

PRIDE IN JOB AND EFFICIENCY CHARACTERIZE MEN OF NAVY Leadership of the Fittest Conspicuously Displayed in Service by Officers and Enlisted Men Alike

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Cruise," "The Crossing," "Constantin," "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Inside of the Cup."

Following is the fifth of a series of articles on war subjects by Winston Churchill, the distinguished American author. In this article Mr. Churchill discusses the personnel of the American navy, dealing especially with the enlisted men and showing the opportunity given them, not merely for promotion, but to fit themselves for useful and successful careers.

SOMETIMES as I sat talking with the captain in the cabin of the battleship his yeoman would come in. Yeomen, be it known, are the clerks and stenographers of the navy—but they are much more than that. Most of them have brains and executive ability in a marked degree, and all of them have a pride in their job, which is the characteristic of the navy that strikes one most forcibly. This yeoman was the captain's private secretary; he always looked very smart in his double-breasted petty officer's coat with brass buttons, with the cross keys of his rating on his arm, and he always gave me the impression that he wouldn't have exchanged places with the captain himself. The intercourse between the two never failed to delight me. When the commanding officer, after twelve more or less trying hours on the bridge of maneuvering with a green crew and a green engine-room force, returned to the cabin at night, the yeoman would lay a basket full of the day's problems on the table.

APPOINTMENT SYSTEM DEMOCRATIC

In the first place, the manner of selecting its officers is as democratic a system as can well be devised. The appointments by Congressmen and Senators are virtually all made from the results of competitive examinations in every State and district; the best man, mentally and physically, is supposed to win and gain entrance to Annapolis. The President's appointments are generally reserved for the sons of those who have served their country. To be an officer in the navy a man must have at least four years of a highly technical training, since it goes without saying that a modern naval officer must be a scientist and a specialist, and that the delicate and complicated mechanism of battleships costing millions of dollars, or even of destroyers, cannot be trusted to amateurs. That is one trouble with democracy today—we need fewer amateurs and more trained specialists. Jeffersonian democracy was a democracy of amateurs; modern democracy is one of efficiency, of leadership; and the navy, in choosing its officers, so far as possible puts this principle of leadership into practice—of leadership of the trained, of the fittest in their particular branch. And even after the selection by competitive examinations, the path through the Naval Academy leads to a strenuous work.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNGSTERS ABOARD SHIP

Although the number of midshipmen at Annapolis has been greatly increased, it is obvious that every boy in the United States who desires to become an officer cannot do so. However, the youngsters entering the service as enlisted men (apprentices) are given opportunities for study on board ship, and are actually taught by officers of the line or the chaplains. Every year 100 of these, those who pass the best examinations, may be taken into Annapolis. In addition to this, which is a comparatively new provision, a certain number of men who have worked their way up from the ranks and served faithfully may also be taken in.

From the interesting statistics compiled by the Recruiting Division of the Bureau of Navigation I take at random a recruiting period from October 1 to December 1, 1915. Of the 5298 who entered the service in that period, 1256 gave as their chief reason "friends in the service"; 1000, "to travel and see the world"; 711, "to better my condition"; while only 414 were "out of work."

According to an expert in that division, however, what is deemed most valuable consists in the habits of life acquired—alertness, self-respect, subordination without subservience—all democratic traits, though they may not be recognized as such. He cited a typical case, one of many hundreds, of a man who is at the head of a large business today, and who had lately declared that his apprenticeship in the navy had been worth more than \$10,000 to him. He learned self-control, he learned how to handle men; he was able, if anything went wrong, to go and attend to it himself. He knew how to give orders and to take orders.

WHAT THE NATION NEEDS

The nation, owing to many causes that need not be entered into, is in certain respects slack, loose, flabby. Self-respect begins with an intelligent respect for others who deserve it. We lack as a whole the sense of good workmanship, the pride on the job. We do not sweep our rooms with the proper spirit, we worship and envy wealth—and no wonder wealth is insolent. We need socializing, we need a national and international sense we have not got, and that is not old-fashioned patriotism, standing up when the "Star Spangled Banner" is being played. We need the religion of service with which the navy is imbued. An intelligent stranger who goes to a big dinner in Washington, the capital of our democratic country, often remarks, seated on the right of the hostess, some Congressman or Senator who has bought or bullied or blarneyed his way to power, and futter down the cloth, in a more humble place, a man with intelligence and ability and convictions who would scorn an election by such means. The navy is truer than Washington to our traditions. There a man finds his place; he is watched and judged by his officers and mates, he is known for what he is and rewarded accordingly.

France, I am told, has achieved a democratic army. The captain of a company is the best man in the company, or he does not remain a captain. He is also the father of a family. When he speaks to them he uses the familiar "thou," and they take their problems and troubles to him. Is discipline relaxed? The achievements of the French army are a sufficient answer. Here is the democratic principle of voluntary, enlightened submission, which, by the way, is the very core of the new American system of education as set forth by John Dewey. And such is the practice of the American navy. I have no doubt it holds good for an army also. In the navy a good officer is the father of his division, he studies his young men, seeks out the individual qualities in each and develops them. For the secret of democracy is the secret of scientific organization—of putting every man into his proper job. Then, and only then, he ceases to be an idler and a waster. And this is true religion.

CAPTAIN'S EYE-ON ALL

And the captain, as he stands on the bridge looking down over the busy forecastle, has his eye upon all—if he is a good captain. If he is not a good captain, somebody sees to it that he does not get his promotion. What might be called service-opinion seems to be—his fellow-officers. There have been, indeed, cases of injustice in the navy—but gradually conditions are improving; year by year fewer injustices are done, and those who have suffered them do not complain. The captain with whom I sailed had an orderly, a boy but recently enlisted, and one evening as he entered the cabin to make a report he coughed. The captain looked at him sharply. "Have you been to sick call with that cough?" he asked. "No, sir," said the orderly. "Then don't fall to go tomorrow," the captain admonished him—and he went.

Among the best seamen we get in our navy—and, thanks to the material as well as the system, they are the best in the world—are those who come from the inland States. They are a new kind of tar, and in initiative, in discipline and intelligence a vast improvement over the swagging, tobacco-chewing, yet loveable bluejacket of tradition. He is becoming as rare as the buffalo, and tobacco chewing is almost a lost art. We have reason to be proud of our new personnel; we shall have more reason to be proud of them when they show their grit and their intelligence in action with the enemy.

HEALTH GOOD AT NAVY YARD

League Island Conditions Not Abnormal, Daniels Is Told

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Secretary Daniels today instructed Admiral Branstetter, surgeon general of the navy, to investigate immediately the report that there is an alarming increase in sickness at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The latter communicated with the commandant and the physicians at the yard, and issued this statement:

"The condition at League Island is not abnormal. Everything is in good shape, there is no sickness of any great moment and nothing to cause any uneasiness or alarm."

RELIGIOUS BREVITIES

Sailors' Night will be observed tomorrow evening at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church. Dr. Clarence Edward MacArthur will preach at 8 o'clock on "Four Anabaptists," an incident from the life of St. Paul. The choir, under the direction of Leonard Atty, will give a program of patriotic music. At 7:30 o'clock, on the Turner Memorial organ, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and the public are cordially invited to be present.

The Rev. A. J. Coleman will preach tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock in the Germantown Unitarian Church, Green Street and Chestnut Street, of which he is pastor, on "The Wholeness of the Law."

Tomorrow will be Review Sunday at Gaston Presbyterian Church, 10th and Locust streets, and Lehigh avenue. For the fourth consecutive year the Rev. Howard K. Williams will address the Summer Sunday School Class.

Lockjaw Victim Has Recovered David Lambert, eleven years old, of 218 South Fourth street, Camden, the first lockjaw case handled by the Cooper Hospital this summer, has been discharged as cured. The boy was taken to the hospital on May 24. He was unconscious for two days after entering the hospital and was fed artificially and treated by injections of strychnine serum. At the end of the week he was released and recovered, and was again discharged.

ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY FOR WOMEN HOW AN INDIANA WOMAN BECAME AN ORNITHOLOGIST

Mrs. Stratton-Porter Loved Birds as a Child, and When She Was Old Enough Endured All Sorts of Hardships to Learn Their Ways

ATRIM, brown bird with a topknot alighted on an evergreen tree a few feet from where we were sitting on the piazza. He flitted about among the branches and then flew away. "What bird is that?" asked The Lady. "He has been around here for several weeks, always looking as if he had just stepped from a landlubber."

"I saw him on the grapevine yesterday," said nine-year-old Gertrude, who had a board nailed to the top of a stump to make a dining-table for her feathered friends.

"That is a cedar waxwing," said I. "I wish I knew more about birds," Dorothy Owen remarked, "but a girl cannot very well go into the woods to study them."

"I know of one girl—she is a woman now—who did not think so," I said. "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter. Before she was nine years old she had discovered sixty bird nests about her house, and she got on such terms of intimacy with the birds that as she stood beside their nests they would alight on her head before hopping down to feed their young. A wren built a nest over the kitchen door and litted the steps in her work. The little girl swept up the litter every day for fear her mother would order the nest destroyed. This fondness for birds led her when she grew up to spend days and weeks in the woods and swamps getting acquainted with the timid creatures and photographing them. She made the first and probably the only photographs of the adult cuckoo, and has done other things with birds almost if not quite as unusual."

"Is she the same woman who wrote 'Laddie' and 'Freckles'?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"The same woman. She lives in a small Indiana town, yet she has won a wide reputation as a naturalist, because she has studied the things at her door and in the country about her home. She has done in a small way—that is, with a few subjects—what I have often wished I had time to do with the variety of plant and animal life that I could find in my lawn and garden. The study of the natural history of a quarter of an acre would occupy a man a lifetime and would fill many volumes. A wild rabbit frequently suns himself beside my hedge. I do not know how many different kinds of birds nest in the trees or alight on them in passing. And insects without number live in the grass and on the plants, and the plant life is so varied even in the grass that it is beyond my slight knowledge of botany to name a hundredth part

"Well, we are agreed that is a mighty entertaining book. No one who wants to know the truth about a lot of American birds, from the vulture to the wren, should leave it unread, for it contains information that can be obtained nowhere else. I sometimes wonder whether Mrs. Stratton-Porter will be known in twenty-five years as a naturalist or as a novelist. Her novels have had a wide sale, but I am inclined to think that they will be forgotten when her books on birds and moths will be remembered. Fashions in fiction change, but the oriole and vulture of the next century will be like the vulture and oriole she studied along the Wabash in central Indiana in this century."

"I think I will take up the study of birds," said Dorothy, who had been restless since Cabot Ames, whom she first treated with gracious and winning friendliness, had disappointed her by his unpatriotic attitude toward the call to serve his country.

Ames passed the house just then, but she pretended not to see him. In a few moments she left, and, as we watched her go down the street, we saw Ames waiting for her on the corner.

GEORGE W. DOUGLASS. FRIENDS IN FEATHERS: Character studies of native American birds which have been treated in advance, I intend to use for the sequel of "The Rubbish Heap," which is the story of my experiences in obtaining their help. Write to Mrs. Stratton-Porter, Garden City, Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.50.

Victor Chapman—Hero The handful of heroic young Americans who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion when the war broke out set an inspiring example to their compatriots. If they could fight the Boche when it seemed as if only European nations were threatened, how much more eager must young Americans be to enter the war now that their own country is involved! Rockwell, McConnell, Seeger and Chapman are only a few of those who have given their lives to the cause, and every one of them said before death that he was doing the only thing worth while. There is a particularly moving appeal in the case of Chapman. He was the son of the distinguished man of letters, John Jay Chapman. He was reared in luxury and when the war began he had been studying architecture in Paris for a year. He had a deal of money and refinement, yet he entered the Foreign Legion, the greater part of which was made up of petty criminals picked up in the streets. One company and was composed almost entirely of pickpockets who had been arrested and marched to the recruiting office and ordered to enlist. Chapman and the rest of them found a man of honor were loathsome, without congenial relations. Chapman's letters home, which have just been published along with a memoir of his father, reveal his hunger for intellectual intercourse and his months of comparative inaction. When he was transferred to the aviation corps he was delighted to be closely associated with other Americans like him. This letter, dealing with that phase of his military experience, gives the information about flying which the world has been waiting to find out. He is among them; he describes how, when he descends, it seems as if the earth were to meet him. He writes of his ability to move in three dimensions, and the charm of it, and he says: "This flying is much too romantic to be real moderns war with all its horrors. There is something so unreal and fairylike about it, which ought to be left to the gods. As a young man's voyage, or that Greek chap who sailed upon the Gulf of Corinth and had giants try to put him in beds that were too small for him. One has to read between the lines to discover the dazing of his attacks upon the Germans. The young man's father, however, has included tributes paid to him by his countrymen that leave no one in doubt of the high reputation he made as a civilian during his support of the cause, who now with him and his undertak-



MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER

MR. BANGS'S IDIOT DOES NOT GROW OLD His Companions in the Home for Single Men Also Enjoy a Vicarious Youth

It is twenty-one years since the Idiot was born. Like Minerva from the brow of Jove, he sprang full-grown from the wit of John Kendrick Bangs. He seems to be possessed of an immortal youth, for it is the same witting who appears in "Half-Hours With the Idiot" that first made his bow to the readers of Harper's Bazaar in the early nineties of the last century. He lives in the same boarding house for single gentlemen. The same Bibliomaniac, the same Mr. Brief, the same Mr. Pedagogue and the same Mrs. Smithers-Fodagogue act as a foil for the Idiot's remarks as served the same purpose in "Coffee and Repartee." He confers a vicarious immortality upon his associates in Boston, would doubtless consider it sacrilege to compare the Idiot with Doctor Holmes's genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Idiot is the Autocrat transferred from Boston to New York. Instead of talking Bostonese he speaks in the slang of the day. Instead of taking life and literature seriously, he treats both with a flippancy that marks the difference between the self-conscious intellectuality of Boston and the no less profound and wise but more cosmopolitan culture of the great money-making center of the nation.

Mr. Bangs' Idiot is a most engaging person, impudent, irreverent, sophisticated, yet



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

with a sound heart and an ability to do some pretty straight thinking. As he disports himself in this latest volume, he lets fall from his lips pearls of wit, sarcasm and wisdom that will delight those grown weary with taking their literature in the manner of those who think that one can speak of it in awed whispers. There is many a chuckle for the reader as he turns the pages of the thin volume. If we are to keep our reason in these serious days we should seek relaxation now and then in such books as this.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE IDIOT. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25.

"Rita" in a New Vein The Mrs. Desmond Humphreys of "The Rubbish Heap" differs as widely from the "Rita" of "A Yellow Aster" as the fiction of today differs from the ultra-sensational and sentimentalized novels of a certain school of which Mrs. Humphreys' certain name she plumes was a leading exponent. This new novel is a serious piece of constructive fiction, the fiction that might be said to be sensible in its separate literary form to the complex of manners and character, whereas the earlier works of the author were stories of plot and denouement. That was approximately three decades ago. The new novel anticipates the old in temporal environment, but is contemporaneous with the finale of the Victorian era in life and customs and ideas.

The two ancient sisters who form the wholly delightful and quaint main characters of "The Rubbish Heap" belong to the very early Victorian in ideas and ideals; they classify with the prunes, prisms and pyramids genius in philosophy and modes of thought. Into their quiet and settled life to say "not" life in the wonderful described unusual seafaring town of Prawle steps a newish, a French lad with the old name of Christopher; and that is, to Miss Jane and Miss Augusta, to whom most outside the zone of their parish is hardly respectable if indeed not unattractive. These estimable ladies might well have gazed the statue in "Pomander Walk." Not merely is their nephew's name strange to them, but his ways and his aspirations are stranger. He is a devotee of art and art is something that is not done or encouraged in their circle. Here, then, is the conflict of character which "Rita" sets out to harmonize and does reconcile with fine sympathy for the two parties of the first and the second part. There is some excellent reconstruction of Old-World and old-time sentiment and a good deal of understanding and appreciating human feeling in the novel. There is a deal of charming and feeling description of the old marine town. There is also evidence that the author has not lost her skill in conceiving an intricate and absorbing plot, the "rubbish heap" of the title in Prawle's old curiosity shop being a veritable treasure of mystery. Some readers will like this book simply for the story; others will find engaging qualities of style and description in it.

THE RUBBISH HEAP. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.40.

Profitable Gardening For those who are beginning to cultivate a garden this year for the first time there is no better handbook than "How to Make a Garden Pay," prepared by two New England gardeners of practical experience. It contains just the information that the inexperienced amateur needs. It begins with suggestions for planning the garden. This chapter is followed by a discussion of methods profitable to employ on plots of different sizes, varying from a small backyard garden to a large suburban garden covering an acre or more. Then there is an alphabetical list of vegetables with directions for planting and cultivating, made so simple and clear that the most inexperienced can understand them. The concluding chapter deals with insect pests and how to get rid of them, and the volume closes with tables giving the nutritive value of foods and compact directions for vegetables.

HOW TO MAKE THE GARDEN PAY. A manual for the home cultivator. By A. M. Silliman and J. H. Silliman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$1.50.

SUCCESSOR OF SHERLOCK HOLMES Craig Kennedy Unravels Mysteries by Using the Latest Scientific Discoveries

The popularity of Conan Doyle's stories about Sherlock Holmes was due in large measure to the fact that the detective succeeded in unravelling mysteries by a study of unconsidered trifles, the significance of which he could interpret. Every reader imagined that he might also unravel mysteries by the same method. Arthur Reeve has created, in Craig Kennedy, a detective of an entirely different kind. Kennedy is a scientific expert, familiar with the technicalities of chemistry and physics and learned in poisons and their antidotes. Mr. Reeve's method is to start with the effect of radium on the pituitary gland, for example, and then build a story around it. He has done this in "The Beauty Mask," a tale of love and greed and marital complications that is as good as any in his new volume of stories about Kennedy's successes. A physician, in order to delay the marriage of his son to an heiress until a dying claimant to her fortune has passed away, surreptitiously places a bit of radium in a beauty mask so that when the mask is worn it will melt just above the nose between the eyebrows and paralyze the pituitary gland. The effect of this paralysis is to produce coma or a state similar to that which accompanies and perhaps induces hibernation in animals. Kennedy is called in to discover the cause of the mysterious sleep into which the young woman has fallen. Of course, he succeeds and discovers why the radium was used. "The Love Meter" is a story of murder and the detection of the criminal by the combined use of knowledge of the growth of the device invented by psychological experimenters to record the emotions. There is hardly a recent discovery in chemistry or physics or metaphysics that Mr. Reeve has not turned to account in the volume, and when the difficulties in the way of popular explanation of the technicalities of the subjects are considered he has succeeded remarkably. Some of the stories lack originality, but they are interesting nevertheless, and no small part of the interest is due to the author's ability to keep the reader guessing to the end about the identity of the real criminal. Craig Kennedy has not yet attained the popularity of Sherlock Holmes, but if Mr. Reeve continues to write about him and succeeds in ranking his stories a little more highly than those of the latter, Kennedy should not become one of the characters of fiction that will live.

THE TREASURE TRAIL: Adventures of Craig Kennedy. By Arthur H. Reeve. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.35.

Liverpool in Pictures Philadelphia has been said to resemble an English city more nearly than any other American city. The story lacks originality, but they are interesting nevertheless, and no small part of the interest is due to the author's ability to keep the reader guessing to the end about the identity of the real criminal. Craig Kennedy has not yet attained the popularity of Sherlock Holmes, but if Mr. Reeve continues to write about him and succeeds in ranking his stories a little more highly than those of the latter, Kennedy should not become one of the characters of fiction that will live.

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The July Magazines The World's Work for July is notable for two articles, one the record of what happened during the seven critical days in Petrograd when the people took charge of their Government and deposed the czar and the other an account of an interview between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Lloyd George on the Belgian food situation, together with a German general's report on the ordering the execution of Edith Cavell. The magazine has the usual number of excellent portraits of men prominent in the public eye.

Germany and Russia in the war are discussed in the July Century, the first by David Jayne Hill, who contrasts the idealism of democratic nations with the Prussian imperialistic theories and practices, and by Peter Michaelson, who writes on a German prison camp, the second by Stephen Graham, who explains internal conditions in Russia. Rollin Lynde Hart has a critical article about Washington, the capital city, illustrated by Joseph Pennell and Jules Guerin. The magazine opens with a story of mysticism by E. F. Benson, in which a charlatan discovers hidden forces of which he had no knowledge. New Englanders will be interested in a series of sketches of familiar Boston by Sears Gallagher, including the Somerset Club, the Old State House and King's Chapel. The Century House, which now dominates the waterfront, can hardly be called part of familiar Boston, as Mr. Gallagher reports that it looms above the low buildings about it.

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