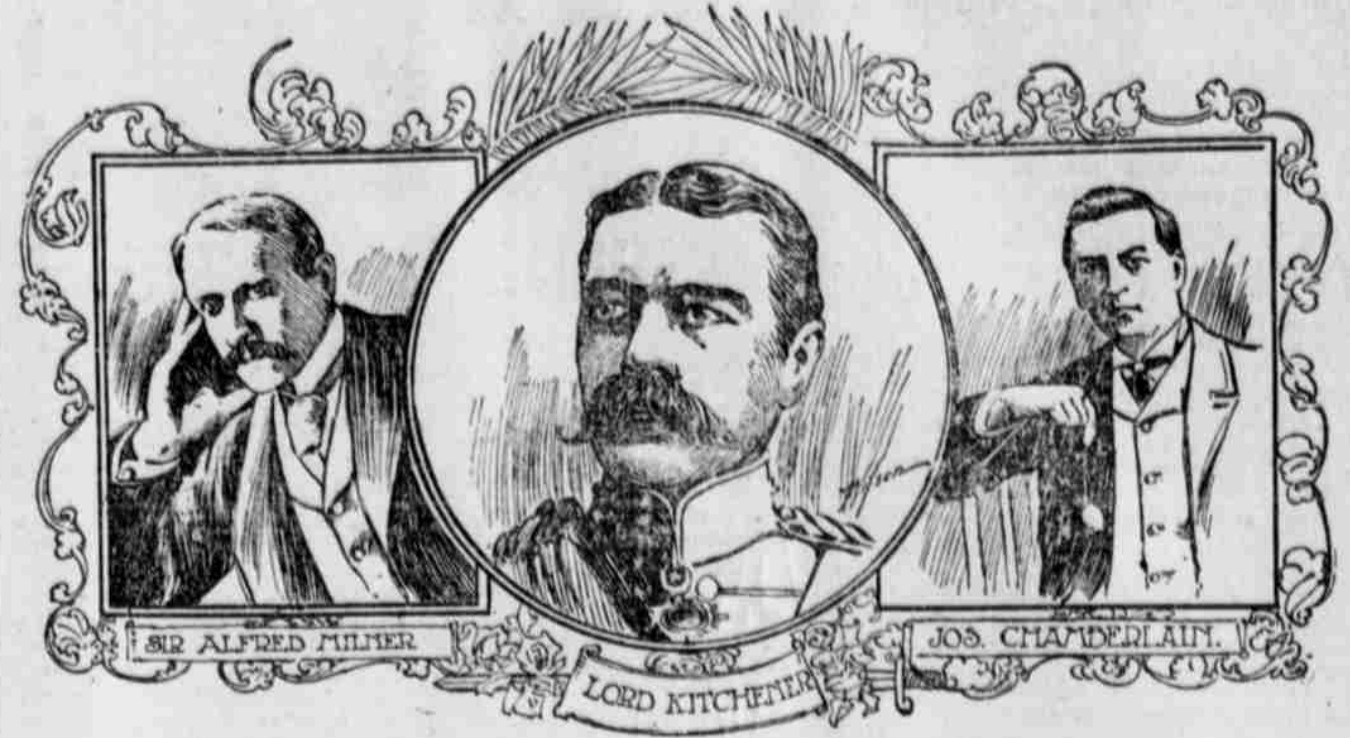


# Where Boer Leaders Signed Peace Treaty



The following letter descriptive of the Boer delegates—their appearance, mode of life, and views on peace—has come from a special correspondent in Pretoria:

As a matter of fact, from first to last, while Schalk Burger, the vice president, and the rest of the Transvaal government, with the exception of Reitz, were in favor of peace on any or no terms, and Louis Botha shared their views, Steyn, De Wet and Delarey were for demanding impossible conditions. Of that, however, anon. The first protocol set out: That whereas Great Britain was responsible for the war, etc., and by force of arms, etc., they were willing to sue for peace on the understanding that their rights should be restored to them at the expiration of a fixed period, etc. All that was brushed aside and the delegates after a while, with some disputation among themselves, settled down to draft less objectionable terms. But Brer Boer is a quaint compound, suspicious, and slow to move in any approved common sense direction. Like nearly all primitive peoples, he has no fear of asking too much, but a constant dread of seeking too little. He goes on the principle that arrangements and concessions are the outcome of entirely low, selfish motives on the part of the other side.

The delegates evinced little surprise during their railway journey at the evidences of the resumption of industrial pursuits in all directions, as if there was neither war nor unrest in the country. In conversation they betrayed no special interest upon any topic except in the matter of politics, home and foreign. Officers and civilians who in kindness tried to engage them in a chat found it dull work and gave up the attempt. On the railway journeys they read little, passing the time for the most part in smoking, talking to each other, and drinking. Poor Mr. Steyn was more down on his luck than any of the others on the way to Pretoria. He was nervous and out of sorts, and as he stepped out of the train his hat fell off more than once. But his eyesight is very bad—worse than I thought it. There is something more seriously wrong than an ordinary cold and inflammation. A local medical man was called in and is prescribing for him. Within a few minutes of their arrival each party was conveyed to a temporary residence.

Sentries were placed at the gateways of their abode. The soldiers in question were drawn from the escort or guard of honor. It was conceded that the Boers could see whomsoever they wished, or go where they wished, in company of an officer. The only understanding was that the delegates, unless by express consent, should not discuss politics or the war with their visitors. Scores of female relatives and a few of the sterner sex could be seen walking about daily in the garden or lounging upon the verandas and balconies chatting with the Boer leaders. Delarey had visits from his daughter, who resides with her husband in Pretoria, as well as from old burgher friends. Doubt and suspicion clouded the Boer general's mind as they did those of his colleagues, destroying frankness and easy intercourse. And yet Delarey and the others were anxious to know what the true situation of affairs was, what chance there was for assistance from abroad, and how much the English would concede them. He said they would insist that their flag, the "Vierkleur," should be retained. He spoke of their recent successes, in particular his own over Von Donop's convoy, and the capture of Lord Methuen. "I took on the latter occasion over 857 of Lord Methuen's column prisoners, including wounded," he observed. "Why, I could hold out in the Western Transvaal for two years more," added the Boer general, who is, I fear, suffering from that sad complaint, a "swelled head." But to a man who has lived upon the veld among a very homely, untraveled people such boastfulness is, under the circumstances, surely pardonable. Delarey is a man among and over his Boer compatriots. He is honest and downright in his dealings, and was so before the war—a Boer whose word was his bond. He further hotly declared that if he fought he would fight, as in the past, as an honorable foe, and would do nothing to forfeit the good name of himself and his burghers. Lord Kitchener, who surely is a diplomatist as well as a soldier—and he has had varied experience in both capacities, at least in Egypt—received the delegates at his residence.

The Transvaalers, with but one or two isolated exceptions, were for immediate cessation of hostilities, even to leaving the Free States to themselves. In the end I believe it has come to this—they are to have the dubious honor of being the last to come in and to give up the further useless, wanton spilling of human blood. Steyn, who is, I fear, breaking up physically, voted for continuing the struggle, but his influence counts for little beside that of the pugnacious, plump, swart, saturnine Christian De Wet, who is the real burgher master of the Free State. Delarey's was practically the only bellicose voice raised for war to the bitter end from the Transvaal. Mr. Reitz, the state secretary, need not be too seriously considered. But let this justice be done to Gen. Delarey, who deserves the meed of honest men's praise; he said: "If my comrades or burghers accept the English flag I will abide by their verdict and come in, for I have done my duty. If not, I will die in the field, fighting for the old government and the old flag." At last the voices of the burgher women—or, at least, a majority of them—are now for peace, and that has not been without its influence for settlement in the deliberations.

To get to the back of any man's mind is not usually an easy task. It is almost an impossible one when the stolid, taciturn, self-sufficient Boer is the subject of the operation. I would not be dealing fairly by you and your readers if I did not state that there are those among the Boers now demanding settlement and peace who seek to and would use these means to conspire for the abrogation of all the conditions that they are to-day so anxious to sign. But the sense of fairness, the pride of keeping their pledged word, will, I believe, weigh with the vast majority, and the "peace" will be a lasting peace if the terms do not assign away the victor's manifest rights. Better, in mercy's name, to "fight to a finish" than tolerate such a settlement, for bitterness and contention carried into civil life are more deadly to nationhood than war in the field between men. The future danger, if not guarded against, will come from the former evil element in south Africa, intriguing



## WORTHY OF MENTION

MADE THE SEA TO BLOSSOM.

A Unique Observance of Memorial Day in California.

There was a novel observance of Memorial day along the California coast this year which is worthy of



general emulation. The ceremony consisted chiefly of strewing flowers upon the ocean which was thus made literally to bloom like the rose. This unique and beautiful idea originated with Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Forbes is a descendant of John Page, Philadelphia's first male white child. She lived in Kansas in her youth and married an Englishman—Armitage S. C. Forbes—with whom she went to London to live. There her taste for art and literature developed and was increased by years of travel in the old world. For some time she has lived in Los Angeles.

## DEATH OF DR. J. H. BARROWS

Distinguished President of Oberlin College Succumbs to Pneumonia.

Rev. Dr. John H. Barrows, president of Oberlin college, died at his home in Oberlin, Ohio, last week.

He had been sick for several weeks with pneumonia, but the immediate cause of death was heart failure, his illness having taken a sudden turn for the worse.

For several hours before his death he was kept alive by injections of salt solution.

Dr. Barrows was in the height of his usefulness and the prime of his success. He had risen to a high rank among the educators of the day and he had succeeded in raising more than a million dollars for the university for whose advancement he worked with untiring zeal. He was known everywhere as an eminent clergyman, a finished orator, a distinguished scholar, a philosopher, an author and a convincing logician. It was on account of his powers of reasoning and argument that the University of Chicago chose him to be the first of its lecturers on Christian philosophy to

on Staten Island. In 1884 a monument to him was erected over his grave.

## POOR TO BENEFIT BY VERY OLD WILL.

A curious discovery has just been made by Mr. Fuller of Yately, Hampshire, into whose possession there recently passed a richly embroidered tablet, representing King Charles II. and Queen Catherine.

Neatly concealed in the back of the tablet he found the parchment will of Thomas Hodgkins, a London merchant.

The document is dated April 14, 1648, and is now in the possession of the vicar of Ridge, Hertfordshire. It is believed that it will lead to the discovery of an accumulated sum of many thousands of pounds for the poor of that parish, in whose favor the will is made.—London Mail.

## SPENDS LIFE DOING GOOD.

Robert Treat Paine Has Unique Ideas on Subject of Charity.

The subject of this sketch was born in Boston sixty-six years ago, graduated from Harvard and spent two years in foreign travel before he studied law. He was well established in the legal profession, when, some thirty years ago, he determined to abandon law and devote himself to philanthropic work. He was one of the foremost in the organization of the Associated Charities of Boston, which has done so much to alleviate the suffering incident to poverty and of which he is now president. He is at the head of various philanthropic associations and is also president of the American Peace society. Mr. Paine is one of those who believe that the strength of the strong and the wisdom of the wise should be used to help the weak and the foolish. He also believes that men and women

the cultivated and philosophical people of India.

## TRENCHES TO TRAP AUTOMOBILES.

The police in the neighborhood of Paris have devised a grievous method of compelling obedience on the part of automobile drivers to the speed law. They cut narrow and not very deep trenches across the middle of a tempting fast stretch, and when the racing car comes by at racing speed it bumps across the trap thus set, and in nine cases out of ten breaks its springs. The contention is that the vehicle obstruction could be seen and allowed for by drivers proceeding at a legal rate. The location of these pits is changed occasionally to trap the offenders unawares. The police in such cases do not usually take proceedings; they are satisfied that the racing automobilist has experienced an expensive shock.

## POWER OF ROOTS OF TREES.

An ash-tree growing in the neighborhood of Wembley Park, England, dislodged a one-foot thick stone wall, the lifting-weight of the tree in this instance being about one ton. An elm tree in Geansden, Cambridgeshire, spread its roots out till some of them pushed out of its place a portion of a brick built bridge thrown across the stream.

## COST OF OLIVE OIL.

A puzzling question has been asked frequently and does not appear to have been answered convincingly. It is this: "Why does olive oil cost so much in this country?" California has olive orchards which rival the best of those in Italy, Spain and France. The demand in the United States for choice olive oil is constant and large. Why is it that the price is still so high?—New York Tribune.

## TWO MEN OF MARK

AN IRISH MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

Began Life at 15, Now One of the World's Greatest Shipbuilders.

The Morganizing of the Atlantic ocean trade, as the consolidation of the leading steamship lines effected by J. Pierpon. Morgan is termed, has



brought to public notice another forceful character and a remarkably successful business man. He is W. J. Pirrie, of the Harland & Wolff ship building plant, at Belfast, Ireland, one of the largest of the kind in existence.

Mr. Pirrie was born in Quebec, where his parents, who were Irish, had settled in hopes of bettering their fortunes. When he was a year old he was left an orphan by the death of his father and soon was taken back to Ireland by his disappointed and sorrowing mother. At the age of 15 he entered the employ of Harland & Wolfe, then a comparatively small shipbuilding concern, as a draughtsman. He developed wonderful aptitude and at the age of 27 was admitted to a managing partnership. When he was admitted to partnership the concern employed 1,000 hands. Today there are 10,000 people on the pay-rolls and the buildings of the plant cover 100 acres. Mr. Pirrie is now many times a millionaire.

## PLENTY OF BOYS IN BERLIN.

Peculiar Distinction Enjoyed by the German Capital.

In general statisticians have to complain of the unequal increase in the number of female children as compared with that of males. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Berlin, the capital of the military monarchy of Prussia, has always broken the record in that respect, so that Kaiser Wilhelm need not fear that the ranks of his legions will be thinned. Last year 52,245 children were born in Berlin. Of these 27,077 were boys and 25,168 were girls, showing an increase to the credit of the male population of 1,909. Berlin, for some reason or other, seems to have the privilege of turning out more boys into the world, for, taking the numbers from 1891 to 1900, we find there was an average annual increase in the male progeny of the city during the ten years of 1,361 over the female—in other words, out of every 1,000 infants born, 513 were boys and 487 girls. The year 1820 was the record year last century, when 525 boys were born out of 1,000 babies.

## LABOUCHERE AN ECCENTRIC.

One of the Most Picturesque Characters in England.

Probably there is no one in the public eye in either Europe or America

who has as many eccentricities as Henry Labouchere, the Anglicized Frenchman who has for so long been conspicuous in the journalism of London and the politics of Great Britain. "Labby," as he is familiarly called, does not care a fig for public opinion or for the good will of any creature under the sun, yet in some respects he is immensely popular.

He is a radical of the radicals and represents Northampton in parliament. He has been involved in many libel suits and at one time Sir Charles Russell accused him of wearing shabby clothes in order to reduce the damages in such cases of litigation.

## REMARKABLE FEAT OF SURGERY.

Walter Duryea, the young millionaire, who, while bathing at Glen Cove several years ago, made a dive that broke his neck, and whose retention of life is the direct result of probably the most remarkable surgical skill in the country, is declared to have smoked his first cigar in several years on Sunday. While Mr. Duryea is entirely paralyzed from the arm pits down, as well as his arms from the biceps, he can move his head with comparative freedom and enjoys his meals with much relish. He thinks he will get well.

## GOOD THAT MEN DO

WORK OF A PHILANTHROPIST.

Noble Institution of the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island.

Last week the Sailors' Snug Harbor at New Brighton, Staten Island, celebrated the 100th anniversary of its conception.

Capt. Robert Richard Randall was the founder. Toward the end of the 18th century he purchased a tract of land in Manhattan island, which today comprises nearly 11 city blocks. By a will drawn up in June 1801, he left this property to be applied to the founding of a home for the care of aged, decrepit and worn-out sailors. At its start the institution was capable of caring for only 30 odd sailors, now it has 900 inmates. There are now 50 buildings comprised in the home. The property yields an annual income of \$380,000.

To be admitted to the Sailors' Snug Harbor one must furnish satisfactory evidence that he has sailed at least five years under the flag of the United States, either in the merchant or naval service.

Capt. Randall was a native of New Jersey and was a merchant and shipmaster. In 1801 he died. In 1834 his remains were exhumed in St. Mark's Churchyard, New York, and were reinterred on the lawn of the institution

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