

FIFTIETH YEAR

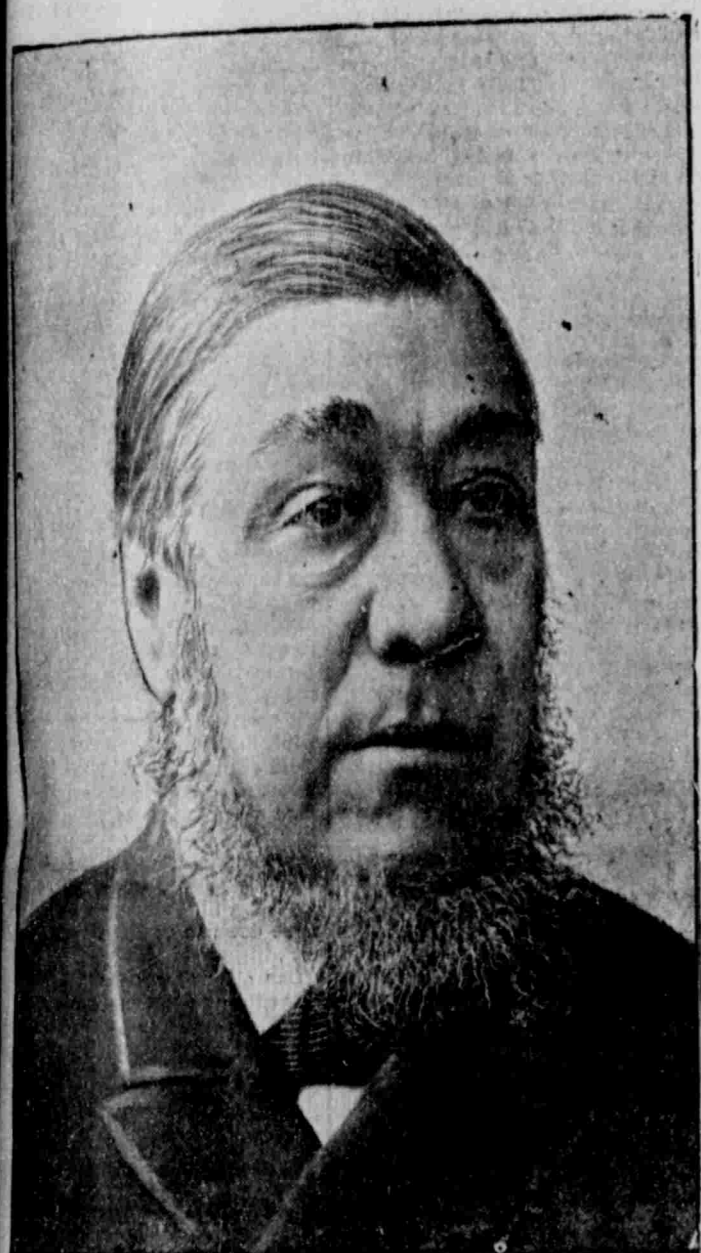
FRENCH VIEW OF THE SITUATION

Eminent Writer Foretells England's Doom—Her Weakness is Shown by the Transvaal War—History of American Colonies May be Soon Repeated—Great Britain's Terrible Losses Gain Her but Little Sympathy from the Civilized World.

tion; that if the submarine vessel should prove practicable the reign of the cruiser will be at an end. The battle of Crecy reminds us how new arms can decide the fate of war. With plenty of small cannon, causing more noise than harm, the English overpowered the best cavalry in France. Though the English have greatly improved on the ancient war engines of Crecy their land forces are insignificant. They must acknowledge that they have not more than 20,000 regulars, which is as nothing compared with our European armies.

These reflections, which cannot fail to come to the minds of the intelligent in England, must necessarily inspire bad humor, despite the everlasting clamoring that they fear nothing and defy the whole world. It is the expression of patriotic anguish. The disrespectful creatures and offensive

THE MAN WHO HAS ASTONISHED THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.



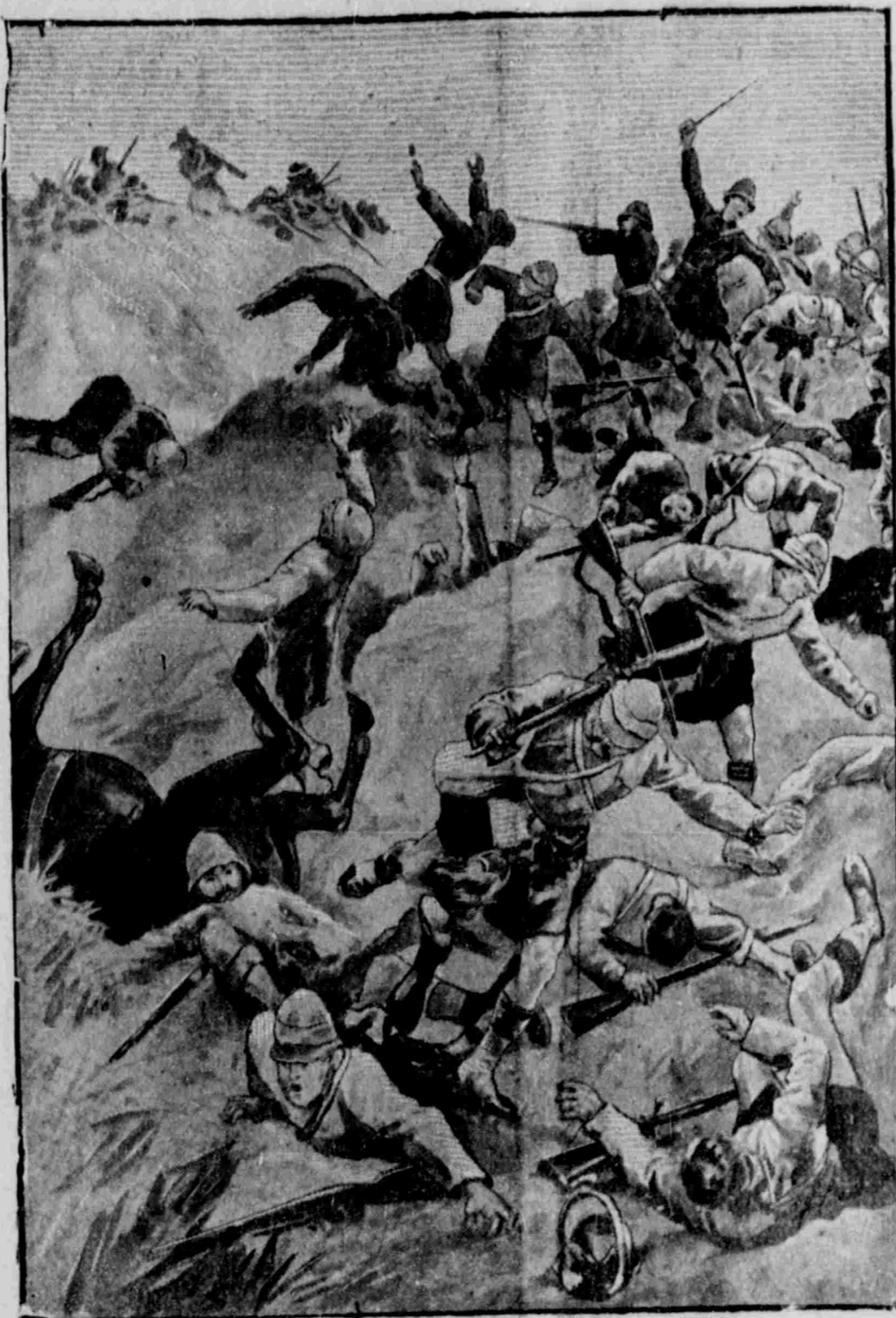
The above is a particularly fine portrait of the president of the Transvaal who is booked for Saint Helena if the British ever get hold of him, which seems extremely unlikely at this time. Whether the British win out in the end or not President Kruger will live in history as the most remarkable man of recent times.

BLACK MEN WHO WANT TO FIGHT THE BOERS.



Photograph of a village headman of the Zulu tribe. There are 750,000 of these "warriors" in Natal. They are said to be among the finest specimens of manhood in the world and fearless fighters. Their hatred of the Boers is intense. One big chief has offered to put 20,000 men in the field against the Boers, and has asked the British to restrain them from going on the war path without the sanction of the imperial authorities. The Boers have earned the hatred of the Zulus by their alleged brutal treatment of servants of this race and in numberless feuds which resulted in terrible punishment for the

HIGHLANDERS OF LYTTLETON'S BRIGADE ATTACKING A RIDGE.



The bayonet has been used many times in the South African war, although it was said to be an obsolete weapon. In Buller's unsuccessful attempt to drive a wedge into the Boer lines north of the Tugela the storming parties came to close quarters on more than one occasion. The illustration shows Lyttelton's Highlanders attacking a kopje on the Boer's flank.

verses in French and German papers have greatly increased the anger of our stolid neighbors. To them Queen Victoria is almost a sacred personage, and I regret that there are French writers and artists who will sacrifice their talents to such ribald satire. They do not represent the French people.

affection, more discretion in public criticism of England and her rulers. But how have the English acted in the past in this respect? Have they a right to complain, to even menace, on this account? Before the baking of the French revolution the most ignominious pamphlets, directed against Marie Antoinette, the Count d'Artois and the Countess de Polignac, were scattered broadcast. I have some of them in my library. Their perusal would surfeit the cheeks of the modern correspondents with shame. Later the most frightful libels against Napoleon and the French people were published.

they refused to pursue, to deliver or to expel the notorious accomplices of the men who attempted to assassinate the emperor.

ANTI-BRITISH SENTIMENT.

It was no better after the Commune. Even in 1879 the anti-French caricaturists in the English papers knew no bounds. If the English now assert that three-fourth of the French people sympathize with the Boers, they are not deceived. They might add that the entire civilized world sympathizes with the Boers, though international politics may render the expression of that sympathy less open in this or that country.

Should this surprise the English, or have they a right to complain? Rich and powerful, the British empire has attained a modest, thrifty and brave people, which asks for little more than to be left in peace in the Transvaal, and which seeks quarrel with nobody. It has presumed to interfere with the internal politics of a free country. It would not permit a nation to defend itself against those who menace its national existence. It wanted to force an independent republic to thoroughly change its laws which are less drastic than those which were imposed upon Ireland.

What has happened? The people attacked in this unjust manner are defending themselves with the energy of men who know that they are in the right. They are not going to let the United States hurl a power against the Boers which is new in international politics—a moral power. It will become the English to preach morality in politics. They invoke the international law of nations. They must annihilate who wanted to be master on the continent. Now we invoke against them this same moral, when they seek to be master of the seas. With the words of the good Lord Jesus, they say: "I will go out to conquer the seas, ruining the French and Spanish free colonies. Let them turn to the Gospel, where they will find the words of Jesus: 'All who live by the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

To me the anti-British sentiment all over the civilized world is more than an incident. It is a historical phenomenon, and a hopeful sign. Like the "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" on the wall of Babylon, I discern on the horizon of the future the promise that force will eventually cease to suppress the right, and will serve the weak and oppressed.

LYDDITE SHELLS.

Despite Stories to the Contrary, Do Not Expel Poisonous Gases.

It is very frequently stated that the lyddite shells contain a certain compressed poisonous gas, which, when exploding means death to any living creature within a radius of 100 yards (sometimes say 400). This is an additional life-devouring agent to the dynamite and destructive power of the lyddite shells. This statement is, of course, an exaggeration, as the use of such shells would be in violation of the rules of civilized warfare. The composition of lyddite is held secret, and it is therefore impossible to give any details regarding it. Compatriots, however, have no doubt that it is only a modification of melinite, the authorized explosive used in the French and German armies. This much is known, that lyddite stands between that dynamite and the so-called "blue" and "white" or "water" proof compounds of which the secret has been purchased by the United States government. They are all compounds of picric acid, trinitro-phenol, a pale, yellow, crystalline powder, with an intensely bitter taste, and which is a powerful toxicant. Picric acid is an old compound, having been discovered in 1783 by the German chemist Hausman, who obtained it by acting on indigo with dilute nitric acid. At present it is largely manufactured from nitrobenzene and nitric acid. Since the early fifties chemists have been experimenting with this substance, in the

PERSUASION OF RECRUITING SERGEANTS

Who Hand Queen's Shilling To Tommy Atkins - How the Raw Material Is Made Into Good Soldiers - Must First Drill Six Long Months in the "Awkward Squad" - In Times of Peace He Has No Caste, But War Makes Him a Popular Idol.

The backbone of the British enlist-
ing system is the recruiting sergeant.
While he may be an institution in his
own right, in London that he is
in his greatest glory. In London he
may be seen to the number of twenty
or thirty promenade up and down the
streets in the neighborhood of Trafal-
gar square, say the *Illustrated En-
quirer*, with a broad red band grading
his manly breast, sporting a little cane,
florid of complexion—a living exemplifica-
tion of the greatness and glory of the
British nation. But the recruiting ser-
geant occupies, ostensibly it is his duty
to give information to intending re-
cruits as to the requirements and the
advantages of the various branches of
service. In practice he is a man of
great tact and discretion, regarding the desirability
of the applicant. If the latter is pal-

which is touched in the most pleasing personal terms with Victoria as if she sat in the next room waiting to affix her own signature. When the recital passes his medical examination he is turned over to another group of officers and is asked to repeat the oath. "I am not a deserter, criminal or runaway from home. At the end he makes a solemn oath to "honestly, faithfully defend her majesty the Queen Victoria her heirs and successors in all that she may do and dignify against all enemies as well as observe and obey all orders her majesty, her generals and officers set over me. So help me God! This oath makes him a British soldier. I have no more to say," he says.

Then he receives the "queen's shilling." Just why he gets this quarter no body knows. It is a custom, followed

THE FAMOUS DR. W. J. LEYDS.



The British claim that before Dr. Leyds' advent in the Transvaal everything was lovely. The Boers were satisfied and the outlanders had no cause for complaint. It was Dr. Leyds, say the British, who sowed the seeds of discontent, persuaded President Kruger to buy artillery and send for German experts to teach the burghers the art of war, and in due time to launch the lightning bolt. Dr. Leyds may be getting credit for deeds that he did not perform in this accusation of the British, but he certainly is succeeding in stirring up the mud in Europe just now. When one door is closed against him he tries another and keeps the continent in a continual ferment by his efforts to get some nation to break the laws of international courtesy during a war in which they are supposed to be neutrals.

[illegible]

TEMPTATIONS TO JOIN.

[illegible]

from time immemorial, probably originated at a time when one could get a good deal more liquor for the amount than possible at present. Afterward he is hustled off to the station, where he is exercised in gymnastics, learns a little how to hold a rifle, and is then dismissed, to move his hands and feet with ease. After seven weeks' training he is consigned to the "awkward squad." Here he spends six months in incessant drilling. At the end of six months he is drafted to Aldershot, where he is to remain for a year.

It appears that the instruction in this particular is not up to the standard of Pretoria Arsenal. Six months' rifle practice here completes his education as Tommy Atkins. Not until he has left Aldershot is a Briton considered a full soldier, with the privilege of being shot in battle.

Except in times of war the great R. P. (British public) look down upon Tommy Atkins. Quite two-thirds of London saloons do not serve soldiers. Some people do not consider being excluded from these popular resorts a curse, but it is mighty inconvenient to persons gifted with the prodigious thirst of Tommy Atkins. Of course, when the empire is in danger everything is changed. The Parish of yesterday becomes the hero of today. The soldier, who would at other times scorn to be seen within five yards of a soldier, cheers himself hoarse, and share speculators carry him on their shoulders.

RESIDNECE SECTION OF BELEAGURED LADYSMITH.



I can see that battle all over again; the British skirting the nearer enemy hills, with only whisperers among the men, all halting and dropping on the knees at every few paces—a stealthy force creeping on its prey. I see the first purple flush of daybreak in the east. It reveals the men standing in the long line behind line, each man five paces from his nearest comrade. As they stalk forward, rifles ready, stock held with one hand and barrel with the other, they look like sportsmen flushing birds. Suddenly a line of flame bursts out on the crest of the largest hill, the attacking men. We rush them, and with bullet and bayonet slay all who withstand the shock—but these are few; the majority have followed

GLORIOUS WAR

I can see that battle all over again; the British skirting the nearer empty hills, with only whispers among the men, all halting and dropping on their knees at every few paces—a battle of nerves. I saw it all. I see the first purple flush of daybreak in the east. It reveals our men spread out in lines two miles long, line behind line, and the Boers are coming in their comrades. As they stalk forward, rifles ready, stock held with one hand and barrel with the other, they look like sportsmen flushing birds. Suddenly a flash of light, a puff of smoke, and there is the largest hill. We are discovered, and the Boers are attacking us. We rush them, and with bullet and bayonet slay all who withstand the shock—hundreds of them. Then the Boers have followed Boer tactics and are running down the farther sides of their strongholds to mount their horses and enter their light carts and flee. We follow what we might do to them, and “live to fight another day.” Had we possessed more cavalry and had our horses been native bred, we would have succeeded. But our tactics would not have succeeded.

They went over the whole battleground later in the day and saw how the enemy fought us—saw that each man knelt in his own little fort of boulders built up to his chest, and that he was on the summit, and that behind these, high above them, were inner bastions of rocks with which these men had walled themselves around. The rocks were apparently the work of the Indians, and the men of humbler station had been obliged to live in their rocky nests. Teapots, unseasoned bread, jerked beef, and other food were lying about, and that, together with the sacks in which these things had been brought, and the overcoats with which they kept off the chill of the nights when they slept. The men were nearly all of this farmhand and laborer class; left there by the farmers, traders and men of better station, who rode away on their horses and in their wagons, leaving the poor men to fight. These gentlemen-Boers come to battle on a poor horse while they are willing to rise, and send a shot, or load with a bullet, and then they are off, and leave their escape.—Julian Ralph in Collier's Weekly.

Let us further consider that the em-
pire of the seas depends on an inven-