



WITH BOBS AND KRUGER

Frederick W. Unger's Story of the War in South Africa—Other Late Publications.

Frederick W. Unger had the unique experience of being the representative of a great London newspaper with the Boer army. He gives in his book "With Bobo and Kruger" (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia), a truthful account of what fell under his own observation. He says his personal sympathies in the conflict were somewhat mixed. Having many warm friends while campaigning with Lord Roberts' forces, his first sympathies were for the English side, but when the London Express sent him over to the Boer side he was much impressed by the sincerity of those people and by the pathos of their heroic struggle against overwhelming odds.

Unger went to South Africa upon the slenderest possible connection with the press, inspired by an account in one of Kipling's books of a "youngster jerked out at the end of a wire" who had been accidentally run across by Kipling and sought an interview, of which he gives the following account:

I had less than 20 shillings left, all my resources were exhausted, and I had no money for a reply from America, and I realized that I could expect nothing from that source—in short, I was "up against it," and I knew it. The last thing I did was to walk up the long avenue until I found myself at the Mount Nelson Hotel. I knew Mr. Kipling was staying there, and the impulse came over me to call on him. I sent in my card, and a few minutes later found the greatest little man of all England looking pleasantly at me.

"Well, what are you doing out here?" he briefly told him of my aspiration to be a "youngster jerked out at the end of a wire." I was ready to attempt my last alternative of getting captured by the Boers on my return to Bloemfontein, and try my luck as a soldier of fortune in the service of the Boers.

"I like your nerve, but why don't you sink your nationality and join the Boers?" he said. "I replied that this would prevent my having the necessary connections in the same line, suggested that he take me with him as secretary, servant, driver, or in any capacity he could use me. Mr. Kipling hesitated a moment, and then put me through the most exhaustive examination I had ever had. Could I cook, pack a horse, ride and drive, put up a tent, keep a horse, or shoot, tell the truth or lie if necessary, and never see or hear things not to be seen or heard; was I "discreet," and was I sure I would not "go back on my word" in any way? And then, when I told him that I was an old Klondiker, he chopped his questions abrid with:

"Oh, I guess if you've been over the Chiloomo you have all the necessary qualifications."

My hopes by this time had reached the boiling point, and I expected him to say, "All right, I'll take you with me," he said the other thing.

"You see," he added, by way of explanation, "I could not take you in the same line as myself with me. You would be using my material, and if you wouldn't you should—I would in your place. In fact, I'd do anything to get you out of my hands." I heard him out patiently, and then said:

"But, Mr. Kipling, I hope you don't think for a moment that I am so foolish as to think myself in the same class with you?"

"That's just where you make a mistake," he snapped out energetically. "You should think yourself every bit as good as I, and make it your object to beat me at my own game. You are a newspaper man, and out there you write what you see, and I'm doing. Keep yourself thinking that you can do better than I can, and don't let yourself think anything else, and perhaps then you will be able to do it." "That's just where you make a mistake," he snapped out energetically. "You should think yourself every bit as good as I, and make it your object to beat me at my own game. You are a newspaper man, and out there you write what you see, and I'm doing. Keep yourself thinking that you can do better than I can, and don't let yourself think anything else, and perhaps then you will be able to do it."

The kindness of his manner and the forcefulness of his remarks were a powerful stimulant to me, and I felt fully half a foot taller and more of a man in every way. As I was deciding that I would follow his advice and try to beat even the great Rudyard Kipling, he continued: "No, I'm no good for you; but put your address on this card, and I'll speak to a few fellows I know who might be able to use you, and then let you know."

"Then he gave me a hearty grasp of the hand, said "Good-bye to you," and walked back to my lodging-house as rich in optimism and determination as any South African millionaire who has ever been. Captain Kipling, Nelson Hotel in the good old days before the war.

Through the kindness of Kipling, the young American was placed on the staff of the London Times, until Mr. Arthur Pearson engaged him as manager for the London Daily Press in South Africa, and sent him secretly to the Boer side.

General Gatacre is one of the somewhat numerous British commanders whose reputations have been ruined or damaged by the war. Mr. Unger tells by what a narrow margin Captain Gatacre discouraged one of the war's successes instead of one of its failures:

At this time General Gatacre was much broken in spirit, and in the opinion of those who had known him a long while, a greatly changed man. Captain Gatacre, however, was never interviewed, and so I happened I never came into personal contact with the General since then by a mere formal introduction, which he acknowledged without comment. Among the officers, correspondents and soldiers, however, I found that he was highly respected as an officer and a gentleman. The Tommies spoke affectionately of him as "the old man." He had the reputation of working them very hard, yet, it was always said, "no harder than he himself worked." All sympathized deeply with him in the disgrace which had attended his reverse at Stormberg and after his dismissal, when the five Irish companies were captured at Elandslaagte, the blame was wrongly laid on his shoulders, he being made a scapegoat to satisfy the public clamor in England, every one acquainted with the facts of the case, and his failure to relieve the Irish companies was said to be entirely due to orders being sent to him direct, from Lord Roberts, to remain in his position. Had General Gatacre marched half an hour longer, on that disastrous night, instead of retreating, he would have reached an impenetrable position, unassailable by the Boers, which would have separated General Oller from the rest of his army. Oller's retreat would have been cut off, and he would have been forced to surrender to General Gatacre. The failure to do this ruined General Gatacre's reputation and shattered his health. This was a striking instance of how an accidental decision, the wrong way at a critical

time diverted victory from the British and gave it to the Boers, and on many instances which have made South Africa "the graveyard of reputations."

If the facts related below are true it is easy to see that some interesting international complications may develop when the war is over:

Another item of interest was told me by a government official, while at Machadoodorp, which has a strong bearing on the attitude the powers may adopt when the time for final settlement comes. It was six months after the war. My informant said: "My word! the British were mad, when the war is over, to find that, after all, they have lost the gold mines for which they have really been fighting."

"Why, how is that?" I asked; "surely the Boers haven't carried them off, nor have they been destroyed, as was expected?"

"Well, I'll explain it to you," he continued. "You see, the government originally leased the mines with the provision that if at any time they should remain in the hands of the government, or of the Boers, the leases would revert to the government. Of course, the beginning of the war put a stop to all mining operations, and when the government, after the war, the government privately sold the reverted leases to French and German capitalists. Now, when war is officially declared over, these capitalists, through their government, will insist on their claims, and all sorts of unpleasant complications for England will be the result. Nothing will be done in the matter until the war is over, and, for the powers that be, it is clear that England shall have expended as much of her resources as possible in her efforts to win the war, and, for the government, wasn't it? You see, in this way, two of the powers have been furnished with a technical excuse for interference, and, whenever they have a quarrel, they will enlist on their side unconditional capital, which is the force behind all civil power, and must fight for its rights wherever and by whomsoever assailed. England will certainly object to surrendering the mines, and then the trouble will begin."

It will be interesting, now that the war appears to be in its final stages, to remember this phase of the subject, and watch to see if there will be any international developments which my informant's remarks may be the key to.

Mr. Unger was still with the British forces when his sympathies began to drift to the Boer side. How it came about he thus describes:

Two sets of stretcher-bearers went out to bury the dead, and I saw a Boer soldier with a golden opportunity to get photographs. I took my Kodak and snapped half a dozen films. The soldier, who was a Boer, was somewhat excited. The stretcher-bearers were running, and when they came back to the wall I had dropped my camera to help the stretcher-bearers, with his look over to safety behind. All this resulted in my pictures being partly spoiled, either by insufficient exposure, due to poor light, or else, in my excitement, I had my finger on the wrong button. About ten minutes after the last man was brought in I was standing by the Maxim when a Tommy called to me, "The Captain is here, and he wants to see you." I saw a tall figure jump over the wall and run up to me, where the Captain lay, and I saw him fall. He had fallen at least 25 yards ahead of any of his men. It was an ambulance surgeon, who had been shot in the chest. While he was going up to the Captain, he quickly lay down beside him. At first I thought he was shot, but after a minute's examination he stood up, and I saw that he was not hurt. He was a heavy man, and the doctor was having a good bit of trouble. Just then at his feet I saw the body of a Boer, and I saw the other man and another, and I knew that the enemy was firing on them. "Great Scott! They don't see that they are firing on a rescued party."

I ran out to help the doctor, and as I came up to him he said, "Help me get him on my back." I tried, but the man was too heavy, and I could not lift him. I saw the doctor, and I saw the other man and another, and I knew that the enemy was firing on them. "Great Scott! They don't see that they are firing on a rescued party."

French and German Text-Books. From the new publishing house of New York and Co., New York, come two sets of books of six volumes, designed for beginners in French and German. These books are written by a Frenchman and a German on the Continent. They are based on the principles advocated by the pioneers of the "return movement" in Germany by the Association of German Teachers in the United States, and by a large number of prominent teachers in other countries. The "Holier Pictures," with which the books are illustrated, have been successfully used for many years as an aid for teaching modern languages. By this method of the pupil learns to think in the language, and to use it more naturally than the English equivalents of foreign words, or the arrangement of words in English sentences. Beginning with the simplest phrases, the child is led easily and gradually to the expression of more complex ideas. He does not put English sentences into French and German, nor does he translate French and German sentences into English. He thinks in French and German, and his mind is exactly the same as the attitude toward English. He reads, talks, or thinks in German or French with the same ease that marks his use of his mother tongue.

New Religious Novel. She Stands Alone. By Mark Ashton. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Few novels of the present day can stand comparison with this book, which must be ranked in modern literature dealing with the early Christian era, as a masterpiece. It is a story of a young man, and above all, its deep earnestness of purpose and wonderful life and vitality, mark it at once as a masterpiece. Mr. Ashton's knowledge of the life of the early Christians, and the results which have been common in practically all the recent novels based on the religious-historical theme—vulgarity and immorality—more than make up for its dramatic incidents and vivid portrayals of those wonderful early Christians whose faith and self-sacrifice have been the theme of countless writers throughout the ages.

Views of ex-President Harrison. Views of an ex-President. By Benjamin Harrison. Compiled by Mary Lord Harrison. Boston, 1901. This volume contains the important papers and addresses by General Harrison since the close of his administration in 1893. The subjects have a wide range, and include discussion on government, religion, education, and the progress of the American people. Harrison's broad statesmanship, his fear-

less frankness at the times when he differed from his contemporaries on questions of governmental policy, and his strong style make the volume well worthy of a place in the library. Among the contents of the book are the lecture on the Constitution and its development, the West and the status of the territories, and papers on expansion, currency and other subjects.

Books of Verse. Kansas Zephyr. By Ed Blair. The American Threehander. Madison, Wis. The Dead Calypso and Other Verses. By Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Deirdre Wed and Other Poems. By Herbert Trench. John Lane, New York.

Mr. Blair's work breathes the free air of his native state, with here and there a bit of Kansas cyclonic progression into the dizzy mazes of city life. When Mr. Blair is not busy bartering in his co-operative store at Cadmus, he writes such jingles as this:

Now some folks think that Kansas Is Cynelovely turned loose, Because we get new ideas And put them into use. We do not come one else has made, But go to work and make them.

"The dead Calypso" is the title poem of a collection of verse by a California poet. The sea pictures in "Deirdre" and "Hove To" are better than the themes drawn from antiquity and the legends of the past. Mr. Trench's verse belongs to the legendary period of Irish history, the earlier centuries of our present era and the heroic life of the Druids.

Two Holiday Books. Holiday books are early making their appearance this year. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, has published two—"The Tin Owl Stories," William Rose, fully illustrated, with quaint and olden drawings by J. J. Bridgman, and "The Grasshopper's Hop, and Other Verses," by Zetella Cooke, illustrated by J. J. Mora. Miss Cooke comes of distinguished military ancestry, and she had access as a child to a large and carefully chosen library of English books. Her first literary work was done on the plantation. With the money received for translations from French and German she was able, when only 17 years old, to put her younger sister in school. Before coming to Boston, seven years ago, Miss Cooke had translated into English the Century and Harper's, and had published anonymously prose translations. Her first book of verse, "A Doric Reed" (Hesperid & Day, 1890), was cordially received by the press. Her other books are little verses for juvenile readers originally appeared in St. Nicholas and the Youth's Companion, and a number of them which have been set to music are widely popular.

The Tempting of Father Anthony. The Tempting of Father Anthony. By George Horton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Filled with a sheaf! Sat the dealer, bent and hoary, Musing Bunyan's ancient story Of the Pilgrim's path to glory— To himself! Through the gates the Pilgrim passed, And the old man dropped his glasses— With a snore! Wrote a kitten full of capers Played among the books and papers, Overturned the stick and tapers— To the floor! Came a youth with ruff and buckles, And the dealer rubbed his knuckles In suspense! But he found the gallant willing To pay a crown for love tales thrilling That were worth perhaps a shilling, Or sixpence! Nervous bookworms, gaunt, phlegmatic Bards, with cobwebs of the attic, Would just drop In to rummage and compare But not spend a penny there, Till the dealer in his predicament shut up! —New York Herald.

Who's Who in America. Who's Who in America. A biographical dictionary of notable living men and women in the United States. Edited by John W. Leonard. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago. This is an invaluable book of reference. It is indispensable to libraries, newspaper offices, and to persons whose work requires information concerning the living. The editor has been thorough and discriminating, and the fund of information, which the volume presents, is well systematized.

Serious Complications. Serious Complications. By Frances Hanford-Delaney. The Abbey Press, New York. The scene is laid in California. The characters are full of energy and the "serious complications" are dwelt upon by a genius. Paul Abbot, the widower, is so smug in his efforts to be young again that he is described as "trying to know him better. The literary style is charming, the development of the plot strikingly original, and the whole story clever.

Coals of Fire. Coals of Fire. By Frances Hanford-Delaney. The Abbey Press, New York. A story of human nature showing how the selfishness of a man brings sorrow to those whom he should love, and how a woman, though sinned against, may reach coils of fire by her selfishness and forgiveness. The characters are portrayed as such as we are constantly coming in contact with and the scenes described are pictured with ability.

Books Received. "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth" (John Lane, New York). "The Young-Lover's Clover," by Maxwell Gray. A story of a young girl who finds life with a shift of scene to India. The style is conversational. (D. Appleton & Co., New York). "The Deviators," by Ada Cambridge. The action passes in London and the country, although there are reminiscences

of the oldest and best. S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure for the only antidote for that most horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

Table with columns: UNION DEPOT, Leave, Arrive. Lists train schedules for various routes.

Table with columns: FOR SAN FRANCISCO, FOR ASTORIA, FOR DALTON. Lists train schedules for specific destinations.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE. FOR SAN FRANCISCO, FOR ASTORIA, FOR DALTON.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO. For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai.

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Table with columns: Leave, Depot Fifth and Streets, Arrive. Lists train schedules for the Southern Pacific route.

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Time Card of Trains. PORTLAND. LEAVES, ARRIVES. For various destinations.

WHITE COLLAR LINE. S. B. BAILEY GATZERT. DALLAS ROUTE. Winter schedule for Dallas.

Oregon City, For Salem and Way Landings. Steamers Altona and Pocomo, for Salem and Way Landings.

Oceanic S. S. Co. NEW YORK THROUGH SONGMA AVENTURA. SS. ALAMEDA, for Honolulu, Saturday, Oct. 13.