

THE CAUSE OF THE BATTLING BOER

View of Montagu White, Representative of the South African Republic in the United States.

Mr. Montagu White is the able representative of the South African republic in the United States, and although he takes an active part in the discussion of the situation relative to South Africa, he has done so in such a diplomatic manner as to give no offense to the United States government. To avoid such complications he has been obliged to exercise a great deal of discretion. Mr. White was consul-general of the Transvaal in London previous to the war. Since it began he has served his country in various capacities.

He would be taken for an Englishman almost anywhere, and his name indicates British rather than Dutch blood, but there are many men of English blood who are working and fighting for the Boer cause.

Mr. White was asked for an interview concerning the military situation in South Africa. He replied by saying that, not being a military man in any way, he was not competent to discuss military affairs. Besides, it took about six weeks for communications from the Transvaal to reach him. Naturally such communications, bearing more particularly on diplomatic affairs, did not disclose military conditions or probable movements.

"The relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith," said Mr. White, "were not serious reverses for the Boers. It is because of the serious effect they have on the wavering more than anything else that they are to be regretted. I believe that there was an important in the Free State opposed to the war, and there are always some who determine their position according to the successes of the cause. It was believed from the beginning that we must at one time or another fall back upon our strongholds in the Transvaal. Our resources are excellent. We had supplies of arms and provisions both for offense and defense. That set apart for the defensive has not been exhausted and the defensive stores have not yet been drawn upon. It is quite plain that the Boers can make a strong defensive campaign and extend the war for a long time.

"Time is of great importance to us. The longer we hold the British forces in check the greater opportunity there is for something to happen which will help us and embarrass the English. Who can tell what will happen in Afghanistan? Not long ago there was a little flurry on the Canadian border at Esquimaux. Possibly that did not amount to much, but it showed how many things may occur which might trouble Great Britain.

"While I do not know what is to be the plan of the campaign, I should think that there will be no resistance to the British advance before it reaches the neighborhood of Pretoria, although a sufficient force will be in the field at all times to make it impossible for the British to move forward with any speed. They will have to fight at every point where resistance can be made.

"I have been criticised for saying

that Johannesburg would probably be destroyed as a preliminary to the defense of Pretoria. Of course, when war occurs there are certain laws to be observed, and there should not be a needless destruction of property. Johannesburg, on account of its proximity to Pretoria, will make an excellent base of attack for the British. It will furnish barracks and quarters, storehouses and a most favorable base of supplies. If left intact it would make the campaign most comfortable and charming for the British. The buildings would be used for the soldiers, thus avoiding tents and other camp accessories. If you are at war, you cannot provide cozy corners for your enemies. The burning of a city as a military necessity is not a rare occurrence. It has always been regarded as a legitimate means of defense. Everybody knows that Moscow was burned for that reason. It was a desperate, but heroic, undertaking, and accomplished the purpose. The burning of the American capitol by the British in 1814, on the other hand, was described by Historian Greene as a disgraceful and wanton act, and no doubt for no military advantage.

"I cannot see how the Boers can be expected to furnish the British with a very pleasant camp, with all the necessities for prosecuting a siege within a short distance from the capital where the main defense is to be made.

"The important matter for the Boers now is time. The longer they hold out the greater will become the sympathy with the Boers in all parts of the United States. The people of the United States naturally sympathize with the oppressed, and under prolonged oppression their sympathies will rise. Even now this feeling of sympathy is growing in strength. But I think there is nothing like a well-organized campaign in their behalf."

Mr. White's attention was called to the recent demonstrations in England on St. Patrick's day, when the English people outdid the Irish in the "wearing of the green."

"England will not succeed in capturing the Irish by the demonstration," he said, "but it will naturally entice the soldiers. The Irish members of parliament and the priests will not be caught by the shadow. They will not agitate for the substance.

"Whatever may be the outcome of the war," said Mr. White, "it will have a very far-reaching effect. It will tend to strengthen the military power of England. It will for a time consolidate the empire, but I think it is bound to have a disintegrating effect. It will give rise to problems that will be difficult to solve. The colonies, knowing their strength, will make demands that cannot be complied with by the home government. The inevitable tendency will be toward the independence of the colonies, and it will be difficult to check this.

"In England itself this war is bound to have unexpected results. Under the influence of yellow journals and Cæsarism the character of the English

seems to be undergoing a change, and that for the worse. There will be a rude awakening some day." Washington, D. C.

TURKISH BOYS IN SCHOOL.

Some Astonishing Yarns Taught the Young Students.

The beginning of a Mahomedan boy's school life is always made an occasion for a festival. It occurs on his seventh birthday. The entire school goes to the new scholar's home,

makes the thunder. The lightning are the bullets of fire which the god shot after his fleeing partner. Mahomet, finding he could not escape in midair, plunged into the sea, the Christian god followed him, the shock splashed the water out, and it fell to the earth in rain." The young Turks, believing the teachings of their hodja, grow up without further investigating the causes of rain, the true source of which is taught an American child in the kindergarten. —Boston Globe.

Art and Religious Faith. The art of a people, says Annetta Halliday Antona, in an article in Self-Culture, on "Easter-Tide Art and its



MONTAGU WHITE.

leading a richly caparisoned and flower bedecked donkey. The new pupil is placed on this little beast, and with his hodja, or teacher, leading the children form a double file and escort him to the schoolhouse, singing joyous hymns. To a stranger the common Turkish school presents a singular scene. The pupils are seated cross-legged on the bare marble pavement in the porch of the mosque, forming a semicircle about the hodja, who is, as a rule, an old fat man. He holds in his hand a stick long enough to reach every student. By means of this rod he is enabled not only to preserve order among the mischievous, but to urge on the boy whose recitation is not satisfactory. But as a rule, hodjas are lazy and often fall asleep. A half-grown boy, in the presence of a missionary, who tells the story, asked the hodja: "What makes it rain?" "Up in the clouds," answered this wise teacher, "our prophet Mahomet and the one who belongs to the Christians went into business together, the profits to be divided. One night Mahomet stole all the profits and ran away. In the morning when the Christian god discovered his loss he pursued Mahomet in his golden chariot, the rumbling of whose wheels

Makers," is the outcome of its religious faith; the details of that art are the result of observation of surrounding scenery and objects. It is easy to recognize the superb physical vigor and beauty of the ancient Greeks in their sculptures, and in Hellenic frieze and bas-relief, to discover the mythological legends of their faith. Christianity inspired by renaissance art, rent the veil of heathen tradition, and gave to the world its Madonnas, its Crucifixions, its Assumptions, Entombments, Last Suppers, and various studies of the Christ. Christian mythology, replacing the gods and heroes of Greek fable, brought forth a new school of interpreters in the place of those who had so long and so grandly translated in art the beauties and the teachings of Hellenic mythology.

Why Americans Win. One of the many reasons why American manufacturers are so successful competing in foreign markets is to be found in the following episode, which occurred recently: An American manufacturer of steam specialties was visiting an English firm which made similar goods. A certain article which both firms made was under discussion. "What is your price on this thing?" asked the American. "Well, in your money, about \$19," replied the Englishman. "What does it cost you?" "I'll deliver at your door all you want at \$7 apiece," said the American. "How in the world do you do it?" "Well, I'll illustrate," answered the American. "Look out of that window and across the street. See that man painting a sign?" "Yes." "He's on a ladder, isn't he?" "Yes." "See that other man sitting on the sidewalk holding the foot of the ladder?" "Yes." "Now, in America we have ladders that stand up by themselves—don't need a man to hold 'em. So, you see, in this instance, we divide your cost of labor exactly by two." "I see," remarked the Englishman.—Electrical Review.

Long Delayed Letter Appears. The long arm of coincidence and the delays of the postoffice are curiously illustrated by the following story. A family took a house one autumn at the seashore. The husband went down first of all to see that all was well. His wife wrote to him. That letter did not arrive. It never transpired why. Perhaps the missive hitched on to a ledge inside a wallbox, as has been known to occur, and remained there till the box was cleaned or itself was knocked off by other letters. The next year the same family took the same house for the same time. Before they had been there a week the missing letter arrived. It bore the postmark of the day before, and there was no explanation.—Chicago News.

Catholic Priest on Cuba. The Rev. Charles Warren Currier has an interesting article on the history of the church in Cuba in the Conservative Review. He speaks about the appointment of Mgr. Sbarretti, and has little sympathy for those who wanted a Cuban-born bishop. He holds that Bishop Sbarretti's appointment was a wise one, and that he will be absolutely impartial, and should therefore prove a link to bind together the Cuban and Spanish priests. He is tactful and prudent, and his administration will undoubtedly promote harmony.

THE YELLOW TOMATOES.

When Dominicus Van Brunt first went to the public school in his adopted country he had the felicity of sitting opposite a little girl with freckles and blue eyes. Her name was Bertha Manderson, which was a difficult name for Dominicus to remember. But it was not at all hard for him to remember the dear little girl with freckles. She wore tiny black tassels at the top of her shoes, and white aprons, ruffled and tied upon the shoulders with large, airy-looking bows, and the ends of her smooth braids were tied with ribbons now the color of the violet and now the color of the rose.

Dominicus said to himself that in Amsterdam he had never known any little girl so freckled and so dear.

"I wish she would look at me," thought little Dominicus Van Brunt. But he thought it in Dutch, although when he spoke aloud he managed to make himself understood in English. It must be confessed that little American children are too egotistical to be polite. Thinking as they do that they are molded on the right pattern, they are inclined to regard all children differing from them as curiosities. They considered the round-faced Dutch boy, with his shy ways and deferential manner to the teacher, a strange little fish indeed. And no one in all the school was more amused than the dainty Bertha, who looked at him covertly out of her gray-blue eyes. However, she did not laugh at him. So Dominicus, who did not know that she was amused, and who perceived only her aspect of gravity, thought her kinder than the rest, and was grateful. If only she would have spoken to him, or looked at him as if she were his friend, he would have nothing more to ask—he could even have been patient with that terrible English language which every one around him was jabbering.

He determined to do something to call the attention of his freckled hearts-to himself, and one day he hurried into the schoolroom the first minute the doors were opened and laid three pear-shaped yellow tomatoes on her desk. The scholars came, saw the

her. She had felt the tears come to her eyes as she looked at the unidy piece of ground where the exquisitely kept garden of Jacob Van Brunt had been; and the windows, from which the round face of her friend had often smiled at her, repulsed her now with their bareness.

It happened that in course of time Bertha had a notion to go abroad, and, having the consciousness of her certificate of graduation in her trunk, she was in no haste to return to her home. So she lingered where she pleased, arrogantly directing the movements of her party, which consisted of a maiden aunt and an elderly second cousin. With this double chaperonage she was allowed to do almost anything she pleased.

At length they reached Amsterdam, making headquarters for themselves there, and planning to go upon many excursions through the country. It was natural enough that, having a local habitation, they should make some friends in the city, and so it came about that before they had been there long they were invited to dinner by an American lady, Mrs. Truax, whose husband was engaged in some mercantile enterprise there.

The Truax house was a cosmopolitan one, and at it the habitue expected to meet all manner of celebrities and human curios. Bertha, much elated at the prospect, whirled off, accompanied by her decorous relatives, arrayed for the occasion in the most becoming of their best silks.

"What dear old frumps they are," Bertha commented to herself. "I think the Amsterdam ladies will like them. They suit this background."

They seemed to, indeed, and got on better than Bertha, whose youth condemned her to a subordinate place. This was not as it was in America. Bertha reflected, and permitted herself to indulge in a moment of homesickness, as she sat apart, her glowing beauty unnoticed by the middle-aged people who were paying their respects to her aunt and her second cousin.

"I have delayed for a moment for another guest," Mrs. Truax said. "I wished to present to your niece, Miss Manderson," she said, addressing Bertha's aunt, "a young man who is half an American. Ah, there is the bell now!"

The man at the door announced a moment later: "Herr Van Brunt."

Bertha turned with an anticipation which she endeavored to subdue. It was not likely that the son of a gardener would be at the home of Mrs. Truax. But in the young man who entered Bertha saw with unmistakable recognition the amiable, soft eyes, and the quiet, kindly manners of her old friend, borne with the assurance and ease that come with self-confidence.

The hostess managed to whisper to Bertha's aunt, and of course Bertha overheard:

"This young man has distinguished himself in landscape gardening. He has just laid out a park for Prince Zagenwell, and is much thought of both in Holland and Germany. I hear that the Duke of York is likely to send for him for his new place in Scotland."

Dominicus Van Brunt saluted his hostess with a profound bow—how well Bertha remembered that quaint reverence of manner! He was presented to the guests and at last was led up to Bertha, who suddenly felt as if she were in short frocks, with freckles on her face and braids down her back. He started and flushed, and then held out his hand in the good American way, regardless of ceremony.

"What, you are acquainted!" cried the hostess. They explained. The hostess turned in some perplexity to the spinster aunt. She wondered if she had unintentionally committed an indiscretion. But there was no annoyance in the face of the elder Miss Manderson, and the hostess felt at liberty to permit the two young people to go down to dinner together.

The conversation at dinner would not be particularly interesting to recount. But Bertha remembered every word of it. Perhaps Dominicus Van Brunt did too—but it has been impossible to secure his confidence. It is a certain thing, however, that the next day a basket came for the young American lady, containing a dozen yellow tomatoes, dropped like eggs in a nest of white daisies. Which was, surely, a curious gift!

Now it is undeniable that Bertha Manderson found Amsterdam interesting, yet for some reason best understood by her sex she remained in it but a short time, hastening away to other points of interest. It is also certain that about the time of her departure a young landscape gardener ran to yews and weeping willows in his designs, and accepted with alacrity the opportunity of designing a cemetery for some new American town. But he recovered from his gloom when there reached him from the shores of the Baltic a trinket fashioned of luccent amber, shaped like a yellow tomato. It occurred to him that he ought also to visit the storied benches of the Baltic, and he did so without an hour's unnecessary delay.

And the consequence was, as the children say when they play the old game, that when Miss Bertha Manderson returned to America, she wore for an engagement ring a tomato shaped topaz on her third finger.

Man's Body Turns to Bone. William Miles, a blacksmith at Niles, Mich., is proving a puzzle to the doctors of southwestern Michigan. For some years the bones of his body have made rapid growth, so that now his ribs are over two inches in width and of equal thickness. Other bones of his body have enlarged in the same proportion. He weighs 162 pounds, 11½ pounds being bone.

ON THE COUNTRY ROAD.—THE ACCIDENT.

