

How English and Boers Fight.

The Different Tactics of Their Infantry and Artillery Fully Described by Correspondents Richard Harding Davis and Thomas H. Millward in Scribner's Magazine.

A Boer charge is destitute of hurrah and dash. There is no alignment and little semblance of concerted action. Yet the concerted action is there. Having been broadly instructed by their commandants as to the general object and plan of the movement, the Boers start, moving rapidly enough while at long range, yet cautiously too. To conceal himself behind what, to the ordinary man, would seem ridiculously inadequate cover, is an instinct with the Boer, born of the veldt and its ways. Thus, running in a crouching attitude, and keeping out of sight as much as possible the thin, widely scattered line moves forward until a point is reached within effective rifle range of the enemy. Then the real attack begins, and the peculiar methods of the Boers begin to operate.

It will not be a movement of the whole line, but only of a small segment. The rest of the line will support it. A certain number of men in each commando, amounting to probably one fourth, had been told off before the attack began, to hold cover when rushes were made, and consecrate their fire upon the enemy. These men lie securely sheltered, their watchful eyes scanning the positions of the defenders. The signal is given and the rush begins.

Up spring fifty or a hundred men, with rifles held loosely at a "trail," and dash forward at full speed, leaping over the ground like Zulu runners. A few scattering shots give warning of the hotter fire to come. Prone on earth go the charging Boers. Cr—r—r—ash! comes the volley. Up again, and a wild scurry on for half a minute before the second volley can come, then down again, each man under cover. Fifty yards have been gained. To see a body of men spring up suddenly and dash toward them is calculated to fluster any troops. [The Boers have counted upon this and for this the reserved marksmen are prepared. Startled for a moment out of his presence of mind, or in his eagerness to get a fair shot, Tommy Atkins will expose himself. A head, a shoulder, an arm or leg shows. It is a sufficient mark for a Boer. The Mausers yelp in a stammering chorus, and a score of gentlemen in khaki grope blindly about in the dirt and gravel.

The Roar of a Battle Described.

The roar of the navy's four point seven's their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing-machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.

The Country Buller Fought Through.

No map, nor photograph, nor written description, can give an idea of the country which lay between Buller and his goal. It was an eruption of high hills, linked together at every point without order or sequence. In most countries mountains and hills follow some natural law. The Cordilleras can be traced from the Amazon River to Guatemala City; they make the water-shed of two continents; the Great Divide forms the backbone of the States, but these Natal hills have no lineal descent. They are illegitimate children of no line, abandoned broadcast over the country, with no family likeness and no home. They stand alone, or shoulder to shoulder, or at right angles, or at a tangent, or join hands across a valley. They never appear the same; some stretch out, forming a tableland, others are gigantic ant-hills, others perfect and accurately modelled ramparts. In a ride of half a mile, every hill completely loses its original aspect and character. They hide each other, or disguise each other. Each can be ensnared by the other, and not one

gives up the secret of its strategic value until its crest has been carried by the bayonet. To add to this confusion, the river Tugela has selected the hills around Ladysmith as occupying the country through which it will endeavor to throw off its pursuers. It darts through them as though striving to escape, it doubles on its tracks, it sinks out of sight between them, and in the open plain rises to the dignity of waterfalls. It runs up hill, and remains motionless on an incline, and on the level ground twists and turns so frequently that when one says he has crossed the Tugela he means he has crossed it once at a drift, once at the wrecked railroad bridge, and once over a poontoon, and then he is not sure that he is not still on the same side from which he started.

How the English Took Pleters's Hill.

The long procession of yellow figures was still advancing along the bottom of the valley, toward the right, when on the crest of the farthestmost hill fourteen of them suddenly appeared, and ran forward and sprang into the trenches. They looked terribly lonely and insufficient, perched against the blue sky on the highest and most distant of the three hills, and they ran about, this way and that, as though they were very much surprised to find that they were there. Then they settled down into the Boer trench, from our side of it, and began firing their officer, as his habit is standing up behind them. The hill they had taken had evidently been abandoned to them by the enemy and the fourteen men in khaki had taken it by 'default.' But they disappeared so suddenly into the trench, that we knew they were not enjoying their new position in peace, and everyone looked below them, and to see the arriving reinforcements. They came at last, to the number of ten, and scampered about just as the others had done, looking for cover. It seemed as if we could almost hear the singing of the bullet when one of them dodged, and it was with a distinct sense of relief, and of freedom from further responsibility, that we saw the ten disappear also, and become part of the yellow stones about them. Then a very wonderful movement began to agitate the men upon the two remaining

hills. They began to creep up them, as you have seen seaweed rise with the tide and envelope a rock. They moved in regiments, but each man was as distinct as is a letter of the alphabet in each word on this page, black with letters. We began to follow the fortunes of individual letters. It was a most selfish and cowardly occupation, for you knew you were in no greater danger than you would be in looking through the glasses of a microscope. The battle unrolled before you like a panorama. The guns on our side of the valley had ceased, the hurricane in the depth below had instantly spent itself, and the birds and insects had again begun to fill our hill with drowsy twitter and song.

A Boer Sharpshooter as Seen by an Eyewitness.

In all the fighting the Boer sharpshooter plays an important part. Keep an eye on one of these marksmen, and you will get an object lesson in Boer tactics. When an action begins the sharpshooter will separate from the main body and proceed cautiously until he secures a position within easy range (for the average Boer three hundred yards is an easy range) of the enemy. There he will construct a 'schorze' or cover. In this 'schorze' he will stretch himself and prepare for the business of the day, which is to kill as many Englishmen as he can without betraying his own whereabouts. He has provided himself with a water-bottle, some hard bread and biltong, and generally carries a pair of field-glasses. Nor has he forgotten his pipe and a supply of tobacco. If it is possible to effect it, a shade for at least a part of his body is arranged.

Thus ensconced, the sharpshooter patiently waits for the opportunity to get to work. The Boer lines begin to crawl forward, the British artillery breaks out angrily, and fleeting glimpses of khaki show along the English positions. Disposing his body comfortably, the sharpshooter fixes a perfect rest for his rifle, adjusts the sight, and skims the barrel with his eye. Presently he marks down a 'Tommy.' But he doesn't fire. Not yet. He waits until he gets the man right on the 'head.' Then bang! and the marked man collapses in a heap. His comrades see him go down, but can not tell whence came the bullet which slew him. The tiny puff of smoke less powder has been waited away before the missile reaches its mark, and not even the stirring of a leaf gives a clew to the marksmen's whereabouts. A sharpshooter will keep this up all day, occasionally regaling himself with a lunch of biltong and a puff at his pipe, blowing the smoke carefully away along the ground. Cool, collected, his nerves quiet, his pulse normal, one of the men will do an appalling execution in the course of a prolonged fight.

Fight Pictures Faked.

The New York Sun explains how fight pictures are faked and mentions incidentally the Passion Play which it will be remembered Col. Rogers brought to St. John some months ago. The discussion then as to whether the reproductions were genuine or not was somewhat amusing but the explanation as given by the Sun will make it clear how real they were:

It is a recognized fact that the best place to gull the public is Coney Island. All sorts of games have been played there in years gone by with more or less success. But one of the most effective schemes yet seen down by the wavelets was introduced last week. So much has been written and said about the various big prize fights that the public appears to be ready to take stock in anything that relates to the more prominent pugilists. The battle between Corbett and Jeffries turned out to be so interesting that there has been a feeling of universal regret among the sporting fraternity that it was impossible for many to be at the ringside to witness the encounter. Had the battle been photographed as the Jeffries-Sharkey contest was, its reproduction would have netted thousands of dollars in profits. The failure of the management to take pictures was immediately realized as a mistake. Consequently the appearance of advertisements that a reproduction of the movements of Corbett and Jeffries could be obtained for fair rates from a Philadelphia firm caused much consternation on the part of Tom O'Rourke, manager of the Seaside Sporting Club, where the fight was held; Wm. A. Brady, manager of Jeffries, and George F. Considine, manager of Corbett. These men, believing that the fight had been surreptitiously photographed by small picture-taking machines secreted by operators near the ring, had a big sign painted which was hung up outside of the clubhouse on Monday night and read as follows:

Any person carrying a camera of any kind will not be admitted to this building.

Coincident with the posting of this notice was the announcement that the alleged pictures of the fight would be placed on exhibition in a big concert hall on Coney Island's Bowery, not far away. So when some of the sporting men who went down to see the McPartland-Ernest fight on Tuesday night last finished eating dinner they took a stroll through the bowery. They were soon confronted by a brazen-lunged barker, who yelled:

'Here they are, gents! This way for the only [pictures of the Corbett-Jeffries fight, taken from life at the ringside and put on exhibition here for the first time in New York! They're on the level gents, as any one can see, so step right in! It don't cost a cent, except you have to buy a beer. Come on, boys, don't be bashful! Here's a fight for nothing that would have cost you \$20.00 to see. It's the real article!'

And so he bawled and bellowed while a long stream of men filed in and took seats at the tables.

'There's twenty three rounds to this fight,' continued the barker. 'It shows Corbett's science and it shows Jeffries when he copped his man on the point of the jaw and knocked the stuff out of him. Twenty three rounds, gents, and it don't cost a cent! You get good beer for your nickel!'

'Wh, that's funny,' said Joseph Dunn, the official timekeeper of the Seaside Sporting Club, who came along with a party of friends. 'No pictures of that fight were taken. I'll bet \$1.00 these pictures are fakes.'

'Naw, they ain't fakes,' replied the barker who had overheard the remark. 'They're just as the fight was, see? Come on in here and see if they ain't! Don't be blocking up the passage, but come in!'

'We'll go in,' said Dunn, 'and if they

ain't on the level, we'll come out and see you.'

By this time there was not even standing room and the lights had been lowered. Upon the canvas screen stretched across the stage curtain was the announcement that the pictures about to be shown were genuine. When the first round was displayed the crowd was struck dumb. For there, sure enough, were two fighters who looked like Corbett and Jeffries, sitting in chairs surrounded by their seconds, who were putting on their gloves and getting them ready for the fray. In the background, banked up higher than the tops of the ring ropes, were perhaps 100 or more spectators who were waving rolls of bank notes aloft and apparently trying to bet all kinds of money. The fighters were not in the usual corners diagonally across the ring, but occupied the two furthestmost from the camera so that they could be easily seen between rounds. In the foreground were the reporters, each of whom were banging away on a typewriter.

While the fighters were making ready the referee, supposed to be Charles White he of the shining pate and gleaming smile, took off his coat and hung it over the ropes. Then he rolled up his shirt sleeves and made a low bow. Whereupon the principals shook hands and the battle was on. The pugilist supposed to be Corbett immediately began the most rapid kind of feinting and foot work. In fact his sprinting was so fast that it looked like a race between two professionals at a country fair, for Jeffries, or rather the fighter who was supposed to be the champion, chased his antagonist around the ring for forty five seconds. That was the end of the round and when the men sat down in their corners, their handlers began waving towels and throwing water on them in the usual way. This was all in plain view of the crowd in the concert hall which was still dumfounded. The spectacular crowd in the back of the ring in the picture seemed in a frenzy of excitement, and even the reporters in the foreground stopped drumming on the typewriters just long enough to wave their hats above their heads.

'It's a fake sure,' said Dunn to his friends. 'I never saw a reporter wave his hat above his head at a big fight in my life. Why, the newspaper men don't have time to think, let alone take off their hats and cheer. Another thing. The fighters ain't in the right corners and the spectators behind the ring are banked up so high that you can't see the top row. Anybody can see it's a fake because the seats back of that particular side of the ring at the fight the other night were empty.'

In less than half a minute the second round was on. This also lasted less than one minute, and was very much like the first round. The crowd in the concert hall, however, did not see anything wrong about the pictures for the reason that only few of them had seen the original fight. As Corbett proceeded to land his rapid left hander in Jeffries's face in the next four rounds, there were cries of:

'Good boy, Jim, soak it to him!' 'Jeffries can't fight, he's a lobster!' 'Hooray for Corbett, he'll win!' 'Look at the way he's jabbing the champion's nose!' 'There's Billy Brady in the corner wiping the sweat off his forehead. I bet he's sick!' There's 'Honest' John Kelly in the back ground; the fellow with the big diamond. Can't you see him? He's betting \$15,000; he's got the money in his hands there!' 'That's right, Charley White, get in and break 'em!' 'It's a hot fight ain't it?'

The ninth round in which Corbett had Jeffries on the ragged edge, as will be remembered, was faithfully reproduced. It was so realistic that the crowd in the concert hall stood up and yelled for joy. Then everybody told Corbett to knock the big champion out. Meanwhile the waiters were not deterred from doing their duty on account of the darkened hall, though there was scarcely room for them to walk about, and they did not spill a drink. They did a rushing trade too. When the fifteenth round was over a big sporting man, who attends all the fights said in a loud voice: 'That ain't Jeffries at all. That feller in the picture hasn't got any hair on his chest and if the real Jeffries could get hold of him he would break him in two. That Corbett in the picture moves around very much like Frank Erne, the light weight champion. It's a clever fake at that. The only thing that I see particularly wrong is that there ain't a hair on any part of Referee White's head, and everybody knows that Charlie's got a fringe around the back of his head on a level with his ears. It also seems to me as if that White in the picture has a moustache, but he's doing so much running around that nobody can get a good line on his face. He's also got a chicken walk that the real White never had, but his make up otherwise is very good.'

'Here comes the twentieth round' said Timekeeper Dunn, 'and now we'll see

where Corbett did his great running act for which he was hissed.'

The picture showed that Corbett's tactics had been well studied. At last came the twenty third round and the knockout. The crowd was on tiptoe. Jeffries, it will be remembered, knocked out Corbett with a straight left lead in the shape of a jolt on the chin. In the picture Jeffries, after rushing Corbett to the proper place directly in front of the reporters, swung a right on the jaw and then a sweeping left hand swing on the side of the head which knocked Corbett down backward, his head sticking out through the ropes. Just as the pampadour boxer had done the real fight his prototype in the picture writhes as if in pain. He attempted to get up, and then sank down, while the referee with the bald head counted him out. Then a crowd of spectators jumped into the ring followed by the police, who were swinging clubs in lively fashion. After this there was a general handshaking among the principals, seconds, reporters and officials and the lights were turned up in the concert hall.

'It's a fake sure,' said the knowing ones, who went out to interview the barker, but he was busy calling in another crowd and refused to be interviewed. Out of curiosity a reporter of the Sun found a man who said he knew all about the pictures and the following information was gleaned:

'These pictures were faked, or rather the fight was faked, down in Philadelphia day after the big mill was decided. There's a fellow there who's made a study of it and who also coined money with fake pictures of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight. He has a number of professional pugilists on his staff and as soon as the big fight has been decided, he gets the various newspaper accounts of the rounds and selects two men to learn the fight by heart as it has been written. He also has several skilled experts who attend the real fights and note various peculiarities, such as knock downs and knockouts.'

'In order to reproduce the Corbett-Jeffries fight this man got a boxer who is particularly skillful and who is about Corbett's build. He made him put on a pampadour wig and a white breech cloth just as Corbett wore. Then he picked out a big fellow to represent Jeffries, but he couldn't get anybody as big as the champion. With a black wig on and black trunks the alleged champion looked all right. The principals were then ordered to study the rounds and to stand up and box them under instructions. They spent a whole day at this and gradually learned the fight by heart. When everything was ready a crowd of supers were led into the studio and were arranged in the background to represent spectators. To make it more realistic the reporters and their typewriters were put in, which was an innovation. The man who was selected to referee was about the build of Charley White and wore a bald-headed wig. He was in his shirt sleeves just as White was, and saw the original referee perform at the Island. Then the fight was started and the pictures were taken. Of course mistakes will happen under the circumstances but all things considered, the pictures show careful study.'

'That fellow who gets these pictures up is a corker. He used to be nothing but a little magic lantern seller in Philadelphia. When the moving picture craze struck the country he was foxy enough to get in on the game. He arranged a fake reproduction of the 'Passion Play' that takes one hour and a half to give and spring it before the real pictures arrived from the other side. He also showed pictures during the Spanish war that gave fake reproductions of the landing of soldiers in Cuba, the fight at Santiago, the soldiers arriving at Porto Rico and many similar scenes. When Admiral Dewey came to this city on his return home, the fellow had eight or nine sets of pictures, every one purporting to have been taken on the Olympia while she was in the harbor. It is needless to say that the boat, the Admiral and the visitors were faked just as much as were these prize fight pictures. But they all sold like hot cakes. He is generally credited with having made over half a million plunkers by this time and is rapidly rolling up a lot more.'

Appropriate.

People who have the mistaken idea that poets prefer to be addressed in what is commonly called 'high-flown language' sometimes say strange things.

One such misguided individual spoke to Col. John Hay in a hotel parlor, soon after the great fire in Chicago.

'Well, Colonel Hay,' she said, advancing with outstretched hand and her sweetest smile, 'I suppose we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the great fire embalmed in your liquid verse, shall we not?'

Myer—Have you noticed what a lot of new houses are being put up all over the city?

Gyer—Yes; and I've been wondering why they don't put up a few old ones just for a change.