

The Evening World. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

Oh, Yes! He'll Quit!

By Maurice Ketten.

Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 12.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE battle of Balaklava was raging. A force of English troops and their Turkish allies were pluckily defending the trenches and forts of the little Crimean seaport against an overwhelming Russian army.

(Russia had invaded Turkish territory. France, England and Sardinia had taken up arms in behalf of Turkey and had landed an allied army on the shores of the Black Sea peninsula known as the Crimea. Russia was fiercely contesting every step of ground and the Crimean War was at its height.)

On this morning of Oct. 25 the Russians had attacked Balaklava, stormed four of the batteries that were manned by Turks and had captured eleven great field guns. The British heavy cavalry had partly repulsed the Russian attack, but the valuable captured cannon remained unrecovered.

Then it was that one Capt. Nolan galloped up to Gen. Lord Lucan, who was in command of a British division. Nolan gave Lucan (so the latter afterward declared) an order purporting to come direct from Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-Chief. This alleged order was so astounding as to make Lucan stare aghast at the messenger. For it commanded him to send the "Light Cavalry Brigade" into the very heart of the mighty Russian army to recapture those eleven guns.

Now, the Light Brigade (led by the Earl of Cardigan, Lucan's brother-in-law) consisted of only 600 men. To hurl this puny force against the entire Russian army was nothing less than suicidal. No rule of war could justify such amazing folly. It meant, in all probability, the utterly needless slaughter of 600 brave men. Lucan, according to his own later testimony, questioned and cross-questioned Nolan.

But the messenger was firm in his declaration that such had been Raglan's order. Then, fancying that Raglan had meant the Light Brigade merely to charge some essential outwork or detachment of the enemy, Lucan asked: "Whom are we to attack?" Nolan, indicating the whole Russian host with a wave of his hand, replied: "There is your enemy, my Lord!" Lucan dared not disobey. He transmitted the message to Cardigan, and the Light Brigade prepared to charge. Unhappily, the "Six Hundred" rode forth against the great army. For a mile and a half their way led across open ground, under merciless fire from the Russian batteries.

"It is magnificent!" muttered grim old Gen. Bosquet, as they set forth, "but it is not war!"

Some of their fellow-Englishmen, seeing them start out, thought they had mistaken their direction and that they were riding unobscuredly into danger. But undeterred by cries of warning, the Light Brigade galloped steadfastly on: Into the jaws of death, Into the mouth of hell!

Each volley of Russian artillery and rifle fire swept dozens of soldiers bare of their limbs. The sponges of death tore through the little band of heroes, but despite their dwindling numbers they pressed unwaveringly ahead. With a crash they met the Russian cavalry and infantry drawn up to oppose them.

Then it was sword-to-sword work, every man for himself. Against fearful odds, the Light Brigade hewed its way by main force through the solid Russian ranks, took the great guns they had been sent for and started back toward their own lines. They fought their way, hand to hand, out of the enemy's grip, then across the artillery-swept open ground.

Less than half of the men who had so gallantly set forth on that death-ride returned safe. Cardigan, who had led them and who had been the target for a thousand bullets and the mark for countless sabre strokes, escaped unhurt—only to be killed a few years later by a fall from his horse in a peaceful English lane. The civilized world went wild with enthusiasm over the wonderful charge. Tennyson celebrated it in a deathless poem. But the stern fact remained: It was a blunder!

Whose was the blame for that blunder? There lies the mystery that has for half a century puzzled all military authorities. Nolan told Lucan (so Lucan said) that the Light Brigade was to charge the Russian army and take the big guns. It was later denied that Nolan had received the message direct from Raglan. Yet Nolan's record did not make it probable that he would have lied. Still less was it likely that so great a general as Lord Raglan would have given such a command. Would Lucan purposely have sent his own brother-in-law to death? Who, then, gave that order, or how was it distorted in transmission?

Nolan alone could have explained. But before he could make explanation a stray Russian bullet shot him dead, thus silencing forever the only voice that could have fixed the blame.

Whether the order was treachery, incompetence or error can never be known. In early editions of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" occurs the line: "Nolan had blundered." But pressure was quickly brought to bear upon the poet, forcing him to change the phrase to: "Some one had blundered." Who blundered? Raglan? Lucan? Nolan? The severest Courts of Inquiry were not able to answer the question.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.



HELEN ROWLAND

H EED my words, my daughter, for a woman is a heretofore, whose meaning can only be GUESSED at, but a man is as a theatrical bill board which may be read at sight—even at long distance.

Lo, by the way he treateth thy PHOTOGRAPH shalt thou know whether that standest FIRST, or only FORTY-FIRST, in his affections. For the face of a foolish damsel adorneth many dens, but a WISE maiden declineth to be used as a POSTER, even to cover a worn spot upon the wall-paper.

Then was not too flattered when a man beggett for thy picture, saying: "I yearn to have thy countenance where I may ALWAYS look upon it," for peradventure he seeketh it merely as a DECORATION.

Verily, verily, the days of a girl's photograph are numbered and its course is as fixed as a boarding-house menu. Yea, as turkey passeth unto croquettes and croquettes unto stew, so it passeth from the upper left vest pocket unto the dressing table, and from the dressing table unto the writing desk, and thence unto the mantelpiece—whence it casually falleth off at last into the waste-basket.

And when the housemaid findeth it, inquiring cunningly, "Sir, do you want to KEEP this thing?" he picketh it up marvelling and turneth it over to see WHOSE name is inscribed upon the back. Then, if it seemeth decorative, he shall tack it on his wall between an advertisement in red tights and a cigarette advertisement, but if not, he shall drop it back into the waste basket amongst the OTHER "cast-offs."

For, as time passeth, the first shall always be last in a man's affections, but the last shall never be first AGAIN! Beha!

The Day's Good Stories

First Aid.

THE dance of a Louisville girl has been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter.

"Marie" said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida."

"Dear me," rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm, "and how shall you keep him?"

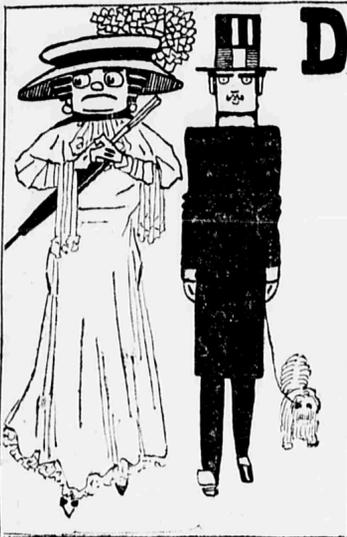
"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."—Margie Weekly.

Worth Paying For.

THE calf which an English farmer had taken the summer resident to see surveyed his owner and the stranger with a wary eye. "What breed is your calf?" asked the visitor.

The farmer removed a wisp of straw from his mouth and said: "The critter's father gored a Justice of the Peace, knocked a hook canvasser and over-end, and lifted a tramp over a fence; and as for his mother, she chased a brass band out of town last New Year's day. If that ain't breed enough to pay 25 shillings for, you can leave him be. I'm not pressing him on any body."

CHAPERONS FOR CLERGYMEN.



Clergymen need chaperons?

At a Chicago church conference the Rev. W. E. Burton told of the temptations to which he had been subjected by women and advised his fellow clergymen never to see a woman alone or to make parhisional calls alone. He advised that every minister should have a wife and take his wife along with him every place that he went. Bishop Fallows reinforced this advice.

He says: "All women are not angels, and no one but a minister knows what exigencies may arise. I have known men to be placed in very embarrassing situations for the want of wifeness."

There may be something about ministers which subjects them more than other men to temptation. The ordinary sinful man's complaint would be not that there are too many temptations in this world but too few.

Of course when women have all the rights that men have in addition to all the privileges that women have now it will be even more necessary for unprotected men to have chaperons than it is for unprotected girls to have chaperons now.

With the full advent of women's rights, strong arm women, women burglars and women pickpockets and confidence women may require the devising of special protection for unwary men.

It would be entertaining should these clergymen relate the experiences on which they base their fear of women. How did the woman begin her advances? Did she take the clergyman's hand in hers and comment on his shapeliness? Did she praise the shade of his eyes and the wave of his hair? Or did she enthuse over his sermons and thus work him through his vanity, which is man's weakest point?

There will be no general masculine indignation aroused by these clerical warnings. However indignant women parishioners may be,

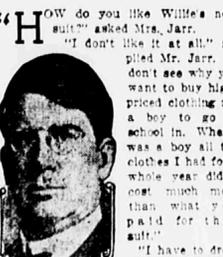
there are many men who would like the recipe of how to make themselves so dangerously attractive. Or perhaps it is only in Chicago where clergymen have such fascination and are subject to such dangers. There has been no complaint in New York.

It may be that the naturally wicked citizens of Chicago come to New York and help make the Great White Way and the midnight lobster palaces what they are, while the naturally wicked citizens of this town either yield to their temptations here or go to Europe and not to Chicago.

Anyhow, why should the Chicago clergymen blame the woman? Even Adam's conduct in the Eve and serpent episode is now considered reprehensible.

Poor Mrs. Jarr Gets an Acute Attack of Anglomania and Weeps Because Mr. Jarr Prefers an Ace to a King.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"HOW do you like Willie's new suit?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I don't like it at all," replied Mr. Jarr. "I don't see why you want to buy high-priced clothing for a boy to go to school in. When I was a boy all the clothes I had for a whole year didn't cost much more than what you paid for that suit."

"If he does I'll whale the life out of him!" said Mr. Jarr severely. "What you got for dinner?" "I didn't have time to go to the store," said Mrs. Jarr. "And so we have a pickled-up dinner."

"I don't see why you can't have something fit to eat for a man when he comes home tired and hungry!" growled Mr. Jarr. "But Mrs. Jarr didn't feel in a combative mood, and the incident passed without further comment from her. Mr. Jarr also dropped the subject and, picking up the evening paper, remarked: 'I see that the King of England's health is worrying his friends.'"

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if he was to die?" said Mrs. Jarr. "He's due, so far as I care," said Mr. Jarr shortly. "He's had a good graft for many years, and he sure has had the gay life."

Women, save in the matter of dress are extremely conservative. They are all for a place in society for everybody and everybody in his place. What the First Lady in the land says or does appeals to them, and the King of England represents sobriety at high tide.

"Mrs. Stryver saw him when she was abroad last summer, and she said he was so gracious she could have died for him. He actually smiled and bowed when the crowd cheered for him."

"Too bad about him," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "That's what he gets paid for. The taxpayers support him and all his family and the whole expensive lot of it. I guess this is the last fat old popy-eyed king they'll have."

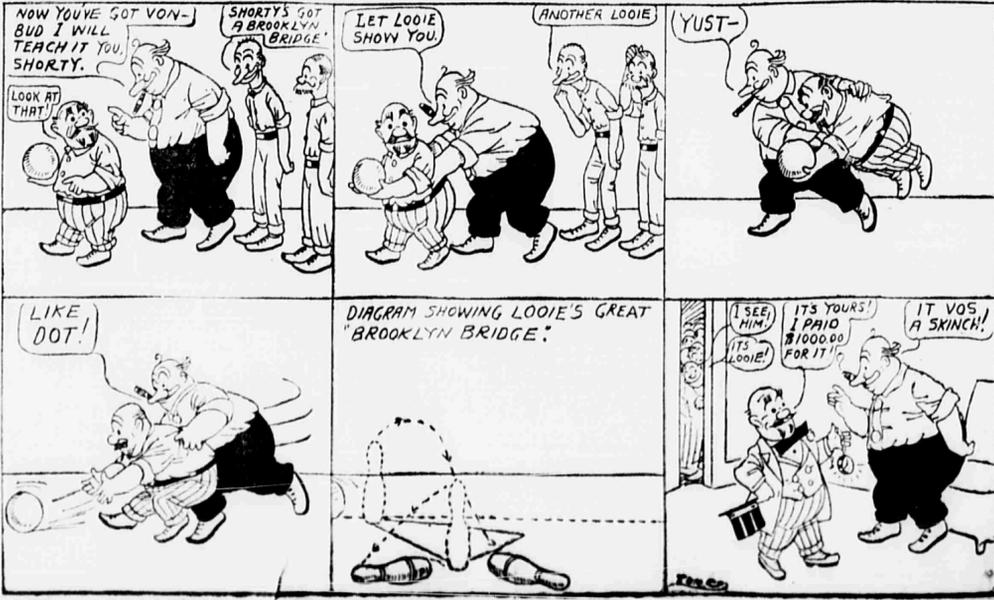
Mrs. Jarr had stood for Mr. Jarr's criticisms of how she ran her house, but his remarks on His Gracious Majesty, who was nothing whatever to her, were more than she could stand. "I want you to stop talking that way about England's ruler," she said. "My people were English, and I know you only mean it as a slur at me. King Edward is noted for his tact and savoir-faire, and Queen Alexandra is also beloved by all her subjects."

He is the King of England and is the first gentleman of Europe, and as such should be paid the greatest respect. "Ah, all that toadying to royalty makes me sick. They should be kicked out and put to work. I'm surprised to hear you, an American woman, defending that old sinner."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I want you to respect the things I respect, whether I am English, Hottentot or American! And I do admire the King of England. What has he ever done to you? Why, in England you wouldn't be permitted to enter his presence!"

"I wouldn't want to. A King's no good, anyway—especially if the ace is out," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't speak to me!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You are just trying to hurt my feelings," and she burst into tears.

Looie, the Bowler Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! By Ferd G. Long



Letters From the People

For Untidy Boys. To the Editor of The Evening World: I noticed a letter from a mother requesting advice about reforming her unruly boy. I've had an unruly boy. He is now in a fair way to become a good man with an honorable career. Take your boy who is strong-willed and hard to manage to church and pray for him. Go to church with him yourself and give him a good religious training. God will then help you to gain an influence over him that you can never acquire otherwise. MOTHER.

To Facilitate Mail. To the Editor of The Evening World: I understand that most of the incoming letters are assorted on the railway trains and when they arrive in New York are all ready in a mail bag to be distributed to the different sub-post-office stations, and that the railway post-office clerks have to be familiar with the location of every number and street so as to get mail into the right station. I have an idea that will do away with a lot of delay, and business firms will be benefited as well as the clerks, and mail will reach its destination faster. For instance, there are many firms that send in their trade printed envelopes with their name and address on. Why not have on this envelope as well as the name and address