# LD EQUIPMENT OF A BRITISH SOLDIER

mportance of Invisibility Has Been Duly Recognized and Has Entered Into Designs

and P lans

ndent of the London Times. ed much training in generalship, have at least taught us valuable lessons in the no less important art of campaigning. enough, to surprise a mobile enemy ra a strange country, or to carry strong defenpositions with relatively small atcking forces, we have rather overlooked success in matters almost as vital as generalship itself. That no other nation could so expeditiously have despatched a corsiderable army across 6,000 miles of sen may be taken for granted. But it is quite probable that no other nation would have made such admirable arrangements once sent to the front or for the treatment of the wounded after a battle, or have equipped its soldiers so serviceably for the task of fighting and campaigning. On the whole, the British soldier is very well equipped. Khaki is an excellent fighting color and almost invisible against the ordinary background of the South African veldt at any distance over 800 yards. The puttee is a better marching legging than any form of gaiter; it is a little clumsy to put on, but it supports the calf and never gets hopelessly sodden and shapeless, as a leather gaiter does by prolonged immersion in water or mud. The flannel shirt and cardigan vest which go under the khaki, as well as the greatcoat which goes over it, would serve to keep the soldier warm in almost any climate, and have certainly proved sufficient in South Africa. Still there are various points with regard to which the experience of this war goes to show that improvements might well be ef-

## IMPORTANCE OF INVISIBILITY.

The great lesson taught by this war-a war fought with modern firearms, and, as a rule, on open ground—is the enormous importance of invisibility. At the distance at which prodern rifle fire is effective a little precaution is quite sufficient to make men almost invisible to the naked eye except when standing up against the sky line. The conditions of such invisibility are determined by a few elementary optical rules. The general effect of a soldier's uniform and equipment at long range should be neutral colored and as much as possible blurred against the background. It should present no bright gleaming spots of metal such as polished buttons, buckor tin pannikins. In strong sunshine any bright metallic object, however small. is visible for hundreds of yards after the khaki uniform has become invisible.

The field equipment of the British sol- end to is the historic red coat of the Britiser is a very different thing to-day from | ish soldier. It is absurd that our soldiers and volunteers should wear a uniform many little wars, if they have not afford- England or France just as much as in South Africa. At the same time the exigencies of recruiting for a voluntary army demand something smarter than plain Amid our failures, unexpected yet natural | dingy khaki. That such smartness can be combined with a generally neutral colored uniform is shown by many of our volunteer regiments and by the Australian troops. There would not be the least difficulty in devising a large variety of smart uniforms practically as invisible as khaki at any distance over 200 yards. All that is necessary is that certain elementary optical rules regarding the blending of colors should be observed, and that no separate patch of bright color should exceed a certain size. The same thing will have to apply to the kilt. No one wishes to ao

away with the Highlander's kilt. It is a first-rate uniform for marching, especially for hill climbing, and its thick folds round the body render it a warm and healthy costume for sleeping out at night. But to wear the kilt in its present form is simply to court death. The dark patch it presents is easily visible at ranges where khaki trousers and puttees have long ago become indistinguishable from the background. In this war the Highland regiments have been wearing ridiculous-looking improvised aprons of khaki, but these have been no protection to them when lying flat on their faces. But it is by no means necessary that in future all Highland regiments should be reduced to wearing khaki kilts. All that is wanted is a tartan with a somewhat lighter ground color, whose general effect at a distance should be that of khaki. It ought not to be beyond the capacity of some authority versed in tartan lore to devise a safe and yet perfectly correct service tartan for each Highland regiment. The old tartan might be preserved for officers' full dress and parade uniforms.

A similar application of optical rules will be necessary in the case of officers' uniforms. This war had lasted but a very few days before our commanders re alized that, unless they wished to lose all their officers in the first few engagements of the campaign, it was essential that they should discard swords, cross belts, and in fact everything that could distinguish them of modern business, from the common soldier. But, important though it is that the officers should do everything to avoid being picked off unnecessarily by the enemy's sharpshooters, it is no less important that soldiers should | will go back be able easily to recognize their officers. Nothing conduces more easily to a rout of regular soldiers than any uncertainty as to the whereabouts of their officers. But, the withdrawal of a vast number of women

ful to him on the march and during or after a battle. It is a good sign of the times that the Imperial Yeomanry are to wear, not tunics, but Norfork jackets. The soldier's baggage has been the matter of so much expert study and experiment that would be rash to offer much criticism. But to the ordinary layman it would seem that the system of strapping miscellaneous paraphernalia round the soldier might be simplified. A comprehensive Rucksack like that carried by Swiss guides, and hung well in the small of the back, ought to carry all the impedimenta of an infantry soldier except his greatcoat. The haversack should be done away with, and such rations as a soldier would want to take when going out to action in light kit without his Rucksack he might very well stuff into his pockets. If the haversack is kept, however, it should be made stronger. There have been frequent complaints of

haversacks being unequal to the strain which Tommy Atkins puts upon them. The question of officers' uniform has already been touched on. Of course the extra risk attaching to officers can never be done away with by similarity of equipment. An officer has to stay a little behind the first line to keep courted of his hind the firing line to keep control of his men, and he is obliged to move out of cover more frequently for the same rea-But the risk can be greatly minim-The most striking revolution in ofequipment due to this war is the abolition of the sword. Its utter uselessness in modern infantry fighting ought to have been realized long ago, but there was no military reformer bold enough to carry out its abolition into practice. Now, lowever, it is to be hoped the sword will disappear for good and all, even from the parade ground, to join the halberd, mace, attle-axe, and other primitive weapons. The officer of the future will carry a rifle like the private, and will have to be a crack shot. In addition to his rifle he will also have the bayonet, and perhaps a revolver. The most important weapon of the officer, however, is his field-glass. Every officer, and not only every officer but every sergeant and corporal, should have a good pair of field-glasses. Artillery officers, and at least one officer in every infantry company or cavalry troop, should

have a telescope as well. Some of the above suggestions may well rpear revolutionary to those accustomed the conservative ways of the British They are not half as revolutionary as the changes in the whole education, spirit, and system of that army which will have to be carried out to make it add quate to meet the requirements of the fu-

## BUSINESS WOMAN'S FUTURE.

The Retirement of Women from Business Is a Cause for Congratulation.

ction of a pair of aulminium if it is impossible to distinguish the ot- from duties for which they were never in- glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, s'out of their case will provoke ficer by his accourrements, there is no reatended, and from a commercial atmosphere and—well, she would not let herself think.

All the doors in the couridor were still closed, all except mother's. She had left hers ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had called her name. But Bob had not called; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink, and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pictures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gallant figure of Bob himself on the mantelpiece, photographed in full uni-

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose soft-ly, slipped on her dressing gown and slippers and stole along the corridor to Bobs

Bob lay, six foot of British manhood,

yellow haired, straight limbed, deep clested, sound asleep. , The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrapnel, rifle and bayonet In thousands, and now they lay around him like corn after the sickle, and Bob smiled and awoke, and saw mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; yet to-day something stirred in his breast, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his

"My baby-my boy!" mother murmured "Oh, my darling!" Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it-not a little bit; and as soon as he could he wriggled himself free and

said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning Psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had-it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kassed him again, and went; and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that ray about the floor. Then he took up has Giengarry, and putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly-fledged subaltern of twenty years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat

Having adjusted the cap at every con-ceivable angle, he replaced it and continued his toillet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty minutes saw him fully attired, immaculate in a brand new suit, and the stiffest and highest of

Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much, and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her walst

"Nearly time to be off," he cried, with almost brutal cheerfulness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob, He was a dear hero; but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone,



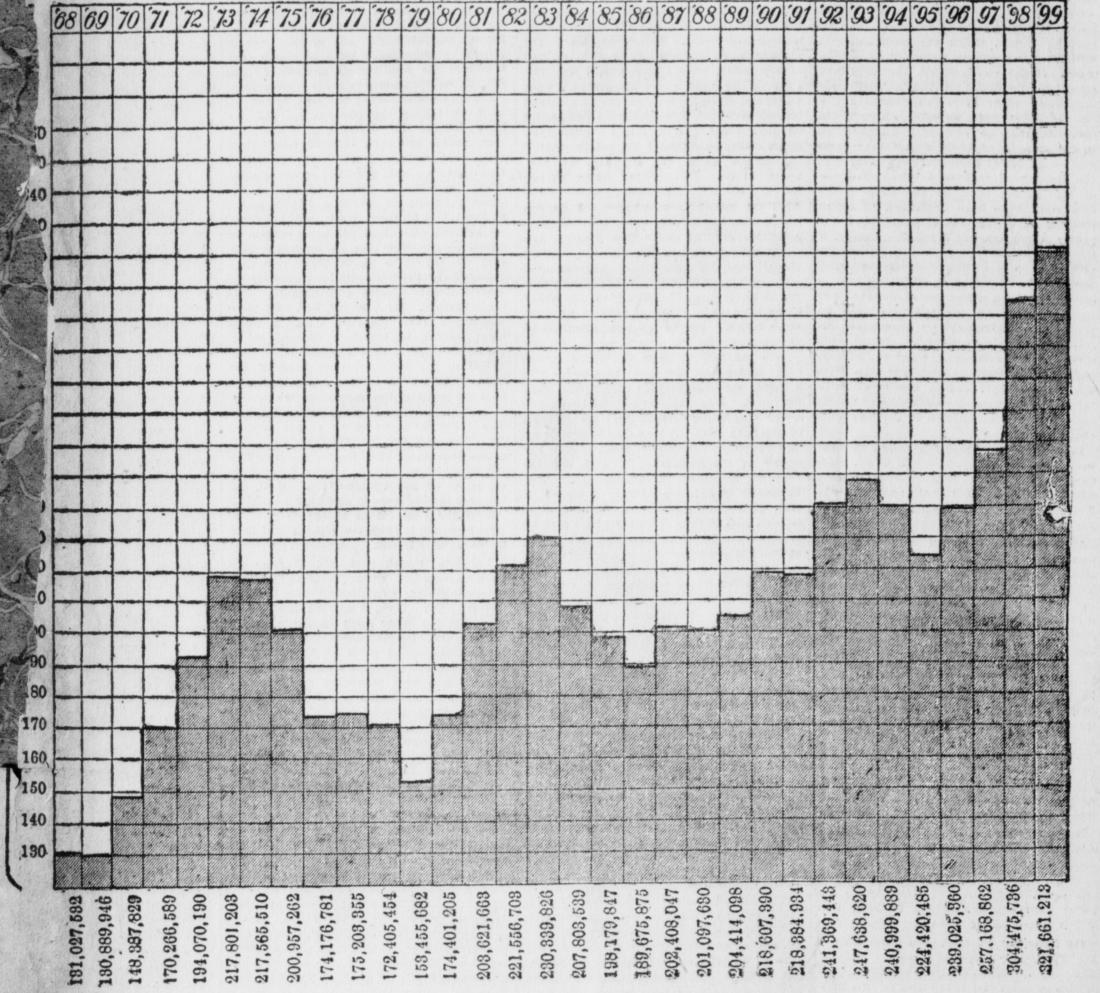
# MYSTIFYING THE OLD MAN.

CHARLEY TUPPER-"I want to draw your attention to the fact Mr. Bull that the preferential tariff favor you get from Canada is utterly worthless and visionary."

GEORGE FOSTER-" And to remind you that you should grant us a substantial favor in return for it."

TOTAL TRADE FOR YEARS ENDED JUNE 30TH, 18-

(DIAGRAM IN CONNECTION WITH BUDGET SPEECH OF HON. W. S. FIELDING, MINISTER OF FINANCE, SESSION OF 1900.)



a perfect hail of bullets from trenches a mile off, while an uncovered tin water botbeen, no doubt, responsible for many straight shots. Still more fatal has been the dark green kilt, which proved such an excellent target to the Boers at Elands-langte and Magersfontein. Even small patches or bands, if of a different material from the rest of the uniform and reflecting the light in a different manner, such as the polished leather of an officer's Sam Browne belt or the black strap of rifle regiments, attract attention at considerable distance. In fact, it is an open question whether leather had not better be ousted altogether from the soldier's equipment in favor of other material for belts, shoulder straps, and even cartridge pouches. Leather is expensive, heavy, and, when once wetted and dried again, stiff and uncomfortable. Whether polished or pipeclayed, it requires a lot of attention to keep smart, and thereby at once becomes dangerous.

UNIFORM ALL ONE COLOR. But it is not essential to invisibility that the soldier's uniform should be all of one color. It would be quite possible to clothe soldiers in all the colors of the rainbow, provided no one stripe exceeded, say, one inch in width. The general effect at a distance would be a neutral grey due to the blending of the different colors. There are a dozen or more combinations of different colors whose general effect at long range would be practically the same as that of khaki. This optical fact has a very direct bearing on the practical question of the soldier's uniform. One of the

ret things that this war ought to put an

their helmets shot through several times, have taken them off and preferred running the risk of sunstroke incurred by lying for hours under an African sun. Then, again, the projecting fore peak of the helmet prevents the soldier from sying really flat, as he ought to when cover is low, and forces him to rick his neck in trying to get a view of the enemy. The felt hat can be simply pushed on to the back of the head and lies there flat and perfectly invisible, while at the same time it protects the neck from the sun. It is also lighter, more comfortable and cheaper. With regard to other details of the sol dier's dress, everything should be easy fitting, for comfort and not for show. The old notions of smartness and stiffness, de- principles." rived from days when men stood or advanced shoulder to shoulder like a stone wall, the days of Fontenoy and Waterloo, must give way to modern notions of util ity. The modern soldier's uniform must be the one in which he can most conveniently walk, run, or climb, and which he be abolished in favor of a loose roll collar, which, as in the smart uniforms of

PLENTY OF POCKETS.

distinguishable at distances up to 200 yards by differences of pattern or arrangement perament. It can be most definitely stated thought-of ommissions would be gnosts to Broad patches of color differing markedly from the background or from the rest of the uniform are no less dangerous. The dark greatcoat shows very plainly on the soldier's back when lying down, and has been no doubt responsible. In many instances in rewomen have seldom risen above subordinate positions, and argue the question as we will, the standard of wages has unquestionably been perceptibly lowered. This ulone has kept numberless young men from marriage. Again, it has certainly done the health of women no good: on the contrary, it has filled our rest-cures, sanitariums and hospitals to the doors. It has been an unnatural condition of affairs. But, like all movements, it has worked its good upon the home. Upon that it has had a most salutary effect, and it is impossible to overestimate its farreaching and beneficial influence in that respect. As in all other things in life, we move n a circle, and we generally return to the point whence we started: back to first

> A writer in the London Chronicle, giving ome personal memories of Mr. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," says he could not bear with patience any praise of that can wear with least discomfort day and book. All the world has been told that night-for a week or more on end, if need "Lorna Doone" is his greatest work, the It should fit loosely, especially at the | work in which his fame will live, "but," The upright collar should certainly says the writer, "strange to say, in as far as his gentle nature was capable of irritation, he almost resented the mere mention the Italian army, can be combined by of-ficers with a white collar in times of peace.
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> The process of the book. Once I inquired of him was there really a Jan Ridd? 'Oh, yes,' he said, whereupon one of the housemaids, who was filling his pipe anew. 'And was he the a witness of the scene, hurried off to the A soldier's clothes should have plenty na Doone?" 'Certainly not, said Mr. Blackof pockets in which to stow provisions or more, 'he was a coarse brute.'

> son why he should not be made plainly which, in reality, is distasteful to the sensi- | She wished she had been kinder to Bob in watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought her mind. Bob with a revolver in nis hand-yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the fee; dauntless, wounded, bloodydying-dying! With a little cry sne rose to her feet. Bob, who had been taking careful aim at

hegas globe, turned at the sound. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "what's up, Nell? You ook as if you had seen a ghost. Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward!" "I believe you got he cried teasingly. funky at the sight of this revolver.' Nell stopped short on her way to the loor, then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing;

then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went downstairs. In the hall Perkins, the man-servant, met him, and hurried forward with a scared face. "Oh, sir," he cried reproachfully, "you shouldn't, really, sir! I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir," he said pa-

thetically, as he took the case and port-manteau from Bob's hands. "Oh, it is all right, Perkins," Bob anskitchen below.
"He's down," she exclaimed breathlessly

"a-carrying of his own portmanteau and

looking as handsome and cheerful for all then, my boy," he said. the world as if he was a-going to be mar- "Rather, sir!" answered Bob; "we shall ried, instead of off to the war.

"Poor dear !" said cook, as she turned the chops; "poor innocent dear !"
Perkins hurried down at this moment. "To think," he cried tragically, "as he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wage sooner than this 'ere should have happened. Supposing he's killed, and I've got to re-member that he waited on hisself the last

"Ain't he cheerful!" said Mary, the housemaid. "He don't look as if he meant to be killed." "Oh! they none of 'em mean to be killed, but that don't make bullets blank cart-

ridges," Perkins answered grimly.
In the meantime mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout .. Once, though, her lips had trembied; that was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then lov-ing pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave -brave and true; and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing-room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, only she was just a little nurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But, after all, she thought he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he had looked up at her with round eyes of wonder; then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesi-tated a moment, he had thrown back his little head, and, with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving, waiting arms. And new-now-... She brushed aside her tears, for she heard fa-

ther coming. Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth, he had thought mother downstairs. had been trying to remember, that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily, whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing-table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her

"Humph!" exclaimed father, "so you have not gone down?" and his voice was not conciliatory, for he felt that everyone that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone; she put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled ,and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd bootsa buttoned and a laced-up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision, to thus be-tray himself. But there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh, how mother lov-ed him for it! He had been such a stoic, too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways, but thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He cared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature, and stood for moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently mother, on her way downstairs, tapped at the dressing room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it; I have put it down out-

and went downstairs.

At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic-his luck at being sent to the front-would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the far-off land. The tender face of mother, smiling bravely from behind the bubbling, steaming urn; urious room, with its handsome pictures; the broad bow window, from which he could see the dear old garden where he had played as a child: the loving eyes of an equilateral triangle, with the angle trun-Nell beaming upon his across the table. Yes, home was home, although he was the luckiest subaltern in the service. By and by the trap was at the door, and the servants gathered in the hall to wish him good luck and God-speed. Bob shook hands with them all and thanked them, and then he stood with mother in the parch-alone. He could not see her face distinctly for the mist across his eyes, and the next moment he and father were walking quickly down the drive along which the dogcart was going slowly for ward to await them at the gates beyond. Father remarked that the new gamekeeper was giving satisfaction, and that there feet high. These will be surmounted by was every prospect of the covers yielding better sport the next autumn. tion of the entrance. The length of the "We shall have you home again before frieze on each side of the portal will be

not take long to settle this little af-

fair.'

At the lodge the gamekeeper's four boys were standing in a row. They had three cornered paper hats on their heads, and wooden swords in their heads, and they greeted Bob with sundry salutes and hurrahs. And Bob laughed, and gave them a penny each. "You must keep up your drilling," he sald. "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by and by. And then the gate was opened, and Bob climbed to the back seat of the cart. Far away at the house something fluttered white from a window, and Bob took out his handkerchief and signalled back again. Then the boys cheered afresh, and the

trap turned into the lane, and home was already a thing of the past. As they drove through the village there was not a doorway that had not someone standing on the threshold to bid him God-

"Tis the young squire off to the war," they cried one to the other, and the men's eyes flashed and their voices rose; but the women's eyes filled with tears as they saw him drive past. "God keep him, they said, "and comfort his mother's heart!" For they knew that the men gave willingly their lives for their country, but that the gift of the women was

something dearer than life.

And all the while Bob's heart was singing to him: he did now know that the song had come down to him from the long ago time when the Sea Kings had gone forth with their battle songs to be the terror and conquerors of distant lands. He did not know: but so it was, and 'twas a good by heritage, of which Bob in his joy and impatience recked little.

So the station was reached and the last good-bye spoken; and father grasped Bob's hand. "You will—do your duty," father said; "I am sure of it." And Bob's face flushed. "Thank you, sir," he answered, in a husky voice: "and -my love-to mother."—Clifford Mills, in The Pall Mall Magazine.

In about six weeks, the date of opening

the Paris Exhibition will have arrived, and until then, the work of three days should, according to Engineering, be compressed into every twenty-four hours, if anything like completeness is to reign on the Champ de Mars and its adjacent and remote extensions. What is untended to be one of the clous of the Exhibition, as was the Eiffel Tower in 1889, is the monumental entrance to the Exhibition, the gigantic portal through which a large proportion of the millions and all of the royalties, are to enter the precincts. This structure is Illustrated in Engineering, and our contemporary states that it will serve the purpose admirably of dealing with the vast crowds pressing for admission; and will also shelter visitors from the rain. But will scarcely serve any other useful purpose; and in the opinion of many, it will be a discordant note in the admirable harmony of the Place de la Concorde, one of the noblest, if not the most noble, sites in Europe. The gaudy hues of the tri-umphal porch will assort strangely with the severity of the Place, its monuments, side." Then she waited until she hear and mementoes of the past, will seem out father swearing softly to himself. Then of place with the great figure of Paris that she knew matters would right themselves is to surmount the dome of the portal-a Paris" of the last days of the nineteenth century. Thirty thousand pounds is, according to Engineering, the cost of this great gateway at the extreme limit of the Exhibition grounds, so that it leads the So he refrained, and visitor nowhere in panticular, except for the very beautiful garden, and the path to the somewhat remote Fine Art Buildings, which themselves are far from the Champ de Mars. The great portal is a most admirable piece of steelwork, which will the dainty spread table; the pleasant, lux- be hidden beneath fibrous plaster, gold and color, so as to convey an idea of permanence and solidity entirely fictitious. The great entrance has in plan the form of cated; each side of the triangle is formed by a great archway, and together the three arches, which are each 65 1-2 feet wide and 60 1-2 feet high, carry a circular crown, which forms the base of a flattened dome that covers the space enclosed with the triangle. The two lateral bays, which extend on each side of the central bay, will serve to divide the currents of visitors, directing them to the various pay-boxes arranged in a semi-circle. In front of the space on each side of the central openings

are two decorative friezes; each, forming

part of a circle, will connect the main en-

trance with two minarets no less than 138

32 feet 9 inches, and its height 6 1-2 feet the subject with which it will be covered filustrates a procession of the industries As to the turnstile arrangements, it is estimated that 40,000 persons can be passed through the grounds per hour.

IF I WERE A MAN.

What Some Women Say They Would Do and Be-Women Have the Best of It.

A number of women who have made a name for themselves have been asked to say in a few words what they would do if they were men, says an English paper. Here

are some of their replies: WOMEN HAVE THE BEST OF IT.

A certain novelist says she does not believe that any woman should ever wish to be a man. "What on earth would any woman want to be a man for?" she exclaims. "She has twice the power, the happiness, the ease. If a woman has ambition, she does half the necessary work, and her charms do the rest. She is given more praise for less talent. She is championed by men, consequently she reaps the reward of her own work and their efforts as an offering of prowess in her behalf. If she is indolemt, luxury-loving, she can get married and let the man take all the responsibility, while she takes a confortable arm-chair. It is a pity that women don't appreciate the luck they were born to.

A THIRST FOR POWER.

The world was made for woman-so was

A society leader says that she would be ambitious. "If I were a man I should be ambitious. What is life without ambition? Nothing at all. What is ambition? It is a wish to rise above every other man. There is the army and navy, business, a profession, and statesmanship. I should wish to carve out a reputation for myself that I could not lose except by my own slip. My ambition would desire to sway other men, to feel my own power. The financier does this, so does the statesman, but it is the statesman who derives the most constant and eager pleasure from it. Finally, if I were a man, I would work to win the heart of a good woman, and then, having been a ground I would know how. having been a woman, I would know how to keep it. For we women come to know that, though a man may have many hearts, he has only one love.'

RATHER BE ANY WOMAN THAN MOST

Another lady thinks things are pretty well as they are. "A particular age," she says, "is stamped, as to its great character lines, by its men. They, in turn, are in the by its women. Woman is the mallet behind the chisel. The guiding hand is God. The womanly woman accepts this position thankfully. She may say-she may think -she would rather be a man, but she would recoil before the shuddering possibility of a choice. I would rather be any woman than most men. I would rather be the woman I am than any man that lives. The more of a woman a woman is the more surely would she be a failure as a man. Sex characteristics are incompatible. Nature has blessed woman; she has only been

"But if women could be men they would make no mistake, at least, in their affections. The training of the ages would guide them unerringly along the devicus heart paths of masculinity. They would choose a great love, and live in the light. They would be chivalrous to women, and never betray their trusts. They would idealize their friends. They would love little children. And they would know how to sympathize with women whom want and loved ones urge upon the dogged drive for daily bread.

WHAT AN ACTRESS WOULD DO.

And this is what an actress says: "There are a few things I wouldn't do; but then, maybe, I would if I had the masculine One thing I am sure of-I would not pull my trousers up so as to show four inches of ugly ankle, with the socks all wrinkled, every time I sat down in an omnibus." Still, she believes that being a man would mean a great saving of time. "I have always thought I should have had a good deal more fun if I had been a man. The time I spend in putting up my hatr, sewing fresh ribbons and laces on things, and daming my stockings, I could have had for-well, you know."

The London Morning Leader gives some figures to show the difficulties of making war, especially in South Africa. An English army corps, going by rail, it says, requires 104 trains of about 30 carriages each, and the baggage 61 trains more. If an army corps of 30,000 men and 10,000 bardes rests a day or two preparatory to a battle or during a siege, it eats up all provisions procurable in a piece of rich country nine miles long and five miles wide. A British division, about 10,000 men, on the march along an ordinary main road, with guard, would be five miles in length.