

ARMY OF THE KAISER

WHAT AN ENGLISH GIRL THINKS OF IT.

German Soldiers are Mostly Under-sized, Underfed and Over-worked.

Take an average British soldier and put him for, say, three months' military training, into the German Army. What would be the result? Twelve weeks out of thirteen would be spent in solitary confinement for insubordination and insulting a superior officer, while in the last week he would probably be executed for killing one, writes an English girl in Pearson's Weekly.

This is not intended as a slur upon the British soldier; for, although he gives up his life and body to the service of his country, still he retains his individuality and his self-respect. Such is certainly not the case with the German soldier; for what self-respect can a man have who is habitually addressed by his superior officers by such epithets as, banty-legs, pig-dog, fool, idiot, and so on.

EVERY MAN A SOLDIER.

Since every man, who is not an absolute idiot or physically incapable, is compelled to serve, it can be well imagined that the German Army, as a whole, is not conspicuous for symmetry of form, nor beauty and intelligence of countenance; therefore, it seems more than hard that a man who, through no fault of his own, is afflicted with some personal defect, should have this affliction publicly derided and jeered at with remarks prefaced by one or more of the foregoing elegancies of speech.

The under-officers are the worst offenders in this respect.

"Hi! you banty-legs, don't stand there looking as conceited as if you were the only silly ass in the whole regiment," is the sort of wit in which the non-com. indulges at the unfortunate private's expense.

Poor fellow; for the time being he is a machine—the property, nominally, of his country, but, in reality, of the man who happens to be in command over him, and who betide him if he offends his sergeant. He must have no thought, no will of his own. Perhaps he never had much of either. All the better for him when he becomes a soldier.

Now and again, though, a man refuses to submit to such indignities without a struggle, but repeated confinements to the cells and bread and water diet soon break his spirit. If not, there are worse punishments.

TWO YEARS' SERVICE.

As soon as he realizes that he gave up his manhood when he took on the uniform, he can get on fairly well, provided he is thick-skinned. His work is arduous, his rations poor, and he is rewarded with the munificent sum of 2½d. per diem (in a cavalry regiment it is a little more); but he can console himself with the reflection that two years will see the end of it. This is the length of time he has to serve, unless he happens to be the son of rich people, when one year will suffice.

But there is a great and marked difference between the two. The rich man's son must succeed in passing an exam., and then, during the year, must keep himself in uniform, food, lodgings, and everything else. It costs anything between £150 and £250, according to the regiment he is in. Although he has to drill and work with the others, he is generally better treated, has more privileges, and may pass his spare time as he likes, provided he does not leave the town without permission. The under-officers are fairly decent to him, although sometimes they may be cutting.

"Where are you going to, Schmidt?" said a non-commissioned officer to a gentleman private.

"To dine, sir," came the reply.

"What?" roared out the sergeant.

"Officers dine, we eat, but you—you—feed, understand!" and this to a gentleman born.

The German soldiers on parade are not a pretty sight, nor an imposing one. They are mostly under-sized, underfed, and over-worked. There is a splendid assortment of knock-knees, banty-legs, and squints; but, remember, Germany can put three million men of a sort on the field.

AND THE UNIFORMS!

They are not beautiful at best; but when you know that each man gets his predecessor's garments—or what is left of them—it may be imagined that a regiment of soldiers is an impressive spectacle. I have seen a little man wearing a coat three sizes too large for him. It was belted in at the waist, the skirts forming a ludicrous frill; while a little way down the line a great, burly fellow did his best to stand in a way which put less strain upon the seams of his nether garments. They each have a decent suit for full-dress parade, though.

An element of fear runs through the whole army, the men being afraid of each and every superior. The sergeants fear the lieutenants,

who, in turn, fear the captains, and so on, up to the commanding general. He, being at the top of the tree, has no one over him, so let us hope he fears his Maker. Judging from his language, he does not. All officers swear loudly and well, but none so wholeheartedly and fervently as this pinnacle of power. The gem of the German Army is assuredly the lieutenant. He is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in the eyes of the fair sex, at any rate. No matter how much popular opinion and unbiased observation may incline against him, to the German girl he is perfect.

His conceit is ineffable; his appearance very ordinary, though sometimes you come across a handsome one; his knowledge is astounding; his opinion of himself, his abilities, and everything pertaining to him, could not be improved upon; although very young, he is generally as wise as an old rooster of sixty—and his uniform is charming. I do not blame a lieutenant; he cannot help himself; he is the darling and the idol of every girl to whom he condescends to speak. So what wonder if he is self-satisfied and spoilt!

LIEUTENANT'S POOR PAY.

Of course, there are exceptions. There are as unassuming, good-hearted young fellows wearing the German uniform as are to be found anywhere but they are not the rule. Against the older officers I can say nothing. They have had this nonsense knocked out of them long ago. They have too much hard work, and, unless they have a good private income or rich wives, too little money to indulge in tomfoolery.

"Are—the English officers—er—are educated (gebildet) as we German?" said a young lieutenant to me upon being introduced. My answer was something to the effect that the English officers were not so conceited (eingebildet) as the German, and he seemed surprised, quite hurt, in fact, that I was not overcome with gratitude at his condescension in speaking to me at all. He had to learn that in England it is the girl who condescends.

But a lieutenant has to work hard—very hard—at all kinds of drill and exercise. He has to instruct a squad of men in history and "war-game"—no sinecure if you know the men—and he receives instruction upon the same subjects from his colonel, besides which he generally studies one or more foreign languages.

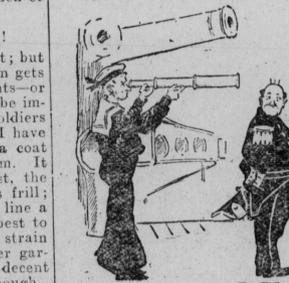
His pay is very slender, too. I wonder if an English officer would credit the fact that a German lieutenant, by no means in his first year, receives 17s. 6d. per week for his services. A lieutenant told me so himself.

What wonder, then, that they contract debts, which the wife-to-be has the onus of paying. But, in spite of all, they are a happy-go-lucky, light-hearted set of fellows, with a charm that is all their own, and, I must say, I spent a very pleasant two years in a German garrison town.

A ROMAN BASTION.

Portion of Ancient London City Wall Uncarved.

Some important excavations carried on by the Society of Antiquaries on a portion of the site of Christ's Hospital, near Giltspur Street, London, have resulted in the discovery of a bastion of the old London city wall, a relic of Roman times. The Roman ground level was reached about twelve feet below the present surface, and the wall, which is about eight feet in thickness at the base, rises to within four feet of the present level. The bastion was probably erected to strengthen the wall, for it is evidently of later date. It is of large size, and in shape somewhat resembles a horseshoe; and in many important respects the foundations differ from those which have been found elsewhere. The lower parts of two other bastions were discovered during the course of recent building operations, but unfortunately had to be destroyed before the work could progress. The bastion uncovered by the Society of Antiquaries is in a portion of the ground that will probably not be built on for some years, and an attempt will be made to preserve it as an important and interesting relic of ancient London.



"See anything of the enemy?" "Aye, aye, sir. A three-mast vessel set on the starboard bow."

RULERS NOBODY WANTS.

Turned Out of Their Kingdoms and Driven From Pillar to Post.

The sad plight of ex-President Castro of Venezuela denied an asylum by the civilized world he has so long flouted, and condemned apparently to fill henceforward the role of a modern "wandering Jew," had its counterpart 150 years ago in that of King Theodore of Corsica.

Like Castro, Theodore was a soldier of fortune and a usurper, his real name being Neuhoff. He suffered from "swelled head," too, to say the least, even greater extent than the famous South American dictator. He addressed great European monarchs as "dear cousin," and made war upon France with a 24-gun frigate.

On his overthrow he took refuge in England, but was imprisoned for debt in the King's Bench Prison, whence he was released only to die. He would have been buried in a pauper's grave, but for the charity of a London shopkeeper, named John Wright, who declared that "he for once would pay the funeral expenses of a king." His epitaph, by Horace Walpole, can still be seen in the church of St. Anne's, Soho.

Ranavalona, the ex-Queen of Madagascar, after being turned out of her kingdom by the French, was refused by them an asylum in Paris, one of the few really ungalant actions they were ever guilty of. For diplomatic reasons she was likewise forbidden to settle either in Germany or Austria, but was permitted eventually to take up her residence at Algiers, where she occupied herself chiefly in works of charity.

A ruler who was driven from pillar to post during the greater portion of his earlier lifetime, raised himself in middle life to heights of unexampled splendor, and died in obscurity after all, was Napoleon III.

When the Germans took him prisoner at Sedan, they did not in the least know what to do with him. Not a country in Europe would have him at any price, and to seek him off back to France would have been to have condemned him to certain death at the hands of the new Republican Government. Eventually England gave him shelter, as it continues to give to his widow to this present day.

NEW CANCER HOSPITAL.

Harry Barnato Left \$1,250,000 for the Purpose.

London, England, is to have a new cancer hospital, built and endowed at a cost of \$1,250,000, with which to carry on the fight against the dread disease.

It will be remembered that the late Mr. Harry Barnato left by will the splendid sum of \$1,250,000 for the purpose of founding some charity in the nature of a hospital or kindred institution in commemoration of his brother, Mr. Barney Barnato, and his nephew, Mr. Woolf Joel.

After full and careful consideration of the merits of the many schemes put before them the trustees, Mr. S. G. Joel, Mr. J. B. Joel, and Mr. S. G. Asher, have now decided upon applying it to the building and endowment of an institution for the reception of cancer patients.

With a view to increasing the potentialities of the bequest the new institution will be administered, except as regards its finance, in connection with the Middlesex Hospital, which has acquired so high a reputation for its treatment of patients afflicted with this disease, and the trustees have procured a suitable site in Nassau street adjoining this hospital's special cancer wards.

The trustees, with Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Chylesmore, Sir John Purcell, and Mr. Felix Davis, will form the committee which has been entrusted with the task of carrying out the laudable and beneficent project.

The authorities of the Middlesex Hospital will not be relieved in the slightest degree of their financial responsibility in connection with their cancer department as at present constituted. The whole of the capital derived from the Barnato bequest will be employed in further charitable operations, and the maintenance of whatever additional accommodation is provided will be assured by adequate endowment.

FISHING MADE EASY.

The average amateur fisherman uses line and hook, but, pleasant as his task is, it is not half so profitable as the system formerly in use in the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and the Canadian mainland. The tide runs high in this inlet, 100 miles long, and the fish used to follow it inland, up the smaller side-openings. Then the fishermen spread nets over these smaller bays, and when the tide had ebbed they waded in, and collected the fish by the hundred from the wide stretches of water one foot in depth. A pair of rubber boots and a basket were all the equipment needed to secure a fine haul of fish.

FORTUNES WON AND LOST

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS AT MONTE CARLO.

Men Who Have Broken the Bank—and Some Who Have Not—More Often.

After a fifteen-years' trial of a system which practically consists of betting high enough and long enough, Mr. Huntley Walker has left Monte Carlo \$90,000 the richer. He won \$30,000 one day, and the next day, in a little over two hours, won \$60,000 more, which necessitated the table at which he was playing suspending operations for a few minutes while further funds were obtained. This is technically called "breaking the bank," and recalls the feat of "Monte Carlo Wells," the first man to break the bank at the famous gambling resort, who a few years ago, won \$200,000 from the Casino, says London Tit-Bits.

Wells played by a system, and afterwards explained how, starting with a certain capital, he bet on "runs" or "series," staking \$100 or \$240—the minimum or maximum bets.

WON \$350,000.

Five years ago an immensely wealthy American, Colonel Power, the owner of mines in Mexico, won \$350,000 at the Casino. His first day's play, which lasted less than an hour, brought him in \$18,800, and each succeeding day had a similar story to tell. Crowds dogged his footsteps whenever he entered the Casino, some of the habitués rubbing his shoulder or surreptitiously touching the hem of his coat for luck, while the more rational followed his play. The Colonel did not plunge, but continued to stake the maximum of \$2,400 each time. The result was that he came away richer by \$350,000.

A Russian count once carried away \$70,000 as the result of a single night's play, while a North of England shipowner won \$30,000 in a couple of hours. On another occasion a Yorkshire colliery owner left Monte Carlo, after a three weeks' stay, \$75,000 richer than when he went there; but in the same month the wife of an English peer lost \$80,000 in one night and \$100,000 on the night following.

A COSTLY DEFECT.

One of the most remarkable incidents which ever happened at Monte Carlo was when a Mr. Jaggers won \$400,000. He kept a close watch over the roulette wheels at the various tables, and discovered that each one had some small defect which resulted in one number winning more frequently than any other. These numbers he backed, winning \$600,000. The bank, however, discovered his secret, had new wheels made, and Mr. Jaggers was losing rapidly when he wisely desisted and returned home with \$400,000.

One of the distinctions enjoyed by the late Duke Alexis of Russia, the uncle of the Czar, who died in November last, was that of being amongst the men who had broken the bank at Monte Carlo. He won something like \$300,000 in a couple of days; and it may be remarked that Lord Villiers, heir to the earldom of Jersey, was credited a short time ago with an extraordinary run of luck. Starting with a capital of \$12,000, a sum which represented only five maximum coups, and playing only one hour in the evening, always on black, he won \$150,000 in a few days.

BANK WINS IN LONG RUN.

But, in spite of all these huge sums which have been won, the bank holds its own against all systems, plungers, and persevering gamblers, and, as a witty proverb invented in the days of M. Blanc, the founder of the Casino, truly says, "The black often loses, and red often loses, but white (Blanc) always wins," and his winnings range from \$5,000,000 to \$7,500,000 every year. Well might one remark that he who breaks the bank to-day will be broken by the bank to-morrow.

HIS NOT TO REASON WHY.

His But to Do as He was Told Though Profits Dwindled.

A story is told of the Rothschilds to illustrate the strict obedience which they at times exacted from their employees, high and low. They once had an agent in New Orleans, a young and alert fellow who kept his eyes and ears open. According to System, they telegraphed him to sell their cotton holdings on a specified day.

Believing that he had better information on the local market than his employers he held the sale over four days and netted an extra profit of \$40,000. He promptly notified the Rothschilds of his achievement and forwarded the bonus. The Rothschilds returned the amount intact with a cold note that "The \$40,000 you made by disobeying our instructions is not ours but yours. Take it. Your sneezes sor sails for New Orleans to-day."

A MYSTERIOUS INVENTION

WONDERFUL WEAPON THAT WILL ABOLISH WAR.

The Armies and Navies of the World will be Helpless Against the Hertzian Waves.

While the nations are building Dreadnoughts against each other, the scientists have been busy discovering other weapons for the warfare of the future.

Rifles and swords are mere toys compared to the weapons that science is perfecting. Quite recently a French savant made a series of remarkable experiments with what are known as "Hertzian waves." Without going too deeply into the subject it may be sufficient to explain that "Hertzian waves" are so called after Heinrich Hertz, who found by experimenting, about the year 1888, that it was possible to control to a large extent the magnetic current in the air.

WILL PIERCE STONE WALLS.

The "waves" move along very much like a corkscrew, and although for the moment scientists are not able to control them, or steer them in any given direction, there seems little doubt that this feat will be only a question of a few years.

The effect of the "Hertzian waves" may be judged when it is stated, as the result of the recent experiments in France, that they will pierce stone walls three feet thick.

For practical purposes the "waves" are spirals of moving, invisible flame. Already there is a theory by which it is believed the power of directing and controlling this invisible fire may be acquired, and in the face of this new force the armies and navies of the world will be helpless.

Two or three men, sitting at their instruments, could direct a group of "waves" through the air towards an advancing fleet that threatened their shores. The "waves" would strike the ships, and run along the metal portions of them as a flame runs along a stream of inflammable spirit.

And all the while the ship would be giving off electric sparks, just as is done in the simpler experiments with an electric battery. In a few seconds the ships would be alive with sparks. All the shells on board would explode, and the powder magazines, drenched in a shower of fire which no skill could divert, would be fired, and blow the biggest ship to fragments.

IN LESS THAN A MINUTE.

And not only on sea, but on land could these destructive "waves" be employed with the most devastating effect. In every fort where powder was stored the danger from a series of "Hertzian waves" would be always imminent.

At the will of the operator the "waves" would be directed forward. They would pierce the walls of the strongest fortress, wrecking everything in their passage, men, horses, and guns, and leave behind them nothing but charred and smouldering ruin.

The soldiers against whom such a terrible means of attack happened to be employed could not lift a hand to save themselves. The unseen "waves" would advance with a spiral roll through the air, as invisible as the finger of death itself, and just as inevitable.

The outposts and sentries would not have time to give the alarm, for as the "waves" passed them they would twist guns and swords into shapeless things, and any soldier remaining conscious would scarcely have realized his position before he heard the explosion and shrieks that would tell of the crumpling up of a mighty army like a piece of useless paper.

The first scientist to discover how "Hertzian waves" may be propelled and guided over a distance of ten miles will hold the peace of the world in his hands.

NAVIES CANNOT PUT TO SEA.

No nation would put an army in the field if it were satisfied that its men would be annihilated by the unseen forces of nature, without the chance of striking a blow in self-defence.

No navy would be put to sea knowing that at any moment the dread, invisible "waves" might scatter it like chaff before the wind. Even if more than one nation should make the forthcoming discovery at the same time, the chance of a warlike contest will be equally remote.

The earliest intimation of the enemy's presence will be the thunder, announcing annihilation, and such a chance is too great for any but a nation of madmen to undertake.

The outcome of such a momentous discovery must be—peace.

KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT.

"Have you seen Brown since he got home?"

"No. He borrowed ten dollars from me to go away on."

Few men will stand being sat upon.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A huge whale 80 feet long has been stranded on the Donegal coast near Ballyliffin.

A pension of sixty-nine dollars per year has been granted to ex-Relieving Officer Greene, of Newport.

Patrick Roarke, Baltrassan, the young man who was knocked down and killed on the railway line near Mullingar recently, was a native of Mullingar.

Recently a large amount of meadow was sold by auction in the Elphin district. The price went as high as \$35 per acre.

An Irish-American visitor named Patrick McGrath, of Braintree, Mass., dropped dead in D'Olier street, Dublin, recently.

The police hut erected in 1882 at Milltown-Malbay, and believed to be one of the oldest in the country, was abandoned recently.

Michael Canning, Ballyvarry, who had been rate collector for the Manulla division for close on twenty-three years, has tendered his resignation.

The memorial which has been erected in Glasnevin cemetery to James Stephens was unveiled by the Lord Mayor of Dublin last month.

John Walsh, boot and shoe maker, Ballinrobe, and his sister have benefited to the extent of \$95,000 by a cousin's will.

Laborer's cottages in Enniskillen Union will cost, on the average, for cottages alone, not including fencing, in the neighborhood of \$800.

Damage to the extent of \$15,000 was caused by a fire on the premises of Messrs. Jacob Brothers, Waterford, recently.

Tramps have decreased greatly in number in Clogheen workhouse, owing to the reputation of the casual ward for being haunted.

While returning from Coochill Fair, Thomas Walker, an emergency man, was fired at from behind a hedge and shot in the face and chest. He is expected to recover.

A pike weighing 28 pounds was recently caught in the river at Beltrubet. Inside the fish were found two spoon baits, a piece of rubber tire, and four small fish. This is true.

Richard Burke, who had been master of the Tipperary Hunt for twenty-three years, was recently presented with a purse of \$3,000 in recognition of his services to the Hunt.

Justice Dodd, addressing the county court jury at the Dublin Commission, said that as far as the position of the county outside the metropolitan area was concerned, there was nothing but good to be said.

Mr. Kelly has been appointed Agricultural Instructor for Carlow, by the County Committee of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, at a salary of \$1,000 per year.

While excavating for the foundation of the new vestry for St. Mary's Protestant church, Drogheda, recently, a stone was unearthed, bearing date of 1610, to the memory of Stephen Duff, Mayor of Drogheda in 1605, and his wife, Catherine Duff. The lettering, which is in the old English style, is perfect.

STAMPS WORTH \$3,000

"Post Office, Mauritius"—Given as Bridal Portion to Girl.

What seems at first sight the most modest dower on record is the bridal portion of the wife of a sergeant in the French army. He has been on colonial service and married a creole girl from Mauritius, and her dower was an old envelope bearing two stamps. They were what is known as "Postoffice, Mauritius," the stamps being of little artistic beauty and bearing the words quoted. They were current only for a very short time.

Most of them were used, it is believed, in sending invitations for a ball, consequently but few of the letters were preserved, and she has followed the usual law of supply and demand as regards value. The sergeant obtained expert advice on them and was told that they were worth to-day \$2,000, with the prospect of increasing in value as the time goes on. The happy possessor put them in a little box and took them with him where he is stationed. He formed one of the French contingent lately in Crete. As soon as he arrived there he placed his treasure for safety in the strong room of a bank at Candia, where it lay during the time of the foreign protectorate. When the time came for the troops to withdraw the sergeant reclaimed his stamps. It was an event in Crete, for he was a very popular man, and a crowd accompanied him to the bank and cheered while he reappeared carrying the little box enclosing his treasure. The Paris paper which tells the story says that philatelists may expect a sensation ere long.