

"THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA."

Cronje, the soldier, has carved his niche beside that of Leonidas; Cronje the man remains to be known outside his own brave land. The Sunday Post-Dispatch thus presents him to the American people:

It is fitting that he, beyond all his fighting countrymen, should capture the admiration of the world, since he more fully represents the Boer and his aspirations than any other general. He is second in command of the republican forces, but he is first in the hearts of the burghers.

They love Joubert, with his courtly manners and his crafty generalship; but Joubert's qualities are the product of his French ancestry, and he does not appeal to their racial instincts with the force of his subordinate, Cronje, the veritable farmer-soldier, who will stand for all time as the type of the Boer in war and peace.

Cronje is, first of all, a farmer. His life as a civilian is that of a patriarch. He rules his own little tribe with absolute authority, in the true biblical way, and imposes upon it the obligations of worshipping God and of tilling the soil.

His farm, which is near Potchefstroom, covers 12,000 acres. Any Boer farm would strike an American as a group of small plots, but Cronje's is an essay in agriculture, but Cronje's is somewhat superior to his neighbors'. Still, the greater part of it is unfenced and untilled.

The homestead is a stone building of one story. There are half a dozen rooms, the contents of which could be replaced for \$500. The floors throughout the dwelling consist of the native earth, beaten flat and glazed with bullock's blood.

There are no pictures on the walls. True Boer as he is, Cronje despises art in all its forms. His reading is confined to the Bible, which he knows by heart, and a weekly newspaper in the Dutch tongue published in Pretoria. That a man should find pleasure in books or paintings or the manifestations of nature, is to him beyond understanding. He comprehends such securities under the designation of "work," which is applied impartially to Englishmen, Americans and other unwelcome foreigners.

He is a silent man, simple and God-fearing, inspired by a passionate determination that his race shall be free, not alone from alien dominion, but also from the influences of modern luxury. To him the old and new testament are alike literal truth. It is recorded of him that he laughed scornfully when a "resolink" whom he met in Johannesburg ventured to remark that the earth revolved round the sun and not the sun around the earth.

"How can that be?" demanded Cronje, "when the bible shall be free, not alone from alien dominion, but also from the influences of modern luxury. To him the old and new testament are alike literal truth. It is recorded of him that he laughed scornfully when a 'resolink' whom he met in Johannesburg ventured to remark that the earth revolved round the sun and not the sun around the earth."

"That settled the question. Joshua is his favorite biblical character—his military and religious ideal. To his family and dependents and the stranger within his gates he loves to read the story of the Hebrew leader's bloody fights with his enemies, and in going forth against the English he is lifted with the spiritual exaltation that served Joshua to vanquish the Philistines.

He hates politics. He does not comprehend the ambition that would lead another man to make political capital out of the great regard in which he is held by his people. In 1898 he was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the presidency, but he refused.

Roberts is an Irishman and a magnificent fighter. Personal daring has had no less to do with his advancement than skillful generalship.

His most famous achievement was the march from Kabul to Kandahar. With 10,000 men he crossed the great mountain ranges of Afghanistan, a force of 300 miles in twenty days, and then crushed the formidable Ayoub Khan. The empire rang out with that march, and it was only one of the many martial feats of the indomitable "Little Boer."

General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum also bears a title which commemorates his great achievements in arms.

He is a type of the modern soldier. He is a student, an organizer, an engineer. He is a man who can lead a line of infantry is no more than a myth, a body of cavalry no more than a projectile. Of personal valor he may be richly capable, but his method of warfare does not give it opportunity. He has no dependents and there are no great, tedious operations, foreseeing difficulties and overcoming them in advance.

A CHISEL IN HIS HEAD.

One of the most difficult and peculiar surgical operations ever attempted in Maryland was successfully performed at St. Joseph's hospital, in Baltimore, when Prof. Louis McLane Tiffany, assisted by Dr. Carey Gamble and other surgeons of the hospital, removed from the head of Charles C. Barker a steel chisel four and one-half inches long, one inch wide and one-quarter of an inch thick. The operation lasted only a little over half an hour, and there are good chances of the man's recovery.

Mr. Barker is employed by the Geiser Manufacturing company of Waynesboro, Pa., and was attending a wood-working machine which contains two steel chisels that make 1,200 revolutions a minute. He was leaning over the machine when the chisels were driven out by the tremendous centrifugal force. He was wounded over the bridge of the nose, and the wound, which was an ordinary wound, was dressed as any ordinary wound. One of the chisels was found, but the other one was not. A few days later Mr. Barker suffered partial paralysis and was brought to Baltimore and taken to St. Joseph's hospital. There Prof. Tiffany examined him and suspected the chisel was in his head. The X-rays were resorted to and showed his surmise to be correct. The sharp tool hurried with the force

By P. Louter Wessels, Secretary of the National Boer Relief Association:

Pieter Arnoldus Cronje, the general from the Transvaal who is fighting for and with the people of the Orange Free State, may well be called the "Lion of South Africa." He has proved his valor and has done his duty. It is not the habit of the people of South Africa to worship a hero. Every man stands ready to fight for his country.

General Cronje is known by reputation in the Orange Free State, although his life has been spent beyond the Vaal. Like many of our people, he is of Huguenot descent, and settled in our part of the world under the Dutch East India company.

His people joined in the Great Trek of 1846, and he settled with them in the north of the Transvaal.

We first heard of Cronje in 1881, when he was elected Commandant General of the burgher troops of Potchefstroom division. Against him was pitted Major Clarke of the British army in that year of warfare which ended at Majuba hill. Major Clarke capitulated to General Cronje. The peace papers were signed by them.

General Cronje occupied a very important position and figured conspicuously in the settlement of these difficulties. Let me say here that we of South Africa considered Gladstone the fairest statesman England ever had. Cronje has a great heart as well as a great head. He treats his prisoners with the greatest consideration.

Here is how we of the Orange Free State came to have Cronje at the head of our troops. Our own commanding general was General Gideon Joubert, no relation to Piet Joubert, but he was too old to direct the forces on the field, having reached his eightieth year. It was agreed between the Orange Free State and the South African Republic that the Free State should send men to the southern border of the Transvaal. General Cronje for a time was at the siege of Mafeking, but he was ordered to join Commandant Lubbe at the front. It was learned that General Methuen, with 24,000 men, was on his way to relieve Kimberley. Cronje brought 5,000 men only with him.

Cronje took command of the united forces. He is a clear-headed and determined man. A man of uncommon common sense and a brave man.

I was in Bloemfontein before the war. I saw Sir Alfred Milner, the British general, and he was talking with his face set. He did not want the difficulty settled. Brabant, now of Brabant's horse, said he would ride the length and breadth of the Free State with 1,000 horses, and he was told that he could not do it with ten times that force.

While we welcome Cronje as the leader of the Free State forces, we wish that our brave old Gideon Joubert were able to take the field. His strategic planning was marvelous. Indeed, the art of strategy is born in South Africa. There is something about the topography of the country which leads itself to such skill and wars with the natives have added to the Boers' ability to stand off the enemy.

Like America, South Africa raises men of the moment, and unlike many generals, our leaders confer with the humblest private and follow advice, if considered good, no matter whence the source.

Although we do not allow an ordinary burgher to come and make suggestions, interviews with men in the rear are regarded as part of the plan of campaign. Our generals and field cornets may be seen listening to an ordinary soldier. In this way ideas are developed and good plans ensue.

If a man's advice is followed his rise from the ranks is immediate, and there are always men in line for promotion.

Mr. brother, C. H. Wessels, is chairman of the war council. He is a man of Basuto war, but that was nothing. It is said that this is his first experience in warfare. He has read everything on the art, however. He is a student of Napoleon and Washington. He recently visited England. As a result he is carrying on the work like an old campaigner.

I have been in the United States but a short time, but letters and visitors are overwhelming in their expressions of good will. I accept no money from those who want to fight for the Boers, but I tell them to wait. The time may come.

If you see a boy and a man fighting and the boy is doing pretty well you do not interfere, do you? But once let the man overpower the boy and you will separate them.

The South African Republic and the Orange Free State never will be slaves.

Melbourne, Australia, a city with 500,000 population and rapidly growing, has taken an advanced stand for municipal ownership. It owns absolutely its own gas works, and last year made a profit of over \$1,500,000. The street railway system will soon revert to it, when it will transport passengers a distance of three to five miles for 1 cent. Long ago it adopted the eight-hour law for all city employees. It provides for the free transportation of school children. It furnishes free employment exchanges and one of the finest school systems in the world. Next to Paris it is the equal of any.

One of the newest forms of the boiler jacket appears to have no fastening at all, but is hooked invisibly under the fronts, toward the side seams. The most dainty styles are of open cupure cut round and low at the neck, reaching to the waist in a point at the center of the back and front, and arching up slightly beneath the arms, so that a portion of the silk or satin under the bodice is in evidence.

When Good Stomach, one of the Sioux Indians with the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, was picked up in the street drunk and inarticulate, the police spent the time in which he was sobbing up in hunting all over the city and surrounding country for an interpreter of the Sioux language. They did not find one. When the noble red man regained the mastery of his vocal chords it was found that he spoke nothing but English.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY IN THE INTRENCHMENTS.

The Boer women fought side by side with the men in their heroic defense of Koodoosrand.

This is a revelation at which even England stands aghast.

It appears to be true, as many familiar with the Boers have predicted, that the women will shed their blood with the men in defence of the last inch of Transvaal and Free State territory.

Again and again has this prediction been made, but little attention has been paid to it. It is now beginning to have a terrible significance. Statements made from time to time by British soldiers give confirmation of it.

A war in which women take part will be awful beyond description. They will surely urge their men to the last pitch of desperation, while the enemy will have the alternative of killing women or being ruthlessly slaughtered themselves.

Such a war as this has never taken place in modern times. The most striking instance of it is the great struggle of the Dutch, the ancestors of the Boers, against Spanish tyranny, in which the men only fought, but in several instances led men. Motley tells how the Dutch women tore out the hearts of the Spaniards and flung them in the faces of the enemy.

The Boer woman is a strange figure, apart from this war, uncouth, heroic, possessing boundless courage and the bigotry of her husband in an exaggerated degree.

With the 3,000 Boers who resisted for a week the assault of 50,000 British troops in that death hole in the Modder river were the wives, sweethearts, children and other women relatives of the defenders. They had accompanied the original army of 10,000 Boers, which resisted Methuen's advance and slaughtered the Highland brigade at Magersfontein.

It was not that the Boers took their wives. The women insisted on going. They shared the freedom of their country as much to them as to the men. As the mothers went, they had to take their children, for there would have been no one left to look after them at home. The women would have been left to the mercy of the Kaffirs.

To set the example, Mrs. Cronje, wife of the ablest general of the Boers, accompanied her husband. He is a rich man, probably a millionaire, but in the Transvaal the rich are as ready as the poor to give their lives in defence of their country. It may be added that there are no poor in the European sense, in that country.

What a spectacle was that—the wife of the great and rich man of the Transvaal doing her duty under the murder one fire of 50,000 soldiers! That simple old Boer housewife made coffee, cooked the wounded, carried ammunition, while a hail of rifle bullets and lyddite shells charged with poison vapor filled the bend of the Modder river with death and disease. Dying men and animals lay all around her, and she calmly went on with her work, her own safety being the last thing she thought about. There is no more heroic spectacle than this in all history.

Even when the British general offered to suspend hostilities while the women, with their children went out to the rear, he did not hear of it. It was Cronje who surrendered first. The women stayed with him to the last, and perhaps we shall learn that they opposed the surrender, which appeared inevitable to his calm, er wisdom.

In one of his reports Lord Roberts states that there were 170 wounded and sick Boer women and children in his hospitals.

These Boer women were not a burden

to their husbands, as ordinary women would be. They cooked the food, carried ammunition and nursed the wounded at most times, but whenever necessary they fought with their rifles. It is owing to them that the Boer generals have no occasion to worry about a commissariat. The service which these women perform for the Boers occupies about 10,000 men in the British army in South Africa, who are thus withdrawn from the fighting force.

The Boer women are almost without exception good shots, good horsewomen

and accustomed to all the hardships of campaigning. These qualities have been developed by the successive treks, or immigrations, they have made and the ordinary life they lead in the Transvaal. In middle life the Boer woman weighs from 160 to 200 pounds, without any of the helplessness that would imply in an American woman. She can shoot a lion or an antelope from horseback, or a man, if there is occasion for it.

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