

## War as It Really Is, Stripped of Its Glory

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON NATION DESCRIBES THE HORRORS OF IT IN SOUTH AFRICA—A PICTURE VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE CALM PAGES OF THE HISTORIAN—THE HUMAN SIDE OF IT.

(London Nation.)

In speaking of war we use a conventional language that conceals reality as successfully as any legal convention can. Open a military history, such as Napier's, at almost any page, and you find some such sentence as this: "Nearly 50,000 men and 80 guns were disposable for offensive operations in the beginning of June." Take a received maxim of war, such as Napoleon's: "The strength of an army, like the power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying the mass by the rapidity"; or, "The first aim of every system of operations should undoubtedly be to destroy the active forces of the enemy." Read any text book on strategy or tactics, and you will find it entirely occupied with abstract and colorless terms—semi-permanent positions, attenuated lines, objectives of attack, lines of communication, counter-attacks, influence of artillery, danger zone, effective fire, and attacks driven home.

These are the algebraic signs and formulae of warfare—a kind of military shorthand, the component of one must suppose, rather to save space than to obscure the underlying truth. It is a mere convention, but, like most conventions, it comes to be more thought of than the thing signified, and by aid of it people will talk of war as of a game of chess whose symbolic knights and castles are columns and cavalry brigades. To them the "50,000 men disposable" are a vague and abstract figure, a multiplication product, the component of a complement of a parallelogram. Granted the thing can move, can "operate," it has no more in common with mortal man than the resultant of two forces acting in a vacuum. War, on these terms, makes a dull, unexciting, unexciting account as a field-day, inevitable as a fugue, a subject well adapted for the argument of bores.

In Sir Charles Napier's account of Corunna, there is a trifling incident not even mentioned in his military history. He tells how he was standing by Sir John Moore when a round shot tore off the leg of a 42nd man, "who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm among others. The general said: 'This is nothing, my lads; keep your ranks; take that man away; my good fellow, don't make such a noise; we must hear these things better.'" So, we may hope, the good fellow stopped making such a noise, and in a few minutes Moore himself received a round shot that tore away his shoulder, and certainly he bore these things better. There is the touch that pierces the formulae of abstractions and makes reality of the possible.

The third volume of the official history of the Boer war, published last Wednesday (Hurst & Blackett) is a good type of military writing—clear, brief, and accurate. On its own lines, it could hardly be better done. It tells of various advances and operations—the great advance to Pretoria, the operations in the Western Transvaal, in the Orange River Colony, and so on. We are shown columns advancing, divisions operating, frontal movements, enveloping movements, clearings, and pursuits, so many men, so many guns, so many horses. With a good map and little blue and red flags on pins one could make quite a pretty and intelligible picture of it. It criticizes the obvious mistakes of generals through all a summer's afternoon. It is admirably carried out, full of interest, beside, to anyone capable of delighting in the game of war. But before the mind of the reader rises to what a different picture rises as they read those quiet pages—a picture no more like the blue and red flags on pins than a map is like a country!

One may read, for instance, that the general made dispositions for a nuisance in force next day, and it is interesting to note the little red flag an eighth of an inch forward. But some of us remember that starlight morning, the rattle of the chains as the guns went by, the clatter of the wheels, the plodding tramp of four upon a soft road, the checks, the grounding arms, the low voices of men going into action, the first streak of light that showed the long brown serpent winding over hills, the white of the first shell that went right through a battery horse without bursting. Or we read that "the hostile artillery was not slow in development," and behind the words we see again the great white puff of smoke from a hilltop, the flagging flat for shelter, the flare of blazing orange in the middle of the street, the Kaffirs applauding as at Crystal Palace fireworks, the front of the Scottish store suddenly blown out, making one remark how jolly it was to see shops open again.

Many pages later we are told "the general had at 9 a. m. detailed a flying column to move out and make an effort to intercept the routed enemy." Move your red flag again an eighth of an inch, but if you could only have seen that flying column—the faces pallid and hollow, every bone visible through the skin, legs bent on the march or at the halt like a broken-kneed cab horse's, uniforms torn and black, trousers patched with socks, feet bare. The men clung to their rifles with both arms, or carried them

WHEN SEIZED WITH PAIN.

Don't be alarmed, just apply Nerviline and almost as quick as the attack came, you'll get relief. Nerviline is composed of seven of the most powerful pain-subduing substances known to science. Any of them alone will cure pain—but combined, they annihilate rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, stiffness, lumbago and muscular aches of every kind. For internal use in cramps, indigestion, and stomach trouble, Polson's Nerviline acts just as surely as when applied outside. Nothing better in the family than a bottle of Nerviline. Thousands say so.

as women carry babies. Every few minutes they halted to rest. Every hundred yards one fell down or dragged himself on all fours into the rocks. The artillery horses that had been kept alive struggled feebly up the road, tugging at the chains. From every side arose the stupefying smell of horses that had cheated the soup cauldrons by starvation. As you passed a man, a faint odor of perspiration told you he had been enjoying condensed horse flavored with hair oil in a hospital. Doubled together with dysentery, twisted with rheumatism, green with hunger, so the flying column crawled out to intercept the routed enemy.

In May 14,000 men and 203 guns were disposable for the advance to Pretoria, and we read that "on the 27th the main body crossed the Vaal." For a military history that is quite sufficient. But the words call up a vision of the ten miles of loose sand over which the heavy guns and supply wagons had to be dragged before the river was reached, where the main body crossed in just a line of print. Was more suffering ever crowded into so short a space? Ten years' bulleting in the papers could not make up its sum. Sixteen oxen went to a load, and twenty-two for the big guns. Knee-deep in sand they plowed their way, the wheels often hidden to the axle. In front a Kaffir guided the span, another held the ropes upon the wagon, a third walked at the side with an enormous rawhide whip. All yelled and screamed in the peculiar language oxen best understand. If a wagon stuck, all the Kaffirs around stood by the center of a span. Many rolled over dead of pain and terror; many lay down and let man do his worst. These were shot or poleaxed, and others took their places. But, usually, when torture reached a certain pitch,

the wagon moved, the purpose of strategy was accomplished, and the main body crossed the Vaal. Since the beginning of wars it has been the same. We talk easily of Sennacherib's hosts and Persian invasions, of Alexander on the Indus, Hannibal over the Alps, or Caesar in Gaul. We hear about hordes of Huns and Goths and Tartars, Turkish conquests, Marlborough victories, Napoleonic campaigns. Vast bodies of men are dimly seen moving like patches of cloud upon the blue. Sometimes, as in Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts," the invincible presence of the countless thousands of massed humanity makes itself felt indefinitely. Sometimes, as at the lifting of a fog, we perceive the vanished armies of the past vaguely running to and fro like hardly perceptible insects on a leaf. We classify the items, we group them into abstractions, and play their disposable forces like a draught-board game. Strategy must be studied that mankind may fight again, and military studies must be cunning. The movements of men trying to kill each other will still be operations, and the killed and wounded still be totted up as casualties. But behind this veil of useful words the "spirit of the Files," the "line of the living men," the "strengths and casualties." They are hungry and thirsty; they are sick with pain. At night their little fires are kindled, and they sleep with their faces to the stars, but before the stars are pale they are roused again and given hot drink and a piece of bread to hearten them for the work now coming. This living earth is their store and certain existence; most of them like something or other, some are in love with at least one woman, not a man among them wishes to be a casualty before evening. But they are going into combat, they are going to fall in combat; they take a last gulp, utter a last curse, snatch up the rifle, and hurry away with the rest; for the strength of an army, like the power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying the mass by the rapidity.

## Wanted: a Persistent Man; Fortune Scorns the Quitter

By Dr. Madison C. Peters.

The history of the race from time immemorial proves that only through indefatigable zeal and a stubborn persistence born of an invincible determination to advance in the life struggle can the ideal be attained.

Why do so many fall by the wayside who set out with bounding hope to reach the wished for goal? They failed to call to their aid that indomitable will which knows not defeat, which is ever ready to tackle and overcome every difficulty that presents itself in the path to onward progress.

No man ever yet gained his object supinely lying down and remaining quiescent for the world to come up and pass over him, making no effort in the struggle that is ever being waged in the march of advancement toward the fulfillment of cherished hopes.

From the earliest period of time, even when there was little incentive to effort, we find that those who eventually came to the front and wrote their names everlastingly on the tablets of time as men of achievement were those who kept continually one object in view and bent every energy to accomplish it.

**HOMER TRIUMPHED DESPITE BLINDNESS.**

Homer, who sang the story of the gods, was himself a god, with the divine affluence within, but which could never have carried him to the heights of Olympus without that power of perseverance and persistence which enabled him to overcome not alone poverty but blindness and soar aloft to those heights the sublimity of which has as yet been unreached by his imitators.

Socrates was another who followed in the footsteps of this great inventor. A poor and unknown shepherd in the purlieu of Illyricus, he put his dreams into realization, for, though it took him ten years to compose his "Panegyrics" the oration that pleaded for the union of all the Greeks against Persia, he consummated his desires by making his countrymen think of the grand destiny that was before them and welding their forces into an invincible whole. A generation later Alexander, by the concentration of carried Greek civilization to the banks of the Indus.

Another Greek, Demosthenes, weak, puny, small of stature, discovered the soul working within and set about to give it vent to attain the fulfillment of his glorious mission. He felt himself to be called upon to arouse men from their lethargy. He trained his weak voice to the power of his will. Down by the sounding sea he filled his mouth with pebbles and let his oratory keep union with the roar of the billows until it was strong enough to thunder forth those immortal "philippics" which aroused the Hellenic world and caused his countrymen to throw off the shackles which bound their limbs in the most abject servitude to tyrant taskmasters.

**DREAMS OF COLUMBUS CAME TRUE.**

Columbus, the Genoese, had within him the spirit of the race which built the walls of imperial Rome. Nightly he dreamed of the conquest of ocean and how he could reach the far east by sailing far enough to the west. He was a dreamer, but he dreamed his dream, and stuck to his theory, until he broke down the barriers of contempt and opposition and gained patrons to help him realize his idea.

Nicholas Copernicus, for twenty-three years read the mystery of the stars, evolving that sublime theory which placed the revolution of the heavenly bodies as an open book before the gaze of man. Galileo came under the anathema of his ecclesiastical superiors, but still he persisted, and science since has proved his doctrine true.

The great Newton in his time was

looked upon as a visionary. Hundreds of thousands before him had seen apples fall from trees, but it was left for him, by this means, to discover the law of gravitation. In this manner, by persistent observation, Harvey was enabled to proclaim the circulation of the blood from the heart to the veins and back again in its course.

**GENIUS IS BUT PERSISTENT WORK.**

Darwin devoted a quarter of a century to experiments and study of the laws governing the propagation of animal life, then he astonished the world with his "Origin of Species." Genius after all is but patience gaining recognition.

Cold marble was made almost to live and breathe under the chisel of Michelangelo. He put into all his work that patient intensity of effort by which alone excellence can be reached, with the result that he attained the most accomplished work of his age as near perfection as possible. Gilbert was a worthy contemporary, who, if he did not equal the great master in skill, rivaled him in patience. He spent thirty-seven years in adorning the portal of the Baptistery at Florence, and did his work so well that Michelangelo said of it: "These doors are worthy of the gates of paradise."

What men call genius is in most cases hard work, combined with persistence and an undaunted spirit that scorns failure and woos success with the ardor of a lover. Carlyle said: "Genius is the capacity of taking infinite pains," and his own life work well illustrates the remark. His "French Revolution" was over twenty years in embryo before he delivered it to the world. He polished and repolished "Sartor Resartus" and took such infinite pains with all his work that they stand as models of both hand and brain.

He lived on bread and water in a Paris attic, for ten years grinding out the immortal work that riveted the world's attention and which has perpetuated his fame for all time.

**WAGNER'S INDOMITABLE ENERGY.**

No grander record can be found of a sterner fight through long years of opposition, followed by a great success, than that of Richard Wagner, the illustrious composer. Wagner was a dissenter from the old conventions in music; he turned his music into new sounds, but none at first would listen, yet amid privations and hardships, contempt and scorn he persevered, day by day growing more blind when he wrote the "Conquest of Mexico," but where is the canvas that can compare with his pen and ink picture of the Incas and the early settlers?

Industry can overcome all obstacles if rightly directed. Ruskin said: "Never depend upon your genius. If you have it industry will improve it."

**TREATED IN ABERDEEN INFIRMARY.**

Mrs. James Alexander, of Pleasant Grove, Utah, U. S. A., writes: "I had asthma in its worst form, and had the best of medical skill obtainable and was treated also at the Royal Infirmary in the city of Aberdeen. But I obtained little relief. It was difficult to take any exercise without bringing on violent coughing. In 1888 I was sent to a sanatorium, but the asthma still clung to me, and for the past thirty years I have scarcely ever been free from it. I read about Catarrhose. It was just what I needed, and after three years, and has given me better health than I have had since a girl. Catarrhose has cured a cure. I have never had a single attack of asthma since cured by Catarrhose."

Sold by all dealers in 25c, 50c, \$1 sizes, the latter being guaranteed.

## Try all the Flaked Corn Foods and then eat for breakfast

# PERLIN'S CORN FLAKES 5¢

You will never eat any other corn food. It contains all the nutriment in the choicest white corn combined with barley-malt. A food that makes the blood tingle with new life and energy. Delicious in flavor. Crisp, tasty, snappy. Ready-to-serve. The only Malted Corn Flake with cream or milk. At your grocer's.

stronger in the conviction that he had a mighty mission before him. His dying fingers kept pace with his teeming brain until he produced a music the harmony of which thrills the souls of men. Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Gounod, all were men of intense devotion to their vocations consisted the success that was theirs.

While the dromes are lying abed or with arms folded standing idly by, working the blood toward the goal of attainment, ever persisting in a definite course of action until the end of the journey is reached and they arrive at the haven of desirability.

**PARKMAN CONQUERED HIS ILLNESS.**

Historian Francis Parkman was an invalid all his life and blind in his last years. He was a man of iron will and conquer his determination. He is justly acknowledged our best and truest historian. Prescient for you have none industry will supply the deficiency.

Wellington at Waterloo said: "Hard pounding, gentlemen, but we will see who can pound the longest." When a friend asked Lincoln if he really meant to finish the war during his administration, the great tribune replied: "Can't say, sir," and, on being further pressed as to his intentions, doggedly answered: "Peg away, sir, peg away!" Pegging away did it. Grant in the Wilderness grimly said he would "fight it out on this line if it took all summer," and fight it out he did. In relentless determination and invincible persistence lay the secret of Grant's success as a soldier.

Let no man think that, sudden in a minute, All is accomplished and the work is done; Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin, Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.

## Brigands Put On Pension

**TURKISH WAY WITH ROBBERS WHO WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT**

Tchakirdsky, Who is Now on the Government Payroll, Was a Combination of Robin Hood and Civic Reformer—His Band Also Was Reformed on Pensions.

The European newspapers recently chronicled the fact that the Turkish Government had retired on a pension of 1,000 piastres a month a famous brigand, by name Tchakirdsky. His field of operations has been the Smyrna valley, and he has been the terror of the country since he was put into the hands of the police to violate his sanctuary.

His band consisted of only seven men besides himself, but they were all equally daring, and in numerous conflicts with the military rendered only too good accounts. Each of these minor heroes now receives a monthly pension of 500 piastres as "compensation for loss of business."

The life of Tchakirdsky is a romance such as is seldom encountered in real life. When a lad of 12 he was arrested by his father for non-payment of taxes, and while being conveyed under guard to the prison the father remonstrated with the soldiers at the amount of the ransom, and the means of collecting it, whereupon the guard shot him dead.

The boy was put in prison, where he remained some years, long enough for him to reflect upon the injustice done and to conceive a plan for revenge. Upon his release he took up his abode among the mountains back of Smyrna and collected a band of fearless followers. The soon became the terror of the surrounding region.

His object in this sort of life was not to amass wealth, for he took only sufficient toll from his victims to meet the needs of himself and his men, and the balance he gave to the poor of the town near by.

In the number of his horses and the beauty of their trappings, and in finely inlaid saddles, he was a model of a robber and every wrongdoer who was a Turk, confining himself to this race exclusively, and set up a sort of Robin Hood dictatorship. The money he thus collected he gave to the poor of the town near by.

He called to his assistance an architect to draw up the plans for the bridge. There his activities stopped, as is quite evident in Turkey. The day's march from Masaka, we learned from a passing caravan that elephants had been heard early that morning near the road.



Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size

Actual size



ALMA LADIES COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ontario

\$150,000 endowment, hence first-class advantages at very reasonable rates.

\$200 pays all charges for regular course including Latin, French, German, Science, Piano, Drawing, with board, room laundry and library for one year.

For Catalogue, address "The Registrar."

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.

Separate apartment for younger pupils.