spiraled roots. Growing down
to the actual verge of the sea, with
bare branches stretched out like arms
toward the land of the setting sun, the
question of whether they are the van-
guard of an ancient western growth or
the stragglers of the great eastern for-
ests that were cut off by the Pacific
is almost always the first subject of
conjecture on the part of the tourist.

Picturesque Shore Line.

About 125 miles down the coast
from San Francisco lies the Bay of
Monterey, at the southern extremity
of which the first cypress trees are
to be found. These trees possess more
the character of the cedar of Lebanon
than they do of any variety of cypress,
and are known to those who burden
their minds with etymological detail
as the cupressus macrocarpa. From
this point, which is known as the Del
Monte peninsula, and which forms the
southern shores of this wonderful sap-
phire bay, picturesque groves are dotted
along the coast for some twenty-odd
miles to Lobos point.

Here, again, the old adage, "It never
rains but it pours," is borne out by
the riot of exquisite beauty which con-
fronts the observer on every side. Na-
ture seems to have concentrated on
this locality in the development of ex-
tremes of picturesqueness and intens-
ity of color. The shore line is broken
and jagged, with here and there a
stretch of ivory-colored sand beach,
terminated and broken by precipitous
cliffs, against which the indigo sea
hurls its pearls and sheets of water
that are a pale jade green against the
lemon-colored horizon and the setting
sun. A motor trip along the coast
line gives one the effect of a kaleido-
scopic change of coloring, the rapid
succession of which should vary with
the speed of the motor were it not for
the unholy combination of the mod-
ern six-cylinder machine with the free-
dom granted the tourist by the ow-

ers of the property. As it is, however,
conditions would appear to be re-
versed; for, with the average driver,
the speed along these wonderful drives
is such that the constant prayer of the
tourist is that some accident may
happen which will allow him suffi-
cient time to fix upon his retina one
permanent picture of the exquisite
color harmonies of the sapphire bay,
the ivory-colored beach line, the sil-
ver-gray trunks of the trees, and the
deep blue and bright yellow-green of
their tops.

Seventeen-Mile Drive.

From the hotel at Del Monte a won-
derful drive, known as the Seventeen-
Mile drive, follows the coast line past
the historic old buildings of Monterey,
skirting a mission wall and along the
sandy beach past homes of innumera-
ble sea fowl, and plunges into a forest
of pines that forms the background to
the first grove of cypress trees. From
there the road winds in and out
amongst the spectral trunks, giving a
glimpse here and there of the blue
horizon and jagged points of promon-
tories, burying itself now and then
in the dark and gloomy shade where
the growth is dense.

About four miles beyond the first
grove of cypress trees is the famous
Midway point, which, until the advent
of a fleeting exposition, was the most
photographed tourist lure on the Pa-
cific coast. It comprises a rock pro-
montory that projects out into the sea,
with its toes lapped by the gentle
waves of the Pacific, whose ardor has
been tempered by the reefs and sub-
merged rocks farther out at sea, upon
whose treacherous points the coast-
wise traffic of this district is frequen-
tly wrecked. Upon the summit of this
point, as if placed there by the play-
ful hand of an Imaginative painter,
grows a lone cypress tree, the roots of
which are almost entirely exposed to
the air. The top of this tree, how-
ever, is brilliant green, and when sil-
houetted against the sky of the set-
ting sun is indeed a sight to behold.
Farther along the coast the drive wid-
ens along the shores of Pebble beach,
past the homes of men whose millions
are in the banks and others whose for-
tunes are still in their heads, to Ar-
rowhead point, and beyond to the fa-
mous mission that marks the mouth
of the Carmel valley. Beyond the
point where the Carmel river empties
into the sea is Lobos point, and the
quaintest and most curious canyons
on this coast. At the latter-named
point of interest they preserve the
toothsome abalone, a sea product that
is peculiarly indigenous to this local-
ity.

Up to Date.

"It's a real joy after all—this up-to-
date apartment-house living," said the
bride of a year or two to the friend
who was paying a duty call. "The
sherbet you're eating is a month old."

The visitor unconsciously delayed
an ascending spoonful.
"Don't be worried," smiled the
bride, "the ice is all right. I've kept
them longer than that. You see, my
last afternoon 'at-home' came on a
rainy day, and I had a distressing
number of ices left over. Now, if
that had happened in a house with
only an ice-chest, all of the refresh-
ments would have gone to waste. The
caterer wouldn't have taken any of
them back. But, you see, every
apartment in this house has a refrig-
erating plant. You can keep things
to eat as long as a cold storage ware-
house. It's very nice."

"Yes, it is," said the bride's caller.

"It's very nice sherbet, indeed."

Useless Fretting.

"My nephew, Elbert Petty, puts in
the most of his time at worrying about
what does not greatly concern him,"
confessed Gaunt N. Grimm. "Just
now he is considerably exercised over
the religious beliefs of Christopher
Columbus. This is foolishness, in my
opinion, for there is nothing he can
do about it, even if he convicts Colum-
bus of being entirely in error. And
it is especially futile when right here
in his midst, so to say, is the question
of world disarmament, about which
he can do fully as much anybody
else."—Kansas City Star.