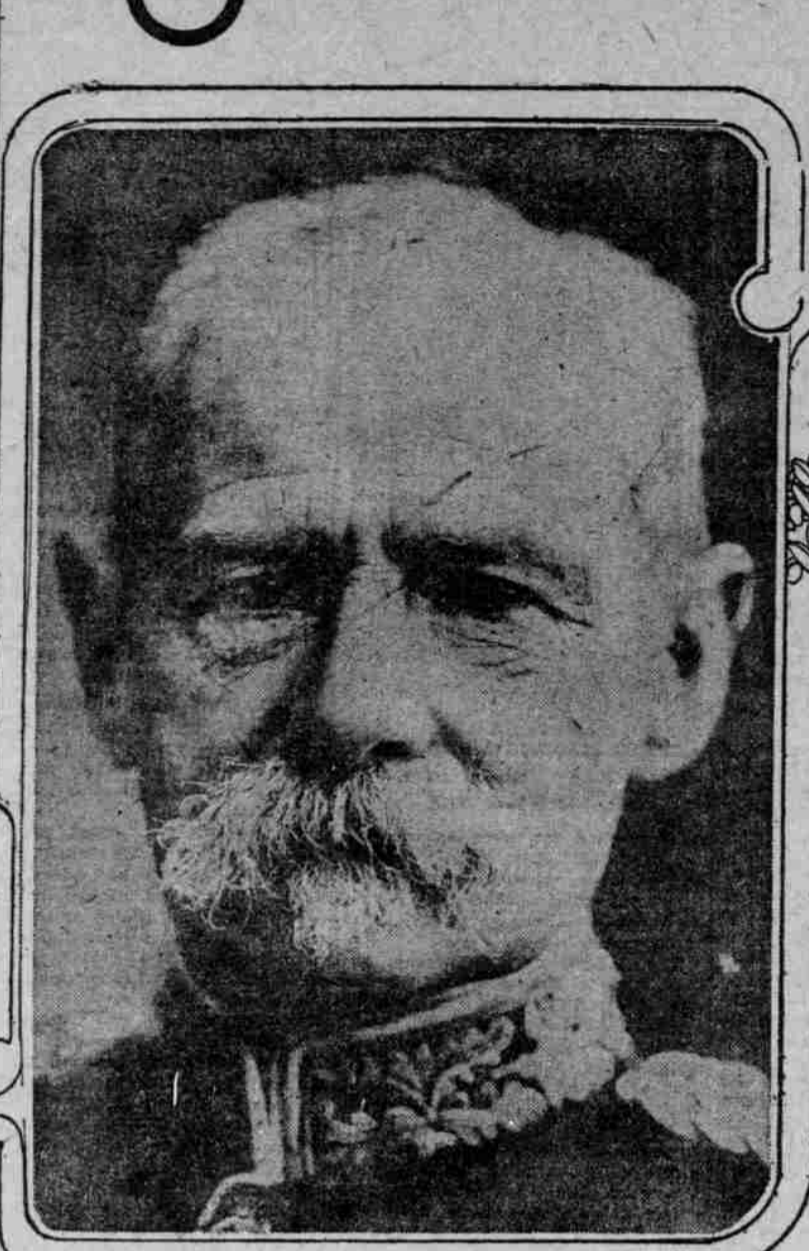


"BOBS," A Best of Soldiers Eighty Tomorrow

All England Loves Lord Roberts, Whom Kaiser Has Called Greatest Military Man of Modern Times—Popularity Was Shown at Coronation, Where He Was a Prominent Figure.



Lord Roberts, As He Appeared At The Coronation



Recent Photograph of Lord Roberts



Lord and Lady Roberts, With Crew, Head of The Indian Offices Watching The Shooting at Bisley



Bobs' and Mrs. Cornwallis West Being Shown Overboard Hospital Ship "Maine"

AS THE splendid coronation pageant of the fifth of England's Georges wound its gorgeous length in and out through the historically eloquent streets of the capital of the greatest empire the world has known, three men were greeted with markedly special enthusiasm by the cheering thousands. The monarch's self was one, of course, embodying the hopes of nearly 400,000,000 people, settled on the shores of all the Seven Seas. The second was Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, steely-eyed and grim, the personification of a modern Mars. The third was he at whose right rode this "K. of K.," another soldier, small of stature, his white hair matched by white moustaches and crisp chin beard, easily erect upon the glossy roan charger, whose arched neck and mingling steps seemed to proclaim to all and sundry that he was perfectly aware of the proud duty of bearing Lord Roberts of Khandahar, Pretoria and Waterford, Field Marshal and Earl.

But the whippers that ran right and left through the crowds as he appeared seldom named him so. It was usually "Here's Bobs," with a crackling cheer close following. And few there were who gave a thought to any of all the honors heaped upon the man, save for those best typified by the Indian and Abyssinian and Afghan medals which glittered on the scarlet tunic, beneath the bronze star of Khandahar. These stood for deeds writ clear upon the pages of British daring, these marked the strikingly brilliant actions in a long career of splendid service—a career which tomorrow will reach the 80th of its milestones.

It is to be said, however, that this "Bobs" is scarcely to be called 80 years old; the hackneyed "80 years young" is rather true of him, as all admit who see him hunting or bicycling through the Ascot country or near his home, "Castlemore," or catch a fleeting glimpse of the veteran of nine wars as he motors unprotected through the rains of London between his city residence and the United Service Club. There will be no suggestion of "the sad sunset of declining life" in the celebrations which will mark his "own" anniversary on Monday, the 29th, celebrations in which half a world will interest itself.

The Best of Today's Soldiers.

Were one to set forth the man's titles in full, it would read as if an extract from some peerage "roll." Sir Frederick Sleigh Roberts, whose "for-

mal style" as already given recalls his achievements in Afghanistan and South Africa as well as memories of that little Irish town with which the family has long been connected, is Knight of the Garter, Grand Commander of the Bath, Grand Commander of the Star of India, Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire, recipient of the Order of Merit, Privy Councillor to the King, and (this, perhaps, he values most of all) one of that noble army of heroes on whose breasts have been pinned by the monarch's own hand the Victoria Cross, molded from the bronze of captured cannon.

In addition to these things, Lord Roberts has twice been denominated a doctor of civil law and four times LL. D. He has been accorded the honorable freedom of three boroughs and ten cities, including London, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Thrice has he received the formal thanks of the Imperial Parliament, and times almost without number similar votes at the hands of the Government of India.

All this (to summarize the matter) has come to him for being the best soldier of his day. At least, that is the way the German Kaiser has thought well to put it, and Wilhelm II is nothing if not an authority on matters of such sort. He emphasized the opinion by giving him the Order of the Red Eagle, and with the gift came this expression, as if to explain "why": "No," said the monarch, "I didn't think of that. I will go up to Johnny and ask him."

Then the mother went up to Johnny and said: "Johnny, why don't you want to go to the country?"

"Well, answered Johnny, "they have thrashing machines out there, and it's bad enough here when you get it by hand."—Philadelphia Record.

strength the force of high example set by that victor of Quebec. Born at Cawnpore, British India, on the 29th of September, 1832, when William IV was England's king, this one-day commander-in-chief of all his country's armies was fathered by General Sir Abraham Roberts, while his mother, Isabella, was daughter of Major Bunbury, of the famous Sixty-second Foot. "The playing fields of Eton," which have turned out so many English men of letters, with Sandhurst to follow with its practical military training and inspiring ideals, and so, when 16 weeks turned of 19, he came to his first commission as second lieutenant of the Bengal Artillery.

Soon dawned darkly the bloody days of the terrible "mutiny," through all of which this strapping in his twenties served as deputy assistant quartermaster-general. He took his part in the siege and capture of Delhi in '57, once being wounded, and at another time having a horse shot under him; an experience, by the by, twice after repeated—at Bulandshahr and at Kanauj. He fought during the reliefs of both Lucknow and his natal town of Cawnpore, and was present at half a score of other heavy actions and lesser fights innumerable. Small wonder that the close of that dreadful time saw him captain with a major's brevet.

The Abyssinian expedition ('67-'68) made him brevet lieutenant-colonel, and the Ladakhi expedition ('71-'72) brought him colonelcy. His Christmas present from the war offices in 1878 was a promotion to major-general.

In the "Buffer State."

Which brings one to the man's most renowned exploits, centering about Kabul in the December of '79, and at Khandahar in the January following.

though it is to be borne in mind that he had already been mentioned for conspicuous gallantry in action, in official dispatches, no less than 23 times, Afghanistan merely capped the climax to this record of ability and bravery—and it was no small thing to plunge northward into regions practically unknown, barbarously hostile, and well beyond the reach of news or ready help. But he marched up into the "buffer state" of the Amir at the head of not 10,000 men, broke the Afghan army, relieved Kabul, and at Khandahar secured from these war-loving mountaineers a peace that has never since been broken. One hesitates which to admire most in the exploit, the cold-blooded courage which made it possible, or the ever-ready capacity which brought such fine success; but the fact remains that for more than 30 years India was thereby safeguarded from a possible, perhaps otherwise probable, Russian attack.

This may be called mere speculation, but all Englishmen believe it true, quite as all Russians scoff at the very idea. And once upon a time it was coolly debated by authorities no less than this same Lord Roberts and the Czar. The two are good friends, it should be said, so that it was possible, while on a visit in St. Petersburg during which he was several times granted imperial audience, for the British soldier to ask when the Russians were "coming to India."

"Never," replied the Czar, with emphasis. "I could not conceive a greater

disaster for my land than that we should ever make the attempt!"

"But we all expect to have to fight you there some day," went on the daring "Bobs," to which came the retort:

"Never, I hope. Such a thing is not only outside our ideas, but would amount to national madness. Why, look at the immense distances, the enormous difficulties of transport, the loftiest mountains, in the world to cross! No, it is impossible."

Roberts, remaining skeptical, went on: "But, sire, you will, I think, come down, all the same. And you will then find that there isn't a village in all India where there is not a traditional prophecy that some day a white people from the north will conquer the land."

"Then why on earth do you not claim that you are that people?" burst in the autocrat. "You are white. You are from the north. Why insist that we are the ones referred to? You do three peoples a great harm! And there the matter rests—unsettled still."

The Advocate of Riflemen.

If Major-General Roberts, marching down victorious from out the Afghan passes, had but a brief road to travel to reach his field marshal's baton, he covered it quickly. He was Lieutenant-General when he took the field in Burma in '86, and before '90 had passed his commission bears date of May 25, 1895. Then he laid down the military command of India, which had been his for

an even dozen years, and served in turn as commander-in-chief in Ireland ('94-'99), in South Africa ('99-1903), where he relieved Kimberley, and captured Cronje, with his "army of the West," and lastly of all the British army ('01-'06). He then became chairman of the imperial defense committee. This last post, however, failed to satisfy him. Younger men, to be sure, had to be given the active commands, but none the less, no sort of "silly clerkship" (so the man dubbed it) could hold him. Against the pleadings of the then Premier, Campbell-Bannerman, and, it said, King Edward's self, he resigned to throw himself with all his energy into the work of organizing rifle schools and clubs throughout England, which should, he hoped, so far supplant cricket and football as to breed up a generation of soldiers trained from youth. He was then and is still to considerable extent prone to borrow Jeremiah's point of view as to the island's state of unpreparedness against possible invasion. "It is a wifful gamble with the safety of the heart of an empire," he says. To reinforce his plan he drew and presented to the peers a bill looking towards compulsory service for all men between the ages of 18 and 30.

In one speech on the subject—which, it is to be added, he has vitalized to the extent of some 60 odd schools or clubs now in active existence, though the measure just referred to has not

become law—he said: "I am aware that it is urged against my proposals that they are little short of conscription. Now I have frequently asserted that I am altogether opposed to conscription as being totally inapplicable to an army the greater part of which must always be serving abroad. But in there not all the difference in the world between a nation every man of which is obliged to serve in the ranks of the regular army and perform white in those ranks all the onerous duties of a regular soldier during times of peace and for small wars (as is the case on the continent), and a nation which, while maintaining a regular army for foreign service, asks every man to undergo such a training as will fit him to take a useful part in a great national emergency, when every true Briton would be, in point of fact, certain to volunteer."

A Boy—and Three Books.

Somewhat apropos of all this is a story told of one braw Scotch laddie who was to be a single unit in a "Boys' Rifle Brigade" of 10,000 to be reviewed at Glasgow not long ago by "Bobs." When, at the last moment, the "noble Earl" was forced to cancel the engagement, a local notability being hastily substituted for him, the managers of the affair thought it only right to inform those who had purchased tickets that the famous soldier would not be present. But in one instance they sadly overrated the effect of their announcement. When the small youth in question came for his two tickets, he was told the news, and replied with delicious unconcern: "It's no Laird Roberts father and mither are comin' to see; it's me."

It is a tale that undoubtedly will find its place in an autobiographical volume which the grizzled field marshal is now writing, for he has the keenest sense of humor. This book is to include the period of the South African war, and is to be published in India, published in 1897, which, in its turn, had followed by 20 months a not less masterly account of "The Rise of Wellington."

A Soldier's Bride.

In the dedication of the former, and more famous, of these works, is summed up a deal of career and character. It reads: "To the country, to which I am so proud of belonging; to the army, to which I am so deeply indebted, and to the wife, without whose loving help my 'Forty-one Years in India' could not have been the happy retrospect it is." The romance thus hinted at began when the just-created Captain of '71 was home on his first leave. There he met Miss Nora Bewe, daughter of the commander of the Seventy-third Foot, and, after a few months' courtship, the two were

(Continued on Page 7.)

Ten Minutes With The Family Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

BUYING HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES.

Bliss, Dyer, New York's cotton leader, returned from Europe recently and a reporter asked him if the duty he was paying on a large stock of London clothes would not make them cost more than he would have paid for them in New York.

"Well, even so," Dyer replied, "we need have no regret about the cost of our wardrobe. Look at the unfortunate feminine folk."

"I have just left Paris, where all the smart women are wearing delicate tulle and straw hats mounted in front with bunches of white algerettes as thick as your wrist. To be without one of these hats is to be shabby, and yet, simple as they are, they cost as much as \$100 each."

"Last month an American girl enticed her husband into a shop on the Rue Royale and tried a bowler hat with a huge algerette."

"How do you think this looks, John?" she asked.

"It looks to me like a month's salary," he said.—New York Sun.

LEGAL GROUNDS FOR ACTION.

A lawyer overworks the telephone to tell us this one:

"A woman came up to my office the other day and wanted to know if she could get a divorce because her husband didn't believe in the Bible. I told her that unless she had something else for grounds for divorce it was no use bringing suit."

"But he is an absolute infidel!" she insisted.

"That makes no difference," said I. "Doesn't it, indeed?" she cried.

Hand Work Bad Enough.

A boy was asked by his mother to go to the country with her, but the boy refused.

"The coaxing and pleading was of no avail."

When his father came home that evening he was told by his wife that the boy had refused to go to the country.

"Did you ask him why he didn't want to go?" said the father.

"No," said the mother, "I didn't think of that. I will go up to Johnny and ask him."

Then the mother went up to Johnny and said: "Johnny, why don't you want to go to the country?"

"Well, answered Johnny, "they have thrashing machines out there, and it's bad enough here when you get it by hand."—Philadelphia Record.

FOR A LATE CROP.

Rev. John B. Craft was conducting a series of meetings in a rural neighborhood of Southwest Virginia. One night he was trying to bring the necessity of early embracing a religious hope to bear upon his congregation. Said he: "Well, just illustrate: You begin in February or March to prepare your ground for planting out your spring crop. You plant in April to be on time. Suppose you neglect this work. My will be late, but perhaps will an-

Quips and Flings

"Can I get a steak here and catch the 1 o'clock train?" "It depends on your teeth, sir."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"You used to part your hair so nicely, Reggie. Why do you wear it without a parting now?" "Life is getting such a deuce of a rush nowadays, my dear girl. One must save time somewhere!"—London Opinion.

Lady (at the bottom of the steps)—I want to see you just a minute, but this skirt is so tight I can't climb the stairs. You come out, won't you? Lady (inside)—I would if I could, but this new hat is too wide to go through the doorway!—Exchange.

"I can't think why the pater calls me a good-for-nothing. Last winter I won two toboggan races, and also a prize for pigeon shooting and motor racing. And then lately I have been made vice president of the golf club."—Flegende Blatter.

"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke." "That's funny, seems to me." "How so?" "She took Jones."—Judge.

Jones—I want to deposit the sum of \$10. Receiving Teller (who knows him)—What! Have you sold your car?—Fuck.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" cried a teacher to a hopelessly dull pupil, "whatever do you think your head is for?" Willie, who evidently thought this another of the troublesome questions that teachers were always asking, pou-

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE COST OF LIVING.

The cost of living's awful.
There is no doubt of that:
Your wife pays sixty dollars
For a simple little hat.
And lobster costs a dollar,
If you order them broiled alive,
And if champagne goes with them
That brings the check to five.

And autos are expensive,
Apart from gasoline.
There are so many fittings
That go with the machine.
You think, perhaps, to own one
Is cheaper than to hire,
And pop goes fifty dollars
Each time you bust a tire.

It's no use saving money,
For you are sure to lose.
Why, now it costs a nickel
Each time you shine your shoes!
The cost of living's awful
If you are prodigal.
But there's one way to beat it,
Be e-co-nom-i-cal!
—Somerville, Mass., Journal.

JAPAN'S ANTHEM.

The Japanese national anthem is the most poetically worded in the world, with the possible exception of the Norwegian, "Ja, vi elsker," written by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. That is, of course, a matter of opinion, but the Japanese anthem is commendably short and makes, in its English form, an eminently pleasing poem. Its ten lines are as follows:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grew to a cloud-girt peak

Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold
Joy to joy manifold
Add for our Sovereign's sake,
—London Chronicle.

FARMERS.

Sing a song of farmers,
Up at early morn,
With four-and-twenty chores to do
Before the breakfast horn.
When the breakfast's over,
There's little to be done,
Except to plow the fozze,
And let the harrows run,
And mow the sheep and prune the beets
And curry up the swine,
And shear the hens and dig the hay
And shoe the gentle kine,
And saw the wheat and rake the rye
And wash and dress the land,
And things like that which city folks
Can never understand. —Life.

NATURAL SEQUENCE.

Proud and pompous, the doctor was
strolling down the street, when he was
spoken to by a poor woman.
"Good morning, sir," remarked the
latter.
"Good morning, madam," replied the
medico.
"I expect you're making a good thing
out of attending to that rich Smith
boy?" suggested the lady.
"Oh, yes, a fairly good fee," replied
the doctor, somewhat angrily.
"Well," whispered the lady, "I hope
you won't forget that it was my Willie
who threw the brick that hit him."—
London Answers.