

SELF HELPS for the
NEW SOLDIER.

By a United States Army Officer

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THE FIRST LESSON OF THE SOLDIER.

The first thing of all that the young American of the new army will be taught, and must learn thoroughly if he is to serve his country efficiently as a soldier, is obedience—obedience expressed in discipline.

Discipline is the fundamental of the soldier.

Discipline is not punishment. Discipline is not the goose step. Discipline, in the proper sense, is control—control for a definite purpose. Obedience is merely the adapting of oneself to such control. And to make the system effective from the private to the army corps, the discipline to the soldier must begin with the discipline of himself.

Obedience, or discipline, is not intended to convert a man into an unthinking machine. A soldier who can think is twice the soldier who cannot. The most efficient National Guardsmen on the border a year ago were invariably the most intelligent. What discipline does attempt to do is to supply a man with the machinery of action after his thoughts have been blasted to pieces by shells. His motions must be ingrained—automatic. This is attained through steady drill, the routine of camp, and "the school of a soldier."

No man is fit to command who has not learned to obey. Command, in the nature of things, will fall to those who obey most quickly, most intelligently.

Discipline, to the young American soldier, will be manifest in his conduct; in the way he carries himself—the poise of his head, the exactness of his shoulders. It will be evident in the neatness of his clothes; the care with which he buttons his uniform; in the way that he ties his shoes. It will be evident in the degree that he keeps himself washed and brushed; in the scrupulous fashion in which he dresses his cot, his kit, his quarters. It will be obvious in the conscientious manner in which he attends to all the routine duties of the day; in his observance of the code of military etiquette.

Discipline of this character runs throughout the whole day, except when a man is off duty, and then he can be as care-free as he likes. But a man whose mind and muscles have had the training of a soldier no longer finds himself at ease in the old slouchy, flabby slump of the boy of the street corner. His body, corrected, becomes the figure that nature intended, both walking or sitting.

The fact that discipline runs through the day—and the night—is important. That is the method by which it becomes a habit. If discipline were confined to marching or drilling, then it would impress itself only when marching or drilling—at other times to be forgotten. This would not save the situation if the camp were attacked by surprise. The point is simply this: the soldier learns that everything he does is the way most carefully studied out to bring the most effective results from a large body of men, with the least confusion, the least loss of energy, or combined power. When he has learned this, the young American will have learned his first lesson as a soldier.

THE SOLDIER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

A soldier's muscles must not only be strong—they must be elastic. He must be prepared to run, to jump, to crawl, to wriggle, to shoot or to handle the bayonet from the most unexpected positions. That is why he is put through the settling-up exercises. By bending, thrusting with his arms and legs, raising himself from the floor, his body is made athletic and supple for every demand which may be imposed upon it. Military discipline begins with the muscles, must be imparted to the nerves, and become imbedded in the brain.

A rounded shoulder is a slack rope. The soldier whose body sags out of shape spends almost as much energy in pulling himself together as he does in the specified motion itself. On the other hand, the man whose muscles are disciplined is at a balance, ready at once to respond to any command from the brain. When a man's muscles are soft, they sullenly resent all orders from the brain. They have not learned to obey.

The nerves must be even more strictly disciplined. For even if a soldier's muscles are trained to execute any order he receives, if his nerves run away with him, good legs only carry him faster. And discipline of the mind is most important of all, for the mind administers through the nerves.

A disciplined mind will think precisely. That is why military training requires that a soldier speak precisely, that he follow correct forms in receiving and transmitting orders, in making out reports, in addressing a letter. The crispness of military intercourse does not stunt mental development. But war is the most exact of modern sciences and a soldier must strive to become exact. In other words, he is simply taught how to think—not what to think.

As soon as a soldier begins to think he will understand his place in a group formation. He will learn that the handling of large bodies of men pivots upon the handling of a squad. He will familiarize himself with his work in a squad, and in that way discover his importance to the command as a whole.

The squad consists of eight men, in two rows of four. It is under the command of a corporal. Two squads form a section, under the command of a sergeant. Three sections (at peace strength) form a platoon and two platoons a company. Four companies make a battalion; three battalions, plus a headquarters company, a machine gun company, and supply company, a regiment.

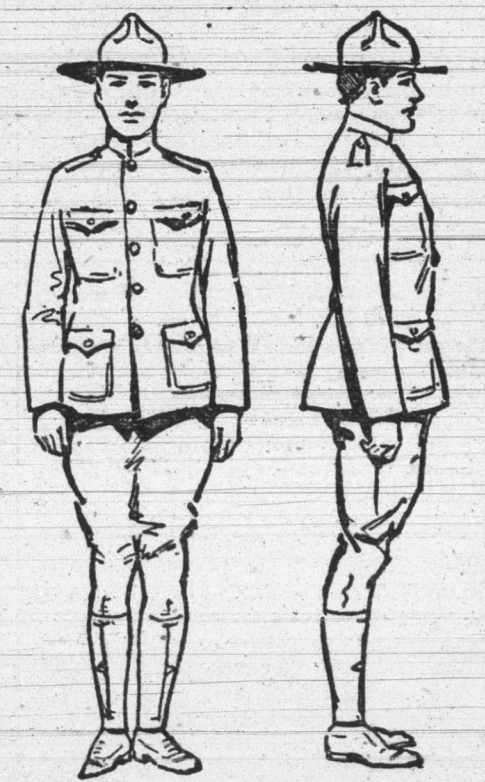
The young soldier learns that as the squad moves, so the company or the regiment moves. He learns that if he individually executes the orders he receives in the appointed space and at the appointed moment, a whole regiment may wheel from squad to company front and back again, for example, without the loss of a step. Each part of the machine will fit perfectly into place. On the other hand, if he as an individual falls down in his part, the squad evolution is spoiled, the symmetry of the company is broken and the whole regiment suffers in consequence. The responsibility rests upon each man—this the young soldier must learn. And he must also learn that discipline is the quickest means yet devised to give any body of soldiers that perfect team work, that automatic, unconscious co-ordination without which battles and campaigns cannot be successfully planned and fought.

THE FUNDAMENTAL POSITION OF THE SOLDIER.

The young soldier, before he can handle a gun, must learn how to handle himself. He must learn that there are right ways and wrong ways of carrying his arms and legs, just as there are with a rifle. He must learn how to stand, how to walk.

The boy on the street usually stands on his heels, with his shoulders slouched over, his stomach thrust forward and his spine curving in and out like an hour-glass. Literally, he has no "back-bone." Back-bone is the first essential of the soldier.

The position of a soldier does not require that he shove his chest ahead of him like a bay-window, or stiffer his



Attention—the First Position of the Soldier.

head, or spread his feet painfully. The position of a soldier might be most quickly and correctly obtained if a man could be taken by a hair and lifted up until every part of his body except his feet became suspended. This would establish the natural vertical alignment. With the weight resting equally upon the balls of the feet and the heels, the waist drawn in, and the head properly raised, a straight line would pass approximately from the balls of the feet through the belt buckle to the chin. The body is then at the balance, with the muscles relaxed, not rigid. The soldier is now in position to execute any order which may be required of him.

Specifically, according to the regulations, the heels are placed on the same line, the feet turned at an angle of 45 degrees; the knees straight without stiffness; hips level and drawn back slightly; body erect and resting equally on the hips; chest lifted and arched; shoulders square and falling equally; arms and hands hanging naturally, thumb along the seam of the trousers. (In past times, the little finger was placed along the seam of the trousers with the palm turned out, producing an artificial rigidity which does not belong to the modern American soldier.) The head must be erect and squarely to the front, chin drawn in so that the axis of the head is vertical, with the eyes also straight to the front.

This is the fundamental position of the soldier. It is the position of attention, the basic command to which every soldier responds. It is from the position of attention that all movements of the soldier proceed. It follows that until a soldier has mastered the art, or science, of standing at attention easily and naturally, he cannot properly execute the movements of the drill. It is therefore highly important that the young soldier school himself to stand properly, or at attention, until such time as that pose becomes unconsciously as much a part of his being as his arms or legs.

A man who can instantly assume the position of attention and hold it until otherwise ordered has taken a very important step toward becoming a good soldier. He has learned a big lesson in physical, nervous and mental discipline.

The Commuter.

Black—Our friend Tinker is a commuter now.

White—Yes, he walks two miles to the railroad station and rides one mile more to the city.—Judge.

Oldest of
Hausa
States

EMIR PASSING THROUGH GATEWAY WALL OF KATSENA



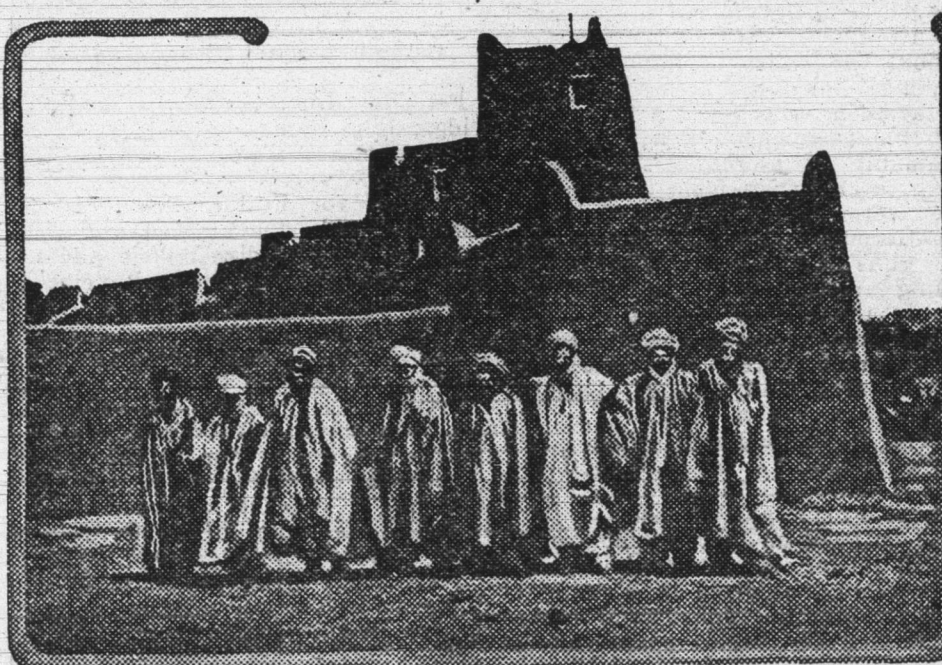
RECENT publication of the fact that the emir of Katsena had agreed to give to the British Imperial war fund the sum of \$35,000 a year while the war lasts called attention to an interesting if unfamiliar state in Africa, and to its capital city, which bears the same name.

The state of Katsena is certainly one of the lesser-known parts of the British empire; nor is this to be wondered at, since it is only within quite recent years that it was brought under British protection; this fact in itself making the handsome gift of its ruler the more pleasing and indicative of the keen appreciation of British rule in Nigeria. Formerly an ancient state of the Western Sudan, Katsena is now included in the province of Kano, in the British protectorate of Northern Nigeria. It lies 84 miles northwest of Kano, and 160 miles east by south of the city of Sokoto; and its population comprises some 500,000 people—Hausa and Fulani.

Of these two races, the older—in the sense of having been longest in the country—is the Hausa, who form part of the most important nation of the Central Sudan, and who, though negritic (in places they possess a strong crossing of Arab and Fulani blood), are morally and intellectually far superior to the typical negro. They claim that their ancestors came from a country

ed the Fula empire of Sokoto. The Fulani people are a mixture of Berber and negro, and where the purest types of the race are found they are of a reddish-brown or light chestnut color, with oval faces, ringlety or even smooth hair—never woolly—straight and even aquiline noses, delicately shaped lips, and regular features, quite differentiating them from the negro race. Though the Fulani came as conquerors, they introduced few changes among the Hausa, adopting the existing customs and system of government, except that they, as zealous Moslems, endeavored, naturally, to spread Islam. A portion of the race has undoubtedly intermarried with the Hausa, and acquired thereby a stronger negritic character; but the ruling caste have preserved the purity of their blood, and it is, of course, from this that the present emir of Katsena is sprung.

Katsena has been under British protection only since the year 1903, when Sir Frederick Lugard visited the state on his way from Sokoto, and the emir and chiefs accepted British suzerainty without fighting. In the following year, however, the emir was unfaithful to his oath of allegiance, and he was deposed, and his successor, the present emir, was installed in his stead. Since that time the history of Katsena has been peaceful and progressive, under the enterprising and loyal rule of its



Palace of the Emir of Katsena.

very far east, beyond Mecca; and some corroboration of this is furnished by the fact that the Hausa language has several striking points of resemblance with the Coptic, and also with that spoken by the Berbers south of Tripoli and Tunis. It is also noteworthy that the Hausa, alone of all the native inhabitants of tropical Africa, have been able themselves to reduce their language to writing. The character they use is a modified form of Arabic; the language is rich and sonorous, and contains no less than 10,000 words; and some fragments of Hausa literature are in existence, consisting of religious and political poems, together with a limited amount of native history. It is estimated that about a third of the people are Mohammedan, and a third heathen, while the remaining third have no definite form of religion at all.

Are Peaceful and Industrious.

Large numbers of the Hausa Mohammedans make the pilgrimage to Mecca every year, and they are a peaceful and industrious people, living partly in farmsteads amid their crops, being excellent agriculturists, and partly in large trading centers. They have developed a variety of industries, such as the making of cloth, mats, leather, and glass; and not only do they trade with foreign parts, but they themselves journey far afield as traders, small colonies of them being met with in towns as widespread as Lagos, Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria and Suakin. In Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast territory they form the backbone of the military police; and, under English leadership, again and again they have shown themselves to be admirable fighters and capable of a high degree of discipline and good conduct.

Katsena is of special interest in that it is the oldest of the Hausa states, and harks back to a time when the Hausa were undoubtedly a great people—as, under British rule, they may be once again. There exist manuscripts which carry its history back for a thousand years. Tradition ascribes the origin of the Hausa population, which is also known by the name of Habe, or Habeche, to the union of Bajlba of Bagdad with a prehistoric queen of Daura (one of the Hausa states); and Katsena was the chief seat of learning throughout the Hausa country.

Conquered by the Fulani.

The Hausa Confederation, of which Katsena possessed the most influence, extended its authority over many of the neighboring countries, and remained paramount till the Fula, or Fulani, under Sheikh Dan Fodio, in 1180, conquered the states and found-

ENGLISH HARD FOR SINGERS

Chief Difficulty Is That Language, Unlike German and Italian, Is Not One of Broad-Vowel Sounds.

When an audience can't tell whether a song is being sung in English or Choctaw, it is time something was done about it, and something is going to be done, it appears, by a group of well-known singing teachers and performers known as the Society of English Singers to Standardize the Teaching of Singing in English.

Francis Toye, who tackles the problem in the London Nation, points out the source of the real difficulty, and tells why songs sung in English are often unintelligible:

"That there are difficulties in singing certain English syllables on certain notes may be admitted," says Mr. Toye. "English, unlike German and Italian, is not predominantly a language of broad-vowel sounds. It is comparatively awkward, for instance, to sing 'fix' or 'her' or 'sun' with a loud, sustained tone on a high note. But if composers knew their business they would not, save in very exceptional circumstances, ask the singer to do anything of the kind.

"Half the imaginary difficulties of singing English arise from the incompetence of many composers in setting it to music. They seem neither to think in terms of singing nor to study the natural rhythm of the language."

RECALLS POPULAR TRAVESTY

Charge Against Former Minister of Finance Revives Memories of "The Miseries of a Chinese Official."

These who recall Francisque Sarcey's popular travesty upon Chinese corruption, "The Miseries of a Chinese Official," will enjoy reading the proceedings in the trial for bribery of Chen Chin-tao, former minister of finance, and two of his subordinates. The investigators appointed by President Li Yuan-hung do not appear to be able to discover whether the late minister of finance was bribed, whether he kept money that certain merchants allege they paid to certain persons for him or whether it went "higher up." The complainant merchants insist that money passed, but Chen Chin-tao denies having received any.

In Sarcey's satire "graft" was declared to be so universal that Fo Hi, the would-be-conscientious official, found himself in very hot water when he undertook to check it. The climax is reached when a contract for battle-ships is given to a porcelain factory! The Chinese navy has an engagement with an enemy (assumably the Japanese, at the time the book was published), and the first shot from the attacking cruiser shivers the Chinese craft to bits. The collapse of the formidable-appearing warship resembled nothing so much as a waiter dropping a tray full of dishes.

Collie Drives Motorcar.

Gear-shifting, of course, is outside the limits of possibility for him, but except for this operation, a big collie, owned by a Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) automobile dealer, is able to drive a motorcar. Everybody along "auto row" in New York city was completely dumfounded not long ago when the dog acted as chauffeur for his master, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. While weaving in and out through Broadway's traffic, however, the owner had an auxiliary control at hand to help the animal out in tight places and avoid the danger of a mishap. But on ordinary occasions, when congested streets do not have to be negotiated, the collie drives along like a man, turning corners and avoiding other vehicles with surprising facility. On such rides his master sits beside him, or in the tonneau behind. On a track, where the chance of accident is eliminated, the dog drives alone with nobody in the car to help him. No special device is fixed to the steering wheel to assist him.

Fuel From Peat Bogs.

The fuel famine in France has directed attention to extensive peat bogs, heretofore despised, which may aid as much to solve the problem as the lignite deposits of the center of France, provided the question of labor is solved.

The "Grande-Buyere," near St. Nazaire, and the region of Culoz, according to expert estimates, hold 80,000,000 tons of dried peat, affording an average of 2,000 calories a pound, or about half the heating power of coal. Considering the greater facility of production, it is figured that one workman can extract a number of calories in peat far superior to the average production per minute from coal.

War's Reaper, the Plague.

Complicated with this year's war taxes in national defense, disease has broken out all over India, in the plague. Pastor Ramiah buried 13 in a night, Pastor Simon has been in twice for lymph and medicine. His poor people have fled from their huts and are camping miserably in the jungle under the lash of the monsoon. Quarantined there, without relief, medicine, work, wages, food, hope, the mortality is frightful. They built him a hut there among the rest of them, and they let him out of quarantine to get medicine.—The Christian Herald.

True to Form.

"I understand that the woman's party in that association are going to run a dark horse at the election for president."

"Why don't they assert the supremacy of their sex and run the gray mare?"

JOKE ON MARY

By RACHEL CAIN.

Mary looked up with surprise at the young man who now occupied the high office stool of old Leslie Curtis. He was strangely out of keeping with the old-fashioned furnishings in the shabby old place. Mr. Curtis with his bent shoulders and shiny old serge suit harmonized so well with his time-worn surroundings, when he was present that the sight of the stranger's brand-new black and white checked suit and azure blue tie with its lapis-lazuli pin jarred discordantly on Mary's nerve.

"I've come to pay Aunt Myra's fire insurance," said Mary.

Jimmy Carter looked through the wire lattice with its stinky little archway intended for the transaction of business. What he saw caused him to slide down quickly off his stool.

"Certainly," said Jim aloud, reaching for a pen. To himself, "Not so bad for a jay town. Life is looking up a bit. Stunner, she is."

"What is the name, please?" asked Jim.

"Miss Myra Grant," said Mary.

The ornate hand slid up one page and down another in a vain attempt at finding the name.

"Nothing doing," said Jimmy. "I don't seem to be able to find it. How do you spell it?"

"G-r-a-n-t," spelled Mary.

Jimmy flushed. "Maybe Uncle Les forgot to put it in."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mary. "Is Mr. Curtis sick?"

"No—gone away for a three weeks' rest. I'm holding down the job till he comes home."

"If you'll please give me a receipt for it I'll not wait. I know the amount—it's four dollars and thirty cents. I'm in a good bit of a hurry."

"All right," said Jimmy obligingly.

Mary folded the receipt and put it into her bag. Then she opened the door to go out, but before she closed it she said sweetly, "If you look in the large ledger with the mottled cover I think you'll find it. You were looking in the school directory, you see."

She was gone! And Jimmy with a curious mixture of shame and rage fumbled awkwardly for a cigarette to relieve his harrowed feelings.

"Smarty!" he said two or three times. "Smarty! Think you're real cute, don't you?" And then finding the "mottled cover," he credited Aunt Myra's money and took the rest of the morning for reflection.

In vain he racked his brain for some way to "make her sit up and take notice," as he put it. What kind of grandstand play would "bring her to?" Jimmy was puzzled.

Then he found it. Five towns were getting together to have a concert—a real one, with opera singers in it. Glencoe, being the center, was chosen as the place d'affair.

So Jimmy decided that to be on terms of sociability with some of these bright lights would establish him forever in the eyes of Mary.

He decided on Gerrone. He had heard that this famous soprano was young, pretty and therefore most probably approachable. Besides, he had a friend who had a friend who knew her and he wrote for a letter of introduction.

The day of the concert arrived warm and beautiful. It was late spring and the air was heavy with roses. Jimmy, despoiling the garden varieties, sent a week's board to New York for a bunch of hothouse ones, and armed with these and his card he started for the hotel.

Jimmy's way led past Mary's. Mary was in the garden clipping roses. She called him.

"Hello, Jimmy."

He was so dumfounded at the sweet sociableness of her tone that he almost dropped the box he carried. Then he recovered. The grand opera business was doing its work. His fame had spread.

"Good morning, Miss Mary!" His tone was the least bit patronizing.

"Can't you come in?" she invited. Jimmy thawed. "Why, perhaps I can, a minute. I have an engagement and can't stay long, though."

"I won't keep you. I just thought we'd sit on the porch a minute and have a nice little chat. I've something to tell you."

He was curious. "All right. I have a minute, I guess."

Suddenly Mary gave him an odd look and held out her hand impulsively.

"Jimmy, you're a dear, and I can't do it—I just can't. We all like you, Jimmy, but we'd planned a joke on you and it's too mean. You wanted to put me in my place and everyone resented it so. I—I'm Gerrone, Jimmy, don't you see? Yes, I really am. I was born and raised here and came home to rest when the season was over. I've worked so hard for years. Do I look so unsophisticated?"

But Jimmy was speechless. Mary leaned forward wistfully. "Jimmy, don't you like me?" she pleaded.

"I—I was just thinking," he stammered, "that I'm afraid I've fallen in love with you." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Canada Plans Big Project.

The hydro-electrical commission of Ontario, Canada, has decided to undertake forthwith the construction of the projected canal, some 12 miles in length, between Chippewa Creek and Queenstown, for the supply of 200,000-horse power of additional electrical energy for the people's system. It is estimated that the cost of construction of the entire canal, together with its electrical equipment, will reach \$9,000,000.