

Leaders of the World's Armed Legions

ALTHOUGH throughout the wide world at present there is scarcely a military force under arms, the battalions of the nations and their commanders are in a greater or less degree always ready for active service. A study of the leaders of some of these forces is not without interest. In Great Britain there are such conspicuous figures as Kitchener, French, Lyttleton and a host of others fresh from the fields of war. In Germany the Emperor himself and Count von Moltke are recognized for dash and skill in military matters, while in the United States there are still such veterans in service as Lieut.-General MacArthur and Chief of Staff General James Franklin Bell.

Major-General Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, as Inspector-General, is one of the three big men of the British army today; the others are General Sir Neville Gerald Lyttleton, Chief of Staff, and, of course, Kitchener of Khartoum, who commands the forces in India. Of the three French is the "baby" in years; the hero of Khartoum tops him by two and his Chief of Staff by four years.

French was trained in the cavalry. He was recognized by his associates as a good cavalry leader years before his country ever heard much of him; and he probably would have languished in some low grade and without fame had not war fortunately come along and given him his chance to make good in the eyes of the public and gain official distinction and advancement. In war he was extremely popular with the rank and file, and his soldiers fought about as much for French as they did for the government, so great was their devotion to their leader.

French has a record of picturesque deeds personally performed in the Boer country. One of his war stunts was his escape from Ladysmith on the last train that left that town before it was beleaguered. He undertook the task of carrying to safety a batch of exceedingly important papers and documents. These he secreted in a crevice in the compartment of the car he occupied, crawled under the seat, and in these cramped quarters traveled to safety under a veritable hail of Boer bullets, many of which splintered the woodwork of the car and bored the upholstery of the seat below which French lay. Because of his fighting ability, he was the idol of the British public during the war, and his strategy so won the admiration of Dewet that he pronounced French the only general on the British side of the bloody controversy.

When he was a youth French longed to take orders, and on Sundays he would put a night-shirt over his best duds, and in this makeshift clerical garb "preach" to his congregations of playmates. Even when he was along in his teens French still desired to go with the Church, but his father was a naval officer; he planned for his boy to follow in his footsteps, and the youngster became a naval cadet, serving several years afloat. This experience turned French's thoughts from the Church; but while it resolved him to follow a fighting career it cultivated in him no love for the sea, and, as a result, French got himself transferred to the army. He had been holding his commission but a short time when he had the compliment paid him by his colonel of being the smartest young officer the colonel had ever come across. Years later—in fact, only a short time before the outbreak of the Boer war—French had been recommended for retirement because his lack of respect for army tradition and red tape had caused his superiors untold annoyance. He became Inspector-General of the British army when the Duke of Cambridge vacated the now obsolete post of Commander-in-Chief and its duties were divided between Lyttleton and French.

Lyttleton had smelled powder, and been instrumental in the making of the odor, in both hemispheres, and he has been a fighting man for over forty years. He aided in putting down the Fenian raid in Canada, and for his work then received a prized souvenir or two. He fought valiantly at Tel-el-Kebir, Khartoum and other noted battles in Egypt and the Sudan. He was in at the death of the Boer struggle for independence, and in his time he has held important posts in India and Ireland, being Commander-in-Chief in the island. Were he to wear all his medals and other decorations won on the field of battle and through distinguished service in time of peace, his breast would look like that of the traditional comic opera generalissimo.

A brilliant strategist, a strict disciplinarian and the antithesis of French in his attitude towards the rank and file, Lyttleton is warmth itself when he is placed in contrast with Kitchener. Still, no other general on the active list of the British army today can boast of a more loyal command from rank and file up through subalterns to his own Chief of Staff. One reason is that his men long ago found in him a real fighting man; another is that also a long while ago they learned that Kitchener always strives to give a square deal even to the humblest Tommy Atkins under him. There is, for example, the anecdote of Kitchener and the sleeping sentry in South Africa. The ordinary commander would have had the derelict posted up for court-martial forthwith. Kitchener, instead, found out that the lad, before being stationed as a picket, had been on duty for twenty-four hours straight running, and the soldier who got into trouble with the hero of Khartoum was not the lad but the officer who had displayed so little judgment as to assign an utterly fagged out man to picket duty.

Full as Kitchener's career is of stirring chapters, his most thrilling experiences befell him when he was spying for two years in the strongholds of Mahdism. This chapter of his career began shortly after he became a major in the Egyptian army in 1882, and Kitchener volunteered for the task of finding out whether or not the reports that had reached the British of the phenomenal spread of Mahdism were true or otherwise. Disguising himself as an Arab, he went calmly among the followers of the false prophet, in the very heart of the region hypnotized by the Mahdi. What would have happened to him had his disguise been penetrated he beheld one day in the death tortures meted out to a captured spy. But with unshakable determination Kitchener kept at his volunteer task, though after he had witnessed the cruel death of the unfortunate spy he always had handy a bottle of the quickest acting of all poisons.

Of course every moment of the two years that he spent tracking the Mahdi was filled with the greatest danger, yet from his venture he returned to European garb with but one mishap, and that a scalp wound, the result of a brick thrown at the "bloomin' heathen" by a British soldier.

As commander of the army in India Kitchener is having things pretty much his own way in that great dependency of the British Empire, and no longer the British public wakes up o' mornings to learn that the Viceroy and the commander of the army are "at it again," as was the case when Curzon kept Kitchener company east of Suez.

Only one or two of the other famous fighters now in active service have seen as much downright real fighting as Lieut.-General Arthur MacArthur of the United States army, and none began garnering battle experiences when a mere boy, as he did. For MacArthur was only a slim, delicate boy of seventeen when he first showed that cool bravery under fire that has marked his conduct in every one of the scores of skirmishes, brushes and sure enough battles in which he has drawn his sword—first in the civil war, then for twenty years, on the plains against the Indians, and, latest, in the

Philippines, against the Spaniards and the Filipino insurrectionists.

MacArthur lacked about two months of being sixteen when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Nevertheless, he wanted to enlist at once, and was only dissuaded from doing so by his father's promise not to oppose his turning soldier when he had reached his seventeenth birthday. In the meantime he studied the tactics manual, and so, when he became a member of the 24th Wisconsin and one of its drill masters, he made a pronounced hit with the rank and file with his knowledge of how to execute the drills, and how to impart it. In fact so popular was he with the men that they petitioned the Governor of Wisconsin to make him the regiment's adjutant.

The petition granted, and the boy armed with a first lieutenant's commission, some of the regiment's older officers, jealous of his advancement and his popularity with rank and file, dubbed him a "tin" soldier. That, however, was before the Badgers of the 24th received their baptism of fire at Chaplain Hills, in Kentucky. In that clash the boy adjutant exposed himself time and again while carrying orders, with the result that when the day's work was over his fighting mettle was frankly acknowledged by his critics, and he had become the hero of the regiment. Since that day MacArthur's fighting ability has never been doubted.

It was MacArthur who, at nineteen, became commander of what by this time was left of his regiment, and thereafter, until the coming of peace, led it into the thick of the fighting in some of the famous battles of the war. At Kentsaw Mountain he was wounded, but, a packet of letters preventing the bullet from doing serious injury, Major MacArthur kept right on leading his "boys," most of whom were his senior in years. At the battle of Franklin he was in their fore when the brigade to which the regiment was attached reached the battlefield after a forced march of twelve hours, and cut its way through the enemy in the Union lines, thus bringing victory to the Union arms.

It was while MacArthur and his men were heaving their way through the Confederate lines that "the gallant boy colonel" received the only

serious wound of his forty-six years in the service of his country. This circumstance seems all the more remarkable when it is remembered that time after time MacArthur had exposed himself to fire in apparently reckless fashion while in the performance of duty.

Chief of Staff General James Franklin Bell, who is fifty-six, won his badge of bravery a little more than nine years ago, near Porac, in the Philippines, when "in advance of his regiment, he charged seven insurgents with his pistol and compelled the surrender of the captain and two privates, under a close fire from the remaining insurgents concealed in a bamboo thicket." So runs the official cause of award.

Arrived in the Philippines when the Spaniards still held Manila, Bell began to reconnoitre. In the course of this work he swam out quite a distance into the bay so that he might find out what the Spanish works looked like from the rear. In the bay he remained until he had made a minute study of the works, when he swam and waded back to terra firma and safety with knowledge that was put to good use by the army when it attacked and took Manila ten years ago last August. Almost a year later Bell, then colonel of the 36th volunteer regiment, which he had organized from among the Yankee dare-devils whose enlistments with other regiments had expired, was making another reconnaissance, this time on land and in company of four companions, when he ran across a band of fifty insurgents and sent them tearing helter-skelter for the sheltering jungle.

Kaiser Wilhelm II, as Commander-in-Chief of the German army—and an active commander at that—has as the army's chief of staff a nephew of the von Moltke who played so important a part in the building up of the German empire by bringing about the defeat of France in the '70's. It was in this war that Wilhelm's leading general won the iron cross for bravery; he was then only a sub-lieutenant. Helmut Johannes Ludwig von Moltke—for that is his full name—has been Chief of Staff for three years now, a position which his distinguished uncle held for as many decades.

The nephew owes his present eminence in

part to the fact that his predecessor was unfortunate enough to be kicked and badly injured at the annual manoeuvres of the army. Von Moltke, at the time, was the Chief of Staff's assistant, and when his superior was injured he carried out the manoeuvres so satisfactorily to his Emperor that the latter gave him the coveted promotion. Some of the Count's enemies have been unkind enough to whisper behind hands that von Moltke's great stature—he is nearly seven feet in his stockings—has played an important part in his latter day career, and they base this statement on their Emperor's well known predilection for men of great height. These same enemies declare that von Moltke, for the life of him, couldn't plan a successful campaign. However that may be, it is a fact that twice the Count implored Wilhelm not to name him as Chief of Staff, since he himself felt he was not the right man for the highly responsible position. But the Emperor persisted, laughingly remarking that the nephew had too much of the modesty for which his famous uncle was noted. Count Helmuth is, indeed, a most modest man, as the foreign officers who have met him at the German army manoeuvres can testify.

As head of the Imperial military cabinet of the Kaiser, Gen. Count Hurlen von Hassler would play an important role should hostilities break out tomorrow between his country and another of the great powers. Now three years past man's allotted span, the old fellow still has a lot of fight left in him, despite the fact that the Franco-Prussian war robbed him of two ribs and robust health at the same time. Since those stirring days the Count has been deformed and gets about with the aid of a silver brace.

It was von Haseler who had the honor of penning up and capturing Louis Napoleon. It is he who lives like an ascetic, that he may ever be in shape to take the field at a moment's notice. It is he who has the reputation of being the army's hardest worker and its strictest disciplinarian. And he it is who has not hesitated to stop a soldier in a crowded city street and make him remove his shoes and socks that his general may see if his feet are in the cleanly condition prescribed for them in the army regulations. He's somewhat of a tartar, is old General von Haseler; and in his pictures he looks strikingly like the famous von Moltke.

Oku, Oyama, Yamagata, Terauchi, Kuroki—these are some of the Japanese warriors who would come to the front again were their country to be so unfortunate as to engage in war sometime within the next few months. And on the Russian side the names of a lot of generals who took part in the conflict with Japan would again be on the world's lips. Today the Czar himself is the actual as well as the nominal head of the Russian army; and in the role of Commander-in-Chief of an army he probably makes the poorest showing of any of his fellow-rulers similarly placed, even Francis Joseph, with his weight of years, appearing to better advantage as head of the Austria-Hungary forces.

In Gen. Henri de Lacroix the French army has a supreme commander who took part in the campaign of Rome and in the war with Germany, when he saw his only fighting; being then a sub-lieutenant. Gen. Saletta, Chief of Staff of the Italian army, and with rank next to that of his King, distinguished himself in several battles when the kingdom was being formed, and the halo of those old exploits is still kept above his brow by the Italian nation.—John S. Harwood in Toronto Globe.

PROGRESS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

Professor A. Macalister, Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, distributed the prizes in connection with the Medical Faculty of King's College (University of London), in the Great Hall of the college. His address consisted of a review of the progress of medical science during the last fifty years, and of the far-reaching effects of the development of the Darwinian theory of evolution. In medicine, as well as in surgery, he said, we were half a century ago hardly more than emerging from mediævalism. The medical curriculum had developed year by year, and was simply a development of the process of evolution. Anatomy, instead of being the one dominant subject of study, had to take its place as one of the five sciences in which the medical practitioner must be proficient. There was no other profession in which fundamental knowledge of so many sciences was necessary. No matter how many degrees or diplomas they might obtain, they could never cease to be medical students. His advice to the student was to see that the foundations of his technical knowledge were sound, otherwise there would inevitably be weakness in the superstructure. No one man could hope to master the whole of the sciences, or to come to know one science as it ought to be known. Indeed, in the last 48 years it seemed to him that he was only now beginning to learn the depth of his ignorance. Students were perhaps a little too much spoon-fed by their teachers, and were allowed to take things for granted without working them out for themselves. The consequence was that the knowledge acquired made only a transient impression on the memory. A course of five years' study seemed a long one to look forward to, but every moment of it was valuable if the student hoped to succeed in his profession.

It is, I know when she had got off a letter more than usually worth posting, and that is all that need be said. Lowell's own letters are a delightful confutation of his theory; many of them were clearly written with pains—he as good as says so, and the result is one to be applauded. He tells a correspondent: "The longer I live the more irksome does letter-writing become to me." If Lowell was conscious of the fatigues of letter-writing, he must have been conscious of its joys too. And why should it have been otherwise? Why need a practiced writer lay aside the literary devices he has mastered when he undertakes to amuse a friend by post? At the most he need only modify them to the minor purpose. Did Edward Fitzgerald merely let his pen "run on" when he wrote as follows to Frederic Tennyson?

"You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones; walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open window, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! White clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see!"

"Come," he says in another finely wrought letter to the same friend, "I have got more than two ideas into this sheet; but I don't know if you won't dislike them worse than mere nothing." What are these but the pleasing cares of authorship?

The letter-writing art is one with that mystery of the "Familiar Style" on the difficulties of which Hazlitt wrote so well. "Nothing requires more precision, and, if I may say so, more purity of expression; . . . it is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language." These are the literary conditions of good letter-writing, and the literary man, in so far as he is a master of the familiar style, is the best letter-writer.

EXERCISE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

In Health Culture, Dr. W. Latson mentions certain bed exercises to those suffering from insomnia. Here is one: Lying flat on the back, raise the arms and extend them on a level with the body, straight out beyond the head. Now simply take a full breath and stretch, easily and comfortably, as though trying to make the entire body longer. After a few moments of gentle stretching, let the breath out and relax the muscles. This may be done three or four times.

The Letters of Men of Letters

THE letters of George Bancroft, now given to the world, have much substantial interest, but they do not appear to place him high among letter-writers, writes John O'London in T. P.'s Weekly. "Authors," wrote Lowell to a lady, "can't write letters. At best they squeeze out an essay now and then, burying every natural sprout in a dry and dreary 'sand-flood,' as unlike as possible to the delightful freshness with which your heart overflows the paper." It may be said that this was gallantry, not criticism. But to a male correspondent Lowell wrote in even more emphatic terms: "The habits of authorship are fatal to that careless unconsciousness that is the life of a letter." There is, at least, as much to be said against this theory as for it. Authorship was anything but fatal to good letter-writing in Cowper, Lamb, and Gray; but it seems to have gone far to extinguish the minor accomplishment in Johnson, Coleridge, and Burns.

Yet one is alive to special traits and circumstances which explain the comparative failure of the last-named trio as letter-writers. The art of Burns was one with his emotions; he wrote well only from a heart boiling with love, patriotism, or conviviality. When he turned from the poetic expression of his intense feelings to put his ordinary self into epistolary prose, he did more than dismount from Pegasus; he sank knee-deep in dullness. This is how the author of "The Jolly Beggars" excuses himself to a young lady for delaying to send her a ballad:

"In vain Remorse rears her horrent crest, and rouses all her snakes; beneath the deadly fixed eye and laden hand of Indolence, the wildest ire is charmed into the torpor of the bat, slumbering out the rigors of the winter in the chink of a ruined wall."

The ballad was better than that.

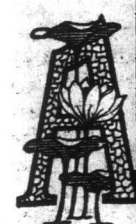
The tiresomeness of Coleridge's letters is not surprising if the secret of letter-writing be, as is often said, to talk with the pen—implying that you must be a good talker to write a good letter. Coleridge's talk was magnificent, but it was preaching. Johnson could most likely have written his letters with genuine ease, but for his dread of their getting into print. Doubtless he bethought him of Pope's letters, and Pope's pranks with them, and shuddered. The practice of publishing the letters of deceased persons was then receiving a new impetus, and no man was safe. Arbuthnot protested that it lent a new terror to death. Johnson, more practical, merely observed (to the regret of posterity), "It has become so much the fashion to publish letters that I put as little into mine as possible." Perhaps he would have put more into them if he had not seen in Boswell a personified posterity at his elbow. By the way, Montaigne, who had to do his own Boswellizing, declared that he would have preferred to have made private letters the vehicle of his thoughts, but that, less fortunate than Cicero, he had no Atticus for a correspondent. As it is, Mon-

taigne's Essays are all but letters—they are letters to ourselves.

In everything that concerns letter-writing we are referred back to personal character and temperament. Against Dr. Johnson's nervousness about the fate of his letters may be set the indifference of Ruskin, who, in a letter to James Smetham, once wrote: "I never wrote a private letter to any human being that I would not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly and say—I wrote it." Smetham's own feelings were daintier. "The ideal of a letter," he writes to a correspondent, "is that it should do on paper just what you do after the little party is over, when you poke the fire, and spread the screen, and mix well at any rate, there must be the sly cigar, and you open your heart without fear of being misunderstood; when you talk of yourself, and listen, with more eagerness, for a corresponding voice from themselves. . . . when you feel that the 'penates' of the heart have been passing to and fro between their secret chambers, as the angels passed and repassed on the ladder of Jacob, each with a soft forefinger on his lip."

The truth is, every letter-writer, be he a man of letters or not, may, must, and does "gang his ain gait." It will not do to lay down even so specious a law as that he must never write his letters with an eye to publication. A man may write in this expectation without in the least betraying it—"art summa est celare artem"—and, indeed, it is impossible to believe that many of our finest letter-writers were not fully alive to the possibility of their letters' getting into print. As for writing good letters at all in a "careless unconsciousness" of the act, Lowell's dictum seems altogether at fault. Yet, oddly enough, this artlessness has been persistently held up as the secret of letter-writing by the masters themselves. Cowper, a sane critic, begins one of his letters with the statement that he has nothing to say, and then glides into an exposition of his philosophy of letter-writing; how the writer should let his pen run on without thinking much about it, like the tongue in talking. But this will never explain the charm of Cowper's own letters. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, with his usual acuteness, pointed out that in his letters Cowper used astonishing metaphors, and that he "sustained and prolonged strange similes with a slightly punctilious and formal ingenuity." The truth is that Cowper wrote letters largely for his own amusement, and he brought to them literary intentions only less definite than those which he fulfilled in his poems.

Lowell had the same pretty fancy that the pen ought to lead the way—the tall wag the dog. It was the same with Madame Sevigne—according to Madame Sevigne! She tells her daughter: "I let my pen run on and take its own way. . . . I commence always without knowing how far I shall go; I know not whether my letter will be long or short." Here, again, there is room for a not indelicate scepticism. Madame, we may depend up-



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