

HOW THE BOERS GOT READY FOR ENGLAND

Kruger, Warned Years Ago of the Coming of the "Irrepressible Conflict," Left No Stone Unturned to Place His Country on an Efficient War Footing.

ORGANIZATION OF THE BOER ARMIES.

NOT a little surprise has been expressed at the fact that the Boer has been able to make such an effective stand against the British. If the real preparations for this war for years had been made, the outcome would have been so unexpected. When Mr. Montagu White, the accredited representative of the Transvaal in the British House of Commons, recently stated that he saw that war was irrepressible and that the little republic must just as well start making preparations for the struggle, he was simply stating what every intelligent Transvaal was only too well aware of. Five years ago the South African Republic started rolling up its sleeves. In order to understand the actual condition of affairs it is necessary to know just how the military forces of Oom Paul's people are organized and equipped.

The Boer is a walking incongruity. Everything about him seems an incongruity. He is a never ending enigma, a riddle. These Boers have been called a pastoral people. They have been sneering-

element to leave the bucolic Transvaal lumpy. It is the leader of these regulars who during actual war assumes command of the entire Boer army. Thirty-two officers serve under him, each one of whom is supposed to be capable of commanding a regiment. Under these, again, are 50 sub-officers, training for service as captains and lieutenants. The remaining 250 privates in the regular ranks can be transformed, when necessary, into efficient sergeants and corporals. Could an efficient army be maintained and operated along simpler and more primitive lines than these?

The commander of the artilleryists, who is, of course, General Joubert, receives a yearly salary of \$12,500. His little band of officers are equally well paid. In fact, few as the officers of the Transvaal are, they are better paid than the army leaders of the great European powers. To serve in the state artillery is a great distinction, for only the most intelligent and physically favored Boers are admitted to this small company. The commandant general at Pretoria is under the immediate jurisdiction of the viceroy and the president, who have, of course, the power to declare war and direct its conduct.

The republic is also divided into 17 districts, with a commandant in control of each. Under the old South African burgher law each commandant in times of emergency has the right to go through his district and "commandeer" every man able to bear arms. These

and husbands in the protection of their homes and lives.

When the call to arms comes, there is absolute obedience from every man. Cases of insubordination are unheard of. No false alarms are ever sent out, so when the alarm does come the Boer knows that it means business and readily submits to the inevitable.

The Boer soldier wears no uniform. There is nothing martial in his appearance. In place of side arms he carries a hatchet or ax or hammer or some other tool with which he is most familiar. Those Boers who for some extraordinary reason do not possess rifles are supplied with arms and ammunition by the field cornet of the district. All volunteers bring one or sometimes two horses. There are no provisions wagons because the veldt supplies the feed. There are no baggage trains because most of the Boer's food is in his own pocket. There are no war chests because the burgher keeps his own arms and ammunition. The assembled troops are drilled by the cornet as best he may. No complicated movements and evolutions are attempted, for the Boer must always fight as a guerrilla.

But during the last few years a change has been taking place in the Transvaal. Ever since Jameson's raid over Rhodes' "apple cart" and made that ill-fated raid of his into the Boer republic both the burgher and the uitlander have realized that a peaceful solution of the long standing differences between the two peoples was impossible. For years the warclouds have been hanging ominously over the

stand a four months' siege and still have plenty of good beef in its municipal refrigerators.

In Johannesburg the preparations have been no less adequate. Two years were spent in building a stout fort situated on a small eminence about one-half mile from the business portion of the city and commanding the entire neighborhood with its guns. Another equally strong fort is to be found just east of the city overshadowing the railway and the approaches to the town.

When the Boer began marketing for guns, England saw what he was after, but could do nothing. Guns and ammunition from Europe went into the country by way of Delagoa Bay, which is an open port to the Transvaal, and in fact the only port in South Africa not under English jurisdiction, and accordingly not closed to the importation of munitions of war. All that the British authorities could do was to dispatch a number of her secret service men to the docks at Lourenço Marques and unobtrusively make note of the guns and the amount of ammunition the wily Boer was storing up against the time when he should have to face the redcoat in the field.

The artillery which the Boers have secured is the best to be had. Their Creusot guns that have so greatly outclassed the British artillery and have been menacing Ladysmith and Mafeking are so named because they are manufactured at Creusot, in France, and are all rapid fire 3 inch cannon. Each gun is provided with one of two methods of sighting, and with the maximum

HAD ONLY THE ACE LEFT.

The sailing forth of Bishop Potter of New York for a visit to the Sandwich Islands brought forth memories of a droll experience of the bishop just as he was once before starting out on a little globe trotting expedition. A week or so before the right reverend gentleman's departure his coachman had the misfortune to break an arm, and a newly landed nephew of the unfortunate Jehu was called upon to act as understudy.

On the morning before the bishop intended sailing he ordered the driver of the Episcopal chariot to take him for a round of farewell calls. "Ask your uncle for the P. P. C. cards," said he. The understudy found his uncle at a quiet sleeping when he went for the cards, and decided to help himself without disturbing the slumberer. After leaving the cards for his reverend master at many houses on the avenue, the driver was halted at the home of an exceedingly important church dignitary.

"Leave four cards at this house," said the bishop.

His card distributing mercury hesitated. He scratched his head and looked foolish. Then he faltered, "Sure, your reverence, I have only the ace of clubs left." The intelligent had distributed a euchre deck in the name of Dr. Potter, and that dignified prelate was obliged to leave a trail of apologies in his wake when he sailed the next morning.

QUAINT ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

Among interesting survivals from the middle ages are certain quaint old customs yet lingering in England concerning public buildings and personages. For instance, each 9th of November sees queer civil ceremonies; each opening of parliament likewise. And every night at 11 o'clock at the Tower there takes place an odd little bit of "duty" called the "locking of the Tower."

As the clock strikes the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a bunch of gigantic keys, goes to the front of the main guardhouse and, standing there, calls out in stentorian tones, "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and gravely escort him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as the little procession steps by, "Who goes there?" "Keys," answers the yeoman porter.

The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries again challenging and being answered as before. Arrived before the main guardhouse, there is a pause. The sentry stationed there stamps his foot imperiously and demands, "Starting meanwhile at the sergeant, his comrades, the red clad porter and at the warder's wholly unnecessary and ridiculous lantern, "Who goes there?" "Keys," "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys," "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter uncovers and says solemnly, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard respond, "Amen!"

The officer on duty gives the words "Present arms!" and kisses the hilt of his sword. He and his men keep their stations until the yeoman porter has marched alone across the parade and deposited the keys in the lieutenant's hands. Then it is all over. No one can go out of or into the Tower after that. Even within the walls any one stirring must be furnished with the countersign.

There is need of all reasonable caution, although, happily, there are now no state prisoners to guard and keep in those grim old cells and "lodgings," yet the Tower contains portable wealth sufficient to make up the proverbial "king's ransom"—namely, the regalia.

DON'T LIKE IMPERIAL OFFICERS.

In Australia and Canada the enthusiasm for volunteering on active service was somewhat dampened by the possibility of the men having to serve under imperial instead of their own regimental officers. With their own officers the men would willingly go anywhere, but the imperial officers, who only know the enlisted Tommy, is usually a trifle too supercilious for them.

A memorable instance of this occurred at the time of the Louis Riel rebellion in Canada. The weather was bitterly cold, and the headquarters staff sent to Winnipeg for some portable stoves to keep their quarters warm. On their arrival they could not be fitted up owing to some defect in the smoke pipes.

The captain of a crack Manitoba company was, in civil life, a master plumber and hardware merchant. He quietly got into working clothes and adjusted everything in the presence of the officers (to whom he was then personally unknown), to their great comfort. Next day, in uniform, he was introduced to the officers of the staff.

A callow youth, fresh from England, and with an eyeglass screwed in one eye, recognized him, and in his wonderment blurted out:

"I say, colonel, I'm blowed if this isn't the damned tinker that put the stoves right yesterday!"

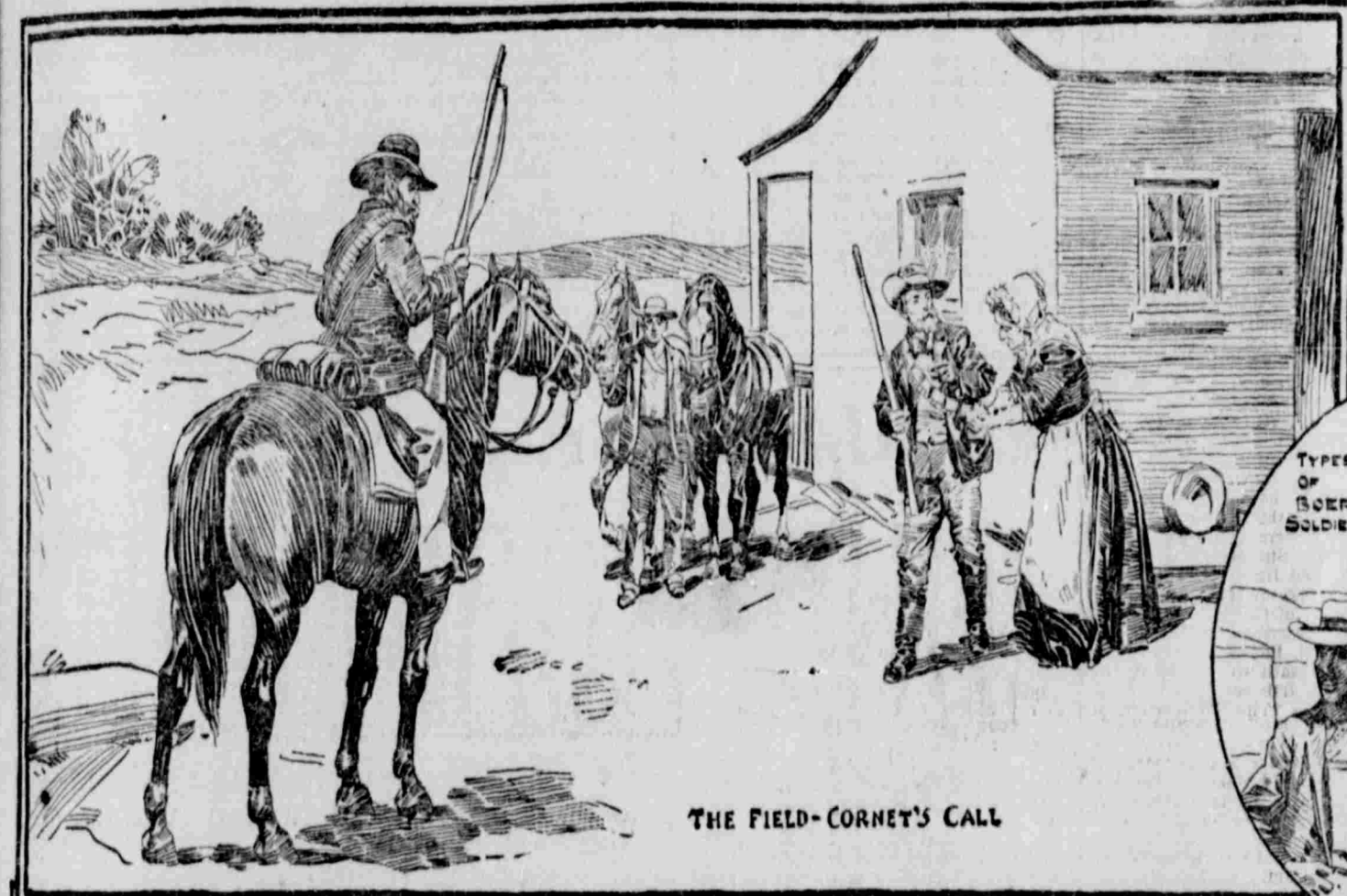
It was an unfortunate remark and was remembered for long afterward. The plumber had considerable political influence, and he exercised it in the way of seeing that votes in the Dominion parliament for payment of imperial officers serving in Canada were severely criticised.

STRATFORD'S QUEER OLD FAIR.

Stratford-on-Avon, thanks possibly to its reverence for Shakespeare, is one of the recognized homes of old customs. There is yearly held there perhaps the most typical of old English fairs, which goes by the picturesque name of the "mop fair and ox roast." The whole town is filled with orthodox booths and roundabouts, but the special feature which attracts the crowds from the neighborhood is the spectacle of the oxen "spitted whole from head to tail" revolving before temporary brick fire in the streets. The whole spectacle is a savor of the old fashioned time which is, unhappily, being too rapidly forgotten in most country villages and smaller boroughs.

native of Louisiana and an ex-Confederate officer, confused him with an other Colonel Joubert, who was in the Confederate army, and a native of Louisiana. He was a creole and lived and died in Louisiana.

The horses which the Boers ride are very much like the Welsh or Scott ponies, being very sure footed and a power of leaping from rock to rock that is phenomenal.



referred to as "the burghers of the veldt, pious, bucolic, unsophisticated, individualists who hate Englishmen and soap and love their homes and the Bible."

But that was only one side of the case. What the other side is Great Britain has just been learning. John Bull has always gone to very expensive school. As is usual, he is today paying dearly for his little object lesson on the Boer character. He imagined that "a government that embodied all the economic vices of the dark ages" was incapable of sustaining armed resistance. Mr. Chamberlain did not dream that a stumpy old man in Chinese goggles and faded homespun would ever dare to shake his fat paw in the face of the British empire. Lord Wolseley did not for one moment imagine that a war-weary old burgher ambushed behind a brieting "cheval de frise" of patriarchal whickers would ever dare to face the serrated redcoats of the omniscient "Widow at Windsor."

But there was nothing original about his attitude. The same thing had happened in the days of Pitt and Burke and Fox, and history, as has often been said, is the habit of repeating itself. It is true that the Boers are a bucolic people. It is true that they are unsophisticated farmers and herdsmen and that their administration is far from an ideal one. But there is no nation in the world, great or small, that, in propor-

tion to population, has a more effective war organization and a more powerful armed force. It is the most characteristically military country in existence. In fact, every Boer in the Transvaal is a member of the little state's standing fighting force. Every home in the South African Republic is an arsenal. Every farmhouse is a commissariat department. Every burgher of the veldt is a trained soldier.

There are special circumstances which have brought about this peculiar condition of affairs. Compulsory service without any compulsion about it is the keynote of the Boers' military organization. When you are born a Boer, you are born a fighter. Every son of the veldt, whether he first see the light on the Vaal or the Orange, is passionately devoted to his country and eternally ready to fight for its liberty. So the Transvaal is always a nation in arms, yet without a standing army. At the age of 16 every male recognizing Oom Paul as president becomes a member of this citizens' army. There he remains until he has passed his sixtieth year. No laws are required to hold him to it. After the first bugle call, in fact, a yoke of oxen could not drag him from

various districts are again split up into divisions in charge of field cornets and assistant field cornets, and as soon as the commandant general issues his order for the mobilization of the volunteer army the commandants, the assistant commandants and the field cornets go hurriedly on horseback from house to house and burgher to burgher. When the veldt farmer receives his call, he takes down his own gun, he brings out his own horse, supplies his own ammunition, provisions himself with his own hunting, dried buck or beef, and hastens on horseback to the meeting place for that particular district. When all the burghers of a district have gathered together, the force proceeds to an adjoining district, and so on until the appointed army divisions have been made up. So beautifully simple and efficacious is this little system that within 48 hours after a call has been issued by the commandant general four army divisions, consisting of all the able-bodied men in the republic, are able to be mobilized on the outskirts of Pretoria or in any other given part of the state.

When the men are called from their farms and herds, the Transvaal women and children always take up the task of carrying on the home work. When necessary, too, these same women and children are willing enough to take up a rifle themselves and stand side by side with fathers and brothers

in the protection of their homes and lives.

When the call to arms comes, there is absolute obedience from every man. Cases of insubordination are unheard of. No false alarms are ever sent out, so when the alarm does come the Boer knows that it means business and readily submits to the inevitable.

The Boer soldier wears no uniform. There is nothing martial in his appearance. In place of side arms he carries a hatchet or ax or hammer or some other tool with which he is most familiar. Those Boers who for some extraordinary reason do not possess rifles are supplied with arms and ammunition by the field cornet of the district. All volunteers bring one or sometimes two horses. There are no provisions wagons because the veldt supplies the feed. There are no baggage trains because most of the Boer's food is in his own pocket. There are no war chests because the burgher keeps his own arms and ammunition. The assembled troops are drilled by the cornet as best he may. No complicated movements and evolutions are attempted, for the Boer must always fight as a guerrilla.

But during the last few years a change has been taking place in the Transvaal. Ever since Jameson's raid over Rhodes' "apple cart" and made that ill-fated raid of his into the Boer republic both the burgher and the uitlander have realized that a peaceful solution of the long standing differences between the two peoples was impossible. For years the warclouds have been hanging ominously over the

little republic. Circumstances had done much to keep the Boers prepared. Constant conflict with wild and ruthless black tribes, preparation against an unending menace, English aggression and the bitter memory of other days had made the Boer a born fighter. The real result was that, unlikely as such a thing looked, there was not a country in all Europe so well prepared for war at any time as the little government north of the Vaal. So this tiny republic, with its mere 30,000 voters, forced the British government to expend \$2,350,000 a year in order to keep pace with the Bible loving speakers of old Dutch in Oom Paul's land. That began over four years ago, when the government of Pretoria realized that the uitlanders, especially the uitlanders of Johannesburg, were deliberately planning the overthrow of the republic. Since then the Boer has been quietly but assiduously making preparations for the long pending struggle which opened a few months ago and which is still going on in South Africa. The Transvaal already possessed a small number of German soldiers of fortune. Additional German experts were easily secured to formulate plans for the defense of the country. European artilleryists were obtained to teach the burghers the arts of modern warfare, and even several Americans of military training were introduced as instructors in the national military school at Pretoria. Every burgher's cottage was stocked with the necessary ammunition and rifle. Every strategic position was fortified. The few forts already in the republic were armed with modern guns. Each year several million pounds was spent in Europe in the purchase of armament for the Boers. The Boers have been asked for by the experts, and the country was quietly placed on a war footing. Just how thorough these preparations were may be judged from the defenses of Johannesburg and Pretoria.

The capital now lies in the center of a square, each corner of which is a hill surmounted by a strong fortress commanding the surrounding country. Each of these fortresses is armed with 30 heavy Gatling guns, with four large French Creusot guns of 15 miles' range, and also with four heavy cannon. The capital has an additional battery of 50 field Gatling guns, which are now being used for operations in the open. There are three large warehouses stocked with ammunition, and at the beginning of hostilities the national army was filled from cellar to ceiling with improved Mauser, Martini-Henry and Wesley-Richards rifles, the city was provisioned just as thoroughly as it was armed, and so could even today with-

stand a four months' siege and still have plenty of good beef in its municipal refrigerators.

In Johannesburg the preparations have been no less adequate. Two years were spent in building a stout fort situated on a small eminence about one-half mile from the business portion of the city and commanding the entire neighborhood with its guns. Another equally strong fort is to be found just east of the city overshadowing the railway and the approaches to the town.

When the Boer began marketing for guns, England saw what he was after, but could do nothing. Guns and ammunition from Europe went into the country by way of Delagoa Bay, which is an open port to the Transvaal, and in fact the only port in South Africa not under English jurisdiction, and accordingly not closed to the importation of munitions of war. All that the British authorities could do was to dispatch a number of her secret service men to the docks at Lourenço Marques and unobtrusively make note of the guns and the amount of ammunition the wily Boer was storing up against the time when he should have to face the redcoat in the field.

The artillery which the Boers have secured is the best to be had. Their Creusot guns that have so greatly outclassed the British artillery and have been menacing Ladysmith and Mafeking are so named because they are manufactured at Creusot, in France, and are all rapid fire 3 inch cannon. Each gun is provided with one of two methods of sighting, and with the maximum

the republic. Circumstances had done much to keep the Boers prepared. Constant conflict with wild and ruthless black tribes, preparation against an unending menace, English aggression and the bitter memory of other days had made the Boer a born fighter. The real result was that, unlikely as such a thing looked, there was not a country in all Europe so well prepared for war at any time as the little government north of the Vaal. So this tiny republic, with its mere 30,000 voters, forced the British government to expend \$2,350,000 a year in order to keep pace with the Bible loving speakers of old Dutch in Oom Paul's land. That began over four years ago, when the government of Pretoria realized that the uitlanders, especially the uitlanders of Johannesburg, were deliberately planning the overthrow of the republic. Since then the Boer has been quietly but assiduously making preparations for the long pending struggle which opened a few months ago and which is still going on in South Africa. The Transvaal already possessed a small number of German soldiers of fortune. Additional German experts were easily secured to formulate plans for the defense of the country. European artilleryists were obtained to teach the burghers the arts of modern warfare, and even several Americans of military training were introduced as instructors in the national military school at Pretoria. Every burgher's cottage was stocked with the necessary ammunition and rifle. Every strategic position was fortified. The few forts already in the republic were armed with modern guns. Each year several million pounds was spent in Europe in the purchase of armament for the Boers. The Boers have been asked for by the experts, and the country was quietly placed on a war footing. Just how thorough these preparations were may be judged from the defenses of Johannesburg and Pretoria.

The capital now lies in the center of a square, each corner of which is a hill surmounted by a strong fortress commanding the surrounding country. Each of these fortresses is armed with 30 heavy Gatling guns, with four large French Creusot guns of 15 miles' range, and also with four heavy cannon. The capital has an additional battery of 50 field Gatling guns, which are now being used for operations in the open. There are three large warehouses stocked with ammunition, and at the beginning of hostilities the national army was filled from cellar to ceiling with improved Mauser, Martini-Henry and Wesley-Richards rifles, the city was provisioned just as thoroughly as it was armed, and so could even today with-

tion and a strange singing in the ears are felt, which render the majority of soldiers unconscious.

The mule used for the mountain artillery in the Transvaal has special training for stability. It is his duty to help to carry to high and difficult places the 7 pounder screw guns. This screw gun is so called because it is in two parts, each weighing 75 or 100 pounds. Each half is entrusted to a mule, and

elevation of 20 degrees the range is eight kilometers, or about 4,700 yards. Three kinds of shell can be used, the case shell, the common shell and the shrapnel. This latter holds no less than 234 bullets, running 44 to the pound, and these are scattered in all directions by means of a time fuse. The muzzle velocity is said to be 1,336 feet per second. The gun, with its limber, weighs just 3,400 pounds. Smokeless powder is used. A new alloy of nickel and steel has been employed in the manufacture of these guns. Their rate of fire is from eight to ten rounds a minute. While at times the Boers have shown more or less weakness in their range finding, much of their artillery work during the war has evidenced a skill and nicety which have been a source of surprise to the British. The imported officers from Holland and Germany have taught their lessons well, apparently, though it must be confessed that the most brilliant successes for the Boers have been won in those engagements in which the Mauser rifle played the important part.

The system of military organization prevailing in the Orange Free State is not unlike that of the sister republic to the north. Like the Boers, the Orange Free State has been thrown in her fortunes. The two Boer republics have been united in a military convention for some time past, and although the Free States are just as pastoral a race as the people of the Transvaal, it will surprise many to learn that this little republic expends annually more money per capita of population for its volunteers than does Germany itself, the country which has the reputation of being the strongest military power of the world. But even this little Orange Free State has been able to put 20,000 fighting men in the field. If they are less enthusiastic than the Transvaalers in the struggle against the British, it is because they are without the experience and the inspiration of the victorious campaign of 1838-41. They have been doing their fair share of the fighting, however, and, owing to the fact that their organization was so much like that of the Boers of the sister republic, they were able to mobilize and carry on operations in much the same manner as Joubert's own countrymen.

One hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

itary methods. Properly selected and well handled irregular horse is the most mobile element in an army. The British have found this out. They have seen that they are too slow and stiff, too dependent on their commissariat. Where a Boer commando could cover a given distance in four or five days the best disciplined corps in the British army could not do it in twice that time. So the rest of the world is learning from the Boer.

WILSON G. LOWELL.

HE RODE IN A STREET CAR.

A good story of the czar's love of simplicity is now going the rounds of St. Petersburg. A certain lieutenant, as popular as he was hard up, was one day noticed by a brother officer who had a grudge against him riding in a street car in uniform. In hot haste he hailed a cab and, driving to the barracks, informed his superiors. The officers were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, when the unsuspecting lieutenant strolled in a few minutes later.

In brief terms he was informed that an officer who could degrade his uniform by riding in a common car was a disgrace to his regiment, and they gave him the option of sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the hapless subaltern chose the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, Nicholas got wind of the affair, and, without delaying a moment, donned his uniform of the regiment in question and, snatching out of his palace, hailed a car, and, entering it, sat calmly down till it stopped in front of the barracks.

It so happened that a major of the regiment was entering the building as the czar descended from the car, so going up to the astonished officer, he said calmly, "Call the officers."

This was done in a few moments. Then the czar exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have just heard that you have ordered Lieutenant D. to send in his papers because he was seen riding in a street car. Now, gentlemen, I am your colonel, and, as you see, in full regiments. I have ridden from the palace here in one, and I do not intend to send in my papers, but want to know if you intend to cashier me."

"Sir," replied the major nervously, acting as spokesman for the abashed officers, "your majesty could never commit an indiscretion, inasmuch as the czar of all the Russias cannot err. Your majesty could never disgrace your uniform!"

"Then, gentlemen," answered the czar, with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment even if he, like me, does ride in street cars!"

HIGHEST CROSS IN THE WORLD.

On the peak of the highest of the Harz mountains is a cross which is said to be the loftiest in the world. The cross is in reality a tower and was but recently completed. This cross tower caps Josephshohe peak and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The mountain is 1,731 feet above sea level, and the tower reaches 120 feet higher. The great structure rests on a quadrangle, which forms an immense hall to hold 500 people. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the colossal cross, but lazy or weak folk may ride on the hydraulic elevator, which makes the climb easier.

Two hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

After three years of instruction with the state artillery these chosen few enter the civil service, remaining under the flag as reserves. For some time past there has been a reserve force of this character of a little over 600 men. As the Free Stater, like the Transvaaler, is all but born with a gun in his hand, and he has a racial passion for the hunt and for life on the veldt, and as he is always a good horseman, he requires little training to convert him into an effective fighting machine.

Hitherto it has been the custom for English officers to sneer at the Boer as a soldier and his lack of organization. But the Boer has vindicated himself, as Great Britain knows to her sorrow. He has no gold buttons and no scarlet coat and glittering trappings, but the whole souled enthusiasm and the dauntless courage with which he has always responded to his country's call, his keen ingenuity and indomitable pluck in the field have won for him the reputation of being the best fighter of modern times. His fighting may not be scientific warfare. It has, however, the supreme justification of success wherever, at least, he has had what the soldier calls "a fighting chance."

One remarkable feature of the Boer armies is the fact that they have no bands. The soldiers of the veldts go into action and make and receive their charges without the inspiring strains of music to urge them on. What the British gets from life and drum the Boer gets from hymn singing. In charging they come on in a scattered and apparently confused manner which is not disorder, but only their natural method. When they retreat, each man must save himself, and it looks very much like a rout, though they may have by no means lost their heads. But this Boer method of fighting will lead to the reorganization of European mil-

itary methods. Properly selected and well handled irregular horse is the most mobile element in an army. The British have found this out. They have seen that they are too slow and stiff, too dependent on their commissariat. Where a Boer commando could cover a given distance in four or five days the best disciplined corps in the British army could not do it in twice that time. So the rest of the world is learning from the Boer.

WILSON G. LOWELL.

HE RODE IN A STREET CAR.

A good story of the czar's love of simplicity is now going the rounds of St. Petersburg. A certain lieutenant, as popular as he was hard up, was one day noticed by a brother officer who had a grudge against him riding in a street car in uniform. In hot haste he hailed a cab and, driving to the barracks, informed his superiors. The officers were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, when the unsuspecting lieutenant strolled in a few minutes later.

In brief terms he was informed that an officer who could degrade his uniform by riding in a common car was a disgrace to his regiment, and they gave him the option of sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the hapless subaltern chose the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, Nicholas got wind of the affair, and, without delaying a moment, donned his uniform of the regiment in question and, snatching out of his palace, hailed a car, and, entering it, sat calmly down till it stopped in front of the barracks.

It so happened that a major of the regiment was entering the building as the czar descended from the car, so going up to the astonished officer, he said calmly, "Call the officers."

This was done in a few moments. Then the czar exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have just heard that you have ordered Lieutenant D. to send in his papers because he was seen riding in a street car. Now, gentlemen, I am your colonel, and, as you see, in full regiments. I have ridden from the palace here in one, and I do not intend to send in my papers, but want to know if you intend to cashier me."

"Sir," replied the major nervously, acting as spokesman for the abashed officers, "your majesty could never commit an indiscretion, inasmuch as the czar of all the Russias cannot err. Your majesty could never disgrace your uniform!"

"Then, gentlemen," answered the czar, with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment even if he, like me, does ride in street cars!"

SMALL ITEMS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Labouchere is authority for the statement that Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George Stewart White were opposed to Great Britain's attempt to coerce the South African Republic.

All wires from the seat of war are subjected to a strict official censorship, based mainly on two rules. One rule is that no intimation of deaths in the field

shall be allowed to pass until such deaths have been announced by the authorities. The other strictly forbids the cabling of any information regarding the movements of troops.

One of the most daring dispatch riders in the Transvaal war is Mr. W. Cummings, on whose head the Boers have set a price of \$1,500. On one occa-

sion this intrepid rider crept for nearly 30 miles on his hands and knees with dispatches through a part of the country swarming with the enemy and successfully reached his destination.

The wound inflicted by a Mauser bullet, the missile mostly used by Boers, is quite circular and much smaller than the end of a lead pencil. When a man is hit by one of these bullets, he feels no pain or shock. But a stupid sensa-

tion and a strange singing in the ears are felt, which render the majority of soldiers unconscious.

The mule used for the mountain artillery in the Transvaal has special training for stability. It is his duty to help to carry to high and difficult places the 7 pounder screw guns. This screw gun is so called because it is in two parts, each weighing 75 or 100 pounds. Each half is entrusted to a mule, and

the two parts are joined together in a second. The carriage is brought on the back of another mule, and others bring the ammunition.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

Two hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

Two hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

Two hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a

Two hundred and fifty officers and men only serve in the state artillery of the Orange Free State. Like the artilleryists of Pretoria, they undergo training from imported gunners and officers and are duly prepared to go out and assume command of different bodies of unorganized burghers who have been "commandeered" by the field cornets.

Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a