

War In Half an Hour

The London Daily Mail Tells How Germany Watches France.

Germany Is Marking Time—Sword Ever Hanging Over France.

As all the world knows, Metz and Strasbourg, the outposts of the German army, face watchfully towards the west. From the gates of Metz the roads to Paris taper through wall after wall of entrenchments, which end in the heights above the stricken field of Gravelotte.

Thence to the frontier of France is only a short walk across the grave-covered ground, a walk that, in the course of some investigations for the Daily Mail, I have lately made, says a Mail correspondent.

From Metz to France is just one long "glacis"—unmissable by the invader. Above it rise the five great sentry forts which surround Metz; and from the high ground on which these stand you may clearly see, fifteen miles to your west, Verdun, the nearest French fortress—the throat of France.

When you have been half an hour in Metz and Strasbourg you see that you are in the entrenched camp of an army ready for war. Infantry, cavalry, artillery and the rest of two complete army corps are all equipped as if for instant active service. What General Leboeuf untruthfully said of France in 1870 is true of Germany in 1899—

"Not a Shoe Lace is Wanting."

Just the right button in Berlin, and in half an hour 30,000 men will be marching from Metz, and within twelve hours 300,000 men—the frontier field force of Alsace-Lorraine—will be crossing the border; while the system in accordance with which the railroads tap all the great cantonnements of Germany, and then converge on the frontier, will have half a million men near Metz in three days.

In a week two and a half million men will be on and beyond the frontier; in a week four million Germans will be under arms.

In Metz and Strasbourg stores and food and fodder lie ready in magazines, the transport animals stand harnessed by the wagons. All the appliances and munitions of modern war are to hand, and would be on the road in a few minutes. When the troops go "route marching" they carry with them three days' food and three days' ammunition; their camp is in their knapsacks. They can carry no more in war.

The strategy of the Great Staff in Berlin is offensive. The German army is ready for attack.

It is merely marking time. Metz and Strasbourg are the impregnable "advanced bases" of the frontier force, which stands alert along the rim of France. Thence it can launch itself across the border, or stand and bar the way to Germany.

The German army is ready for defence, too. Metz and Strasbourg are really nothing more than comfortable European "zarebas." On three sides of both are the most perfected of entrenched works, ending everywhere in glacis, smooth and level as a lawn, gently sloping downwards towards the west; while on the fourth side is a river; and in reserve, in rear of both camps, is a third mobilized army corps across the Rhine; and in rear of that all the organized resources of the Fatherland stand unobtrusively ready.

And, as a "zareba" is lined by the troops defending it, so the garrisons of Metz and Strasbourg line their allotted posts of the entrenchment.

The outside circle of defence at Metz is a chain of forts, some of them all but invisible. These are armed with none but the heaviest guns, which are mounted on a hill sloping upwards towards the city; its centre; the forts are about three miles apart, and so the fire from each would cover the space which lies between them. That is to say, except you are in the rear, you can get no more idea of what is within than you know what are the contents of a coalmine when you have only stood above the shaft.

As I know that there, within the earth, were hidden nearly 3,000 men, with 3,000 rifles and about 100 heavy guns—not to speak of machine-guns. All these were mounds of smooth, green earth, out of which stuck the tips of the barrels of their guns, pointing westwards and outside wall upon wall of banking entrenchments (to meet the emergency of the fort being turned), and in rear of each fort magazine after magazine of shells, each magazine being a part of the earth just like an Egyptian tomb.

Supposing that you are an invader, and that you have passed this chain of sentry posts, and find yourself in a space of ground some two miles broad. Even then you are only on another glacis, and you are now within the fire-zone of the batteries in the first line of the entrenched works, which immediately sur-

round the city itself. In the front line of these works are, at Strasbourg, the heavy siege guns (I feared to ask how many) the gunners live within the earthworks themselves; while on either flank, and immediately in rear, are entrenchments, and the lines of cavalry and field artillery. Close to each are their several magazines, which contain all they need; while in rear of all are the engineers, with their depot and "park," the commissariat, and telegraph and hospital corps, with their depots.

The Artillery Workshops.

In Strasbourg lie the stores and impediments of two army corps for two years. Thus, in a sense, it is true to say that these great camps of the German army are laid out just exactly on the same principle as are the smaller camps of our own frontier field forces. In both cases the outside circle is lined by troops who have as open a range of fire as is possible. In both cases the garrison is able to face with the conditions of war the change the climate, subtract the luxuries of civilization, and the reality of imminent danger, divide the numbers of men by a hundred, and you might, for all the world, be a non-combatant with a British force in Afghanistan or the Sudan, as in an hotel in Strasbourg. In both cases you are in the midst of a ring of troops sleeping fully accoutred in their trenches, ever watching for their enemy.

Only at Oudartman or in Tirah, the "zareba," or the "sangar," is hurriedly extemporized, while in Alsace and Lorraine the entrenchments are the result of years of careful labor, directed by centuries of local experience and the most specialized ingenuity.

And thus, in the midst of the circle of rifles and cannon, the civilian element—considerable at Strasbourg, small at Metz—pursues its life: the shopkeepers and merchants go about their work in the old French cities as do the camp-followers on our Indian and Egyptian frontiers. But if you, among the shops of Strasbourg, are ever inclined to deny that you are in a camp of troops ready for instant war, then walk far enough in any one direction, and you will soon come up to the grey and blue circle of soldiers in which you are.

The German army is ready for defence. It is merely marking time.

In the barracks, even in winter, every man is up at four, and from dawn to midnight the recruit of the first year is drilled and drilled and drilled.

From six to twelve it is the "goose-step" in various evolutions—singly, by files, by sections, by companies, by battalions. Hour after hour, it is nothing but the raising of legs till they are at right angles to backs, erect as posts, while sergeants and captains direct, correct and repeat—do the work which our subalterns and captains leave to their drill-sergeants.

But the German officers are the drill-sergeants of their army: they are the schoolmasters of a people whose education is war; the guardians of a Germany whose safety is her military supremacy—of a country which is prepared for war because it wants peace.

In the afternoon, from one to six, there is an incessant musical drill; the men, keeping their feet firm, sway their bodies backwards and forwards, or to left and right, or else they advance or retire on tiptoe, or on all-fours, or they double to their front or to their rear.

You wonder, as you look, that no more agreeable means has as yet been found in Germany by which the bodily activity of her soldiers and the militancy of her military "united" can be increased.

Those of more than a year's service shoot at the butts, and shoot and shoot again all the morning till they have attained a certain standard of marksmanship in every possible attitude; or else they are drilled in less elementary formations; or else they garrison the outposts. And in the evenings all are instructed by the non-commissioned officers out of the official manual of field service; and thus till nine, when the long day is done.

And so the great war machine is kept oiled and smooth-running, and the German army marches in the front of the world. But yet, in spite of all this, Metz and Strasbourg convey no threat; they seem merely to be reminding their neighbor of what is past; they seem merely to be a recognition of French instability; they are just a proof that Germany cannot forget Bismarck's maxim: "Never trust France."

The sword hangs over France, but it will be the fault of the French themselves alone if the thread which upholds it is cut.

MIXED BREEDS IN PHILIPPINES.

Tagales Are Naturally a Savage, Immoral Race.

Are the Tagales, the natives of the Philippines, of which Aguinaldo and Aguinaldo are the leaders, capable of becoming civilized?

This question is just now of paramount interest. It is denied in the abstract by Karl Theodore Machner, a German traveler of some renown, but it is answered in the affirmative conditionally by the same authority. In the Munich Neueste Nachrichten Mr. Machner explains that the progressive element among the Tagales is the mixed breed. Of the latter the Chinese mixed breeds number probably 200,000, most of them living in Luzon, the principal island, and it appears that the mixture of Chinese and Tagale blood results in an intelligent and industrious race, while the pure Tagales are indolent and of limited intellect.

The Chinese mixed breeds nearly monopolize native trade, and it is significant that the most important banking firm in Manila, that of Sunson, is in the hands of such mixed breeds.

Children of white people and Tagales, according to Mr. Machner, are more numerous than the official census admits. Many of those who are classed as Indians belong to this class of natives. In those parts of the Philippines where the Spaniards are numerous the natives are generally of a lighter color, and the Tagales girls even evince a certain pride to be mothers of mixed breeds of this class. The Spanish mixed breeds, as a rule, are engaged on a small scale or enter the official career as subalterns.

The leaders of the Tagales, who to-day proclaim the independence of the Philippine islands, are almost without exception descendants of either of these two mixed races. Without such admixture it is hardly possible that the Tagales would ever have taken the initiative in the present campaign.

However, the Tagales are not hopelessly

undt for self-government. They are undoubtedly the principal pioneers of civilization in the archipelago, and all of their natural power the best they have, which they gradually progress from Central Luzon, their original home, to other parts of the Philippines at the cost of the other native tribes. Some of the islands were undoubtedly originally inhabited by various Malay tribes, but they are to-day completely "Tagalized," so to speak. Since the Catholic clergy dropped their opposition to the teaching of the Spanish language to the Tagales the intellectual status of the latter has been perceptibly raised, and among the subordinate officials under the Spanish regime there were not a few Tagales. Their principal ambition is to become priests, and besides numerous members of the clergy who are mixed breeds there are some native Tagales.

But these examples are seldom, for the native Tagale has two enemies which are worse than Spaniards and Americans. These are his indolence and his sensualism. When the Spaniards conquered the islands they found the Tagales in small and scattered settlements, because of their idleness. The united efforts of the Spanish officials and clergy, who understood how to interest the native aristocracy, succeeded in gathering the Tagales into villages, known as pueblos or barrios, but even to-day numerous Tagales escape from their villages into the impenetrable wilderness, where they are free from the intrusion of the European police. For in the Tagale race the natural man is still strong, and the thin veil applied by European culture to his depravity is frequently shaken off.

The Tagales do not deny the borgeine of the forest and of nature generally in their physique. The enormous flexibility of their toes, which enables them to use their feet almost as well as their hands, reminds one of the times when they saved themselves from pursuit by climbing trees with the dexterity of monkeys, and their marvellously developed sense of smell also recalls their aboriginal state.

The Tagale is an inveterate chaffer of things less from the results of the competition than from those of recent experiments in the Mediterranean with the Gustave Zede, a submarine vessel upon which French naval experts and engineers have spent years of work. The Gustave Zede, this vessel of 290 tons, is really a considerable steamer, an enlargement and improvement of the Gymnote, a little submarine craft of 30 tons, designed twelve years ago by the naval constructor, now deceased, of the larger vessel bears. Four or five months ago the experts believed that they had gained enough of the ends they sought to warrant official tests, and since they have been going actively forward at Pondicherry and Marseilles. Comparatively few details of the results and still less of the means that achieved them have been published; but it is no secret that the navy department regards them as highly successful; while they have so touched French pride and imagination that the Matin, a widely circulated newspaper of Paris, has set forth a promising subscription for the building of a Zede, with the gift of French citizens to the fatherland.

Successful Navigation.

To navigate the Zede successfully has been the problem that most vexed her designer and the engineers that have been experimenting with her in the recent tests. They began with short trips, and gradually above water to enable the officer in command to see his course. She answered her steering gear admirably. Then she was submerged completely, and in a few intervals just above the surface for a few seconds to gain a glimpse of her surroundings. Again her steering gear worked well, and she held her course truly. Finally she essayed the longer voyage of fifty-one miles from Toulon to Marseilles in a disturbed sea and with her cupola high enough above water to perceive the outlines of an innocent vessel, and she fulfilled expectations—the more so as she had made on the way to Marseilles. Moreover, the sea was so turbulent that all her appliances were closed as they would be in actual service, and she held her course, and her machinery worked well and officers and crew took their duties without hindrance or unexpected discomfort.

Likely to be Deadly.

The Zede is intended purely for coast defense, with a speed of 10 knots, and her accumulators must be frequently recharged and she can carry few supplies, a comparatively narrow range of activity.

What torpedo boats are intended to do is to attack the surface of a vessel, and her progress is so smooth that there should be neither noise nor disturbance of the sea to attract attention. Her course will be so low that she will be almost undetected before the submergence, but in all probability she will have to lift her cupola once and again to enable her commander, as the technical detail has it, to see his surroundings. In the runs between Toulon and Hyeres a few seconds sufficed for these things, much too little time to enable the gunners of the threatened ship to get the range and train their guns upon her. Besides, to lessen so far as possible what the experts call the "blindness" of submarine vessels, the French engineers have devised a tube only the lip of which touches the surface of the sea, and a small opening, by which the commander of the Zede can gain a little notion of his position and of what is happening above him.

Twice she has made a sham attack by dashing upon the battleship Magenta and twice has successfully torpedoed her, once when she was at anchor and once when she was in motion. Moreover, if the final rising of the vessel be betrayed by her cards, which has prevailed for some years, but the painters, paper makers and printers. The government has come to the conclusion, too, that it stimulates the tourist business, and in Saxony a prize has been offered for the best 20 views of natural scenery.

Pisek, Bohemia, is probably the only dogless town in the world. In consequence of a death from hydrophobia, the authorities ordered every dog in the place killed.

"How are you really getting along with that raw Swede girl you hired?" "She is not raw now. My wife's mother has been roasting her three times a day ever since she came."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Look Out For the Zede

A Remarkable French Submarine Steamer—Some Experiments.

To Steal Up to a Battleship Under Water and Torpedo Her.

London, Feb. 23.—The navy department in France has long dabbled in costly and dangerous experiments in submarine torpedo boats. Once made they are terrible. Its experts have reasoned, and the defense of the coast of France and of her colonies against the strongest fleets would be assured. With this view they have given a more friendly and patient hearing to enthusiastic inventors of submarine craft than they often receive in other European administrations, and two or three years ago they arranged an official competition in designs for them. Two of these were so promising that the department was willing to undertake them, and the Morse, a submarine torpedo boat for defensive purposes, is now nearing completion, while a second, the Naval, for offensive purposes, is well under way.

Without waiting to test these in trials at sea, Mr. Lockroy, the minister of marine, has now made provision for the beginning of six further submarine boats in the appropriation that he is asking of the chambers for the current year.

A Remarkable Vessel.

This condition in submarine boats springs less from the results of the competition than from those of recent experiments in the Mediterranean with the Gustave Zede, a submarine vessel upon which French naval experts and engineers have spent years of work. The Gustave Zede, this vessel of 290 tons, is really a considerable steamer, an enlargement and improvement of the Gymnote, a little submarine craft of 30 tons, designed twelve years ago by the naval constructor, now deceased, of the larger vessel bears. Four or five months ago the experts believed that they had gained enough of the ends they sought to warrant official tests, and since they have been going actively forward at Pondicherry and Marseilles. Comparatively few details of the results and still less of the means that achieved them have been published; but it is no secret that the navy department regards them as highly successful; while they have so touched French pride and imagination that the Matin, a widely circulated newspaper of Paris, has set forth a promising subscription for the building of a Zede, with the gift of French citizens to the fatherland.

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EDMONTON ROUTE.

The Viscount of Avonmore Considers It Unpracticable and Dangerous.

William Algernon Yelverton, sixth Viscount of Avonmore, has arrived in Winnipeg last week from Edmonton, N. W. T. His Lordship is returning to his country seat in the county of Mayo, Ireland, after spending the greater portion of the past year in the gold fields of the Canadian Northwest.

The Viscount has visited India, South Africa, Australia, the United States, Japan, China and the gold fields of the Yukon district. In Australia he established a camel route across the great desert, and was one of the first to successfully undertake the perilous journey. The distance traversed was about 2,900 miles. In India, he passed through a number of remarkable adventures, and on more than one occasion his life was in danger. Last spring he undertook a trip to the Klondike, going by way of Edmonton. From this "outing," as he terms it, he is now returning.

When interviewed by a Star reporter, His Lordship spoke of the immense resources of the Canadian Northwest and the prospect of their development. This, he said, would be slow as the topography in larger settlements, and the climate was against it. The land was rough and bushy and there were little indications that it could maintain a large population. For this reason His Lordship did not think permanent settlements would be formed in the neighborhood of the mining claims. Speaking of the different mediums of reaching the Yukon, the Viscount said he regarded the Edmonton route as impracticable and dangerous. In his opinion it would take an ordinary party two years at least to reach the Yukon by this route.

Asked if he took any interest in British politics, His Lordship said: "Well, not to any great extent. I have a seat somewhere in the House of Lords, but I have not bothered myself very much about it. If there were any more to be done, I suppose I'll have to go down and do my share of political talking some day, but for the present I am satisfied with this roaming life. It suits my disposition; I like it, and it's all I can get home to. I am going home on a short visit, and then will be off again to some other quarter of the globe."

BRITAIN'S IMPERIAL POLICY.

Hon. Jos. Chamberlain Considers That the Colonies Have Been of Great Value in Development of Britain's Trade.

The following is from the London Times review of an important speech made by the Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain, in the House of Commons. Regarding the Imperial policy he said:

"What do we mean by an Imperial policy? I am not going to engage in the contest of definitions which has been going on so briskly between certain leading members of the opposition. I will not attempt to draw the line between an imperialist and a non-imperialist, and I will say this—that the idea of an Imperial policy includes the idea of duties and interests outside these islands, and of responsibilities and obligations which we have to accept as well as the privileges of greatness. I think that, judging by past experience, by the indications of national character, and by the evidence that shapes our ends, intended us to be a great governing power—conquering, yes, conquering, but conquering only in order to civilize, to administer and to develop vast areas of the world's surface primarily for their advantage, but no doubt for our own advantage as well. What has been the result of this mission hitherto? I call an impartial witness Admiral Devey, to testify. Admiral Devey said that one of the mightiest factors of the civilization of the world is the imperial policy of England. It will not be any longer the Imperial policy of England alone. All the nations that have sprung from our lions will take their share in the task which has hitherto fallen on our shoulders alone. We have the sympathy and the ever-growing power of our great colonies always at our backs, and now we see our cousins across the Atlantic, the United States of America, entering the lists and sharing the task which might have proved too heavy for us alone. (Hear, hear.) Under these circumstances, the first business of this 'worst government of modern times'—(laughter)—is to draw closer the bonds which unite us to the other race, and to promote their cooperation in the great work of civilization which appears to be the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. (Cheers.)"

The Colonies.

Speaking of the colonies as well as for the mother country, I may say that at no period has the sentiment of unity been more deeply implanted in all our hearts, nor the resolution been stronger to stand shoulder to shoulder, to wear or to maintain common objects and interests. (Hear, hear.) We have seen the great Dominion of Canada endeavoring to cultivate more fully trade with the mother country by giving us the most favorable terms. We have seen the unanimous contribution of the Cape Parliament towards the support of the imperial war. (Cheers.) We have seen the approach which is rapidly being made in Australia to the federation which will make the group of colonies there a nation in every sense of the word, and we have seen the marvellous display of loyalty to the British crown which characterized the wonderful proceedings of the Jubilee year. (Hear, hear.) These things prove conclusively that Britons throughout the world are animated by the same aspirations, and that they are preparing the way for the greater federation which I believe is within the range of practical politics, and which will have the most beneficent and far-reaching results in promoting the peace and prosperity of the world. (Cheers.) We at home have endeavored to meet our colonies at least half way, and at the same time have pressed forward every measure which seemed likely to develop the resources of those crown colonies which more especially look to us for guidance and for aid in order that their prosperity may be secured. In little more than three years that I have been in office the Colonial Office, not speaking of the India Office, has had a little under the belt something like 800 miles of new railways in tropical colonies, and though in so doing we are conferring benefits on British trade, our primary object is the effect on the populations that have under pressure, as in the two cases ob-

been entrusted by Providence to our charge. Not Too Sanguine.

Some people say I am over-sanguine, but I confess I do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the prosperity which in the course of a few years may be anticipated in those countries which for centuries past have been desolated by slavery and by inter-tribal war. (Cheers.) As an example, in less than ten years the trade of the Lagos and the Gold Coast has increased more than twofold, and we have been only touching the coast; and the whole of that vast interior is still to be developed. The West Indies have been unfortunate; they have been hampered by causes which are certainly not within their own control, and their credit has been almost destroyed by the bounty system. My opinion of the bounty system I have never concealed, and I think that those free traders are very imprudent who contrive to identify the doctrine of free trade with the support of this abominable bounty system. (Hear, hear.) The bounty system is inconsistent with free trade and hostile to free trade, and it ought to be, I think it must be, I think it will be, soon abolished.

It is a startling and almost astounding fact that these three groups of the British colonies, with a population all told of not much more than thirteen millions, are taking from us every year very nearly as much as the greatest of the European States—Russia, Germany and France—combined, with a population all told of 220 millions. (Cheers.) And then, gentlemen, Lord Farrer writes long letters to us to tell us that free trade does not follow the flag. I have said enough to justify me in taking a sanguine view of the future of our colonial empire, but remember that empire is not a mere collection of islands and rocks which is the bugbear of some politicians. (Laughter.) No doubt it carries with it grave responsibilities and innumerable anxieties, but what was greatness given to us for? It was given to us to confront difficulties and overcome obstacles? (Cheers.) Let us be worthy of our ancestors and take our share of the duty which they left us. I hope you will not fall into the mistake of supposing that I am arguing for empire simply because it contributes to the material interests of the United Kingdom. It does that, no doubt. It is this policy which has developed the national character, and I firmly believe that, in spite of many faults by which it has been accomplished, in spite even of the crimes sometimes committed in its name, it has made on the whole for peace and good government and for the happiness of many hundreds of millions of the human race. (Cheers.)"

SLAVERY AND MASSACRE.

The Vicious Methods of the Belgians of Getting Rubber from the Congo.

It has long since been demonstrated that the whole system of administration of the Congo Free State is vicious to the core and while its capacity and enterprise of individual Belgians cannot fail to evoke admiration, the policy of the government is one which deserves hearty condemnation. In the London Daily Mail, it has been a policy of making money, and the unfortunate natives have been cruelly oppressed in the process.

A correspondent who knows the Congo thoroughly thus describes the system of rubber collecting in the Free State. All impartial critics acquainted with the subject will be able to endorse the account: "An individual, general manager or third rate, is appointed Commissaire de District for some place or another. He generally has about forty or fifty native soldiers under his command, and a couple of non-commissioned Belgian officers. He is at the same time Commissaire de District—that is, District Commissioner, and also trader on behalf of his government."

"His instruction are to get as much rubber as he can out of the natives. The more rubber the more pay. Our friend the Commissaire de District goes out to the Congo with the sole idea of making a good turn-over, and acquiring it as rapidly as he can. The Congo is not exactly a garden of Eden.

"When he left Belgium he may have been a smart, clean, and respectable fellow or something of that sort. When he gets out to the Congo he wears a broad-brimmed sombrero, brings a rifle loaded with bullets, and assumes a little tinge of the inferior and God-forsaken district to which he has been appointed. He can do just as he pleases, and he does that amply.

"On the first day our friend calls at a village with his escort and summons the miserable, cowering chief, holds forth in the following strain: "Look here! you don't bring in enough rubber to the station as well as in seven ponds last week—just see that you bring in seventeen this week. If you don't I will burn your village down about your ears."

"The chief cannot but comply. Behind the dirty-looking white man with the sprouting beard he knows that there are other white men, and that he has no chance of resistance. So he grinds his people down and makes them work like slaves. He manages to send down seventeen ponds of rubber.

"Then the commissaire makes another round of the villages. He calls out the chief again, and tells him that next week he will want twenty-seven ponds. The usual threats are repeated. And so the system goes on until the miserable village can produce no more.

"The chief trembling expostulates: 'You first wanted seventeen ponds, and now you want forty ponds. I can produce no more.'"

"Violent scenes ensue. The commissaire retires, threatening that he will come back next day, and raze the village to the ground. I will tell you to refuse the command of the State.' Well, the next day, sure enough, the commissaire comes along, and the thing is done. The cannibal soldiery are let loose on the village, which is fired; men, women and children are shot and bayoneted. The authority of the State is reaffirmed.

"Sometimes it does not quite end like that. The natives, knowing the fate in store for them, seek out the Belgian camp, and attack it just before dawn breaks. That, no doubt, is what happened in the Monella district. The Belgian papers then report the cannibalistic rans, and all the world says, 'What terrible creatures these Congo natives are!'"