WHO IS WHO NOW

SAYS GERMAN LACKS HUMOR

John Galsworthy, the famous English novelist, who has written a great deal of the great war, thinks the greatest German fault is lack of humor. He has this to say on the subject:

"The German of today has no philosophic humor, no power of self criticism. This is a terrible national defect, whether emanating from the individual deficiency or from living under a despotic bureaucracy organized as a state despotism."

Galsworthy believes the allies will triumph through their sentiment and sense of humor. "There is in the blood of the American, Frenchman and Englishman a salt which inclines our people to individual liberty and to those democratic forms of government which alone permit of enough philosophic humor and self-criticism to keep patriotism sober. The inspiration of an ideal that far transcends the idea of glory to our individual countries has made this the most terrible of all wars yet waged. The Germans will lose chiefly through their disability to criticize themselves.

John Galsworthy has devoted himself to war work and has been in a French hospital back of the firing line.

MARRIED INTO ROYALTY

With the announcement not long ago that Mrs. William Bateman Leeds, of New York and Newport, had been married in Switzerland to Prince Christopher of Greece, the most advanced step was taken in the Americanization of European royalty. Her marriage into a royal family places her in a position never before occupied by an American woman. Her husband, who is thirty years old and eleven years her junior, is a grandson of the late King Christian IX of Denmark, son of the assassinated King George of Greece, brother of the deposed King Constantine of that country, and uncle of the present King Alexander.

Born Miss Nancy Stewart, of Cleveland, Ohio, this American woman thus enters the circle of the royal families of Prussia, Great Britain and Norway, and of the Romanoffs, who once ruled Russia. She becomes a cousin by marriage of King George of England and of Queen Victoria of Spain. She may call the Queen Dowager of England and the one-time Dowager Tsaritsa of Russia aunts and the Emperor of Germany and the deposed Czar of Russia cousins. She becomes connected also with another American, one of the few who have been married into reigning royal families.

DIRECTOR OF MILITARY TRAINING

When a town boasts of ninety-seven odd inhabitants—numerically speaking—it always welcomes a new arrival. Sixty years ago, Dec. 20, the little town of Charlotteville, N. Y., welcomed John F. Morrison to its fold.

Last December Secretary of War Baker observed the Morrison birthday celebration by appointing the party in question to be director of military training for the United States army, with headquarters at the war college in Washington.

Major General John F. Morrison was born in 1857. He grew up in the manner of any small town lad until he became twenty years of age; then he obtained an appointment to the United States military academy, where he was given a commission as second lieutenant in the Twentieth infantry, which he continued to hold for nine years, when he was rewarded with a first lieutenancy with the First infantry. The next year brought him a transfer to the Twentieth infantry, where he served for seven years, obtaining his commission as captain in 1898. He took this regiment to Cuba in 1899. His stay was not long, as the war department sent him to the Philippines, where he served his country in the islands for three years.

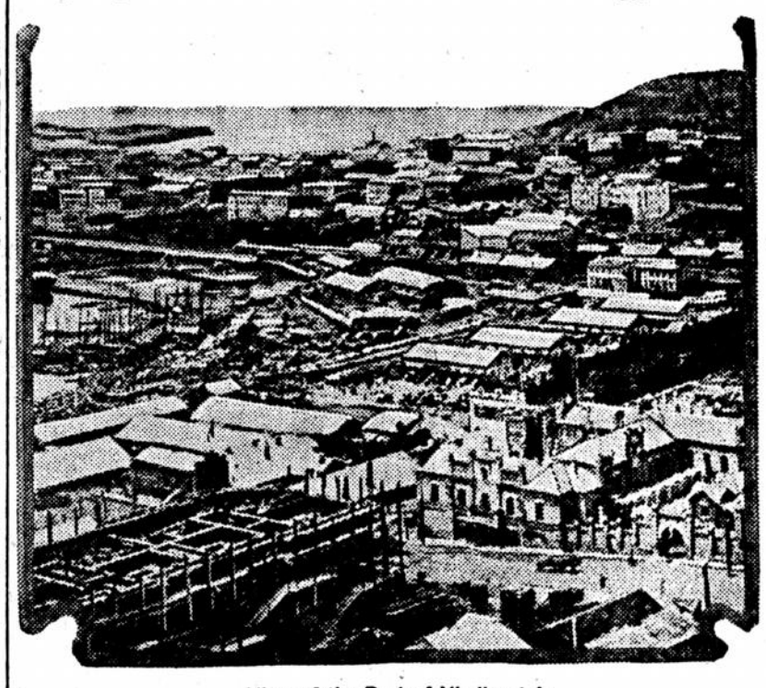
Aside from the actual personal experience he obtained during the Spanish war, he was military attache with the Japanese army during the war in 1904.

GOES BACK FOR MORE

Corporal Peter Robinson of Utica, N. Y., reported recently at the British and Canadian recruiting mission in New York while on his way back to France. The corporal has served nearly three years in the trenches with the East Lancashire regiment and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and fought at the Marne, Neuve Chapelle, Loos and the Somme. He has been mixed up in four hand-to-hand bayonet encounters with the enemy and got his man each time. In his first fight of this kind, however, at Mametz, his antagonist gave him a severe bayonet wound in the thigh before succumbing to Irish valor.

The corporal was gassed at Loos, and was buried by the explosion of a big shell which killed five men and wounded three others near him. In addition to his bayonet thrust, he was struck by shrapnel and his chin still plainly shows the mark of the wound. It may interest 200,000 Britishers and Canadians who are being urged to volunteer in the United States—before they are drafted—to learn that Peter volunteered on August 8, 1914, and was so anxious to get to the front that he paid his own fare to England. Furthermore, having already done quite a bit of "his bit," the corporal has gone back to do a bit more.

QUEEN of the EAST



View of the Port of Vladivostok.

PUBLIC attention has been drawn to Vladivostok, Russia's great Pacific ocean port, by the possibility that Japan might intervene to save the immense stores sent there by the allies to help the Russians in their fight against Germany. Vladivostok or "Queen of the East," as the name signifies, is the eastern terminus of the great Trans-Siberian railway, Marion H. Dampman writes in the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. The corresponding western garrison city is called Vladikaukas or "Queen of the Caucasus." At one end of the long main avenue of Vladivostok stands an imposing statue of Admiral Nevelskoi who laid the foundation of Russia's occupancy of Pacific ports; on the statue are inscribed the famous words of Czar Nicholas I, "Where the Russian flag has been hoisted it must never be lowered." At the other end of the avenue, where the railroad crosses the boulevard toward Europe, is a post on which is engraved in gigantic letters the simple statement: "Vladivostok to St. Petersburg, 9,922 Versts."

The mean annual temperature of Vladivostok is about 40 degrees Fahrenheit, although it lies in the same latitude as Marseilles, France, and Buffalo, N. Y. Its bay is ice bound from the middle of December to the beginning of March; but sea communication is rendered possible by ice breakers. Its elevation above the sea is considerable and there are no barriers to the north to protect it from the piercing winds; while the Japanese archipelago interposes so as to prevent any advantage being derived from the warm waters of the Black current, the Gulf stream of the Pacific.

Splendidly situated at the head of a peninsula about twelve miles long, separating two deep bays, whose shores, however, are completely sterile, Vladivostok faces the western and more important of the two bays in a harbor called the Golden Horn. The shallowest part of the harbor is 12 fathoms in depth and is so extensive that 60 steamers of 5,000 tons each could ride there, leaving broad channels for maneuvering for a navy. There are no artificial breakwaters, as nature provided such in a massive island directly athwart the entrance to the bay which acts as a fortress not only toward the angry sea but toward invading fleets. On this island the Manchuria silka or spotted deer are preserved. The Vladivostok harbor is considered vastly superior to that of Port Arthur, which is 530 miles farther south, except in climatic conditions.

More Men Than Women.

The town was founded in 1860 and has a shifting population, variously estimated from 75,000 to 120,000, which includes many soldiers, Chinese, Japanese and Koreans. The houses are stone and several stories in height, presenting quite an imposing appearance in comparison with the small wooden-housed towns of interior Siberia. Its streets are lively but vastly different from Vancouver, Tacoma and Seattle, on the American side of the Pacific. Pigtailed Chinese in blue, Koreans in white and Japanese in varicolored costumes are mixed with soldiers, sailors and Europeans in civilian garb. There are many more men than women; for most of the inhabitants are there to amass fortunes and expect to return to their homes and families when they have done so. Living, too, costs very high, which is another reason for not making it a permanent abode.

Seen from the sea the town rises in terraces. The houses glitter in the sun and give an invitation to land. Once on shore one is quickly impressed with being in a money-making place and not a place of residence. Cargoes hastily discharged are stacked high in every available place. The streets are crowded with horses, carts and men of all nationalities. There is one fine street, on which are the residences of the governor, the commander of the port and many other magnates. There are several fine monuments, one of which is in honor of the last czar's visit. There are numerous churches, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and Lutherans; a museum is noted for its collection of weapons and costumes of the far East; and the Orient institute was opened in 1899 for the study of Asiatic languages. The crispness of the air, the newness of everything and the general hustle and stir are suggestive of Alaska rather than the Orient, were it not for the ponies with their Russian harness and the prevalent Russian beards.

Piled High With Supplies.

All things consumed in the town and all the adjacent territory must be imported, as locally there are only bricks, matches, lumber and a bad beer to be had. No risk of seizure being foreseen, great speculative possibilities being open to traders, and the port offering the best means of sending provisions and munitions to Russia, combined to produce an extraordinary state of affairs in that faraway city. There is a perfect glut of coal, kerosene, cotton, flour and munitions of all kinds waiting for further transportation and with no protection.

European express trains could traverse the long distance between Petrograd and Vladivostok in less than a week; but it is not possible to run trains over the Siberian railway at such high speeds, as the road is constructed lightly, so the journey requires nine days, and previous to the war was done twice weekly by express trains. The fare was more than $275, the difficulties varying from sheets and soap to pistols and mosquito veils.

The plan to construct this great Russian railway was started as early as 1875, but it was not begun until 1891. The Vladivostok station was opened by the recent czar in 1897. It is an excellent building, but has been used so much for the coming and going of troops that its dirt and dilapidation make the weary traveler feel as though he had stepped into an abandoned emigration camp. Very light rails are used on the tracks of the Trans-Siberian road, but Russian engineers believe in very heavy ties; timber may be had for the asking, so half deeply embedded in ballast, to give the tracks the strength Americans provide with heavier rails.

It Is a Free Port.

The importance of Vladivostok lies in the fact that it is the natural warehouse of this vast region, both from a commercial and a military point of view. Russia, China, Korea and Japan are all interested in its trade and connected with it by railroad or ship communications. It has been a free port and Russia has been remarkably liberal in encouraging other nations in helping her to build up an ever-growing traffic and develop the resources of a rich inland frontier.

Germany is fully alive to the value of this trade, whose value is ever growing; and when the war gamble is over she would like to possess it. The presence of large Korean agricultural communities very near, great Chinese immigration tide surging in the district, the unceasing activity of the Japanese fishing boats that trade along the coast, the fact that European culture is not yet definitely established—all these things appeal to the German mind, with visions of possibilities for the future.

Vladivostok is immensely strong as a naval fortress, being surrounded by 76 forts on the seaward side, but at the rear there is a great open country that now lies at the mercy of bolsheviki sympathizers and German spies. Russia's chief dread has been of nearby Japan; so her fortification of Vladivostok has all pointed toward that power that lies only 450 miles across the Japan sea.

Wild Guess.

"Why do they refer to a statesman as a solon?"

"The word is derived from the dead languages," answered the man who assumes to know everything, "and refers to a statesman's instinctive desire to get on a platform and do an oratorical solo."

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Siberian Timber Wolf Imagines He's Chow Dog

PORT WASHINGTON, L. I. N. Y.—"Skoy" is a full-blooded timber wolf belonging to Addison Mizner, but he doesn't know it, and believes himself to be a pet dog and is fully as tame and playful as the chow dogs which are the pet of the Mizner establishment.

Skoy was born in the Bronx zoo two years ago. His mother was a full-blooded Siberian wolf that had been given to the zoo by Prince Paul Troubetskoy. Out of compliment to the prince the officials presented him one of her whelps and the generous Russian in turn presented him to Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian. This is how "Skoy" got his name, an abbreviation of the Russian name of Troubetskoy.

The baby wolf was three weeks old when he came to live at the Hitchcock home at Great Neck. However, a trip abroad necessitated making other arrangements, and Hitchcock prevailed upon Addison Mizner to bring him up at his kennels at Port Washington. So Skoy was turned loose among a lot of chows and has grown up exactly like a dog. Not only has he become a great pet, but he has copied all the familiar dog tricks. He demands as much petting and affection as any of the dogs on the place, and up to date there is not a single black mark against his character or conduct.

To be sure, some of the mothers in Port Washington have complained to Mizner that it does not make the village more attractive to have a full-blooded wolf run at large in the streets, but Mizner asserts that Skoy should be called innocent until he is proven guilty.

Curator Ditmars of the Bronx zoo says Skoy is the only genuinely tame wolf he has ever known. There have been many so-called tame wolves, but they have never become so thoroughly domesticated as Skoy. He has been associated with dogs so long that he probably imagines he is a dog.

Like Scene from Certain Famous "Movie" Picture

NEW YORK.—The Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge one day last week looked very much like a New England breakfast table where the old-fashioned custom of serving pie with the toast and coffee still lingers. Incidentally many small boys had various kinds of pie for their lunch, while a score or two went to work next day with a piece of pie in each hand.

All this happened when a pie wagon belonging to the Consumers' Pie Baking company got tangled up with the emergency runway gate at the Manhattan end of the bridge.

When traffic had been restored to normal 15 minutes later, and the street cars were again running—for pie on street car tracks makes the going anything but good—Leonard Kohlasch, the driver of the wagon, told Policeman James, who is stationed at the Manhattan end of the bridge, all about the pie—their origin, destination, and how they were rerouted by a runaway horse, which insisted upon spreading them all over the bridge.

Kohlasch left the pie factory with a load of freshly baked pies for Park row eating places. The horse stepped out of the stable with its head in the air and started for Manhattan at a pace that would have done credit to Maud S.

The driver said he did the best he could, but when the horse got about half way across the bridge he changed his trot to a run and never stopped until he ran into the emergency gates at the Manhattan end.

The rest can better be told by any small boy, and some large ones, who were near the accident. There was pie of every kind everywhere. It took 15 minutes to clean up the street car track and during that time every one who felt like having a piece of pie helped himself.

Like the Humble Snail, Man Carries His House

LOS ANGELES.—Introducing Charles Kellogg, Kellogg Springs, Cal., the human woodpecker. Mr. Kellogg was born in California, was raised by Indians and has a ranch at Kellogg Springs, but just now and probably for years to come his address will be: In a Roaming Redwood Tree, Somewhere, U. S. A.

Mr. Kellogg recently fell victim to the wanderlust, but having lived in the woods the greater part of his life, he was reluctant to leave such surroundings. He finally solved the problem, however, by deciding to take the woods—or part of them—with him.

He hollowed out a 22-foot section of a huge redwood tree, mounted it on a motortruck chassis and began his tour of the country, living inside the tree-trunk as comfortably as any commuter in his bungalow.

The exterior of this tree-trunk home is finished in mission style. Its doors and windows are works of art. The interior is divided into several cozy rooms and the walls are coated with wax, the effect of which is strikingly beautiful. This home on wheels is equipped with electric lights and an open fireplace for cool nights. A thickness of 4 inches of the tree-trunk forms the wall of the house.

The biggest problem Mr. Kellogg has to overcome in converting this tree-trunk into a home was how to hollow it. Some idea of his difficulty may be had when it is known that even an acetylene torch, such as is used to cut through steel, failed to make satisfactory headway. Mr. Kellogg finally devised a motor driven chisel. He finished the job himself with an ax.

"Get de Dough!" Is Strict Rule—and Boy Got It

CHICAGO.—In the language of the messenger boy "Get de dough!" is rule 1-A. Max Rashky, 2040 Potomac avenue, knows the rule. He is employed at the Western Union branch office, just north of the river on Clark street.

Returning after delivering two messages yesterday, the boy met Mrs. Mabel Frielander, 1242 North Leavitt street.

"Go over to 1822 Lincoln avenue, where I used to live, and see if there's any mail for me," she told him.

Doffing his cap with a flourish, Max trotted away and soon returned, but empty-handed.

"Fifteen cents, please," he said in a particularly crisp and exceedingly businesslike manner.

"But I can't pay you 15 cents," she replied.

"That's the office charge," he answered firmly.

"Well, I only have a dollar and a nickel," she responded.

Before the argument went further Mrs. Frielander tripped into the street and stepped aboard a southbound car.

But Max had no intention of being eluded. He bounded after her. He had to pay a 5-cent fare, but he wanted his money.

"Pay me! Pay me!" the boy shouted as he squirmed through a crowd of passengers in pursuit of his quarry.

"You've gotta pay me," Max declared.

The altercation entertained the passengers until the car reached Monroe street. Mrs. Frielander got off and strode across to State street. Max was tagging after, and finally she slapped him and he called a policeman.

"Well, what'll I do with her?" Lieutenant McMahon at the South Clark street station asked the boy.

"Lock her up if she don't pay," Max answered. "There's 15 cents for the original run, I've lost two hours chasing her at 30 cents an hour, that's 60 cents more, and 10 cents for carfare; the whole thing is 85 cents."

Max "got de dough" all right.