

FOUR

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LONDON, MONDAY, NOV. 16.

## EARL ROBERTS.

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, one of the last links between the old-time chivalry of British arms, dating back to the Indian mutiny and Sir Colin Campbell, and the newly tried and proved valor of today's fine soldiery, died in France Saturday evening. The war office will mourn a mighty warrior and the British Empire its beloved "Bobo," the most affectionately regarded British fighting man of the last few generations. He died while in the battle country to meet his old friends and enemies, the Indian troops, whose native land was his native land and the scene of his most dashing exploits.

"Little Roberts" has been called "a sort of general legend" of the British army. He overflowed with the purest good nature and his smile was enough to start a desperate charge. Not the same masterful type as Kitchener, he was none the less a master of his men by force of the comradeship he bestowed. Kitchener is the stern might of the British army; Roberts might be likened to a kindly uncle, in whom "the boys" indulged to their heart's content. While his death is a blow to the empire at this time, yet the tradition created through his passing will become even a greater inspiration to the service than his life. "Bobo" is not a mere man now, he is clothed in immortality; his last conquest is over; he has met the one enemy who recognizes neither strategy nor valor. His finish is a soldier's end, a dramatic closing of a tremendous career.

The life of Earl Roberts was full of soldierly accomplishment since his youth. He was born at Cawnpore, India, on September 20, 1832. His father was of Irish and his mother of French descent. Waterford was the family seat, but Sir Abraham Roberts left there in 1802 for India, and like his famous son, devoted his life to the military. The young Roberts was educated at Eton, Sandhurst and Addiscombe, and secured a commission in the Bengal Artillery in 1851. He was nineteen years of age when he returned to India, and with only a slight break, he remained in that land for forty-one years, returning to England in 1893, the greatest of living soldiers.

As a soldier he had the good fortune of having family connections that placed him in a country where fighting was a settled state of affairs as soon as he secured a commission. He quickly got the chance to prove his mettle—and that was his only advantage. All the rest of his success came from his own bravery, ability and doggedness. His environment was such as to make him a great soldier, coming in contact with such members of the heroic, self-sacrificing school of British soldiery as John Nicholson, Colin Campbell, Henry Havelock and James Outram. The best that can be said of him is that he was "a first-class fighting man," the glory of the nation and that he was truly a democrat—though he hated the word—because he despised the jungle of the Prussian spur and believed in hanging despatch. He gave his life to his country and did as much or more to advance British freedom and democracy as any man of this age.

## AUSTRIA WAVERING.

It is devoutly to be wished that there may be truth in the reports of disagreements between Austrian and German commanders, and that the Austrians still have independence enough left to steer their own course and not to be knocked under completely, like Enver Bey and such creatures, to German dictation. A failing out of the Teuton powers would greatly shorten the war, to the advantage of all parties, the German nation not the least. The farther the Russian advance, and the lower the Austrian treasury falls, the more glaringly utter ruin stares the Hapsburg monarchy in the face. To pursue the war further, with nothing whatever to gain, and everything to lose, must be either madness or the proof of subjugation to the Hohenzollern. The latter case is full of ominous import to the Magyar and the Slav, the Roumanian and the Italian, or four-fifths of the population of the Dual Empire. In an independent Austria these races have their separate rights; in an amalgamated empire under Prussia they are reduced to ciphers beneath the German heel.

If Austria fights on till the overthrow of Teutonism, it is she who will suffer more than Germany. The latter may be relieved of some swag from various burglaries, Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein and Posen. There will be a little looting. But Austria stands to lose ground to Italy, Servia, Roumania and re-united Poland, and to suffer a complete dissolution of partnership among Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Prague. It is extremely doubtful if the victorious Allies, by way of consolation, would transfer Silesia to the original owner from whom Frederick the Great pirated it.

If it were argued that Germany had

gave animals, and despite the fact that he was suffering from fever took charge of and won the battle of Kandahar. Roberts was soon after given the Madras command and describing his departure from Kandahar, he said:  
 Riding through the Bolan Pass, I overtook the rest of the regiment of the Kabul-Kandahar field force marching towards Sibi, thence to disperse to their respective destinations. As I parted with each corps in turn it was played "Auld Lang Syne," and I have never since heard that memory-stirring air without which winds through the river which winds through the pass; I hear the martial beat of drums and plaintive music of the pipes; and I see riflemen and Gurkhas, Highlanders and Sikhs, guns and horses, camels and mules, with the endless following of an Indian army, winding through the narrow gorges, over the interminable boulders which made the passage of the Bolan so difficult and wearisome to man and beast.

When he left India for England in 1892 General Roberts had risen to be commander-in-chief of the Indian army. He turned for a time to authorship, writing the "Rise of Wellington" and "Forty-one Years in India." He became field marshal in 1895, and the same year was given command of the forces in Ireland. His successful holding of the Boer war, the war, it will be remembered, began in October, 1899, with a chapter of disasters for the British. Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking were invested by the Boers and the British suffered serious defeats at Magersfontein, Stormberg and Colenso. These were black days, and the hope of the British did not rise until it was announced that Lord Roberts would take command in South Africa with Kitchener as his chief-of-staff. They arrived at Cape Town on January 10, 1899, and after organizing a force marched on Bloemfontein, relieving Kimberley, defeating and capturing the great Boer leader, Cronje, at Paardeburg, and raising the Union Jack at Pretoria. The biographer of Lord Roberts describes the latter incident as follows:

Lord Roberts in his khaki uniform, without a badge of rank except his Kandahar sword, awaited the arrival of the Boer leader, Cronje, at Paardeburg. A short, strongly-built man of about sixty, with a determined, coarse, cruel face, "Little Roberts" looked at him with a smile and offered him refreshments in his tent. In the course of conversation Cronje asked for kind treatment of his hands and also that his wife, grandson, private secretary, adjutants and servants might accompany him wherever he might be sent. The commander-in-chief reassured him and told him his requests would be complied with. Chief commandant, Willem van der Merwe, of the Transvaal Army, "a fine-looking old fellow rather like a Scotch shepherd," made only one request—that he might not be deprived of a favorite old horse—which, of course, the British commander granted. The British soldiers treated their beaten foe with the same courtesy that Lord Roberts had shown their leader.

Upon his return to England Lord Roberts was created an earl and received from Queen Victoria the highest distinction a British soldier can win—the bronze Cross of Valor. His welcome by the British people was probably the most warm-hearted demonstration ever given by a nation. The streets simply rang with "Bravo Bobo!"

His later life has been a matter of which everyone has read. While not active in the army he has done much in an advisory capacity, and by appealing for recruits. He was one of the few military men who came out boldly for compulsory service. The worst that may be said of him is that he did not always say things that appealed to democracy; for instance, he no doubt believed in the valor of arms alone, and did not see the value of industry and belief that the Literary Digest has become an implement in the hands of the German publicity organization, although the charge has been freely made in some Canadian papers. Some Canadian editors have been very thin-skinned about articles which gave the Germans praise in any form, whether for competence or superior organization. The same writers have denied American publications the right to give reprints from the German press, or to publish any statement of defence from prominent Germans. According to our way of thinking, every pro-German tract printed in the Literary Digest would go toward further condemning the cause of the Kaiser and the violation of Belgium's neutrality. The Literary Digest has printed vicious cartoons from the German press, but it could not have done so with the hope that German sentiment would be created.

But there may have been reasonable doubt on both sides as to where the Digest stood, as extracts from letters printed by the editors have gone to prove, and the truth of it is, that the Digest stands "nowhere." It is the great American mouthpiece for all sides of an argument. It does not express opinions; it gathers them and prints them. The public is supposed to believe that this is done without prejudice, and until the present time there has never been a question of the periodical's neutrality.

In this week's issue it would seem to a fair-minded observer the Digest, while expressing no opinion of its own, has made its absolute fairness beyond question by the publication of a summary of the opinions of between 300 and 400 editors of American papers as to the stand they and their communities take in regard to the war.

Briefly summarized, the result of the canvass from 375 replies, is as follows:  
 For the Allies ..... 105  
 For the Germans ..... 20  
 Neutral ..... 242  
 Communities.  
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 It is difficult to believe that a paper in the hire of the Kaiser, or influenced for any other reason, would have dared to canvass public opinion in the

incurred this war for Austria's sake, a moment's consideration disposes of such a plea. Austria was merely the cat's paw of the Pan-Germans for gaining their ends in the Balkans. Poor Austria has had a national debt piled up bigger than that of Great Britain, in order to maintain an army and navy beyond her means in the interest of the Triple Alliance. The Pan-Germans, who have a powerful connection among the Germans of Austria, have made no secret of their plans to swallow up the polyglot empire in the German machine so soon as an opportunity arrived. Austria has nothing for which to thank the "friend" who robbed her of Silesia, stood by and let her suffer from Napoleon in 1805, utilized and cheated her in the Schleswig-Holstein business (1864-65), thrashed her in 1866, and has exploited her ever since. The sooner Austria gets shut of Germany, if she can, the better for her in every way.

The criminals of Sarajevo are punished, and the souls of the arch-dual pair have received sacrifice enough. If Austria would quit now, as she was ready to negotiate last July, but that Germany declared war for her and dragged her on, she might doubtless receive very fair terms, lost probably no more than the outlying province of Galicia. The minute Przemysl falls, and with it the Russian advance reaches Hungary, the last excuse for Austria's continuing the fight must vanish. Germans talk of the Allies falling out among themselves. The Teutonic alliance is one of thieves, and ill-assorted at that. It is less likely to last.

## AVIATION AND THE WAR.

WAR scouting, which has always been one of the most important features of campaigns, has been completely revolutionized by the service of the airman in the present conflict. The last war in the Balkans demonstrated that the aeroplane was unmatched as a means of securing intelligence as to the enemy's movements and strength, but it remained for the present campaign to develop and emphasize this utility. Poised hawklike in the air, the bird of war can keep such close tabs on the movements of an opposing force that an advance, almost instantly checked, Military experts point out that this, as much as anything else, is responsible for the failure of either the Allies or Germans to make great gains, as, thanks to the birdman's observation, reinforcements can be rushed to a threatened point at short notice.

Another way in which the aeroplane is of potent service is in getting the range for artillery. Signalling while still high in the air, so high as to be safe himself, the airman is able to keep the gunners so accurately posted that they can reach the mark with shell after shell in rapid succession. This was particularly noticeable during the siege operations of the Germans at Liege, Maubeuge and Antwerp. With the aid of aeroplane and dirigible they were able to place their fire where the destruction would be most telling. So far in the war the aeroplane has shown a marked advantage over the dirigible. Its greater speed, and the fact that the dirigible's size renders it an easy target, makes the aeroplane the more valuable. The Zeppelins have yet to demonstrate that they are the terrors of the air the Germans declare them to be, but there can be no doubt as to the necessity and importance of the aeroplane in modern warfare, whether for dropping bombs or gathering information.

## AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

THE Advertiser has been loath to believe that the Literary Digest has become an implement in the hands of the German publicity organization, although the charge has been freely made in some Canadian papers. Some Canadian editors have been very thin-skinned about articles which gave the Germans praise in any form, whether for competence or superior organization. The same writers have denied American publications the right to give reprints from the German press, or to publish any statement of defence from prominent Germans. According to our way of thinking, every pro-German tract printed in the Literary Digest would go toward further condemning the cause of the Kaiser and the violation of Belgium's neutrality. The Literary Digest has printed vicious cartoons from the German press, but it could not have done so with the hope that German sentiment would be created.

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## DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Joseph Leysen, boy scout, slipping past the invaders' lines. Find a German soldier and a spy.

United States and to have printed the result. The sympathy for the Allies is simply overwhelming, and, as the Digest points out, sympathy for the German cause exists in German communities almost entirely. It is safe to venture that, in view of the large majority of outspoken Ally sympathizers, the proportion of silent sympathizers would run in the same proportion if the neutrals were to make known their unspoken beliefs.

The result of the canvass is published as it relates to the different states, and eastern, central, southern and western all give the verdict in favor of the Allies by a strong majority. There are 32 communities in the Eastern states openly for the Allies and two for the Germans; there are 40 communities in the Central states in favor of the Allies and 29 for the Germans; there are 71 communities in the Southern states in favor of the Allies and four for the Germans; there are 28 communities in the Western states in favor of the Allies and three for the Germans.

There are several places which report that the communities are divided according to original nationality, but there is said to have been no bitterness. Several German communities report their loyalty to the German people, but their lack of sympathy for the Kaiser.

The canvass represents the first definite statement of American sympathy. The result will be pleasing to Canadians, and we trust, will restore confidence in the excellent journal which has undertaken the work and given the standing without fear or favor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.  
 Jellicoe's watchful waiting will culminate in a whopping welting—for the Germans.

"Stalled," quoth the Kaiser, "And they told me this machine would never break down."

Ostend is quite keeping up its reputation, blood being substituted for water for bathing purposes.

In the United States they are agitating for a sane and safe Christmas. In Europe it is expected to be insane and unsafe.

The founder of Krupp capitalized suspicion and underlying hatred of neighbors, but the subscribers to the stock are now complaining at the too liberal dividends in death and destruction.

"The Red Spots of History" is the title of a new book. The author should have postponed publication until the conclusion of the scarlet chapter which is being written in Europe.

The Victoria Cross is rarely bestowed in the British ranks, but iron crosses are given out by the ton, by the Kaiser. Plain, every-day courage is the traditional thing with T. Atkins. Only the uncommon act of sacrifice wins special recognition.

OUR DUTY.  
 [Le Canada.]  
 England has granted us a national status. The least that we can do is to go to her aid like an allied nation.

ATTENTION.  
 [Barrington Express.]  
 With the Geer interred at Honolulu for the rest of the war, the Koonzberg also out of business, and one day a wreck, the process of "attrition" seems to be going no more rapidly in the German than in the British navy.

TRUTH.  
 [Kingston Standard.]  
 The Academic Sciences in Paris has stated the truth when it says the world is waiting for the deliverance of civilization from the "learned barbarism" produced by the union of militarism with German culture.

TOO MUCH.  
 [Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.]  
 French college professors who are acting as war news censors held up a dispatch the other day on the ground that it "contained defects of style." It's a good deal to expect a correspondent to dodge spilt infinitives and cannon balls at the same time.

BAFFLED.  
 [Erie Herald.]  
 Human imagination could not invent a hell more awful than to see five thousand soldiers floating about because the dikes of Belgium were opened. This means of war fails in its effort to convince the world that civilization has reached the height of perfection.

MORE GERMAN "HUMANITY."  
 Germany continues its march to

--and the Worst Is Yet to Come

## Canadian Nurses "Caught On" Visited Buckingham Palace

A few days ago, says an Old London correspondent, writing on the October 29, there was an unusual and most interesting party of visitors to Buckingham Palace, and by command of the King every courtesy and attention was shown to them. They were Canadian nurses—106 of them—who had come to England with the Dominion troops and were spending a holiday in London while their male compatriots were preparing for Salisbury Plain to strike a blow for the mother country. The nurses were smart and serviceable as a lot as one might expect, and they were all very pleasant, speaking with a slight but not impossible for them to go over the top of the world. They were all very pleasant, speaking with a slight but not impossible for them to go over the top of the world. They were all very pleasant, speaking with a slight but not impossible for them to go over the top of the world.

There are always those who are ready to question the bona fides of others, and when Prince Albert was called from naval service on board the Collingwood to undergo an operation for appendicitis there were some, says an English correspondent, who questioned whether there was any operation at all, and wondered whether maternal anxiety was not the reason for recalling the young prince from the North Sea. The fact is, that he is every inch a sailor boy, and it just when there was a prospect of active service and stirring times. One of the doubters ventured to express his views in presence of the prince's valet and got such a dressing down as must have made his ears tingle. The valet wound up the perfectly true assertion that if the dear old prince's grin was a sham there was no deception about his severed appendix, which was brought by him (the valet) personally from the hospital in Scotland to Buckingham Palace in a bottle of preserving spirit.

A Story of the Gurkhas.  
 There has been a good deal of interest in England about the Gurkhas since the Indian contingent arrived in France and all sorts of tales of their prowess and valor have been told. A few even-Charles Wentworth Fitzwilliam (supernumerary of the news, The nurses were dressed alike in smart navy blue uniforms and long dark blue coats with interest the cobs, hawks and carriage horses, the King's Indian charger, the famous Hanoverian cream used for the state ceremonies, with tails reaching to the ground in natural wavy lines suggestive of the attentions of a skilled hairdresser, the equally good looking semi-state work, the wonderful old state coach, with its allegorical figures carved in solid oak and its magnificent hand-paintings by Cipriani, and the gold-mounted morocco harness with which the creams are caparisoned for their special interest in the horses and carriages to be used at the state opening of Parliament on the 11th November.

At the close of their inspection, the state coach was posed for a picture. The correspondent chatted with one of the Canadian ladies, and asked if she had a son in residence. Lady Fitzwilliam was photographed together with the entire group was posed for a picture. The correspondent chatted with one of the Canadian ladies, and asked if she had a son in residence. Lady Fitzwilliam was photographed together with the entire group was posed for a picture.

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could cut off a carrot. I'll just tell you what happened last time I fought with 'em in the trenches. One Johnnie Gurkha begged our officer to let 'im go out at night and attack the enemy. The officer refused at first but afterwards agreed. Johnnie gets down on 'is stomach and wriggles off like a snake, carrying 'is knife in 'is teeth, like what they allus does. Well, when 'e gets up to the enemy's trench, he springs to 'is feet and attacks the enemy. The officer looks at 'im kinder queer and says, 'Ah, Johnnie, you missed that time.' 'Did I,' says Johnnie? 'You just shake your 'ead then.' He wants to shake it and o' course 'e 'e'd tell off. Wonderful chaps them Gurkhas is, I can tell ye."

IN PASSING.  
 [Grand Rapids Press.]  
 Stranger, stranger, where away? Is the journey work or play? Do you walk with lagging feet, Cringing, shuffling in defeat, Bowing head low in retreat, Craving when men say you nay—Stranger, stranger, where away?

Stranger, stranger, whither bound? Take your choice of smile or frown, Choose ye to move along, In your heart is dirge or song? Going right or going wrong? Are your judgments mad or sound? Stranger, stranger, whither bound?

Matters little, stranger man, What your standing, what your plan; Shady you will miss the goal; Others have, yet saved the soul; Keep your courage—that's the while Burden of this vagrant lay, Stranger, stranger, where away?

MISS BARKIS WAS WILLIN'.  
 [Philadelphia Ledger.]  
 "A girl in Iowa has just accepted a proposal of marriage couched in the form of a poem," remarked the Star Board, looking up from his paper.

Shows she wasn't averse to matrimony," chorled the Cross-Eyed Board, out of a man's head as easy as you

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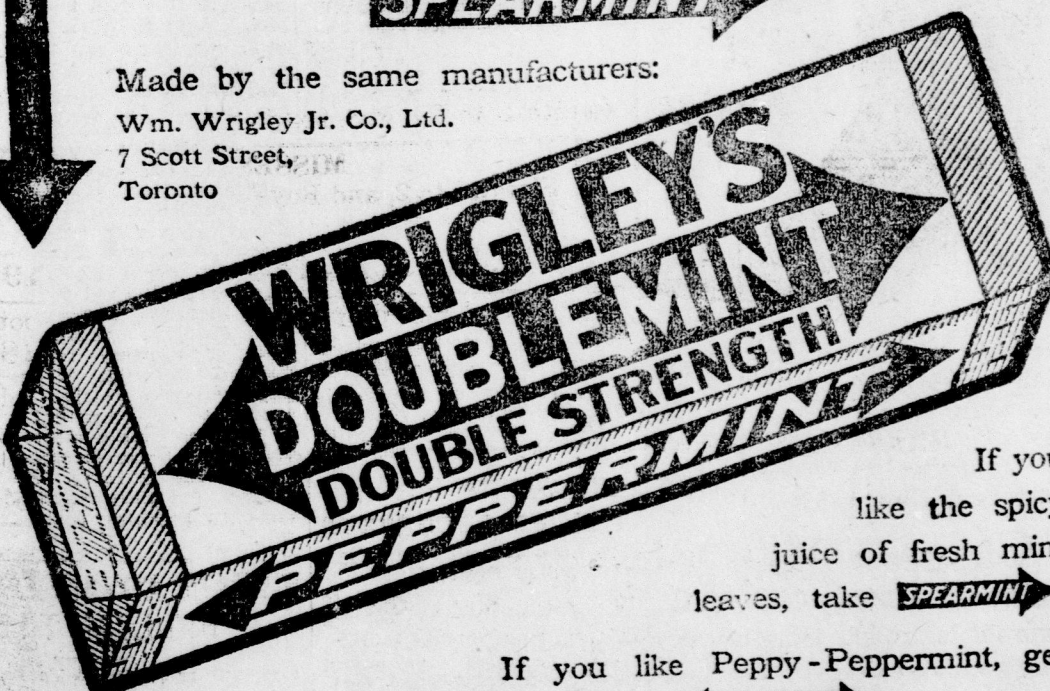
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