

Pretoria and Her Seven Forts

How the Capital of the Boers Has Been Fortified.

Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, is a country town, asleep back of mountain walls and the frowning guns of seven modern forts. Here, unless all present indications fail and the war ends earlier than men expect, the Boers will make their last stand against the English and endure a possibly lengthy and bloody siege before capitulation.

On three sides of Pretoria the mountain ranges rise to elevations of 1000 and 2000 feet above the streets of the city, which itself is 4500 feet above

structures represent the genius of four nations.

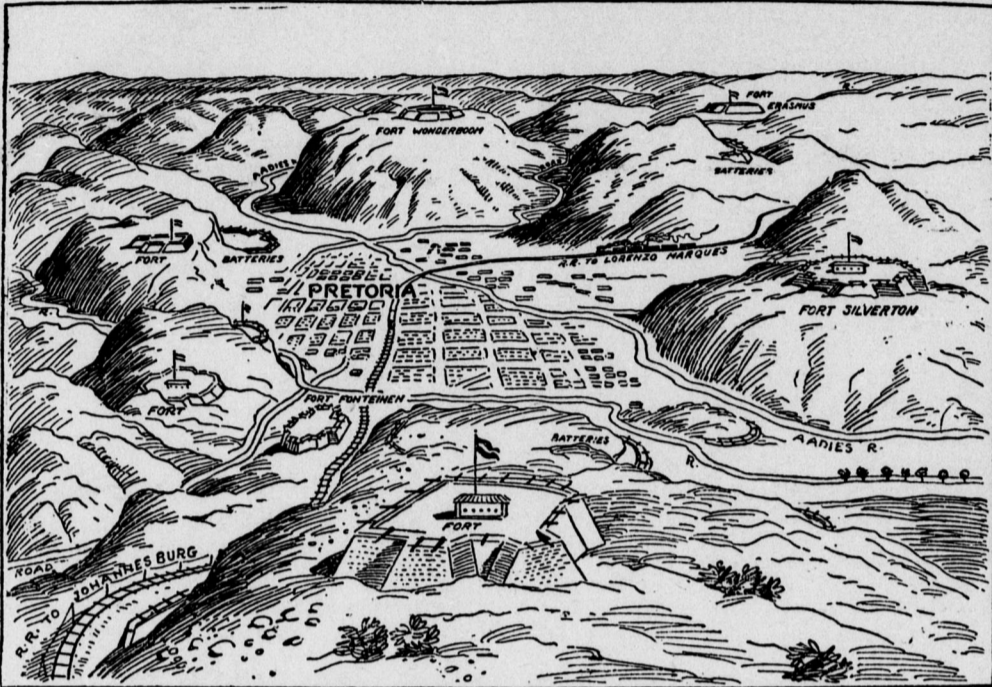


PRES. KRUGER'S CHURCH AT PRETORIA. (Here he holds services, exhorting the Burghers who drive in from miles around in their ox-carts.)

No one just knows—or will admit knowing—the inward mechanisms of

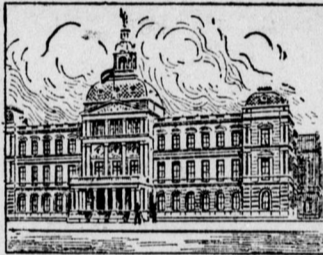
running together across the plain through the Winderboom Poort.

Both river and railway pass under the guns of a large fort 21,000 feet from the center of Pretoria. The westernmost fort is on the range of hills behind Pretoria, and lies at a distance of 31,000 feet from the city's center. There is a powerful redoubt to the southwest on the range of hills through which the transport road to Johannesburg passes. This completes, with various earth batteries, the circle of the larger works defending the Boer capital. Behind the great redoubt are the principal magazines, one excavated out of the solid rock, with a bombproof roof, and the other built into the kloof, also bombproof. Communication between the redoubt and the last-mentioned magazine is by means of a covered way. Roads connect all these forts with the capital, and they have pipes laid for water, as well as electric lights for the search lights.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL DEFENSES OF PRETORIA.

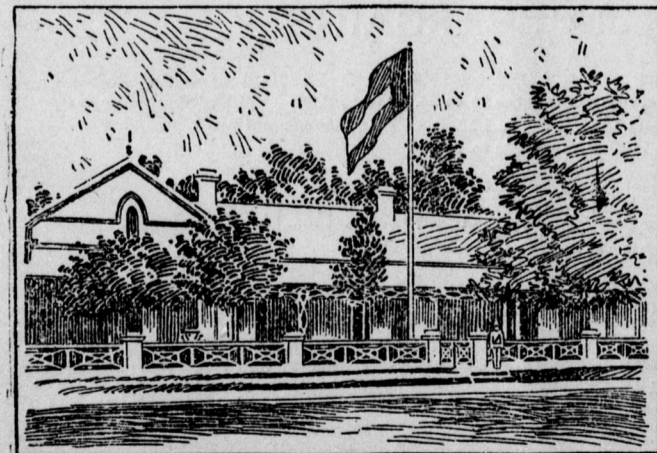
sea level, but 1100 feet lower than the site of Johannesburg to the south. On the fourth side—the south and facing the approach from Johannesburg—the range flattens away to a vast and level plateau, treeless, desolate, exposed at every point to the sweep of any guns that may command it. The town is 1080 miles from Capetown, fifty from Johannesburg. On the map it seems as easy of approach as a prairie village in Nebraska. But the map topographer fails to present the lofty, barren hills that face the south plateau, the



THE RAAD HOUSE, PRETORIA.

precipitous banks of Apies River, the narrow gorges—so few in number—the innumerable "spion" or lookout kopjes that seem literally to leap from the bosom of the plain and suddenly, silently oppose access to the capital city.

You look up to the mountain fronts as your train struggles to find its way into Pretoria and wherever the eye rests there appears to be the lines of a fort, a redoubt, the front of masked batteries or the domes of bombproof rifle and cannon pits. To the north, east, west and south these engirdle the city. They command the few—very few—narrow entrances to Pretoria. They watch like great dogs the dusty, sun-rotted veldt over which any English troops coming from the south must pass. They blink at the one railroad to Johannesburg and the one to Lorenzo Marques. They face the north at Winderboom and guard the ways to Beersheba, Hebron and Polonia. Their location has been with purpose. Captain Schiel, now an English prisoner, constructed the one at Daspoort from plans obtained in Berlin. He brought special assist-



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE, PRETORIA.

ants from Berlin to aid him in the work. Amsterdam engineers built others of the defenses. After them came French engineers, and then those of Italy, so that the completed

these forts, the mysterious battery locations. When the forts were building workmen employed on one part of the structures were not allowed to work on another part. Sentries were posted at all the entrances. Knowledge of the details of the work was kept from all but the president and the commanding officers.

In external appearance the seven forts are alike. They have masonry faces, with earthwork which covers their fronts to a great depth. Pile upon pile of sandbags are stacked wherever shells from the enemy might strike. There are many hidden recesses, secret passages, complete telephone connections—not only with each other, but with government buildings in Pretoria. Searchlights are mounted on each structure so as to command the surrounding country at night. The magazines are underground and are reported to be mined. Report has it also that the near approaches are mined and that the electrical construction is such that considerable portions of an enemy's army might be blown into eternity before surrender came. For food, in the event of siege, enormous quantities of maize have been accumulated—enough, it is said, to feed the army and the population of Pretoria for five years. The supply of ammunition is calculated to be sufficient for two years.

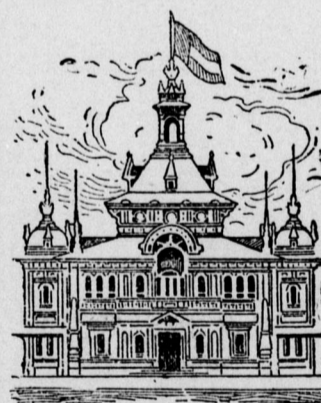
The center of the system of forts lies about 3600 feet to the westward of the northern end of Pretoria, and has a radius of something more than 7000 yards. The center of the city is only about 11,000 feet, nearly due south, on the fort on Signal Hill, which is about 400 feet above the plain on the west side of the railway to Johannesburg, and about 13,000 feet from the fort on the hill to the east of the railway and the Apies River running to the north. Between this fort and the river are the fountains that furnish the water supply of Pretoria. The distance between the forts on either side of the railway is 7100 feet. The railway station, where the lines from Johannesburg on the south, Delagoa Bay on the east and Pietersburg on the north form their junction, is immediately outside the city on the south side. The railway to Pietersburg, after winding some distance to the westward, passes out

toria does not and has not encouraged the presence of Englishmen, but Germans and Frenchmen are welcomed. The streets are broad and clean, the water supply fine and ample.

In spite of its bloody war with Great Britain the South African Republic had time to plan and complete a building at the Paris Exposition and to make it ready for the Transvaal exhibit. Every visitor to the great exposition will be specially interested in this display. The chief feature of the exhibit is a collection of native minerals, including the gold ores of the Rand and uncut diamonds. The exhibit also contains specimens of the agricultural industry of the Transvaal, such as fruits and cereals. A collection of hunting trophies, including the skins of lions, leopards and other wild animals, shows what the Boers have had to encounter in their marches north through the wilderness. The building has two stories, with a central tower and cupolas on the corners.

Drinking Water For Engineers. To provide drinking water on locomotives a Southern man has designed a tank to fit in one side of the large water tank on the tender, the body of the small tank being surrounded by the water in the large tank to keep the drinking water cool.

The Boers call the ranges about Pretoria Magalies. The town was laid out after 1836 by them and named after Pretorius, one of their first and strongest leaders. He was the first President of the Republic and Commandant General of their army. The real growth of the town did not commence until after the victory at Majuba Hill in 1881. Johannesburg is the center and home of the Uitlanders—the nervous, adventurous element of the Transvaal. But Pretoria is essentially the center of the pastoral Boers. Tropical flowers and plants cover the valley in every direction. Nearly all of the buildings are white in color. On the dome of the capitol is a golden statue of Liberty. The Witwatersrand mines, which yield \$100,000,000 annually, are but a short distance from the capitol. Howard C. Hillegas, in Harper's, mentions the universal prevalence of the bicycle in Pretoria, of the telephone and the electric car. The Boer congress—the volksraad—meets at Pretoria, and President Kruger has lived there for fifteen years. American goods are largely in evidence in the shops of the town, and the American shopman is already there in large numbers. Pre-



OOM PAUL'S BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

toria does not and has not encouraged the presence of Englishmen, but Germans and Frenchmen are welcomed. The streets are broad and clean, the water supply fine and ample.

In spite of its bloody war with Great Britain the South African Republic had time to plan and complete a building at the Paris Exposition and to make it ready for the Transvaal exhibit. Every visitor to the great exposition will be specially interested in this display. The chief feature of the exhibit is a collection of native minerals, including the gold ores of the Rand and uncut diamonds. The exhibit also contains specimens of the agricultural industry of the Transvaal, such as fruits and cereals. A collection of hunting trophies, including the skins of lions, leopards and other wild animals, shows what the Boers have had to encounter in their marches north through the wilderness. The building has two stories, with a central tower and cupolas on the corners.

Drinking Water For Engineers. To provide drinking water on locomotives a Southern man has designed a tank to fit in one side of the large water tank on the tender, the body of the small tank being surrounded by the water in the large tank to keep the drinking water cool.

FILIPINO POLICE.

Under American Supervision Natives Keep Order in Manila.

Native police were an experiment once in Manila. Now they are a fixture. They carry their revolvers and swing their clubs in an independent manner, hold their heads high and wear yellow shoes with all the dignity of one to the manner born. Colonel Williston, the Provost Marshal, hesitated a long time before he would permit the natives to carry arms. But at last Major Tiernan, who belongs to the First Artillery by rights, and who is Chief of Police by virtue of his appointment and ability, persuaded the Colonel to select a small number of the natives to patrol the streets that were not as prominent as the Escolta or as public as the Luneta.

Kahki, in a different shade from that worn by the soldier, was chosen as the uniform. At first there was a question as to how they should carry something to enforce the laws of the highway and the city. So they were given clubs. Now, a club is effective so long as it is within reach of the evil-doer, but as there was more or less robbery going on among the natives it became a necessity to arm the police with something that would shoot. That is how it came about that the native police were armed with revolvers as large as those carried by the American soldiers.

Each policeman wears a cap, and that gives him a military air. His uniform is tailor made and fits him perfectly. The trousers are long enough to reach below the tops of yellow shoes and sometimes are stuffed inside the lacings. On the breast is a silver badge showing a number and precinct. The officers are designated much as they are in the army, either by stripes on the sleeves or straps on the shoulders. They travel out of their stations in twos, one walking along each side of the street.

One thing these uniformed men do is to keep the streets clean of all dirt and refuse. A garbage wagon daily comes along every street, the native driver rings a bell and the householder is supposed to send a servant out with the day's accumulation from the kitchen and the stable. It is one of the duties of the police to see that the caraboa cart is not kept waiting too long at the door.

The men composing the force are brave. They have been compelled to rush into houses where robbers were



NATIVE POLICE IN MANILA.

at work. More than one has been carried away to the hospital badly wounded in the fights which have followed. Besides this they have the confidence of the natives and have been able to inform the officials of dangerous plots or the presence of insurgent agents.

All this has resulted in the appointment of more native policemen and the establishment of more stations. Colonel Williston is satisfied that the experiment has proved a success. Among other things it shows that the work of reconstruction will be made easy, for there is growing confidence in the ability of the native to administer his own affairs.

Where Tommy Atkins Gets His Name.

Every British reader should know the origin of the sobriquet "Tommy Atkins." Tommy Atkins was the name of a sentry who, when the Europeans in Lucknow were flying for the Residency, from the mutineers, refused to leave his post, and so perished. After that it became the fashion to speak of a conspicuously heroic soldier in the fights with the rebels as "a regular Tommy Atkins."—London Daily News.

Queen Victoria's Famous Steer.

Although many people are aware of the fact that the Queen of England is very fond of all kinds of live stock, it is not generally known that she goes in for stock raising as a very serious business, and adds very materially to the royal income by so doing. Such, however, is a fact, for the Queen has long been known to be the happy pos-



essor of some of the best and most profitable live stock in the kingdom. The accompanying illustration shows her famous Hereford steer, which has won prize after prize at different cattle shows and has just been successful in carrying off the blue ribbon at the Birmingham cattle show. Queen Victoria is said to take a great personal pride in the handsome animal, which has brought her in many hundred pounds of prize money.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Boy of the Family.

Now, if anyone has an easy time in this world of push and pull, it is not the boy of the family. For his hands are always full. I'd like to ask who fills the stove? Where is the girl that could? Who brings in water, who lights the fire? And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks, After hours of snowing? In summer, who keeps down the weeds By diligently hoeing? And who must harness the faithful horse, When the girls would ride about? And who must clean the carriage? The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things Too numerous to mention? The boy is the "general utility man," And really deserves a pension! Friends, just praise this boy sometimes, When he does his very best; And don't always want the easy chair When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last To see the new magazine; And sometimes let the boy be heard, As well as to be seen. That boys are far from perfect, Is understood by all; But they have hearts, remember, For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working His level best for days, It does him good, I tell you, To have some hearty praise. He's not merely a combination Of muddy boots and nose, And he likes to be looked upon As one of the family joys.

—The Gem.

Keep Your Head Up.

One of the best ways in the world to keep the shoulders straight is to hold the head up in the air. If you go with your head lopping forward you look like an enervated apology for yourself, and pretty soon you will begin to feel as "hangdog" as you look. A long-continued habit of keeping the head bent forward tends to develop characteristics that the attitude implies, you get slouchy in your dress, irresolute in your habit of speech, absent-minded, and likely enough, finally, a poor, sneaking counterfeit of a boy or girl. So hold up your head physically and it will help you to hold up your head spiritually and mentally. Your tendency will be to breathe deeper, to walk freer and to see more of the world. The earth is beneath. The sky, trees, human faces and hosts of other interesting things are so high up that you will not see them at all unless you throw back your shoulders and lift up your head to its natural and honorable place. A bent head tends to make the shoulders round, the chest hollow, the gait poor, for your tendency is always to be pitching forward, and so we find that "stoop-shouldered" persons develop lung trouble, spinal trouble and a generally undesirable condition. Hold up your head!

Listening for Noises.

There had been a noisy bedtime romp and the Homekeeper was just wondering how to quiet her little Lodgers for sleep, when Four-Years solved the problem for her by suddenly suggesting, "Let's listen for noises."

The windows were open to let in the sweet air of the summer evening, and the Lodgers all settled themselves into comfortable positions to prevent any rustling. The Transient also settled herself with an air of expectancy to see what was coming. When all were ready, the Homekeeper gave the word, "Now!" and the mystified Transient sat for three or four long minutes in what seemed to her total silence, wondering if some spool had been cast over the Lodgers and put them all to sleep.

The silence was broken at last by the Homekeeper asking, "How many?" and the quick answers showed that something else than sleep had kept the Lodgers quiet. "Seven!" "Four!" "Nine!" "Six!" were the various answers given, and the Transient was astonished at the list of sounds heard when she had heard nothing. The ticking of the clock, the night call of a bird, the chirp of a cricket, the distant barking of a dog, the far-away rumble of an electric car, a long breath from Four-Years, who had found it hard to keep quite still so long, the far-off rattle of a wagon, the shutting of a door in the next house and the rustle of the Transient's dress were all noted. The advantages of this simple game are obvious.

The Tater Baby.

There was once a little girl named Ruth who had a great many dolls. One day her father brought her a new one, the funniest of them all.

It was a big potato that had a head, a neck and a body. In the head were two eyes, and a little hump between for a nose.

Wasn't Ruth delighted? She began right away to dress her "tater baby." First she stuck in sticks for arms, then she put on a blue check dress, and tied on a blue knit cape and a blue bonnet.

She found a shoe box, and brother Ned helped her make a carriage out of it. He tied a string to it and put spools underneath. Then the new dolly went to ride.

Every night Ruth put her baby into the closet in her bedroom.

Sometimes she put it out on the piazza roof to get an airing and tied the string to a blind so that the carriage could not slip down.

Once she forgot and left her baby out on the roof all night. When morning came she went to the window and looked out but there was no carriage, and no dolly.

Then she ran downstairs and out-of-doors as quickly as she could. There, on the ground, lay the poor baby, but its head was broken quite off.

Ruth caught it up and ran in crying. She did not stop crying until Ned stuck the head on with a stick, and tied it with a string to hold it on tight. Then "the tater baby" looked almost as good as new.

But one day a still worse thing happened. Ruth was taken sick, and the new dolly was put into the closet and left there a long, long time. When Ruth got better she thought of her baby, and went to get it.

Her mother heard a loud scream and hurried upstairs to see what was the matter. There stood Ruth, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What has happened, my child?" said her mother.

"Oh, oh," sobbed Ruth, "Ned has spoiled my baby!"

"Where is it? And what has he done?"

"In the closet. He stuck sticks all over it, and it is spoiled!"

Her mother went to the closet, took up the dolly, and at the funny sight that met her eyes, she could not help laughing.

Ruth looked at her in wonder, and stopped crying.

"Why, Ruthie, Ned has not touched your dolly! It has sprouted!" said her mother.

And sure enough it had. There was a long sprout on the end of its nose, and two coming out of the eyes. They were sticking out of the holes in the bonnet and the cape, and hanging down below the dress.

Ruth did not like it at all. She declared that she did not want a dolly that would do like that, so one day "the tater baby" was taken out-of-doors and put into the ground, where it grew, and in time became a big green potato plant.—The Favorite.

Billie Fairfield's Promise.

When Billie took the milk to Mrs. Selden one morning, and she asked him if he would bring another quart that night, he said "Yes m" promptly, and then never thought of it again until he was in bed.

"Well, I can't take it now," said Billie; but he could not go to sleep, though he turned and tossed and twisted till he was tired. At last he went to the head of the stairs and shouted, "Mother!"

Mrs. Fairfield had just threaded her needle and stretched a stocking with a big hole in it over her hand. She said "Oh, dear!" but she went to see what Billie wanted.

"You'll have to go now," she said quietly, when he had told her.

"O mother! I can't go away up there alone." Mrs. Fairfield knew that, for Billie was never out alone at night. His father had gone to bed downstairs with the babr, and if they waked him, baby would wake, too. So Mrs. Fairfield thought a minute. Then she said, "We'll see. I'll have the milk ready when you come down."

When Billie got into the kitchen, his mother stood at the door with her hat and shawl on. Billie began to feel ashamed. He wished he dared to go alone, but he did not, for it was a lonesome road. He took the milk and they tramped over the snow up the long hill without a word. The wind blew in their faces and Billie's ears were cold, but he had the milk can in one hand and pulled his sled with the other, so there was no way to warm them. He was ashamed to ask his mother to take the milk.

Mrs. Selden exclaimed when she opened the door: "Why, what made you come away up here tonight? And you, too, Mrs. Fairfield. It's too bad! I could have got along somehow without the milk."

"Billie promised you," Mrs. Fairfield answered. And Billie wished nobody would look at him.

"Twasn't any matter, she said, mother," he urged, when they had started for home again.

The wind was in their backs now, and Billie's ears were warm.

"Buy the truth, and sell it out," said his mother. "The matter was your promise, Billie. Would you sell the truth just to get rid of walking up to Mrs. Selden's?"

Billie made no answer. He was ashamed again.

Presently he asked his mother if she would slide down hill. Mrs. Fairfield laughed, but she was a small woman, and she tucked herself up on the front of the sled, while Billie stuck on behind, and they slid down the long hill to their own yard, where Billie skillfully steered in. His mother praised the way he managed his sled, but Billie was still uncomfortable.

"Why don't you do something to me, mother?" he said, while they were warming themselves at the big coal stove in the sitting room. "I b'lieve I'd feel better to have a good whipping."

His mother smiled at him.

"'Twould be pretty hard work for me to whip such a big boy as you are. Don't you want to help instead of making me do more? I'll tell you how you will be punished, Billie," she continued. "It's too late to finish mending these stockings tonight, so I shall mend them tomorrow when I was going to make a cottage pudding and there'll be no pudding for dinner."

Cottage pudding was Billie's favorite desert, and this was a blow that he laid to heart.

He and his father would say "cottage pudding" to each other for a long time afterward, if anything was in danger of being neglected or forgotten.

And when Billie had grown to be a man, and people said, "Just give me Billie Fairfield's word; that's all I want," Billie would smile and say, "Yes, my mother taught me to keep a promise."—Sunday School Times.

Fundamental Principles.

She—Yes, a woman's first duty is to her husband.

He—What's a man's first duty?

She—Why, to become the husband of some nice girl, of course.