

Sketches of Men Who Make War Heroes

War correspondents have never been backward in saying what they thought about soldiers and military administration; now comes a soldier who tells what he thinks of war correspondents. This is Colonel Lynch, colonel of the Second Irish brigade of the Boer army, who has an interesting article on "War Correspondents I Have Met," in the current issue of Collier's Weekly. Colonel Lynch is a correspondent by profession, a soldier by inclination. He joined the republican army as a correspondent, but laid down the pen for the sword and fought until Pretoria fell. His article follows:

that what happened was this: "It was properly Lemmer's fight," he said, "but Dewet got there before him. He let the English pass through a dry suit, with a good part of their men and guns, his own men being kept in concealment in the suit. Then suddenly he attacked and the English were seized with a panic, and it was only a running fight after that. We killed and captured over 1,000 and only lost two men." I give the statement for what it is worth; but I would point out that even brave men unused to the country and unskilled in the art of war as it should be practiced might easily fall victims to a panic under such circumstances. That was seen at Magersfontein, where one of the bravest regiments in the world ran like frightened sheep before the sudden and murderous fire of Cronje's men hidden in their trenches.

Escape from Pretoria.

A most interesting episode of the war, and one which holds me in perpetual admiration, is Churchill's escape from Pretoria. In the first brief account which I read it appeared that he left the State School prison at night, climbed a wall when the sentry's back was momentarily turned, walked through the streets without disguise, got through all the patrols, jumped on to the 11:10 goods train moving at full speed without attracting attention, hid under coal sacks, jumped from the train before dawn, remained sheltered in a wood all day with only a vulture for a companion, walked on at dusk, following the line, but with grand detours at the bridges, and culverts, lived principally on chocolate for five days, lying up in daylight and

The type of war correspondent is undergoing a certain change, consistent both with changes in the conduct of war operations and changes in journalism. The near prototypes of our present war correspondents differ as much from those of today as Hannibal from Baden-Powell. MacGahan, for instance, was a great man, an explorer and a statesman. Donovan was a veritable hero of romance, who finished a wonderful career in the mystery of an unknown death—swallowed up in the eternal silence of the desert. Archibald Forbes was a great rider, something of a swashbuckler, not so "brainy" as the other two, but with a good sense of the broad issues of things.

Nowadays the great journals of both hemispheres prefer to send men who have made reputations rather in the world of letters than in the moving accidents of flood and fell. War talk becomes more "gossipy," more full of personal detail, of impressions of everything that will commend it to



Senator Tillman, W. J. Bryan, Ex-Governor Boyd, Dr. A. W. Riley, Edgar Howard. PROMINENT DEMOCRATS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE JACKSONIAN BANQUET AT OMAHA, JANUARY 7, 1901.

tain tone of decadence in his fiber, and it is in vain that he whips himself up to tury to persuade us that he is a sort of second Weyler, or a man of blood and iron. These ferocities are merely verbal and artistic. The real ruffian seldom boasts of his brutality. Even a soldier like Kitchener is not avid of the fame which should accrue to him in his projected campaign of "pacification" in South Africa, for he begins by sending away all the correspondents. I doubt greatly that he would be pleased to be accompanied even by such an admirer of force as Rudyard Kipling.

Doyle as a Correspondent.

Almost as famous as Kipling as a literary man is Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, and still more instructive is his account of matters at the front. Neither Rudyard Kipling nor Conan Doyle are war correspondents at all in the sense that the term was formerly understood. They have collected most of their information and noted their impressions at the second line. Conan Doyle's narrative is not only interesting to the ordinary reader, but the good doctor takes in hand the military authorities and reads them a few lessons on the organization of an army and the conduct of war. In doing so he has been taxed in some quarters with presumption, but if a man speak logically and to the point it is absurd to cavil at the uniform or gown that he wears. Conan Doyle looked at the business with the eyes of common sense, and the operations of the army he followed, guided by stereotyped rules, properly obsolete for three-quarters of a century, were often so absurdly at variance with ordinary intelligence that his criticisms are all justified.

One of Conan Doyle's descriptions is worth quoting by way of contrast to that of Mr. Julian Ralph, which I shall subsequently cite: "It was only General Smith Dorrien's brigade. I watched them, rugged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry, struggling under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the grim soldier in the time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bulldog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one." He speaks of them as "maned like lions" and compares them to American cowboys.

All that makes a good picture and Conan Doyle's book is altogether, in my opinion, one of the best published on the war. I would, however, express one caveat. He speaks of the war, some months ago, as being over. That is hardly consistent with

the cry of some of the Cape papers and London jingo journals for greater forces and their discontent with the premature disbanding of the colonial troops or with Lord Roberts' statement that not a man can be spared from South Africa.

Whims of Ralph.

Julian Ralph has of late been attacked by pro-English and pro-Boers, it appears, and he defends himself valiantly and says that by his impartiality he "will earn the disapproval of the microscopic-headed, insect-brained people." This is sweeping and is very severe on myself as well as a good few Americans who were formerly his admirers. Julian Ralph is such a genial individual, his intentions are so good and the result is sometimes so contrary to his intentions that explanations should be diligently sought. I have been reading his later articles and dukes and duchesses and titled people generally dance about his pages in so free and volatile a manner that I fear his judgment is obscured in consequence. He speaks of London as "this vast city where dukes and lords and countesses roam about." He mentions a room in Bloemfontein where "dukes and lords now sit and toil with pens" and one can even feel the gusto with which he describes "Lord Roberts with his staff of famous noblemen." At Winston Churchill's lecture he is delighted with the rows of "dress suits and gay gowns."

Now, my own acquaintances have ranged from princes to pugilists and I incline to like the pugilists best, but that, I dare say, is "insect-brained." There must be a special sense in that admiration for aristocracy and noble dress suits and it must be very delightful to the possessor. We, on the Boer side, could never enjoy the intoxication arising from contact with titles and this should always be accounted to us in mitigating our condemnation. We were only among our equals. And so it happened, possibly, that we took false views of things.

In Cronje's fight at Paardeberg, for example, we beheld a heroic band of men holding out against tenfold odds, pounded at day and night for a fortnight in one of the most terrific bombardments known to history, rained on, flooded out till the swollen watercourse carried hundreds of dead horses, dead oxen and many dead men on its stream; famished, yet fighting on till their ammunition had been expended, and yielding finally to the inevitable with a dignity which brought an expression of admiration from Lord Roberts himself. In

Europe and America Cronje was called the Lion of South Africa.

Mr. Ralph writes: "I never dreamed that there were on earth such filthy, dirty, tangle-haired, wild-eyed men existent. If I were at home and saw one such man coming down the street where I live I would turn back and warn my people to take in their lines off the line."

Compare these words with Conan Doyle's description of the men he admired, and admired the more for the travel-stained, battle-stained marks that distinguished them. Mr. Ralph himself, in second thought, would hardly care to make such a comparison.

Earned the Best Reputation.

Among those who have earned the best reputation from South Africa, Mr. Richard Harding Davis should be placed in the front rank. I do not say it because he advocates the side for which I fought, but because he has looked at facts on both sides, fairly and squarely, and he has not been carried off his feet by the superficial aspect of things. He went out to South Africa Anglophile; he followed the operations of Lord Roberts' army, and then he proceeded to the republics, where, with no reason to form a bias, he came to a deliberate judgment of the justice of the war and the character of the military operations.

One of the best types of war correspondent is George Lynch, who has recently added in China to the laurels gained in Cuba and South Africa. His art is a simple one. He gets to the very front and thence relates facts. There is a bluntness about his narratives which has been of detriment to him, for they are not only true, but they read like truth. He saw the war on the English side; he was taken prisoner, and afterward released by the Boers; and he said that the war was unjust. On his return to Durban his license was rescinded.

And that reminds me of the conditions under which modern war correspondents work with the English army. They are, in the first place, under the operation of the mutiny act. Only a limited number are allowed to accompany the army, and the officer commanding makes the selection. It is stipulated that the correspondent have a written permit every time he wishes to go on the field of action or visit the advanced posts. The military censor, however, furnishes news of what is transpiring. The censor has the right to retain, expunge, correct, or even append, what seems to him justifiable. These regulations are not so onerous as they appear, for, generally speaking, the public wishes to hear only the bright side of their army's exploits, and the correspondents are quite in accordance with that view.

Young Kruger is a Hero

An English clergyman has had the extreme hardihood of relating an anecdote in a Dublin paper that reflects great credit upon a near relative, a grandnephew, of England's arch enemy, Paul Kruger. He was staying at Glendalough with two friends, and while boating on the upper lake, under Camaderry mountain, noticed a sheep pitifully bleating on a ledge about 1,000 feet up the sheer cliff. The animal had been there for days and was in a state of semi-starvation. The peasants about had resolved to shoot it and thus end its misery. Young Kruger, however, essayed its rescue. He tied a piece of tarred twine round the soles of his boots and climbed up the face of the precipice, much to the anxiety of his friends. The operation took him quite two hours, during which the slightest unsteadiness or wavering would have cost him his life. Half-way up he shouted down that he could not move further. With a final effort, however, he gradually worked his way up, reached the animal and lowered it cautiously until he regained the boat. His intrepid act excited intense admiration among the spectators. His task seemed utterly impossible and in any event was attended with terrible danger. Young Kruger was at the time a medical student at Edinburgh university, and on the declaration of war sailed for South Africa.



WRECK OF THE BARK KATHERINE SUDDEN—PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER GREAT STORM AT CAPE NOME, Alaska.

the ordinary reader of the newspaper, who sandwiches the enjoyment of a battle at his breakfast between the account of a society play and the successes of the latest American jockey in England.

I often wonder whether, with the immense enterprise of our newspapers and the enormous mass of literature provided in consequence, the boasted enlightenment of the public on great topics really occurs. For the news nearly always has such a decided bias according to the set of opinion and the very mass of reading necessary to form a judgment is so vast that the public eye becomes "blasted with excess of light."

This is especially the case in such a matter of hot discussion as the Boer war, where all the world is partisan and where prejudices and sympathies outweigh, by ninety-nine to one, good judgment and equity. Julian Ralph says all is black. Richard Harding Davis says all is white. And they both make their statements to eloquently and with such an array of arguments that the average citizen generally opts for one or the other and follows him blindly.

Out of the Ordinary.

However, to come to the concrete. Mr. Winston Churchill is especially interesting to me, both for his achievements and his promise. He is not a stereotyped character; he is full of life; he has points; he gives play; he is abundant in human nature; he is a type of the winning young man of today. And to the amateur of types, or student of character, it is not essential that the type should conform to a rigid model, nor that the character should be capable of expression in a lapidary inscription. Churchill distinguished himself early in the war by being captured, and, later, still more by escaping. He had the courage and the wisdom to tell his countrymen that one Boer was equivalent in fighting power to five Englishmen, and he also said in the early stage of the campaign: "There has been a great deal too much surrendering in this war."

There was a period when he seemed likely to become even a Boer sympathizer, but after his escape from Pretoria one of his first messages was to the effect that the war should be conducted inexorably and uncompromisingly. Since his return to London he has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Tenth Hussars and the First and Tenth Life Guards against Lord Rosslyn, who assured the public, on the authority of certain unnamed English officers, that these crack regiments had taken to flight and had deserted their guns at Sanna's Post.

I was told by one of the Boers who was present at Sanna's Post, and who certainly had no prejudice against the Household Cavalry as distinguished from any other,

walking by night, and on the sixth day managed to board a train beyond Middleburg, hid under coal sacks again, and, in spite of the train being searched, arrived safe and sound at Koomatipoort after sixty hours of misery.

It is true that the Boer authorities told me that they had let Churchill go, as they subsequently let George Lynch go, and they even designated the detective who had arranged to have the door open for his escape; but then South Africa is a land of lies.

Kipling is too great a man to be dealt with in a section of a small article. I will only say that my admiration for his genius—as revealed, for instance, in the "Jungle Book"—suffers a rude shock when I peruse his latter-day heroic poems. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is little better than doggerel, and its extraordinary popularity in England should again warn us of the impossibility of obtaining a cool judgment on any aspect of this war from sources so steeped in prejudice. Kipling seems to have developed a tone of remarkable truculence in South Africa, and he advocates the most terrible measures, but I cannot think that this is serious. Kipling is good-hearted and sensitive; there is even a cer-



FINE PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF WAVES DASHING OVER A SCOW AS THE SEA IS SUBSIDING AFTER THE GREAT STORM THAT SWEEPED OVER CAPE NOME, Alaska.