

# WAR CORRESPONDENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Some of the Brave Fellows to Whom the Newspaper Reading Public Is Indebted For Daily Reports of the Stirring Incidents of the Boer-  
British Struggle.

**S**OUTH AFRICA, just at the present time, holds half a hundred fuming, fretting, swearing, disappointed and heartbroken war correspondents. Some of them are here in Cape Town, some are scattered about "up country."

The struggle going on at present between the Boers and the Britishers is not proving the journalistic Klondike that was expected. This is not because there is any dearth of good news or attractive literary material. In fact, it is lying around loose, heaps and heaps of it. But not one word can be sent out of the country. The British military authorities control the two cables which constitute the only avenues of communication with the rest of the world, and so the war correspondent can do nothing but sit on his haunches and swear and wait for the censorship to be removed or the slow going mail steamers to carry his belated dispatches homeward.

The censorship that has been established here at Cape Town is very strict indeed. Practically no news is now allowed to go through, excepting, of course, the official reports of the different officers and the messages to and from the war office in London. When it is remembered that men, some of the most brilliant men in the world, have come thousands of miles to behold the different sights to be seen during

the campaign and to report on the same, yet after arriving here have been completely and absolutely muzzled, their exasperation, as well as that of their editors, may be realized.

But the outbreak will come in time. The wait has been a long one, but when once that censorship is removed there will be many a hair raising story to go to England and America. Today notebooks are full to bursting. The dramatic and tragic incidents of the campaign have been innumerable, and all that the war correspondent asks for now is a chance to unload. When he unloads, look out for him!

While a few of the correspondents have come back disconsolately to Cape Town from the front, knowing they could be of no service to their paper during a war when they were forbidden the use of the telegraph, the great majority of the writers and artists who have been sent down here by the great dailies and weeklies are staying right up in the thick of the fighting, getting all the experience there is to be got and filling notebooks and plate boxes with scenes and glimpses and anecdotes of the battlefield that will be worth good gold to them in time to come.

The few American correspondents who are knocking about the Cape at the present time find, or probably have found, that the British officer is far more strict with the newspaper man at the front than was the American officer during the Spanish-American war. The English war correspondent is looked upon as practically a fixed member of the army staff and at the front takes rank as an officer in drawing food for himself and provender for his horse. While he is at the front, too, he is as thoroughly under military law as though he were a Tommy Atkins on the firing line, and he finds it necessary to obey every order of his superior officers unless he wants to get in trouble and perhaps be hustled off home or put in irons.

This attitude of the British officer toward the correspondent was well exemplified during Lord Kitchener's recent campaign in the Sudan. In the midst of the sirdar's advance and just after the bombardment of Metemneh all war correspondents were peremptorily ordered back. This order came just when the campaign was reaching its most interesting and striking phase. Every newspaper man in the sirdar's army was made to scuttle back home, or at least to Suakin or Cairo, just when they wanted most to see what was going on.

Although the correspondent in South Africa has been muzzled, he has not yet been sent back from the firing line. Never before has a campaign been car-

ried on under such microscopic inspection from the eye of expert and critic and correspondent than this same South African struggle. Although little has yet been said, every move is being watched, every advance criticized, and when it is all over there will be a heap of comment and discussion about just what Buller should have done here, and French should have done there, and White in some other place, and Gatene in still another.

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panied the Greek army in its brief but glorious campaign against Turkey, and during this war used the cinematograph for the first time in the history of campaigning. He also here introduced for the first time the bicycle as a feature in European warfare. Last year he accompanied the sirdar on his advance up the Nile and was present at the bloody engagement at Omdurman. Now he is seeking fresh laurels in the present struggle against the Boers, and, although the reports he has been able to send back to his home paper have been pitifully meager, it is expected that there will be a Villiers book out on the Boer-British campaign, before many months have come and gone.

Another equally well known war writer and artist who is waiting to distinguish himself at the front is the old warhorse, Melton Prior, whose pictures of the opening scenes of the campaign have already aroused a great deal of comment. They have been appearing in The Sketch and the London Illustrated News, from which, it is reported here, they have been widely copied in American papers. Melton Prior has represented these two publications

little failings of the great American correspondent. He takes delight in advertising himself, it is claimed, and it must be confessed he has been brilliantly successful at this, since he has had himself captured by the Boers, has displayed great coolness and bravery under a galling fire during the attack on the armored train when he was cut off, and since has escaped from the captors, and is, it is reported, again made prisoner. All these escapades have united to make Churchill the most picturesque figure in journalistic circles at the front. Just where he is at present is impossible to tell, though it is likely as not he will give the Boers the slip before long. He is a cool specimen of humanity, and every one who knows him feels quite assured that he will make himself comfortable wherever he may be and will busy himself gathering up news no matter where the Boers have quartered him off.

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Another clever reporter who came to Africa on the same paper with Winston Churchill is E. F. Knight. Mr. Knight, however, is now here in Cape Town nursing a wounded stump of a right arm, for a Boer bullet at Belmont made amputation necessary. Knight is well known here as a reckless sort of daredevil who would go anywhere for a bit of news or face anything for a scoop for his paper. During the Spanish-American war he was The Times' reporter in Cuba, and his letters to London describing that campaign attracted much attention, as will be remembered. Knight is by no means a greenhorn at the fighting business, for his military experiences extend back to about 20 years ago, when he accompanied the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Since then this writer has chronicled the fortunes of the comedies and the tragedies of many campaigns in different quarters of this big world, including such expeditions as the Hunza-Nagar operation, the Matabele rebellion, the French expedition into Madagascar, the Sudan expedition and the Greco-Turkish struggle. Naturally his different reports of such

vance up the Nile, being one of those correspondents who were peremptorily sent back from Metemneh by General Kitchener.

When, early in the war, a Mr. Thiele, who said he represented the London Weekly Graphic, arrived in Cape Town, he was the source of a good deal of amusement. The general smile which he aroused was caused by his outfit, which was large and elaborate enough to set up a dozen professional photographers in business. Never before had a correspondent been sent to the front with such an equipment. Huge cameras, boxes of plates, almost tons of apparatus were in his outfit, and all of these he hastened off to the front with, bent on getting photographs of every possible engagement. The result is that he has secured hundreds of striking and valuable snapshots of different engagements and incidents of the battlefield. These are unique in their way, for never before have military maneuvers been so pictured. It is said they will have a value of their own because of the light they will throw on the methods of different officers and regiments under fire and will be considered by the home officials of the war office. These pictures will cost the London Graphic a nice, tidy little sum, but will undoubtedly be a profitable investment for that paper in the end in view of the advertising which will result from such enterprise. In fact, it must be confessed that all war correspondence is a very expensive item on a newspaper's account book. But, notwithstanding this, all large papers are ready and willing to pay for experts to gather war news for them, realizing that the people will quickly see just which paper is giving the best news service. In this way many new or second class papers have been built up in a very short while. A striking example of this is the case of the London Daily Mail, which published the war letters of the correspondent G. W. Stevens. Although it cost many a good pound to secure Stevens and his letters, it was found to be money well invested, for the owners of The Daily Mail soon found their paper being quoted all over the land and their circulation jumping up by the thousands. And, while the correspondent often makes famous his paper, the paper, on the other hand, often makes the correspondent. Some ambitious and energetic young fellow is given an unlimited expense account, the prestige of a metropolitan paper and the opportunity to show how he can describe great and stirring events. If his letters are good

## The Wealth of Pope Leo XIII.

Perhaps it is hardly reverent to mention the pope in the same breath as Mrs. John Gilpin, but in one point he strongly resembles her. Like her, he possesses "a frugal mind."

His predecessor, Pope Pius IX, was as open handed a man as one would imagine him to be from the very sight of the pleasant, smiling face, so familiar to all from his portraits. He loved to make people happy, and therefore, though he received an immense number of valuable presents, he generally found that somebody needed them far more than he needed them himself. If a priest came to him and told him that his altar needed decoration, Pope Pius would make him happy by giving him a picture for it, or a charity needed funds, and a Lazarar would be held with that object, the pope would contribute a beautiful jeweled cross or some other valuable to be raffled off.

But the "frugal mind" of Pope Leo XIII does not prompt him to act in this way, and consequently he has amassed enough valuable presents to fill a museum, and his jewels are famous for their worth and beauty. He is the owner of the largest diamond in the world, and this, oddly enough, was given to him by that staunch Protestant, President Kruger. It is valued at \$1,000,000.

Among the pope's treasures are 30 thousand set in diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, and one of gold, thickly studded with diamonds and topazes which shoot out rays of white and orange light. Then he has 100 rings, one of the most magnificent being a present from the sultan. This ring contains a marvellously beautiful blue diamond and is valued at \$100,000. Of gold crosses the pope has no less than 318, set with all kinds of precious stones. Besides 1,200 chalices and 900 ostensories for the exposition of the host, he possesses 18 pastoral staves, all these things being of richly chased silver or of gold and adorned with diamonds, emeralds, rubies or other precious stones.

The pope also possesses a number of statues of gold and silver, those representing the Blessed Virgin having crowns of the richest jewels. Besides all these jewels there are a thousand other valuables—statues, pictures, porcelain, etc.

The pope is said to have amassed \$20,000,000, the greater part of which is in the Bank of England and the rest in various state banks. He is considered by Romans to be an excellent financier and an accomplished diplomat. Not only has he entirely freed the holy see from debt, but every year there is a good surplus.

### HONEST MEN'S OATHS.

"You can't believe an honest man on oath," remarked an old postal clerk as he finished his run. "I recently had a curious experience that proves it. As an Illinois Central train was ready to put out one afternoon with our mail car on the end a fine looking old gentleman came running along the platform. I was standing on the steps of the car."

"Are you a mail clerk?" he asked hurriedly, and, finding I was, said: "Well, here, I wish you'd take these letters for me. I was so anxious to be sure they got off in this train I wouldn't trust a messenger, but brought them down myself. The one to Mobile is very important."

"He handed me three letters. Now, it's a curious fact that nine times out of ten a man will hand letters to a mail clerk with the address on the underside. They seem to think we have no business to read the address, as if mail wouldn't arrive at the right place if we didn't. I took the letters and turned 'em over."

"You say that the Mobile letter is important?" I shouted.

"Yes, very."

"Well, it hasn't a stamp on it!"

"Young man," the old fellow remarked as he looked at the envelope, "I would have sworn that I remembered licking that stamp and sticking it on!"

"That's the way it goes," continued the clerk. "A man can't trust his own senses. A few years ago a registered package was missing from the mails between a town down in the center of the state and Chicago. The postmaster at the small town, a judge and a prominent citizen, swore that he put the package in the mail pouch. An investigation was commenced, and his affidavit was forwarded to Washington."

"What have you to say to that?" the inspector demanded of the clerk who should have handled the package.

"Nothing, sir, except that the package wasn't in the pouch," replied the clerk. About a week after that, when it looked pretty blue for the clerk, the postmaster overhauled his desk. Right on top, under an accumulation of newspapers, was the package which the postmaster swore he remembered putting into the mail sack."

### HIS QUEER CATCH.

One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had was that at Moosehead lake recently by a sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's fishing in the quick water below and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on his right hand, a little eddy he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine it. He found that it was an old molasses barrel and was lying so that he could see the bung.

Of course, the barrel was full of water, and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired, and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and saved a piece out of the top of the barrel near the hole. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds and was one of the handsomest square tails caught in that section this year.

One of the guides said that the trout must have got into the barrel when quite small and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken up their abode inside.

a place as a tonic among foods. A noted physician has made extensive experiments with the juice as a medicine and he says that as a health preservative it is unequalled.

A new union of beer wagon drivers in Brooklyn has received a charter from the National Union of Brewery Workers.



ents now knocking about the Cape and have just realized the number of famous men who have been watching the war. Of all the correspondents now in South Africa Frederic Villiers is perhaps the most illustrious. This veteran war artist and writer has made his name familiar with all readers of military literature for the last 20 years. Mr. Villiers is not yet quite 50 years of age, but a life of adventure and hardship has made him a prematurely old man. As early as 1876 he went to Serbia during the war there for the London Graphic, and it is worth noting that today he is representing the same publication here in South Africa. He was also with the Russians during their invasion of Turkey in 1877 and went along with Lord Charles Beresford in the Concor in 1882. During the following year he was invited to Moscow by Alexander III and was present at Abu Klea in 1885. His next assignment was the Chinese-Japanese war, being with the Japanese army during the battle of Ping Yang, and also participating in the march on and the taking of Port Arthur in 1894.

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panied the Greek army in its brief but glorious campaign against Turkey, and during this war used the cinematograph for the first time in the history of campaigning. He also here introduced for the first time the bicycle as a feature in European warfare. Last year he accompanied the sirdar on his advance up the Nile and was present at the bloody engagement at Omdurman. Now he is seeking fresh laurels in the present struggle against the Boers, and, although the reports he has been able to send back to his home paper have been pitifully meager, it is expected that there will be a Villiers book out on the Boer-British campaign, before many months have come and gone.

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scenes have given him material for many books, all of which are popular enough in England, but not quite so well known in America.

Another of the old warhorses who have been ranged by the press censor here is Earl de la Warr, who came out to South Africa as the special correspondent for the London Globe. I have been trying to find out something about his personality and history, but have never yet had a glimpse of him, as he is now somewhere up country. I find, however, that Earl de la Warr is still a young man of some 30 years and a second son of the late Earl de la Warr, whom he succeeded in 1896. When he was only 20 years old, he made a trip to the west coast of Australia on a 70-ton yacht and showed his love of adventure by engaging in the pearl fishery business in southern waters. This is his first experience as a war correspondent at the front, though he has seen a bit of bush fighting in Australia on the south coast.

The Daily Graphic, the London paper which probably prints more war pictures than any other publication, is well represented at the front. Its most prominent man here is W. F. Maud, who for over four years has represented The Graphic in various parts of the world and may fairly be considered as an old campaigner, though he is still a young man beside Villiers and Melton Prior. Mr. Maud's first foreign service for The Daily Graphic was undertaken toward the close of 1895, when the crisis in Turkey was at its height and the powers were doing their best to force the sultan to redress the sufferings of the Armenians. The Graphic pictures of the oppressed Armenians which Maud sent home to England were among the most moving contributions sent to the press on the subject and established his reputation in his native land as a keen observer and an able artist. Then he went to witness the Cretan civil war, and some time later went to Armenia. His second trip was carried out amid many perils, and he was forced to go through the affected territory in disguise, and with no small difficulty. Then came the Greco-Turkish war, which found Maud hastening to the front to watch operations from the Greek side, where he witnessed all the principal engagements. After this he went to the Sudan and accompanied the sirdar in his ad-

and prove anyway popular, they are sure to be sought after by some publisher later and brought out in book form. This means more notoriety and more money for the correspondent. His risks in the field, it is true, are great, but to the man who survives the dangers and diseases of camp life behind the firing line await fame and fortune. "What's a man got blood for but to spill, anyway?" as George Lynch, the dashing young Irish war writer for the London Illustrated News said to me not long ago. But it is not often, after all, that the correspondent spills his blood. His greatest danger comes from the tendency to spill his ink. Just at the present time, though, the war writer in South Africa is being too carefully watched by the censor to have any such danger as that hang over him.

HERBERT W. EUSTON.  
Cape Town, South Africa.

### THE KAISER'S FAVORITE WINES.

The Kaiser has one of the heartiest appetites in a nation of huge eaters, though he is very sparing with his drinks, like his grandfather before him. His favorite wine is hook or moselle—two very different things, though they are often confounded—and these he generally mixes with mineral water. When the hottest fit of Chauvinism was on him, after ascending the throne, he forbade the use not only of French words on his menus, but also of French wines.

But the Kaiser has now become less exclusive in the wines he offers his guests, having perceived that the boycotting of French champagne would only tend to exaggerate the feelings of a vanquished nation and retard its reconciliation to the accomplished facts of 1870-1. At the same time, though occasionally admitting French wines to his table, he still rigidly excludes French words from his bills of fare. But the French still retain the sovereignty over the stomachs of men and monarchs, and there is a French chef in the imperial kitchen at Berlin.

Their majesties rarely or never lunch or dine without several guests, and these are of a far more varied and miscellaneous order than are ever admitted to the table of Queen Victoria. The Kaiser has little time for reading books, but he is a great reader of minds, a diligent picker of the brains of men. His majesty possesses—even Bismarck frankly admitted this—a remarkable faculty of assimilation, and he is the greatest questioner of his time. But, though also one of the best talkers of his day, he is nevertheless a wonderfully good listener, which is one of the rarest qualities of clever men.

were introduced, the French streams were practically deserted.

In London newspaper ingenuity is being exercised in the attempt to discover a word for wireless telegraphy. The suggestions include "wavywriting," "undigraphy," "atmography" and "magnoelectrography."

The tomato is now definitely assigned

### ABOUT MEN AND THINGS.

High heels originated in Persia, where they were worn to raise the feet from the burning sands.

Joseph Gray Mitchell of Indianapolis has made a composite photograph of the greatest of the Madonnas painted during the last 200 years. This has

been a work of great labor, but the resulting face is said to be one of marvellous beauty. The first copy has been ordered for the Congressional library.

Greek divers have discovered treasure in a Russian flagship sunk in Greek waters in 1770. Gold coins to the value

of \$55,000 have already been recovered, and the divers report great stores of silver and jewels, which the storms of a century have washed out from the bulk of the old wreck.

Moses Thatcher, the Salt Lake city millionaire, who has started a 40,000 acre cattle ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico, though a man of good family and edu-

cation, began life as a ranch hand, and at one time was considered the best cattle expert in the west.

The top of a desk from Norwich university, Vermont, in which Admiral Dewey had cut his name when a student there sold in Boston the other day for \$25.

The cost of operating the great

steamship Oceanic is between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a month. The extreme earning capacity of the Oceanic is about \$30,000 a month.

A shipment of American black bass was made to France, and they have flourished so marvelously that today they are common articles of diet in the hotels and restaurants. When the bass

are introduced, the French streams