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London, Nov. 18.—"It is reported here that wounded, lame and deaf Germans have been retrained for service at the front," says an Amsterdam dispatch to the Central News Agency.

A Substitute

He Volunteered, Receiving No Money Compensation

By F. A. MITCHEL

An elderly lady in Belgium stood on the porch of a residence which was built on a hill and from which she could overlook a road winding through a valley below. Anxiety and impatience were expressed on her face. She was evidently expecting something or some one that did not appear.

"Wilhelmina!" she cried.
"Well, mamma?" responded a voice, contrasting with the mother's sharp tones both for its melody and its indifference.

"It is 12 o'clock, and there are no signs of him."
A comely young woman of twenty came out on to the porch and replied: "In these war times we cannot expect any one to be punctual."

"Herman has nothing to do with the war. He is not a soldier."

To this the daughter made no reply, but on her face one could read expressed the words "He should be," accompanied by a look of contempt.
"Wilhelmina," said the mother severely, "I am outraged at your indifference. I have been at great pains to bring about this match between you and Herman Weber, of whose wealth you are aware, and now that there is a probability that something has occurred to interfere you show no disappointment whatever."

"What is wealth in Belgium today, mamma? If this war continues as it has begun there will be no wealth."

"The trouble with you is that your head is full of impractical romance. You do not favor a suitable match. You wish some knight with no fortune except his sword to come along, kill a dragon who is about to devour you and carry you off."

"I admit that I would be pleased to listen to the suit of one who is fighting for our homes and our freedom."

A horseman rode out from a wood below.

"There he is now!" exclaimed the mother joyfully. "He will be here in a few minutes."

But the lady was doomed to a new disappointment. The horseman was followed by a dozen or more others, and as they drew nearer it was evident that he had been sent out on errand duty. He was followed by a party of British officers, at whose head rode a general. Coming to a branch road leading up to where the two women stood, a single horseman turned into it, while the others rode on. Coming to the gate, he turned in and advanced to the porch. Uncovering in the presence of the ladies, he said:

"I am directed by General Gordon of the British forces to say that he will pass the night hereabout and begs to know if you can conveniently quarter him and his staff."

The speaker was Lieutenant Warren Chandler, an American, who at the breaking out of the war had been a student at Cambridge, England. He volunteered and had been selected by General Gordon as an aid-de-camp. The elder lady was trying to think of some excuse for declining to entertain the officers when the younger said: "Certainly, we shall feel honored at having an opportunity to entertain our country's defenders."

The mother, casting a withering glance at her daughter, spoke up: "We are expecting to have a wedding here today, and the occasion would be greatly marred by the presence of soldiers."

"There will be no wedding," said the daughter. "The wedding cannot be celebrated without my consent, and I shall not be married today."

The officer looked admiringly upon the girl and at once became her supporter. "I shall be sorry to intrude," he said, "but I feel obliged to do so. The general ordered me to find quarters for him and his staff, and there is no other house hereabout available."

With that he dismounted and led his horse to a barn in the rear, where he looked to see if there was forage, and, finding plenty, unsaddled his horse, gave him a feed and went to the house. Being invited to a seat, he asked to be informed as to the wedding that had been mentioned. The mother gave him the necessary information, dwelling lugubriously on her daughter's disappointment.

"I assure you, mademoiselle," said Chandler, "that you have my sympathy. It must be a great trial to a woman to get ready for a wedding and have the groom fail to appear."

The girl's face wore an indignant look which the officer mistook for an expression of injury. So he added: "Quite likely the groom to be has

been detained against his will. Soldiers are never their own masters, and in wartime—"

"The gentleman is a civilian," said Wilhelmina dryly.

"Indeed! I am surprised that in such stirring times as these a lady should choose a civilian."

To this there was no answer in words, though there was a look on the girl's face as much as to say, "I would infinitely prefer a soldier." The mother, who by this time had given up the coming of the groom, left her daughter and Chandler together and went away to give orders for the changed conditions.

The American is a creature especially adapted for emergencies. Chandler had jumped from a peaceful university into war, and he was ready for any other jump that might present itself. One of the least objectionable jumps he might take would be into the affections of a pretty girl. He pretended to sympathize deeply with Wilhelmina in what he persisted in calling her disappointment and had not been in her company long before he averred that any man who would thus disappoint such an attractive woman must be bereft of any taste whatever. Wilhelmina made no reply to such compliments, keeping her eyes on the floor with becoming modesty.

Chandler spent three hours in the young lady's company. A great deal may be done in three hours, especially by a soldier. Battles have been won in a few minutes. The lieutenant from sympathizing with his companion suggested that a substitute might alleviate her disappointment, and she was not at all shocked at the suggestion.

It was nightfall before the general and his staff drew rein at the chateau, dismounted and strode into the house to the clanking of their spurs and side arms. Supper was ready for them, and when introduced to it there was surprise to find a collation such as would be served at a social gathering rather than a hot meal. Then it came out that they were eating what had been prepared for a wedding breakfast.

General Gordon, a bluff Britisher, who had been a soldier for thirty years, was much surprised and indignant to learn that the pretty Wilhelmina had expected to be a bride and had remained a spinster.

"My dear," he said to her, "if I were a youngster instead of an old fellow and the father of a large family of children I would offer myself as a substitute for this cad who has been so unappreciative of a lovely girl. As it is I can do nothing for you. But if there is any young unmarried man on my staff who pleases your fancy and who refuses to volunteer to supply the deficiency I shall take the first opportunity to order him where he will be shot."

Even the young lady smiled at this compliment, and several officers held up a hand as boys in school who are ready for some special duty.

When the laughter that greeted the general's sally had subsided Chandler arose and said:

"May I please you, general, I have since entering upon your staff felt under great obligations to you for my appointment and have longed for an occasion to show my appreciation. No opportunity has thus far occurred in the line of military duty. I understand you desire to benefit this young lady and doubt not that, despite your age, were you a single man you might be accepted as a substitute. We are assembled at what was to have been a wedding breakfast. It would not be to the credit of the service if among so many single men of your staff none could be found to represent his commander in a duty—rather a pleasure—for which he is incapacitated by previous engagements. If the lady will accept a subaltern for a husband in lieu of a general I volunteer with my whole heart."

A clapping of hands and shouts of approval greeted this speech, and every eye was turned to Wilhelmina, who sat with her eyes cast down and spoke never a word.

"Silence gives consent!" cried the general. "Orderly!"

The general's orderly heard, and, having appeared, the commander said to him:

"Go and find a chaplain or a parson at once. I'll give you thirty minutes, and if you are not back here with one in that time I'll court martial you for disobedience of orders."

At this juncture a servant, who was not cognizant of the turn that had been taken in the affairs of the bride expectant, entered and, with a look and hands thrown up expressing trouble, said to the mistress of the house:

"Oh, madame, we are undone! The groom is coming, and the wedding feast is being set out. We have nothing more

in the house fitted for such an occasion."

Every eye was turned to Wilhelmina, who paled at the announcement. The general was equal to the occasion.

"Captain Granger," he said, "put a guard around these headquarters with orders to admit no one."

"General," protested the mother, "you have no right to interfere in my domestic affairs."

"Pardon me, madame; I am not interfering with your affairs. This house is my headquarters. You and your daughter are at liberty to leave it as soon as you like."

"A chaplain!" cried the general.
"Here, general," came a voice from the hall without, and an officer, whose uniform marked his calling, hurried into the room.
"I forbid this marriage!" cried the mother. "My daughter's fiancé has 1,000,000 francs."

"And I offer \$1,000,000," said Chandler.

This settled the matter. The ceremony was performed, and the general drew a check for \$2,000 for a wedding present.

The next morning the general and his staff, except Chandler, who was granted a week's leave for a honeymoon, galloped away.

As to insults.

The quotation "No gentleman would insult me; none other can," is credited to John Quincy Adams, who is said to have made the reply when he was told that a man had spoken to him so rudely that he ought to send a challenge to a duel, and it is said also to have been used by Senator W. H. Seward in a debate growing out of the assault upon Senator Sumner by Preston Brooks in 1856, but it is pointed out that the quotation

A moral, sensible, well bred man will not affront me, and no other can be found in William Cowper's "Conversation."—Boston Globe.

Those Were the Times.

"The first of our line, Sir Higgledy Piggledy, founded the family fortunes with a grist mill he ran."

"When did he run this grist mill?"

"Back in 1560 or thereabouts."

"Oh, yes. I've often heard that those were the times when knighthood was in vogue."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ought to Sell.

"At last I have perfected it."

"What is the invention?"

"In case your auto hits anything this device makes a cloud of smoke for you to get away in. No chance for identification."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The amen of nature is always a few er.—Holmes.

Very Becoming.

Husband—Do you think my full beard is an improvement?

Wife—How much does it save you a week?

"About a dollar."

"Yes, it's an improvement."—New York Weekly.

Sure Enough.

Bill—They say a criminal always returns to the scene of his crime. Jill—What's the good if he gets all the swag the first time?—Yonkers Statesman.

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Denmark has been termed the paradise of the small proprietor. Nearly two-thirds of her population make a living, and a good living, from the land, one-half of the agriculturists being their own masters. The secret of success has lain in technical education and co-operation. Every farmer, big or little, belongs to one of the great co-operative associations, which guide him in the care of the land and cattle and dispose of his produce to the best advantage without the needless waste of competition. The result of the system has been to make Denmark one of the richest countries in Europe in proportion to her size.

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The Ancona Affair

Americans have ample opportunity during this war to prove themselves the most long suffering people on the face of the earth. Their experience does not suit the philosophy of the pacifists, who declare that if one does not attempt to resist no harm will befall and no attack will be made by an enemy. The Americans have not resisted. They would not hurt a fly, not to mention a Turk or a Prussian. They are apologetic for having to intrude upon the planet at all, when the Germans require so much of it. Yet in spite of all the non-resistance and the pacifism and turning the cheek from side to side until it is becoming calloused, the Germans do attack and do injure and take life and do all manner of murderous acts.

The sinking of the Ancona is an evidence of the most diabolical spirit. We do not find any particular satisfaction in dwelling upon the evil disposition of the Germans. It is too terribly true that such evil exists and that it takes its lawless delight in such acts of horror and shame as make the rest of the world stand aghast. There are people among us who declare that not a finger should be moved to stop these horrors. The American Government seems to take that view. There used to be a theory that it was only necessary to walk boldly up to a lion or a tiger and look him in the eye and he would sink off harmless. It is not stated that any of the theorists who tried to put their theory into practice ever brought back a report. America has been trying to look the German beast in the eye, and either the gaze has not been sufficiently steady or the theory does not work.

President Wilson may yet learn that the millennium has not arrived and that the conditions of earth are not essentially different from the conditions of a few centuries ago. When a bully starts bullying, the only way to stop him is by a method he understands. If you look him in the eye he will probably blacken it for you. If you keep on long enough to get him mad he will crucify you or do something equally characteristic. He has gone beyond the stage when moral force has any influence with him, and if you wish to save your life or protect your friends you must appeal to him on his own terms. These include a big stick. America may use the big stick yet.

The Ancona is a particularly flagrant case. The vessel was bound for New York with civilian emigrants. The Germans take delight in slaughtering women and children are their favorite sacrifices. The death of non-resisters especially pleases them. It is not at all likely that the Austrians did this deed. It has all the characteristic marks of Germany on it. The captain of the Ancona says he was attacked from a distance of five miles and there was no request for him to stop. It was just a case of "strafing." All the pacifists who believe that England is "just as bad as Germany" ought to make a note of this event, so that they may parallel it with the corresponding English iniquity and in support of their theory that innocent non-resisting people are never disturbed.—World.

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A Good Natured Man

In an Omaha church, Sam Jones shouted, "is there a man present who has never spoken a cross word to his wife?" The silence was becoming oppressive; every husband looked here and there, every husband wanted to get up, but did not dare to. But the sadness that had possession of Jones' face vanished a moment later when a round-faced, good-natured man rose from his seat.

"Thank God," exclaimed Sam, "there is one man who has never spoken a cross word to his wife." The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "No sir I never did. I'm a bachelor." Then he put on his hat and calmly walked out of the door.

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