

KAISER PLAYS  
AT SOLDIERINGHow He and Crown Prince  
Play to Gallery

Real Soldiers in Command

Royalty Given Certain Latitude to  
Tackle Their Vanity and Aid in  
Political Game; The Emperor  
Not Autocrat of the Army

A German-born American, whose father was a Prussian major and who served for some years in a German military school has been diverting readers of the New York Tribune by a series of articles upon the German military caste; and a new article was suggested the other day when it was announced that the Kaiser was hastening to the western front to encourage his men opposing the Allied offensive. This writer says it is simply ridiculous to suppose that either the Kaiser or the Crown Prince is permitted to have anything to say about military operations. It may be true that certain operations are undertaken to satisfy the vanity of one or the other; and it has been assumed that the attack on Verdun was partly inspired by the determination of the Crown Prince to win some military glory. He is nominally in charge of the German army facing Verdun, but he does not direct that army. That is being done by generals under him, who if the attacks succeed will be given some distinction, and if they fail will be disgraced. If there is a German victory at Verdun the credit will go to the Crown Prince; if there is a failure it will be explained that the stupid general failed to carry out the orders of the Prince.

## No Military Capacity

As a matter of fact, says the writer, in the Tribune, the military capacities of the Hohenzollern paled out with Frederick the Great. The Kaiser himself is said to be a laughing-stock with his officers for his ignorance of military affairs and for his absurd pretensions. He says that on one occasion he saw the Kaiser give an order to charge at a sham battle, which had it occurred in a real combat would have resulted in the wiping out of the charging battalions. Nevertheless, the judges awarded the decision to the Kaiser, and he was overwhelmed with praise by the more sycophantic of the military experts who explained the operations in the press. It was after some such exhibition that Graf Haessler addressed the troops and said: "My officers, you have obeyed his majesty's commands splendidly; only in real war-time do the opposite. Then you may win."

## Political Moves

The movements of the Kaiser from one battle front to the other are designed to make an impression upon the German civilian population, which is just now causing the Kaiser as much anxiety as is the fate of his armies. He appears at a battle front after he has been informed that a great German move is to be made; is photographed with the generals in command and then disappears. The next day Berlin hears of a German advance, and the inference is that it was arranged by the Kaiser, instead of for him. It may be, although the ex-Prussian does not seem to credit it, that the Kaiser's presence does have some inspiring effect upon the troops. With them as with the civilian population there is likely to be a notion that he is a great general; and what troops would not fight better knowing that their king was watching them?

## "Kidding" the Kaiser

Moreover, the generals do not dare to let the Kaiser into the military secret that he is an ignoramus. They must pretend to have a high opinion of his sagacity as a military adviser, and when his advice is to be disregarded that is necessary. Either they hurry to do what they believe is right and what they have reason to believe he would oppose; or if they disobey his instructions they pretend that there was a misunderstanding. Since the chances of them succeeding are better when they follow him, they are usually able to "get away with it." Nevertheless, it happened in this war that some competent German generals have been retired because they were not diplomatic enough in their dealings with Emperor William.

## General Staff Rules

On the other hand, many generals have been retired by the general staff since the beginning of the war because it was known that they had won their high command through favoritism and their capacity for flattering the Kaiser. As long as Germany was at peace these titled nonentities could do no harm, but when war was declared the general staff acted promptly, and as a rule the Kaiser did not oppose their decisions. The Crown Prince is much like his father as a military genius. He craves flattery; and he has less ability than his sire. He seems also to be more cold-blooded, with less regard for the lives of his men. Before the war he threatened to become more popular in Germany than the Kaiser because of his swash-buckling manners and craving for military renown. But the war has cured Germany of admiration for these qualities, and his heritage will be hatred and contempt.



I shall be at my St. John Office, Room 20, Robinson Block, Market Square, only four days—Wednesday, July 26th; Thursday, July 27th; Friday, July 28th; Saturday, July 29th. Office hours, 9 a. m. until 6 p. m.

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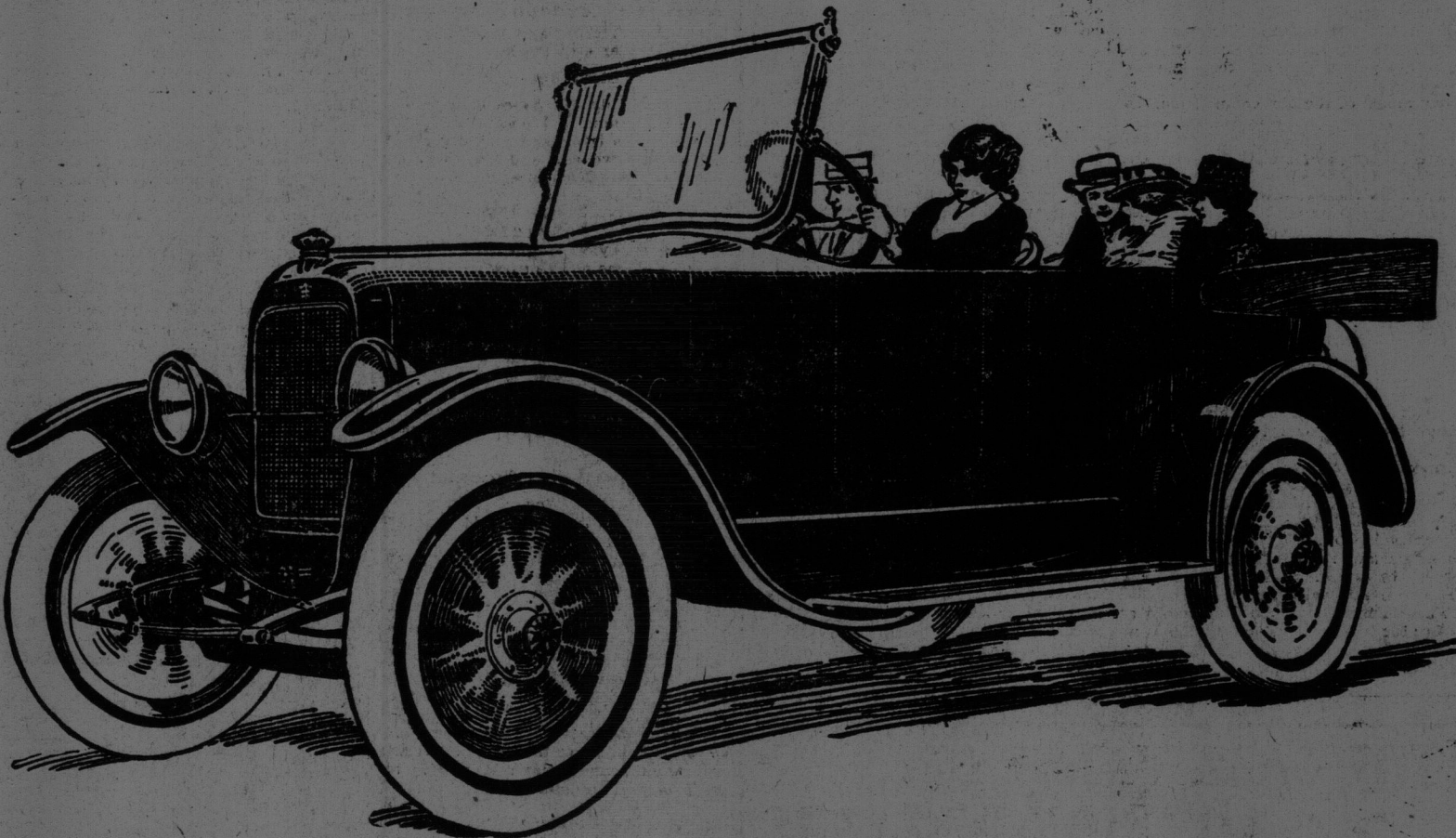
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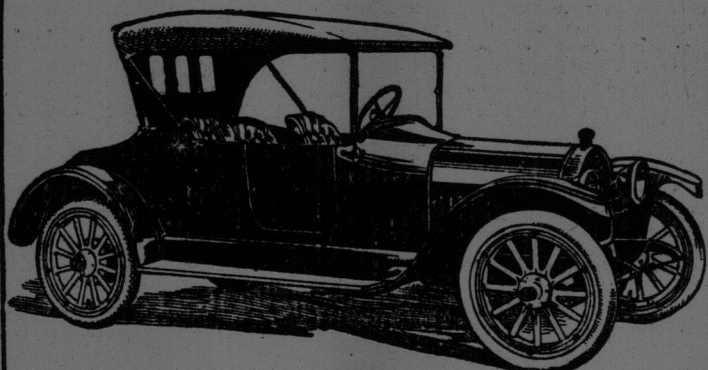
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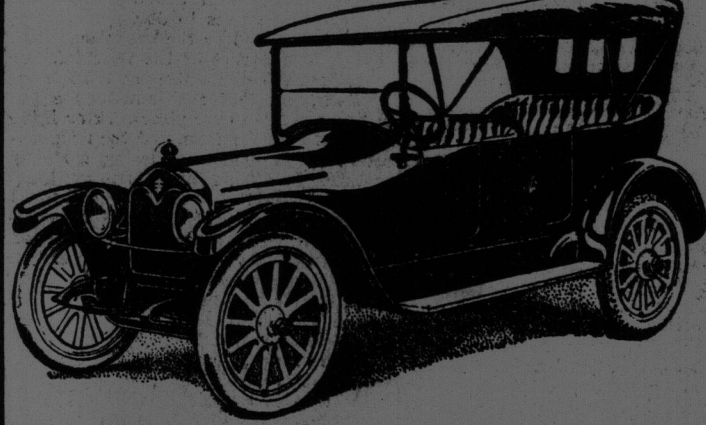
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### New Limbs For The Old

Wonders of the Work Among  
Wounded Soldiers at Rochamp-  
ten, England

(London Daily Mail.)

"The only thing I dread is losing a limb—I'd far rather be killed."

These words must have been echoed a thousand times by our gallant fighting men who, while willing and ready to lay down life itself, if necessary, on the sacrificial altar of the freedom of nations, have, very naturally, shrunk with horror from the terrible prospect of a helpless existence and the utter lack of precious independence which the loss of a limb suggests.

It is a fear which many of us to whom

it has been expressed have found very difficult to allay.

This thought was certainly uppermost in my mind when I first passed through the gates of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospital (for soldiers and sailors who have lost their limbs in the war) at Rochampton, in the county of London; for I, too, had failed fully to recognise the wonderful progress of science, and had very little real conception of the rapid and marvelous strides which have been made in the creation of artificial limbs.

In the beautiful Rochampton House, generously lent for the purpose by Kenneth Wilson, with its peaceful grounds, our mutilated sailors and soldiers can obtain a new lease of life. They receive there the best possible artificial appliances and instruction in their use—an exceedingly important work, for in the past many a man has cast an artificial limb aside for the want of a little instruction as to its working.

There artificial hands are taught to grip. The men learn to walk with their new legs as well as they ever did.

One wounded Australian, who had lost both his legs at Gallipoli, remark-

ed to me with a brave smile, "I used to suffer frequently with gout in my old feet—but these new ones treat me proudly!"

Just a year ago the hospital was opened, and how urgent the need has been is very evident from the fact that up to the 28th of last month over 2,000 cases had been treated and discharged, fitted with artificial appliances! Over 2,000 men of our fighting forces—from the Mother-country and the Overseas Dominions—who had entered the hospital, regarding themselves useless cripples and mentally placing themselves "on the shelf" of life, have, after a brief period, varying between four and six months, passed out re-created! Men who have had both legs amputated and never expected to walk again have walked out with the aid of a stick alone!

On Monday dozens of maimed soldiers were making application for their reception into the hospital. In April last the waiting list numbered nearly 2,000, and notifications are pouring in at the rate of over 400 a month. The 350 beds are always occupied.

The great rooms, with their handsome-

ly painted walls and ceilings, converted now by the necessity of war into bright wards, were a wonderful sight. Over each bed I noticed the name of the donor (\$20 maintains a bed for a year, and many are taking advantage of this as paying a fitting tribute to some dear one who has fallen in action). At the foot is pasted the name and rank of each temporary occupant. Such cheery patients they are too—some anxiously awaiting their new appliances, others proudly displaying the wonderful adaptability of theirs.

I stood at the long window of one of the many wards which overlooked a lawn where grey-clad men were playing croquet, and it was very difficult to realise that many of them were nursing about on legs cunningly built of light wood encased in hide, for the springs with which they are fitted at the knees, ankles, and toes almost defy detection.

In one corner of the delightful grounds well-appointed workshops have been fitted. Here I saw some of the patients being instructed in various work—motor and electrical engineering, carpentering, accountancy, shorthand, and typewrit-

ing. An employment bureau has been established, and through this medium many of the men are obtaining good situations immediately upon leaving the hospital. In motor-engineering and driving particularly the wounded soldiers are showing great adaptability, and it is evident, from the numerous applications received, that many of the Rochampton patients will find good employment as chauffeurs. Others, of course, will return to their previous employment.

Recreation rooms have been built and fitted with billiard-tables and the like. Everywhere there are evidences of the many kindly thoughts that have been expended to ensure the happiness of the patients.

When I left the hospital tea was being served in the garden, where supper, too, I am told, is served when the somewhat erratic weather permits. Down the long, shady Rochampton lane seats have been placed at frequent intervals with the words "For Wounded Soldiers Only" written upon them. Judging from the long distances the men venture, with pride, upon their recently

acquired limbs, these must be a blessing indeed.

Four men, all upon crutches, I met were quite two miles from the hospital. They were all so full of hope and gratitude.

"But it's pretty hard lines for us to have to stay at home while other men are fighting," one of them complained. Their bodies may be twisted and broken, but their spirits remain whole and dauntless.

G.

## IF I HAD ECZEMA

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