

CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAYS.

Pretty Customs That Bring Joy to the Little Ones.

Grown people do not always appreciate what an event a birthday is in a child's life. Next to Christmas it is the red letter day of the year. A whole year nearer man's or woman's estate means a great deal to a child, and fills the boy or girl with an added dignity and sense of importance. Seven is so very much older than six!

In some households this perfectly natural delight is increased by the hearty sympathy of the parents. But there are other homes in which the all-important day passes unnoticed save by a careless mention, a mere reminder to the child that he has begun another year, and this remark may possibly be seasoned with the bitter sauce of a suggestion to an improvement in conduct. Not long since my heart was moved to pity by talking to a clever little boy, who told me that he was eight years old on that day.

"And what presents have you received?" I asked.

He looked surprised. "Oh, we don't keep birthdays at our house!" he replied. "My mother says it's foolish. Then she forgot that I am eight to-day until breakfast time this morning."

The more fortunate six-year-old at my side interrupted before I could check him.

"Forgot!" he exclaimed. "Why, my birthday came a little while ago, and my mamma made me a cake with six candles on it, and I had presents and lots of fun!"

Childhood is so brief, and the time when each recurring birthday is not a joy comes so soon that it is a pity not to make the anniversaries joyous to the little ones.

"Mamma," said one rapturous child, "you must be very glad I was born, because you have given me such a beautiful birthday!"

Of course "mamma" was glad, and being glad, why not show it? A child is never spoiled by the consciousness of a mother's love and delight in his existence.

A pretty custom is in vogue in some families. The child whose birthday is celebrated gives to each brother and sister some little token. It may be only an inexpensive toy, but it inculcates in the donor's heart the spirit of unselfishness, and teaches him the joy of giving as well as that of receiving.—Harper's Bazar.

STERN REALITIES OF WAR.

Frightful Dangers That Beset a Lieutenant's Path.

Dramatis Personae—A society debutante and a prebe lieutenant in the army.

Scene—A deep window seat; ballroom in the distance.

She (admiringly)—You really lead a very dangerous life, then?

He—On my honor, I assure you. "Yet you bear no wounds?"

"I am, like a true soldier, too modest to show them. But if you knew all—"

"Indeed! It must be terrible, then. And was it dangerous at West Point?"

"Dangerous? Well, I guess it was. There is no experience a young officer has that is more trying than that. Why, all the pretty girls in the country go there to get married and the engagement is on all along the line. Many a brave fellow has been captured there. And you've got to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer and all winter, too."

"But in the army proper—it is not so bad there, is it?"

"Not so bad? Ten times worse. You just ought to see some of our poor boys trying to dodge their captain's daughters! Eleven-inch shells from rifled guns are not in it with them. There is no service in the world that compares with them in dangers of that sort. Why, in European armies they won't let a fellow marry without the government's permission. With us it is different. We are permitted to run all sorts of risks. The wonder to me is that more of our men are not captured."

"Dear me, is it as bad as that in the eastern posts?"

"Just as bad. Why, on one occasion, when my left flank was turned, I found myself engaged to 12 different girls and was about to capitulate horse, foot and artillery to the unlucky 13th, when the government took pity on me and sent me out to fight Indians. That was all that saved me!"

"But can't you get retired?"

(Sadly) "No—the fact is, Gen. Miles thinks I'm too tired already."

"Poor fellow!"—Truth.

A Redeeming Feature.

Plankington—I hear you have been having trouble with the cellar of your new house.

Von Blumer—Yes. But every misfortune has its compensation.

Plankington—How's that?

Von Blumer—I learned how to swim.—Truth.

—What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.

—Wendell Phillips.

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.

The Cretan Struggle for Liberty and Independence.

Heroism Displayed by the Poorly-Fed Patriots of the Island of Crete—Turkish Cruelty Gives Renewed Strength to Their Cause.

[Special Letter.]

Recently the cable brought the terrible news that in Canea, the principal city of the island of Crete, 1,000 persons had been massacred by Turkish troops. Five hundred women and children escaped from the infuriated mercenaries of the sultan by seeking refuge in the Christian churches, where they would have starved to death had not the English and French warships stationed in the harbor come to their rescue and furnished them with the necessities of life. All the bodies of the slain were mutilated, and in many instances the eyes of the victims had been gouged out. And all this in the face of the fact that six great powers—Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy and Austria-Hungary—are pledged to protect the port's Christian subjects.

The Turkish government excuses the horrible crime on the protest that the Cretans are in revolt against the pashah, that 15,000 armed patriots are fighting to overthrow the Mussulman domination established in 1669, and that they have been guilty of murdering Turkish troops in cold blood. While it is true that the Cretans are endeavoring to secure freedom, the charge that they have been guilty of anything like the atrocities committed by their taskmasters is absolutely silly. The natives of Crete love liberty, are remarkable for their agility, activity and swiftness, noted for daring and bravery, are by some reputed to be vindictive, but they are not cruel. Whenever the patriots have met their opponents on the field of battle they have treated them fairly, and the Turkish governor has been unable to prove a single case of barbarity against them.

The Cretan is a classic people. History tells us that the island of Crete, or Candia, which forms the southern limit of the Grecian archipelago, was anciently settled by colonists from the Phoenicians, Pelasgians and Dorians, and fable has it that it was first governed by Minos, whose laws are familiar to every student of Greek literature.

that the few industries which had survived the discriminations of years were completely paralyzed. In 1858 another insurrection marked the history of the island. It was under the leadership of remarkably able men and conducted with such skill that the sultan granted many of the requests made by the patriots. But the concessions then made on paper were never carried out, and the deceived patriots inaugurated another revolt in 1866 and demanded annexation to Greece. They were compelled to submit in 1869, without obtaining any relief. Since 1869 a part of the population has been in constant revolt; but not until the beginning of the present year did the uprising assume proportions of such magnitude that the Turkish war office had to send special troops to Canea and other strategic points.

Nothing could give the reader a more comprehensive idea of the misgovernment of the Turks than a mere statement of the fact that the population of Crete, which was 500,000 when the Venetians lost control of the island, had fallen to 210,000 in 1870, and to 200,000 in 1890.

The massacre at Canea is seriously embarrassing the government of Greece. The Cretans have always had the sympathy of the people of the Hellenic states, and several times the royal treasury at Athens has been compelled, by popular clamor, to assist the rebellious islanders with cash and provisions. The present premier of Greece, M. Deliyannis, is trying very hard to continue a policy of neutrality in the Cretan question, but the chances are that, unless Turkey is willing to make far-reaching concessions, he will be forced to recede from his position. There is no doubt that the porte will no longer be averse to granting partial self-government to Crete, but the patriots have been deceived so often by their oppressors that reforms which would have been hailed with delight a few years ago are no longer attractive. Like the Cubans, they are fighting for complete independence and eventual annexation to Greece.

Should the Athens government conclude to comply with the popular demand and interfere in favor of the patriots, Turkey would have to give up the struggle, for although the Greeks are poor, they are rich when compared with the Turks. King George, who is under the influence of the Russian foreign office, seems determined, how-



A STREET SCENE IN CANEA.

ever, not to risk anything that might compromise his kingdom and the stability of his shaky throne. The other European powers are unwilling to do anything for the patriots because the time for the division of European Turkey has, in the opinion of their diplomats, not yet arrived. And until the advent of that time the Christian subjects of the sultan will continue to be murdered in cold blood in spite of the protests of the people of every civilized nation. In the game of international politics, as played by the alleged statesmen of to-day, the promise of spoils to come is a more potent factor than the blood of martyrs and the honor of heroic women.

But whatever the diplomats may say or do, the poorly-fed, shabbily-clad patriots of Crete will continue the holy warfare against their Mohammedan oppressors. And the same can be said of the heroes of Macedonia who are even now driving the sultan's troops out of the land of Alexander the Great. In itself the war in Crete is of trifling interest to the people of America, but as it may, any day, lead to a general European misunderstanding it is well to be familiar with the events which led up to the massacre at Canea. The sympathies of the American nation are with the brave patriots who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, know how to die for liberty and lofty principles; who, to accomplish a great end, are not tempted by gold or promises or preferment; who cry out to all the world the words of Patrick Henry: "Give us liberty or give us death." The efforts of such men are worthy of our serious consideration and should have the prayers of Christian men and women everywhere.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

—Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

BRADDOCK IN HISTORY.

The British General Was a Brave and Daring Soldier.

Washington Himself Tried to Disabuse the People of His Day of Its Prejudice Against the Unfortunate Chieftain.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Rhythmic rhymesters are not poets. Makers of verses are as numerous as the stars. Only the philosophers of scholastic instinct and breeding can make rhymes which last throughout the ages. It was the philosophic, pedantic, nervous, scholarly and learned Longfellow who said that:

"We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints in the sands of time."

There are footprints all along the beach of history. The waves may swell, the turf may beat, and the breakers may scold and storm, but the footprints made by some men will last forever. No political or scholastic seismic disturbance can wipe out the footprints of Confucius, Zoroaster, Caesar, Cromwell, Washington or Lincoln. Their footprints will last forever.

You all have read of Braddock and his alleged vainglorious effort to conduct an Indian campaign. Writers glorifying Washington have minimized Braddock, one of the greatest military minds of his age. It is not true that he marched against the Indians with the expectation of chasing them like rabbits. That story originated with friends of Washington, and if he were here he would repudiate the story. Braddock knew that he was marching into a hostile country, and would have to compete with savages whose methods were new to him. He realized before he left England that he had a terrible and dangerous campaign before him. But he was a soldier and marched along the pathway of duty until he fell upon the field of noble, honorable battle.

George Anne Bellamy, one of the most gifted actresses in England, published two books in 1785, which showed something about Gen. Braddock's life which all the people should know. As the reputed wife of John Calcraft, M. P., she secured for him the agencies of paymasterships of no less than a dozen regimental commanders in the British army, among them that of Gen. Braddock, thus multiplying Calcraft's income to a princely figure. On page 193 of volume 2 Miss Bellamy says:

"Gen. Braddock, to whom I had been known from my infancy, and who was particularly fond of me, was about this period appointed to go to America. From our intimacy he gave me his agency without my applying for it. While he was making the necessary preparations for his voyage he was more frequently than usual at our house. The evening before his departure he supped with me, accompanied by his two aides-de-camp, Maj. Burton (who had just lost his much loved wife and my darling friend), and Capt. Orme. Before we parted the general told me he should never see me more, for he was going with a handful of men to conquer whole nations, and to do this they must cut their way through



BRADDOCK'S ROCK.

unknown woods. He produced a map of the country, saying at the same time: 'We are sent like sacrifices to the altar.' The event of the expedition too fatally verified the general's expectations. On going away he put into my hands a paper, which proved to be his will."

This will was drawn up in favor of John Calcraft, to whom it bequeathed property valued at \$35,000. On page 55 of volume 3 the actress narrates further, after referring to the news of Braddock's death:

"A demand was made from the treasury for the government plate left us by the late unfortunate Gen. Braddock. The demand was rejected, upon which a suit was commenced. But that failing we were left in possession of the royal donation, and the lions, unicorns and hares made their appearance at our table."

Gen. Braddock knew that he was not undertaking a holiday excursion, but must "cut his way through unknown woods" for the purpose of conquering "whole nations;" thereby showing that he did not underrate the savage bands in the new world. He was a brave and worthy soldier who has not yet secured his proper place in history.

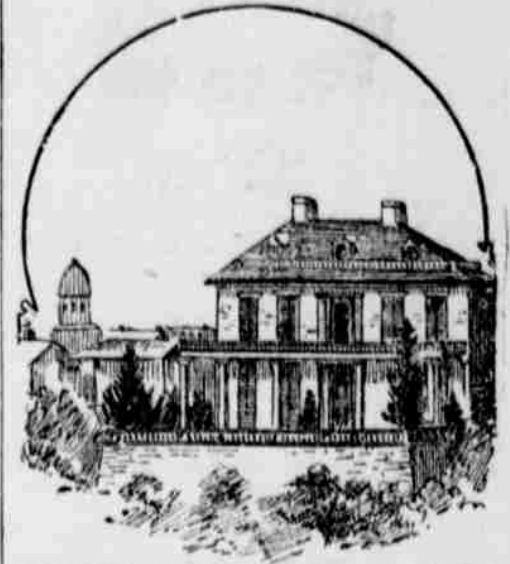
I was reminded of Braddock's march and the disastrous termination of his efforts by being led to-day to an historic stone near the bank of the Potomac by an old resident who showed me Braddock's rock.

If Edward Braddock, generalissimo

of his British majesty's forces in America, were to revisit this earthly scene and observe that the lonely spot which he disembarked in 1755 to S. his ill-starred expedition against Duquesne is now the geographic center of the national American bearing the name of his once haughty aide-de-camp, George Washington would doubtless exclaim, as he Va., claimed regarding his disastrous defeat near Pittsburgh: "Who would have thought it?"

Probably nobody would, for the coincidence is too extraordinary; but such is the irony of fate, the fact is even this. The ground whereon Braddock first set foot is practically the key to the city of Washington, almost equidistant from either end of it and affording to an invading force the readiest approach by water.

At that time, at the opening of the French and Indian war, and for half a



BRADDOCK'S HEADQUARTERS AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

century afterward, there was no city of Washington. The country hereabouts was a comparative wilderness. George Washington was but a stripling colonel in the Virginia militia. No one dreamed of independence of the British crown, and all of the English colonies were bracing themselves to resist the encroachments of the French. Alexandria, then a colonial village eight miles down the Virginia side of the Potomac, was the recruiting point of Braddock's army. Thither his little fleet of two warships and half a dozen transports, under Commodore Keppel, had proceeded from Hampton with two regiments of 500 men each, to be augmented later by 400 Virginia troops. Braddock, himself, with his own personal retinue, got separated from the remainder of his party and landed on this side of the river opposite Anolostan island, at what is now at the foot of Twenty-fourth street northwest, then a stretch of woods. Braddock's vessel was drawn close up to shore and moored to a big boulder protruding from the bank, upon which, as we can imagine, he stamped his booted feet and struck a dramatic attitude in disembarking.

The boulder has ever since been known, to those who have known of it at all, as "Braddock's rock," and to this day it is still intact and unmolested by stone cipher or relic hunter. It is not deemed of any account in history, though if Braddock's expedition against Duquesne had been successful this unpretentious boulder might now be esteemed as another Plymouth Rock, famous for the landing of the Pilgrims. Braddock would doubtless have won for himself not only the fame that fell to Gen. Forbes and to Gen. Amherst for the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but also that which Gen. Wolfe secured in 1759 by his success at Quebec, all resulting in the relinquishment of French authority on the American continent. Braddock would probably now be revered as one of the prime early heroes of this western world and the course of his entire progress would be accounted as paths of glory. But the unfortunate accident of defeat has changed all of that. Since success is the only standard of merit and achievement, the world delights not to tread in the footsteps of failure.

After all is said the truth of the matter seems to be that Braddock, indisputably a brave soldier, was only too conscious of the difficulty and doubtful result of his enterprise, but that, having once set upon it, he determined to grimly discharge his task to the end with the most cheerful show possible. It is no derogation to his generalship that he should have been unfitted by temperament and training to cope with treacherous savages and painted devils lurking in ambush. Instead of having been a boastful and vainglorious cockney, as the schoolboy of to-day is taught to conceive him, he only appears to have been too proud to show by look or sign his own conviction of the hopelessness of his undertaking. Even Irving admits that he was a stranger to fear. Irving then adds beautifully and most appropriately:

"Reproach spared him not, even in his grave. The failure of the expedition was attributed both in England and in America to his obstinacy, his technical pedantry and his military system. But whatever may have been his faults and errors, he in a manner expiated them by the hardest lot that can befall a brave soldier ambitious of renown—an unhonored grave in a strange land, a memory clouded by misfortune and a name forever coupled with defeat."

SMITH D. FRY.

He is good that does good to others.—Bryere.