

Newspaper Heroes.

One day more than thirty years ago, when the German and French armies were drawn up for battle and the nearer troops were popping away, a young man strolled between the firing lines and stood there gazing through his field glass as calmly as though he were sitting in an opera box. He did this sort of thing regularly.

When Paris was in the hands of the commune he was there mingling with the excitement. One day, hearing firing, he hurried forward. Suddenly he found himself inside a most extraordinary triangle of barricades. The officer noticed the young Englishman and commanded him to pick up the musket of a man who had been just killed. He replied that he was a foreigner and a neutral and would not do it. The officer gave him the alternative of taking the gun or being shot. The young man laughed. But a firing party was told off, and he was stood up against a church wall, and they were cheerfully proceeding to end his life when the forces from another barricade rushed upon them. He was condemned to be shot by his new captors, and again he laughed and again he escaped.

A couple of years later he was in the midst of the fever and famine of India, and after that he was in the Carlist War in Spain, first with one army and then with another. In a few months he was in Serbia and in the battles of that war he was a conspicuous observer. Then attached to the Russian Army, he crossed the Danube, followed the campaign, saw the fighting at Shipka Pass, and was at Plevna.

He realized the Russians could hold their position, and his next thought was the telegraph office. The nearest one was one hundred and eighty miles away, at Bucharest. One bite of black bread was all he ate in twenty-four hours. He wore cut horse after horse. That ride ended in the greatest newspaper special known in the history of journalism. The great white Czar of Russia afterward sent for him, and said: 'I have had reported to me the example which you showed with our forces on the day before Plevna by succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the State, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, offering you the Order of the Stanislaus with the crossed swords—a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery.'

In all parts of the world where there was war or promise of war this placid, cheerful and gifted young man was generally found. He went to the British force to Jelalabad, and under a close and heavy fire he saved a wounded soldier's life and the official dispatches gave him special mention for his services. In Zululand he was the first to see the certain result of the battle of Ulundi, and although it was dark he started through the trackless forest and made his way through one hundred and twenty miles of that unmarked wilderness to a telegraph wire at Landsmann's Drift, and from there he wired to the world the result of the fight days ahead of the official intelligence, his dispatches being read in both Houses of Parliament amidst enthusiastic acclamation. This was Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the great correspondent of the London Times, went through a half-dozen wars, and fought in the first rank of the party that drove out the Sepoys from the front at Lucknow. His picture of the Crimea called Florence Nightingale and her heroines to that place.

A few years ago the State of Ohio, by vote of its Legislature, brought the remains of J. B. MacGahan from their foreign resting place to his native soil. He became a correspondent while completing his collegiate studies in Europe. His ride of six hundred miles pursued by a band of Cossacks across Russia was one of the most noted incidents of the century. He reached Kiviv and told the story of Russia's first step toward India. His accounts of the atrocities in Bulgaria upset Darvel's ministry.

Fred Burnaby rode through Asia Minor and Afghanistan with his life in his hands; and the first man to mount the parapet at El Teb; and killed two of his assailants after receiving his death wound in the Sudan, where three other correspondents lost their lives.

The man who stood by Dewey in the battle of Manila was Mr. Joseph L. Stickney, of the New York Herald. Close to Schley in the destruction of Cavera's fleet was Mr. Graham, of the Associated Press. On the road to Santiago Mr. Creelman and Mr. Marshall were wounded,

and Colonel Roosevelt publicly expressed his obligations for assistance received from Richard Harding Davis on the firing line.

The one correspondent in South Africa who has interested the world and made a distinguished reputation is Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother is Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. Although a Lieutenant in the British Army, Churchill, went to South Africa as a correspondent of the London Morning Post, which is one of the aristocratic newspapers. He accompanied two detachments of troops on an armored train to get from Estcourt to Ladysmith, but four miles south of Colenso the train was derailed and the Englishmen were captured. The correspondent is supposed to be a noncombatant, but Churchill took full part in the scrimmage, and one correspondent—a rival by the way—wrote this sentence: 'Churchill behaved magnificently during the train disaster and deserves the V. C.'

His capture by the Boers, his imprisonment and his dramatic escape are familiar history to all the readers of recent dispatches. With the push of the American and with the persistency of English mingling in his blood he seems to be somewhat of a model for the end-of-the-century hero. And admiration for his courage and gratitude for his work probably led the press censor to be merciful for a few hours, and to allow his dispatches to go to his London newspaper, even if they did attend a sarcastic reference to the Queen's Christmas gift of chocolate for the troops who are fighting for her kingdom.

BRITAIN MAKES USE OF THEM.

The Latest War Inventions are now in Operation in South Africa.

The application in South Africa of the very latest war inventions has characterized the advance of the English army, and it these count for anything in competent hands they should form a determining factor in the campaign. It is not only in the use of lyddite shells, smokeless powder, and modern high-power rifles and naval guns that they are thoroughly up to date, but in the employment of inventions and mechanism never before attempted in any war. In fact, the practical experiments in the field with the numerous modern war inventions will decide many points of contention for army officers.

The armored trains which have been features of the sorties from Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking are distinctly British inventions, and, with the exception of the campaign in Egypt, they have never been tested in hard fought battles. The steam plow for cutting trenches is another English invention, used for the first time in South Africa. This plow is really an adaptation of the steam plow used in the Western part of the country, and was designed by Colonel Temple of Royal Engineers, after a study of the American article. A three wheel traction engine drags the plow through the soil, and the heavy plowshare cuts deep into the soil. By breaking up the surface in this way the soldiers can throw up a breastwork or dig a trench in half the time required by the ordinary method.

The war surgeons of the British army are all using the X rays, but in this respect the American surgeons were ahead of them in the Spanish-American war, when the X rays formed part of every surgical outfit in the hospitals. But since the close of that war the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy has been improved and brought into practical operation. The apparatus is already in South Africa, and probably before this the instruments are in complete working order. The use of war balloons for spying out the enemy's work is constant, and they have already demonstrated their fitness for the purpose intended. The most complete war balloon corps ever sent to any war was despatched to South Africa when hostilities first broke out.

Before Marconi's apparatus reached South Africa, however, the latest devices in electric signalling were adopted, and at Kimberley it was known that Lord Methuen's army had come within twenty or thirty miles of the place several weeks ago. This electric signalling system consisted in breaking up the electric flashes into dots and dashes to form telegraphic letters. The code was secret, and the besieged army in Kimberley held communication with the army of relief without fear of the Boers reading their messages. The searchlights which were used for flashing the signals were located on a high tower, from which it could throw electric flashes

in the air that could be seen for fifty or sixty miles away.

Shortly after the battle of Elandslaagte the portable telephone was put into service and General French immediately established communication with the authorities at Cape Town and Durban. The telegraphers carried with them the batteries and telephone, and all they had to do was to make the connections with the wires overhead. By this means General French asked for and received reinforcements. Within a few hours after he had reported his condition two regiments of cavalry, two field batteries, and two and a half battalions of infantry were on their way to reinforce him. This promptness demonstrated the value of the portable telephone in the field during urgent cases.

The Boers, if defeated will have the satisfaction of knowing that they contended with the most thoroughly complete and equipped army of this scientific nineteenth century.

The Humorous Editor's Effort.

The caller handed the editor a bundle of manuscript.

"For your humorous column," he said. "My wife makes fun of my attempts at wit, but I think you will find this about as good as the stuff you usually print."

The editor took the manuscript and looked it over.

"H'mph!" he ejaculated. "Your wife makes fun of your efforts, does she?"

"Y—yes, sir, as a general thing."

"She hasn't seen this lot, has she?"

"No, sir."

The editor handed back the manuscript. "Please ask her to 'make fun' of this. Then you may bring it back again. Good day."

The Ruling Passion.

Wife (who has been out shopping all day): "Oh, dear, how tired and hungry I am."

Husband: "Didn't you have a lunch in town?"

Wife: "A plate of soup only; I didn't feel that I could afford to have more."

Husband: "Did you find the hat you wanted?"

Wife: "Oh, yes; it is a perfect dress, John; and it only cost twenty eight dollars."

The Joys Of Anticipation.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day to little Edith:

"Are you glad to see me again Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad too," replied the child.

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with."

Those Newspaper Hints.

Foreman: "We need a few lines to fill up a column."

Society Editor (wearily): "Well, say the Prince of Wales has begun wearing old clothes, because they are more comfortable." Perhaps it will start a fashion that you and I can follow.

A Hollow Mockery.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word excavate?"

Scholar: "Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used."

Scholar: "The small boy always excavates when his father whacks him."

His Name Was Dennis.

Reporter: "The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brzinslatowski-wicz?"

Editor: "What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"

Myopia Indeed.

Briggs: "I didn't know that you were near sighted!"

Griggs: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday."

Ida—Miss Olde and Dick Newby don't speak?

May—No; he offended her at the skating carnival. She told him to cut her in the ice. He went to cut 16, but his skate slipped, the figures got mixed, and when the crowd went to view his skill they saw 61.

"Did you pay the grocer and butcher, Amelia?"

"No; there wasn't enough to pay both of them. To pay only one would make trouble, so I took the money and spent it down town."

Aged admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give you!

Miss D. Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well. Marry my mother.

Tommy—Pop, what do prize fighters live on when they are in training?

Tommy's pop—Scraps, I suppose. Now, run away and learn your Sunday school lesson.

"The Transvaal war is full of surprises."

"That's so; whenever I try to talk about it I run against somebody who has read more about it than I have."

Butts—He made his fortune in oil.

Briggs—Ah, a refiner baron?

Butts—Nope. Portrait painter.

Some London Chatter.

This is a new story of the Height of Politeness. It is told by Angus Evan Abbott, the author, and it is, I believe, absolutely true. Mr. Abbott is a Canadian by birth and education, and on first coming to England he was, as most Americans and Canadians are, eager to catch a glimpse of the Queen; but as Her Majesty did not live in his suburbs Mr. Abbott's wish remained ungratified for some time. However, one day he found himself in Portsmouth and learned that the Royal yacht, with the Queen and Princess Beatrice aboard, was to cross from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. Hastening down to the landing-place, he discovered that there was not the ghost of a chance of catching sight of Her Majesty on land, so he went to the waterside, hired a small boat, and rowed out into the great harbor. Pushing out from the inner port, wherein rode a mighty fleet of battle-ships and cruisers all a flutter with bunting in honor of the Queen, the writer found himself on the broad outer bay, alone except for a dotted line of men-of-war's boats indicating the route to be taken by the Queen's yacht. Pulling in his oars and allowing the boat to float at will, Mr. Abbott got his glasses focussed ready for the Queen's yacht and put in his time reading a book. All at once he heard a voice sounding as though it came from the clouds. It was gentle, aristocratic of accent, and apologetic in diction. It said, 'I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting us pass?' Glancing quickly up, Mr. Abbott beheld the bow of the mighty battle ship *Minotaur* towering over his little rowboat like a precipice; and peering over the brow of the cliff of iron was the calm face of a naval officer. The ship was swinging slowly into harbor, and was but a few yards away, coming directly toward the tiny rowboat. In the words of the novel, 'To seize the oars and pull for his life was the work of an instant.' When Mr. Abbott was clear of the battle ship the naval officer, not a ghost of a smile on his face, said 'Thank you very much,' and the ship crept past. Mr. Abbott claims that naval officer to be the politest man living.

To return to the war again: apropos of counterband of war and recent seizures in southern waters, I wonder how many remember an exploit of Bennett Burleigh the war correspondent, in the days of the Civic War? Just how young he must have been in those days, seeing that he is as active as the best of them and in Natal today, I'm sure I cannot guess, but the deed he did there on the brave Detroit River proves that in the sixties he had not cut his wisdom teeth. Burleigh, like many another Englishman violently sympathized with the South in the grand struggle, and after seeing active service at the front

evolved an elaborate scheme. The fact that the scheme was quite unworkable did not occur to him until late. He hastened to Canada, gathered together a handful of fiery erratic characters of his own kidney, and crossed the river to Detroit. He knew that on certain islands in Lake Erie were thousands of Southern prisoners of war, and his grand, elaborate scheme was to set these men free, form them into an army, and march for the South, taking the northern forces in the rear. Of course, could he have armed these prisoners, and if he had had at his call in Lake Erie the present fleet of British transports, he might have caused some serious inconvenience. But he had neither arms nor transports. Running down the river at that day was a small steamer—the *Philo Parsons*, I believe she was named. This Burleigh and his swashbucklers boarded as passengers, and when the steamer was fairly under way, fully armed, they invited the unarmed captain and crew to, as it were, send in their resignations. Burleigh then headed for Lake Erie and the island prisons, but I believe was brought to by a revenue cutter, and ended up in prison. Such is the story as told in England. Just how much of it is true the gods and the Americans and Bennett Burleigh probably alone know. Since that day Burleigh has become more level-headed, and is one of the most successfully daring of the many picturesque characters that play a roving part on the Imperial outskirts.

The German Emperor is like Mr. Thomas Atkins; we must take him as we find him. For some years past he has been in a bit of a huff with his grandmother at Windsor, owing to the resentment shown by England on the published account of a certain memorable telegram sent to his sometime friend Kruger. William was greatly offended by England's show of force on that occasion, for if there is one thing more than another that wholly depends upon force for its existence it is Germany, and quite naturally Germany cannot well afford to have another nation make manifest to the world that she is not a bit frightened of the Emperor's army. So William let his English relatives clearly understand that if they wanted to see him they must call at the front door at Potsdam and ring the bell twice. However, the Queen is too old to pay many visits, and her rebellious grandson relented and stepped across to get a piece of the old lady's cake and a glass of lemonade, and make it up like a good boy. Of course the reporters flocked to Windsor to write as many columns as they could scrape together. At the castle they were well received; important officials were told off to

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

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