

A PAGE OF SPECIAL FEATURES FOR TIMES READERS

HARDER NOW TO GET RECRUITS FOR ARMY

That Is Reported Condition In England

THREE MAIN CAUSES GIVEN

Matter of Oil For the Navy One Which is Regarded as of Much Importance—Taking up Tobacco Growing in England and Wales

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, July 16.—The work of obtaining recruits for the British Army is becoming harder every day. The military correspondent of the "Times" says: "Recruiting for all categories of our armed forces at home is at present bad, and demands the immediate attention of the government. All parts of the Army are much below establishment, and the deficits in numbers are increasing. The regulars at home are more than 8,000 under strength, or more than 4,000 worse than they were a year ago, while the special reserve and Territorials continue to fall in numbers without any serious measure being proposed to meet matters. The apathy of the constituted authorities in the presence of this situation is deserving of censure, for even if the state of the Territorial Force is past praying for except by resort to compulsion, the regulars and the special reserve must be recruited by voluntary means, and if the regulars cannot find more recruits, we shall be compelled to resort to bonuses, thereby prejudicing our finances and depleting the reserve.

"Our recruiters and recruiting agents are at low ebb, and there is not sufficient spirit in the machinery to get the results which we desire and need. Last, and most important of all, the attractions of a military career are at present insufficient to tempt the kind of men we need to enlist; and we must attack the difficulty from all sides to make sure of success in overcoming Oil for the Navy

Next to the shortage of recruits for the Army comes the question of oil supply for the Navy. The royal commission on oil fuel for the Navy, which was set up by Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverstone in 1908, has been sitting for several months, but has not yet reported. It should be clearly understood that there is not necessarily any objection to oil fuel, as such. It has many advantages over coal, although cheapness is not one of them. It is assumed that oil fuel, as such, is desirable. Some years ago, when Lord Fisher was first sea lord, the Admiralty, proceeding upon that assumption, commissioned an exceedingly capable naval officer to prepare a report upon the available sources of oil fuel then existing throughout the world.

That officer reported that there was not enough oil available to justify its extensive use in the British Navy.

Since the original report, which is now in the Admiralty archives, was communicated to the Admiralty, the sources of supply have been opened. A small proportion of the amount required is drawn from the Scottish shale fields. But the essential factor of the problem may be thus stated: A main part of the duty of the British Navy is to protect waterborne commerce; therefore, if the motive power of the navy is also to be drawn from overseas, the navy ceases to be able to discharge its office, for the Navy will be immobilized by the very emergency for whose prevention its mobility exists. It cannot guard its own oil fuel when it has no oil fuel. The Admiralty, some years ago, knowing that the sources of oil fuel were insufficient, fitted a large number of destroyers to burn oil only, besides a number of battleships to carry oil as well as coal. At that time the storage accommodation and the means of transport were totally inadequate. More than a hundred destroyers were fitted to burn oil fuel only, in default of the requisite arrangements for supply, transport, storage, and defence of oil to ships. Those arrangements are still lacking. When, some six months ago, there was an alarm of war, and the Admiralty telegraphed orders to mobilize the fleet the same night, there was no oil available for the destroyers on the northern station.

The fact of which the public have been carefully kept in ignorance is that today the Admiralty do not know if they can obtain enough oil for war requirements. Nor do they know how, if the oil were available, it is to be brought across the sea; nor, if it existed, could it be transported, in large enough storage accommodation. Oil ships are being swiftly constructed, and there are now eleven of these vessels in the naval service. The storage accommodation is being extended. But, where is the oil?

The battleships of the 1912-13 programme are being fitted to burn oil only. It is understood that the eight light cruisers of the same programme are also being fitted to burn oil only. In the 1912-13 shipbuilding programme, the Admiralty have returned to coal fuel.

PARTY GUESTS REMOVED SHOES

Lady Cunard's Dinner Most Sensational of the London Season

London, July 25.—Lady Cunard gave a most sensational party of the season at a big hotel here. Dinner over, Lady Cunard's guests swept the tables clean of flowers and decked themselves out in their evening dress. Then the best opera singers and Russian dancers entertained the company, and after the music and dancing the guests took off their shoes, turned out the lights in rooms and corridors, and stood up and down, romped like school children and danced ragtime, and indulged in the wildest, noisiest frolics until they all were tired out. Some said the party was to celebrate Lady Randolph Churchill's divorce, as she was there to receive congratulations of friends.

GET INTO THE GAME

Few Words of Advice Concerning Your Manner of Life

Stop and calmly sum up yourself. Plot your progress curve and find out if you are doing the thing you want most to do, advises Robert Carlton Brown. That which is progress for me may be stagnation for you. Figure it out personally. Have you helped send that deserving young fellow through college, as you've always wanted to do? Have you built that model boat you have had in the back of your brain so long? Are you going to take that trip to California this year? Have you taken that photograph for your family? Have you taken up the study of tulip culture, as you have hoped to do this year? Are you really going to make that wishful garden this spring? Have you helped lighten the burden of that cripple who lives across the way? Have you started reading the History of England or going in for the study of African Jewels?

The years are stealing bases on you. Get into the game. Put a few pecks on your personal progress chart. Do a little living by the wayside. Stop to consider how much more you are worth to yourself and society when you are actually doing the real thing than when you are just waiting for some day. Move to a cheaper house so you can really read and occupy a larger cabinet in Spain.

That's progress.—Everybody's Magazine.

probably because they could not fathom the oil-supply question.

Tobacco Growing in England

One hundred acres of tobacco will be grown in England and Wales this year. Most people know that there has been a considerable production of tobacco in Ireland during the last few years, but to many it will come as news that the new crop is getting a foothold in England. In Ireland last year a little more than 100 acres of tobacco were grown, the weight produced being 184,000 lb. Undoubtedly the experience gained in Ireland will be of great value to growers in England.

But there is no doubt whatever as to the possibility of growing tobacco of certain qualities in England. It would have been a regular crop in this country already had not the hand of the been against it. James I. stopped the tobacco growing because he thought smoking was bad for his interests; Charles II. prohibited it in the interests of the Virginia colonists.

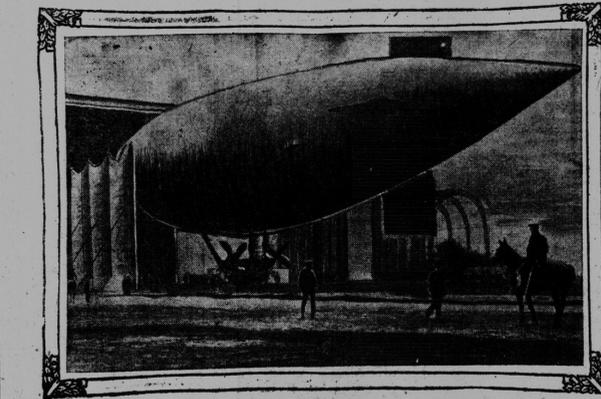
Of recent years experimental plots have been grown from time to time, and it has frequently been suggested that a serious attempt should be made to test tobacco-growing commercially. An examination of the reports on the experiments shows that there is no more difficulty in growing tobacco than in growing sugar beet. If experience as to the particular varieties for particular soils has to be learned, the method of cultivation does not seem to be difficult to learn. Just as the crux of the sugar beet question is the conversion of the farmer's acreage of beets into sugar for the grocer, so was the crux of the tobacco question when the process of converting the field crop into marketable tobacco is undertaken. The proper air drying, curing, and re-handling of tobacco constitute an exceedingly technical business.

A Labor Matter

Lord Abernethy, a director of John Brown & Co., Ltd., shipbuilders, who recently declared a dividend of 7 1/2 per cent, has been finding fault with labor. Especially in the shipyard, he said at the annual meeting they had been badly treated. Men did not get their full time or anything like it, but the last year there had been hardly any money made in any of the shipyards of the country. Shipyards were apparently the worst for bad time-keeping, but it was common knowledge that commercial concerns were not getting in any trade as much out of the workmen as the high wages paid would entitle them to expect.

The reason was that their contracts were affected, they incurred fees for late delivery and works charges accumulated and gradually ate up the profits. Yet the shops and order books were full, and simply because the workmen would not respond there was a fear of orders falling off.

BRITAIN'S LATEST AND MOST ODD AIR CRAFT



This airship, unique by reason of its sharp prow, was photographed as it started on its final trip from Farnborough to London.

LIFE OF A CABINET MINISTER BUS ONE

Veteran of British House Declares Talk of Asquith Resignation Ridiculous, But Shows That Any Other Life Might Well Be Easier

(By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.)

London, July 25.—There has been a good deal of talk in the House of Commons lately to the effect that Mr. Asquith intends soon to resign the premiership. Rumor, always fruitful in exaggeration, adds that the premier wishes to exchange his present office for that of chief justice. Mr. Asquith would make an admirable chief justice, one of the greatest probably that ever lived, and it would be a comfortable and well-paid job, 28,000 a year and four months' vacation every year, and just about one-third the work of his present office. Mr. Asquith could and would not take such a place at this moment; he has given his pledges to fortune, and he must keep them.

No man is so essential at this moment as Mr. Asquith. He is the man who is more essential than another it is home rule. It is one of the vagaries of politics that the man who was supposed for many years to have been either a warm or a hostile to the Irish cause should now be recognized as its most ardent and most powerful friend. Apart from his nerve-shaken conviction that home rule is necessary for England and the British Empire as well as for Ireland, Mr. Asquith has the ambition to associate his name with the great act of the century.

Life a Busy One

But these rumors about his desire to give up the hard work of office may have had this foundation that, like so many other men in office, he is occasionally overcome by the labors and responsibilities. Few men outside English political life, have any conception of what a drudgery and what a wear-and-tear of health and comfort the office of a British minister involves. I am at nine o'clock in the morning. He is always having to see people—ministers about bills in their departments, deputations of members of his party and then ambassadors and other officials; and there are a lot of ceremonies which he has to attend.

One day recently I was at a luncheon party in his house. He came in rather late and he was in a replenished uniform—that of an Elder Brother of Trinity House—an old English institution; he had to be in uniform for the moment that lunch was over, he had to rush off to Victoria station to receive the arrival of the French president, on his arrival in London.

This is only the beginning of his day; for he may have to preside over a cabinet council; and then he has to go down to the House of Commons; and often to stay there for six or seven hours working either in his room or seated in his place and superintending the progress of a bill. It is no wonder men are always ready to rush to anything which had to be done for them the blessed rest of irresponsibility.

Lloyd George Starts at Breakfast

Lloyd George leads quite as strenuous a life. He is an early riser and, usually, if you want to be sure of seeing him and having a chat with him, you had better accept his invitation to breakfast. Breakfast is at either nine or half-past nine o'clock, and almost any morning you go to his house at 11 Downing street you will find here half a dozen people, officials. From his department, newspaper men, and perhaps a distinguished foreigner; one morning I had the pleasure of bringing to one of the breakfasts Mr. McAdoo, now holding the high position of secretary of the treasury of Washington.

But this again is only the beginning of Lloyd George's day; he is hard at it nearly every hour after, seeing deputations, consulting officials, talking over recalcitrant friends or friendly foes, looking his share in debate and usually leaving his room at eleven o'clock at night to begin the same terrible round of work the next morning again.

He has not the splendid constitution of Mr. Asquith, and often brings himself down to such a state of fatigue that he sleeps almost when he is talking to you; and if he be on a vacation and in a motor car, the thing he loves best, he will gradually cease to talk, you will see slumber passing over his face, and

then he will curl himself in a corner and sleep for hours. He has the blessed gift of sleep in all conditions, at all hours, in all places, but he should not tire himself to the point that he wants to sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

Churchill's Great Worker

Winston Churchill is also an enormous worker. When he is high office and the handsome income of £5,000 a year. Winston treated himself to a beautiful house in Eccleston Square; up to that time he lived in one of those hand-boxed houses in Mayfair, the most fashionable quarter where small accommodation demands the biggest price. The house was not much larger than you could imagine the cigar box of a multi-millionaire, and it was crowded in almost every nook and cranny with books. Eccleston Square is not one of the fashionable parts of London now, but it has very fine, very large, very spacious houses, and the attraction of it to Winston was that he could find there accommodations for his library; he has no fewer than 6,000 books and he is an omnivorous reader.

When he became First Lord of Admiralty, he took to his work so seriously that he is called at seven o'clock every morning and he works incessantly the whole day long after that. A somewhat cantankerous questioner was asked him the number of times he was asked to attend the "Enchanted" yacht which was then Winston rolled out the number of voyages he had taken.

Down to the admiralty Winston went, letting his house to Sir Edward Grey, the first thing he did was to rearrange his desk, he gave up one of his floors to officials and was content with the rest. He is called at seven o'clock every morning and he works incessantly the whole day long after that. A somewhat cantankerous questioner was asked him the number of times he was asked to attend the "Enchanted" yacht which was then Winston rolled out the number of voyages he had taken.

The War Minister

Colonel Seely, the minister of war, is another of the men that work at fever heat. He is at his office for hours every day; then he rushes off to a banquet or a parade ground or an aviation meeting, and not satisfied with all that, he speaks at meetings in the country, one of the most fatiguing things in the life of a politician. He is one of those fortunate beings who can do with little sleep; he regards himself as perfectly fit if he can get six hours.

I need not say much of the amount of work through which Sir Rufus Isaacs can get; as everybody knows, he has got up at four to six o'clock every morning for years except during the vacation; and he is working now as hard as ever he did.

I have not exhausted the list, but I have written enough to make my readers realize what a terrible strain parliamentary life is on his chief figures. It is no wonder, under such conditions, that ministers should have their hours of excessive fatigue that they long for the time when their hour of enfranchisement comes. I remember seeing Sir William Harcourt, immediately after his ministry had been defeated and he had to eye up the thankless office of home secretary, walking along Parliament street. I could scarcely recognize him; he was walking at a rapid stride—and he hated walking—he had a little cane in his hand; and I think a flower in his button-hole; he looked positively ten years younger.

There is a saying that the two happiest days in a minister's life is the first day when he takes office, and the first day when he has left. These facts are the plantations of that little outburst of longing for release that Mr. Asquith may have uttered amid a group of friends around a dinner table, and it is sufficient explanation. It all proves the truth known to every student of life; that often the greatness of this world's chief figures is but guided misery.

TIME-SAVING

Does—"Won't your meeting be very late if all the members are going to take part in the debate?"

Mr. Dorcas—"Why, no, dear! We'll all speak at once!"—Judge.

CRUEL FATHER IS SLAIN BY HIS SON

ARTIFICIAL EYES FOR PET DOGS

Sanatorium Where Canine Patients Get Eggs And Milk

(London Mirror)

There is a wonderful hospital at Ruislip in Middlesex, where injured dogs and cats are cured by the most modern surgical methods.

Operations under anaesthetics are quite an ordinary feature, while among the achievements of the hospital are the replacing of a dog's damaged eye by a faultless artificial eye.

The hospital is known as the Ruislip Dog Sanatorium, and Hamilton Kirk, M. R. C. V. S., who is in charge introduced me to his doggie and feline patients. The injured animals should consider themselves lucky, for medical skill is applied to them which even a human being would be thankful to receive.

The sanatorium is of the best modern style. There are a reception room, a dining room, a kitchen, a laundry, a surgery, an isolation ward for infectious cases, an observation ward, cooking room, and a doggie's bathroom, all specially built.

For healthy dogs sent to Ruislip for a country holiday there is a river in the grounds as their swimming bath as well as fields for exercise.

"A few weeks ago," said Mr. Kirk, "a King Charles spaniel which had a great affection for cats came with a lacerated eye. The cat with which he had tried to be friendly not only spurred him, but attacked him, with the result that I had to put him under an anaesthetic and provide him with a glass eye."

"He went without food before the operation just as a human being. I managed to get an artificial eye which was a perfect match, and now the spaniel rejoices in a lovely brown eye, and nobody could tell that it was artificial."

"One cat sent to me had fractured her leg in falling from an upper window. I set her leg bone and covered her fur with pitch to keep every bone in its place. She is quite comfortable now."

"Dogs are sent here from all parts of the country. Many women who have brought their pets to me have cried pitifully over their while men and women are constantly sending me telegrams making anxious inquiries."

"Hair restorer is often applied to dogs which go bald, and other dog patients are fed on cooked plate. Only a few days ago the mistress of a little Pekingese ordered a sole for his dinner. This cost a shilling."

I told him I had been trying to write a description of his personality, and that the only figure that occurred to me to suggest his extraordinary strength was that of the dromedary. He beamed acquiescence. Of course he had to pay the penalty; for soon after he had a severe and prolonged attack of gout that threatened his health for ever. Now that he is lord chancellor he has quit much, if not more to do; "it is work for three men instead of one," I heard Lord Loreburn, his predecessor say; and he is an athlete and a man of immense strength of constitution, and last broke down under the load and had to retire.

During that terrible session when Lloyd George was passing his first budget which he can command at six o'clock once undertook to help the chancellor; and he conducted the measure for many hours. This allowed Lloyd George to throw himself on a sofa in his room and fall into one of those profound sleeps which he can command. At six o'clock in the morning Lord Haldane went into the chancellor's room; he found him still asleep, he would not allow him to be disturbed, went on for a while more till the house adjourned; and after all that was in his room in the War Office at one o'clock the same morning; and I saw him at midnight of the same day, the life and soul of a big evening party.

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The cost for medical treatment and keep at this sanatorium is 12s. 6d. a week.

GOETHE'S FAUST REALLY LIVED

Took Degree at Heidelberg in 1487 and Was Astrologer

Munich, July 25.—The discovery, in the Royal Library here, of the diary of Canon Kilian Lieb, who kept a complete diary of the events of his life, shows that Faust was not simply an outcome of Goethe's imagination, but a real person.

Goethe Faust was entered on the books at Heidelberg in 1487 and took a degree in 1497. Canon Lieb was born in June, 1528, long after Faust had made a name for himself as an astrologer and a quack doctor. Lieb describes him as a pompous individual, fond of high sounding titles. He posed as a great and enormous commander of the Order of Johannistadt.

THE SONG OF THE PAVEMENT.

They took a little gravel, And they took a little tar, With various ingredients Imported from afar.

They hammered it and rolled it, And when they went away, They said they had a pavement That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it To lay a water main; And then they called the workmen To put it back again.

To run a railway cable They took it up some more; And then they put it back again Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits To run the telephone; And then they put it back again, As hard as any stone.

They took it up for wires, To feed the electric light; And then they put it back again, Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows; There are patches everywhere; You'd like to ride upon it, But it's seldom that you dare.

It's a very handsome pavement, A credit to the town; They're always diggin' it up, Or puttin' of it down.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The small boy was being reproved by his mother. "Why can't you be good?"

"I'll be good for a ha'penny," he said.

"Ah!" responded the mother, "if you want to be bribed, you should give your father and be good for nothing."

Fearful Conditions Shown in Case In France

NEWS LETTER FROM PARIS

Baron is Sport Patron But He Thinks Booming is Bad—French Savants, in Wills, Give Bodies For Dissection

(Times' Special Correspondence)

Paris, July 15.—A small commune near Creil has been the scene of a savage killing. It is true, but nevertheless, father of a family of five children, has been murdered by his son and wife. The man was a workman, and lived with his family at Villiers Saint-Paul. His oldest son was nineteen. He had four other children. Two daughters, still under age, had left their home because of alleged cruelty and bad conduct of their father. He drank heavily, worked little, and terrorized his wife and children. His wife and oldest son seem to have come to the conclusion between them that it was best to "suppress" him. The son bought a revolver and twenty-five cartridges. He was prepared to "finish his father off" on the occasion of the first fresh quarrel.

The occasion was not long in coming. The father returned in a bad humor at eight o'clock in the evening and quarrelled as usual. He had done often before, over some trifle. The father threatened to punch the head of his son, and the latter thereupon drew his weapon and discharged six shots at him. The mother ran out of the house, and the son went into the bedroom. The son walked out of the house, and said to his mother, "He is done for now."

"This instance is done for now," said the mother. The son went into the bedroom, and the father trying to get into the bed, and groaning and bleeding from his wounds. He took good aim in time, his father, fired two shots and killed him.

An hour later mother and son made up their minds to go and inform the police. The next morning one of her daughters, aged 17, who had left her home, came to see the mother in prison. The mother made no secret of the story. She told in the presence of the general public that she had agreed some days before to let her husband, who had been inside her and her oldest son to kill her husband, who had become a terror to them all.

An extraordinary case, what is said to be attempted murder is reported from the little village of Saint Roman, south of Bourges. The other evening a small boy dressed in a black smock marched into the cottage of Mme. Turpin, a widow of 86, and asked if her daughter was in. The old woman replied that her daughter was out, and that she was alone.

As soon as she said that, it is said, that the boy, who is only twelve years old, drew a big cudgel, threw himself on the woman, and struck her violently on the head. The old woman's shrieks brought her neighbors to the house, and the boy fled. The youthful miscreant, who probably intended to rob the woman, has not yet been caught. The state of his victim is serious.

Sport in France

Baron Pierre de Coubertin is one of the best known sportsmen in France—a practicing sportsman. He was founder of the revived Olympic games, and actually paid the expenses of the first meeting. He thinks the present sporting movement in France has gone too far, movement in France has gone too far, because people talk too much about it. The portraits of champions appear in the papers, accompanied by an immense "reclame."

"I should like the Olympic games to be a great and enormous affair, but not after that, silence," he said the other afternoon in his beautiful house in the Rue d'Odinot.

It is not curious that in France we are always preaching against exaggeration, and yet we are always practicing it? Frankly, I fear the consequence of this noisy sportsmanship. People will take alarm for the intellectual life of the country. I want every one to be a sportsman, but I don't want him to talk about it.

"It is not given to every one to have the sporting spirit, of course, but I think a good half of the population might become proficient in sports. It was to popularize riding that I invented my system of boxing on horseback. It sounds curious, does it not? Yet it is excellent for boxing and for riding."

"I would not teach riding to young men who could not afford the hire of horses, which are expensive in Paris. I had a wooden horse built for my gymnasium, rather wider than the ordinary one used by gymnasts. I found that, by fastening the feet of the lyro, he employed all the muscles needed in riding while he became a good boxer as well. Indeed, my professor of boxing is enthusiastically in favor of the idea, for a man can concentrate on his sparring. It is as if he had no legs. He has not got to think of them."

"The system will, I think, be introduced into the army. The young man who practices it will have got already a seat before he adventures on a horse. Thus his equestrian exercises will be profitable and pleasurable."

The Baron regards the congress in Paris next year to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Olympic games, as highly important. There will be fixed the programme—distance and the rest—which will regulate all future (Continued on page 16, sixth column).