

Mayor Johnson yesterday afternoon instructed Director of Public Works Salen to at once have swings, light gymnastic apparatus and other playing paraphernalia placed in Clinton, Lincoln, Fairview and Sterling Place parks. This will be done immediately, and playgrounds in accordance with the ideas suggested by Councilman Howe will soon be provided.

The mayor also appointed a committee consisting of Dr. Baker, of the public schools; Secretary Shurtleff and Dr. Kinnicut, of the Y. M. C. A.; Mr. Cadwallader, of the Goodrich house, and Mr. Bellamy, of the Hiram house. This committee will see if various grounds cannot be secured from private citizens to be fitted up for playgrounds. The idea in this is to provide small playgrounds in various parts of the city within easy distance of the little folks. In many cases the park playgrounds are so far distant that many of the children who most need the exercise seldom or never get an opportunity to visit them.—Plaindealer of June 15.

A SELF-RESPECTING PROTEST FROM THE HEBREWS.

Councilman Howe has aroused a storm of protest among some of the Jewish residents of the Sixteenth ward, not because he wished to furnish them with a playground for their children, but because of the statements he is credited with making concerning their manner of living. Mr. Kolinsky, of the dry goods firm of Kolinsky & Adelson, corner of Perry and Orange streets, is particularly emphatic in denying the assertions. He said:

"While we appreciate Mr. Howe's kindness in wishing to supply our children with playgrounds and breathing spots, we certainly condemn the methods he pursued to attract our mayor's attention. Our children are not criminals, they do not live in squalor, nor filth; they do not beseech policemen to furnish them with lodgings. They are as intelligent, as tractable and as honest as any class of children in the city. We provide for the education of our children quite as well as do any race. One of our young men who lives in the Sixteenth ward recently won the first prize at Harvard college, another was president of his class at high school. We take care of our sick, and we take care of our poor. Statistics will show that the proportion of Hebrews convicted of crime is far less than that of any other nation.

"I wish Mayor Johnson would visit our workhouses and our prisons and

see how many Jews he would find imprisoned. It is true that our ward is thickly populated, and many children are crowded in small quarters, but that doesn't make them criminal nor ignorant. We have less sickness among our people than any other class.

"The very plan Mr. Howe suggests would have a tendency to educate more of our children to be criminals than anything else. The surroundings of the haymarket are not for children. If we are to have a park, and I devoutly hope we shall, it should be located on Irving street, or in some such desirable locality. We feel that however innocently Mr. Howe made such statements he should have made an investigation before speaking in a manner that has caused others to point at us with derision."—Plaindealer of June 15.

GEN. DEWET.

Extracts from an article on "Gen. De Wet and His Campaign," by Allen Sangree, in the *Cosmopolitan* for May.

DeWet . . . observed the mistakes that were made in the early part of the struggle, and when it came his chance to command he resolved to cut loose from all precedent. With a following that insists on independence or honorable death, he has succeeded in baffling the entire British army for nearly one year and a half, and has increased the war expense to \$600,000,000 and the loss in English soldiers to 60,000 killed or wounded.

There is something almost miraculous about these continued exploits, and the Boers themselves ascribe DeWet's hairbreadth escapes to divine intervention. For six months this potato grower has fled hither and thither over the veldt, capturing one garrison here and avoiding another there, and all the time pursued by a combined army of 100,000 men. His position is much as though he were in London with a few retainers and skipping from street to street with the whole metropolis trying to catch him.

To secure food on a barren prairie, to replenish his cartridge belts, to keep his bases alive and to save his own head, under such perilous conditions, requires the strategy of a North American Indian, the fine courage of a George Washington and the greatest mental domination. Gen. DeWet has these. More than this, his troopers know that he is fighting for liberty, nothing else, and that he is ready to give up his life at any moment. They therefore trust him implicitly.

If this military genius were to appear on the streets of New York or Boston, he would not invite a second glance, except for his uncouth garments. Black hair and beard, high cheekbones, narrow eyes wide apart and twinkling with humor much of the time, a nose large and aquiline, a firm mouth and chin, make his face strong but not distinguished. He is six feet tall, with muscles of tempered steel, rides horseback like a centaur, and always carries a ridiculously small carbine.

At home, on his truck farm in the Orange Free State, where he was quietly living when war broke out, he had some reputation as a practical joker—nothing else in particular. He had served one session in the raad at Bloemfontein, but achieved no eminence as a statesman. Even after the war was well under way, DeWet remained in the background, and it was not until the enemy drew near his own homestead, bringing death and destruction, that his latent gifts awoke.

To-day DeWet is the most relentless patriot in South Africa. His farm has been looted, his house burnt to ashes, his wife and children deported to the shores of the Indian ocean. He has sworn a solemn oath never to surrender, and the British do not want to take him alive. . . .

Gen. DeWet had had no experience in warfare previous to taking command of 400 Free Staters in the fall of 1899. He had never heard of Kitchener or Roberts, had read little but his Dutch Bible, and knew nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Caesar. One afternoon in the latter end of March, 1900, after several months' campaigning, a scout rode into his camp with news that an English garrison occupied a place called Sannah Post. In two days this farmer won a victory that either of his two famous predecessors would have been proud of.

His opponent was Col. Broadwood, an Indian veteran and a noted commander. He had with him 2,500 men. They had camped on a knob of rising veldt. DeWet came within firing distance at three o'clock in the morning. He had 1,400 burghers, and a battery of four Krupp guns and one Maxim mitrailleuse. The latter were dragged to a spot 5,000 yards from the English, where 400 riflemen lay down to wait for dawn. At another spot 600 marksmen were stationed, and the remaining 400 DeWet took with him to a dry river bed that lay to the west, toward which he hoped the British might retreat. The horses were concealed

there, with their mouths tied shut to prevent their whinnying.

The sun rose at six o'clock, and from the post were heard the sounds of camp-life, rattling of coffee-cans and crackle of fires. There was not even one outpost, or scout, and when the Boers on the north opened fire at 6:15, the English camp was thrown into a panic.

The British artillery soon got in position, however, and opened on the kopje. The duel kept up for half an hour, then the Boer artillery let loose with its Krupps and created havoc. Three hundred British mounted infantry rode out on the veldt toward DeWet, and then wheeling off, suddenly disappeared. They were not seen again in the fight. By nine o'clock the English were so demoralized that they began to retreat, and, as DeWet expected, they rushed toward the spruit. First in the long khaki line were 120 wagons, scattered among which were many Cape-carts, or "spiders." But right in the midst of the line DeWet spied 12 cannon, and these he planned to capture. The first Tommy to arrive at the spruit was driving an ammunition wagon. DeWet rose up like a specter, with his carbine resting on his arm, and motioning with his finger said: "Come on, Tommy; I want you." The Tommy gulped down an oath and obeyed, never daring to signal his comrades. A dozen wagons had crossed the stream before word had passed to the rear and put the column into confusion. Broadwood sent 300 men down to the spruit to see what was the matter. DeWet and his 400 sharpshooters had not fired as yet. When the captain was within 15 feet of DeWet, the latter stepped out from cover again and called out: "Stop! Put down your arms!" Some of the men obeyed, but the captain tried to get away and DeWet shot him through the head. Within a few square feet of that officer, Capt. Allen, the Norwegian military attache, told me that he afterward counted 32 dead Englishmen. The rattle of Mausers was like hail on a tin roof. Every strand on a wire fence across the spruit was shot away. Nearly all the artillerymen dropped dead with bullets through their heads. Every horse was shot down, and it was only by the most desperate bravery that Broadwood was able to extricate five of the twelve cannon. The triple fire of the Boers so demoralized the English that for a time it was thought Broadwood himself must surrender. Between ten and eleven o'clock, however, he managed to get his panicky

troops in full retreat toward Bloemfontein, and to their heels clung 300 Boers, who followed to within sight of the free state capital, yelling like mad, jumping off to shoot, and then remounting to get another crack. When DeWet got his commando together at one o'clock to "take stock," he found his own loss to be four killed and 12 wounded. Of the Tenth Hussars, Roberts' Horse, Royal Field Artillery and Burmah mounted infantry—the troops that Broadwood commanded—250 lay dead or wounded and 425 had been taken prisoners.

The seven cannon and 120 wagons were put to instant use by the Boers, who in six days had made special shells in their factory at Johannesburg for use in the Armstrongs and sent them back to do good service against their former proprietors.

DeWet's army to-day presents a grotesque appearance. By constant capture of English baggage trains, the old bewhiskered Tak Haar riflemen are enabled to go about toggled up in smart khaki clothes made for the king's officers. The ponies, many of which have been ridden two years continuously, are little more than skin and bones. Mauser rifles have long since been abandoned, and only the Lee-Metfords taken from the English are in use. Among the troopers may be found what few soldiers of the foreign legion have not been scared away, and a few score artillerymen. The pace has set too rapid for most of the venerable burghers, and their place has been taken by young men, who will go down in history as the bravest of the brave. Many of them are mere schoolchildren, whose astonishing adventures will scarcely be believed by posterity. Secretary Reitz has a son, Denys, only 14 years of age, who when last heard of was fighting by the side of DeWet.

According to the testimony of the foreign military attaches, DeWet is not only the most brilliant military genius that this war has produced, but the most able tactician of his generation. Like a skillful prize-fighter, he knows when to jump in and strike a fatal blow and he knows as well when to retreat.

Compared with his achievements, those of Baden-Powell or Kitchener are like a burning match dropped in the ocean. DeWet himself has not been out of the saddle in two years, except to catch a few hours' sleep every day. He has been surrounded a hundred times, with no apparent loophole to escape. In this emergency he gives a quick order and his alert

though wearied troopers, with the cry of "Oop sa'el, oop sa'el, burghers!" (In the saddle, in the saddle, burghers!) leap to horse and scatter like a flock of birds. They ride right through the English lines, and emerge only to gather again at some appointed place. The artillery at the same time hitch up their mules and thunder away like madmen over some stony path that would seem impossible, get a good position, and annoy the British, while DeWet has concentrated his force upon a detachment that his gifted brain tells him is ill fitted to resist. His scouts are the most trained in the world, and they bring him accurate information as to the enemy's position. When ammunition is nearly exhausted, DeWet makes a wide detour and falls unexpectedly upon a baggage train, whence his troopers fill up their bandoleers with cartridges and their hampers with chocolate and Chicago tinned beef.

It is too early as yet to discuss the ethics of DeWet in the alleged shooting of so-called peace envoys, for the information has come only through British sources. But inasmuch as the Boers in all this war have never killed a spy, though many were captured; never shot a Tommy trying to escape, though 15 burghers were pierced with bullets at Cape Town prison in one week, and have never hanged a traitor, though many a one deserved it, we could not blame him if he did do this. When a man is fighting for all he loves best, he does not receive kindly the cringing overtures of a renegade.

AUNT SUZAN ON THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

"Say, pa, what's this here Dred Scott case they always talk about?

Whenever there's an argymunt they always trot it out;

It may be stealin' horses that has got them all upset,

Or mebby some one's tryin' to collect some little debt,

Or mebby some one's simply went and slapped some other's face—

They decide 'em all by goin' to the Dred Scott

Case.

"Every time there's any question that a judge can't understand

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