

Polished in Society

Versed in War

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 WASHINGTON, April 7.—Of all the twenty-nine nations represented by the diplomatic corps at Washington only eight have paid our government the compliment of including officers of the army and navy in the staffs of their embassies and legations. Five European armies are at present represented at Washington, and Germany,

has already had a career brilliant enough to satisfy a soldier of twice his years. He was commissioned a second lieutenant of the royal artillery at 20, and went out to Hong Kong as adjutant of the Hong Kong volunteers. He was staff officer of the coast defense school on the Isle of Wight from 1891 to 1893, when he came over to

hat of black beaver with the plume of white and scarlet, is as striking a figure as one can find even on a gala day in Washington.

By way of amusement, Colonel Lee collects autographs and relics of Napoleon. He possesses Napoleon's own pistols, with the case originally made for them. They are of the long flintlock pattern, perfectly plain, except for an exquisite Medusa's head in repoussé silver on the butt. They have been an heirloom in his family since the days of his grandfather, who was in the diplomatic service and in Paris when the allied sovereigns entered the city, after Waterloo. Unlike the military attaches of



COLONEL A. H. LEE—BRITISH MILITARY ATTACHE.

CAPTAIN VIGNAL, FRENCH NAVAL ATTACHE.

Russia, France and Japan have sent naval attaches. The military attaché is no new thing at the capital, but the coming of the first naval attaché is a matter of very recent history, and was a token of the interest awakened in the great and growing naval powers of the world by the exploits of our ships.

The duties of a military or naval attaché are not onerous, and the layman has the vaguest possible idea of his mission. The minister or ambassador is understood to be engrossed in affairs of state, but the attaché seems to have nothing to do but attend assiduously to social duties and lend the glitter of gold-laced uniform and gay decorations to an occasional state entertainment. He is always young, anyway the right side of middle age, and he is usually a dancing man, or at least a dining man. He is in great demand by ambitious hostesses, and his name is on the dinner lists of the socially great. Society is, indeed, a part of his duty, and no man not perfectly fitted to make a favorable impression in Washington is ever sent here as a military or naval attaché, for he is expected to add to the social prestige of the legation to which he is attached.

Society Not the Only Duty.

But attention to society is by no means all his duty. There are a great many things in American army and navy affairs which foreign governments like to know about and it is precisely these things that it is the business of the attaché to learn, though he is no sense of the word a spy. Almost every foreign nation has secret means of information concerning our fortifications and our armaments, but military and naval attaches do not deal in secrets. An army officer recently stated before the house committee of military affairs, while a bill for the reconstruction of Fort Hamilton, at New York, was pending, that plans of the fort and the surrounding works were in the possession of foreign war offices and it is known that the Spanish authorities had many maps of southern coast fortifications, which even the innocent amateur photographer is forbidden to snap his camera at. Such information as this, however, is obtained through channels less official than the attaché. The attaches are here to see only what the government officially permits them to see. They visit shipyards and army posts and make investigations of methods of transporting troops, of victualling armies and of supplying fuel to the navy. There is very little that a military or naval attaché wants to know that the departments at Washington do not furnish him every facility for learning. His work is open and above board and the position is one that is almost always conferred as a reward for some especially meritorious service. In consequence the military and naval attaches are the very cream of the diplomatic corps and a finer body of men could hardly be found the world around.

Most Widely Known Attaché.

Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Lee of the British embassy is, no doubt, the most widely known of the military attaches, and a better liked man cannot be found in all Washington. Although he is only a year or two past his 30th birthday, Colonel Lee

Canada as professor of tactics at the Royal Military college at Kingston. He came from Kingston at the beginning of the Spanish-American war to join our army in Cuba as British military attaché. He has written several magazine articles on the Cuban campaign, but the men who were with him down there say he has left the best part of his experience untold. He showed himself in innumerable instances to be both brave and kind of heart. All the day of the El Caney engagement he was with General Chaffee, and under fire for a great part of the time. He himself tells that he imitated the serpent's method of travel in making his way from one part of the line to another. Once in the course of the day he came upon an American soldier, a mere boy, who had lain out in the burning sun, desperately wounded, for hours. He was almost unconscious, but he roused himself as the young officer drew near, to ask if he were a surgeon. Bullets were spattering everywhere about, but the Englishman forgot all about them, and went tenderly to work to dress the soldier's wounds as best he could. The boy died in his arms, but not without a fervent "God bless you," for the help which had come too late.

A group of attaches from half a dozen European armies watched together the charge up San Juan hill. Some of them said it was foolhardy to attempt it. Some of them said it was madness. They were all learned in the science of war, and the text books nowhere recommended the charging of an entrenched position by dismounted cavalry without bayonets. They shook their heads and prophesied many things. Lee alone was silent. He said nothing till the line had gone up and up, and the American flag gleamed in the sun from the blockhouse at the top of the hill. Then he turned to his fellow attaches and took off his hat.

Friendly to America.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is a great day for the Anglo-Saxon."
 That speech is the keynote to the whole man. He is a kinsman of the Lees of Virginia; he has married very recently, too, an American girl, and his one great hobby is an Anglo-Saxon alliance. He lets no chance slip to further friendly relations between England and America, and only his intimate friends know how many articles he has written on the subject, for they appear anonymously. He received his commission as lieutenant colonel in January, 1899, in recognition of his services in Cuba.

Among all the nine or ten uniforms Colonel Lee's rank obliges him to possess, he prizes none so much as the bedraggled khaki coat he wore in Cuba. It hangs in his "den," and he treasures the canteen and battered tin cup that go with it more than he does the gorgeous sabretache which dangles from his belt on state occasions. It is a dazzling thing, that sabretache, or mounted officer's pocket. It fairly blazes with gold lace. The royal arms are embroidered on it in red and gold, the figures standing out an inch and more from the black background. The artillery arms are worked below the lion and unicorn, with the mottoes, "Ubique" and "Quo fas et gloria ducunt." Colonel Lee, with his sabretache, his heavily laced uniform and his cocked

other countries, Colonel Lee wears no orders or decorations of any kind.

Handsomest is a German.

The handsomest man among the military and naval attaches at Washington is Lieutenant Commander von Rebeur-Paschwitz, the naval attaché of the German embassy. He is as typically German as the kaiser himself, and loyally combs his moustache in the very military fashion his sovereign invented. Commander von Rebeur was with our army in Cuba and watched the sea fight off Santiago from the ship Seguranca, on board which they spoke eight languages that day, for there were two Russians, two Japanese, two Englishmen, two Germans, an Austrian, a Norwegian and a Frenchman, all attaches, on the deck. The lieutenant commander says it was great fun to hear the bullets fly, as he did hear them when he went on shore to be with the land forces in the engagements which followed the sea victory, but there are those who tell of acts of kindness shown by him to wounded soldiers, and of other things more than ordinarily brave, the merest reference to which sets the handsome officer to blushing like a boy. One of the correspondents, who was with the army, relates that on the day of the battle of El Caney, as he sat, tired to death, by the side of the sun-baked road, making coffee in an old tomato can, Von Rebeur-Paschwitz came riding along on a woo-begone army horse. He was covered with dust. His face was scarlet with heat. He had a bullet hole through his cap, but he was as erect as if he were on the bridge of one of the kaiser's men-of-war at a naval parade. He stopped when he saw the coffee and his mouth watered at the aroma of it. He had emptied his canteen hours before for the relief of a thirsty soldier with a Mauser bullet through his shoulder. He looked at the tomato can longingly.

Soul of Politeness.

The correspondent offered him a drink. The German was the soul of politeness. He was nearly dead for a taste of the coffee, but he couldn't think of robbing the correspondent. He would be very grateful, he said, for a demi-tasse—a demi-tasse out of an old tin can by the side of a broiling hot Cuban road in wartime! The correspondent held up the tin, the officer seized it and the imperturbability of the German navy went to pieces in the instant. He drank and drank and drank, and when he handed the can back if there was any demi-tasse anywhere about the place it was the amount of fluid left in the bottom of the can. Then he dismounted and sat himself down in the dust, in all the tarnished glory of his uniform, and went to work to help make more coffee.

Lieutenant Commander von Rebeur-Paschwitz was a member of the general staff in Berlin before he was sent to Washington and has been decorated on several occasions. His earliest decoration was conferred on him by the king of Sweden, who came to visit a training ship of which he was in command when it touched at Stockholm. As aide-de-camp to the grand duke of Weimar, at the opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm canal, he was decorated for his services. Some of his badges of honor are

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