

NEW RUSSIA BEING BORN OUT OF EUROPEAN WAR

German Arms Are Blasting the
Shackles Off the Backward Empire.

NEW PATRIOTISM IS AROUSED

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

Petrograd.—Out of the tears and sufferings of the great war a new Russia is being born—a Russia of fair government, progress and economic solidity. This is the belief of many patriots.

Perhaps it is all a beautiful dream. The patriots were profoundly discouraged last September when the czar prorogated the duma. But hope revived and was intensified fivefold when Nicholas not only called together his congress again, but a few days ago appeared in person at the opening of this representative body and welcomed the members in the name of victory.

It is hard for western minds to comprehend 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 Russian.

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

The Premier, M. Sturmer, has a record 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 government to solve the frightful transportation problem, which has resulted in famine in one province with a superabundance of the needed products in another nearby province, are generally recognized. The efforts have not met with great success, however. Russian bureaucracy, unlike the German 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 intellectuals 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 relations 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 minister of munitions, said that German arms are blasting the fetters of backward 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 seventeenth 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 Peter the Great the Swedish struggle resulted 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 enlightened ideas and had much to do with the famous emancipation of the serfs. The feudal system received further 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 followed 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 government 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 peasant, who seldom went more than fifty miles from his little village, has traveled 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 boozing 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 Russia 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 ends itself and modern ideas spread, the Slavic influence in the world affairs 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, having 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 Austrian-Pole, and had run away from the Russians in Tarnopol, as they had compelled me to dig trenches without any wages. The officer appeared to believe 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 readily 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 distinguished 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 continued 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 vegetable beds behind the ruins of a peasant'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 wanderings at the fall of darkness. I reached the first bridge, and saw the sentry with his rifle. On seeing me, the sentry 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 distant. The sentry was standing and staring at the burning bridge, without paying any attention to me. As I approached I flung a grenade at a distance 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 fours, 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."

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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 Indorsement 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 develop 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 cauliflower and overcooked cabbage may be the cause of digestive disturbance which is not noticed when these vegetables are properly cooked.

The following recipes are worth trying:

Boiled Cauliflower With Drawn Butter.

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. Since the head is wrapped in cheesecloth before 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 cauliflower 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 cauliflower, as follows: One cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls 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 minutes, 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 cauliflower lightly sprinkled with grated cheese. Pour over all a cupful of cream sauce; sprinkle the top with buttered bread crumbs, and, if a decided cheese flavor is liked, with a little grated cheese also. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the top is a delicate 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 water.

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, gradually 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 teaspoonful cloves, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, three cupfuls flour, one cupful seeded raisins, one-half cupful citron, one cupful walnuts, ground meats.

Steam three and one-half hours.

Serve with cream or wine or brandy sauce. This makes an excellent dessert 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 quickly 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 teaspoonful 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

HERE is a lone tree in Lombardy 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 Napoleon 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 lesson to those who would sacrifice beauty to the god of gain, says Marl Daniels, former superintendent of national 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 miracle of a waterfall that will continue to squander these birthrights by indiscriminately hewing down the forests 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 region 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 certain 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 struggling through the last few years of their life, and their roots are almost entirely exposed to the air. The top of this tree, however, is brilliant green, and when silhouetted against the sky of the setting sun is indeed a sight to behold. Farther along the coast the drive widens along the shores of Pebble beach, past the homes of men whose fortunes are in the banks and others whose fortunes are still in their heads, to Arrowhead point, and beyond to the famous 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 canyon on this coast. At the latter-named point of interest they preserve the toothsome abalone, a sea product that is peculiarly indigenous to this locality.

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 cypressus macrocarpa. From this point, which is known as the Del Monte peninsula, and which forms the southern shores of this wonderful sapphire bay, picturesque groves and occasional isolated specimens 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 confronts the observer on every side. Nature seems to have concentrated on this locality in the development of extremes of picturesqueness and intensity 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 hurries 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 kaleidoscopic change of coloring, the rapid succession of which should vary with the speed of the motor were it not for the unholly combination of the modern six-cylinder machine with the freedom granted the tourist by the owner.

"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 refreshments 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 refrigerating plant. You can keep things to eat as long as a cold storage warehouse. 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 Columbus 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.

It is indeed lost who is lost to himself.