

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL.

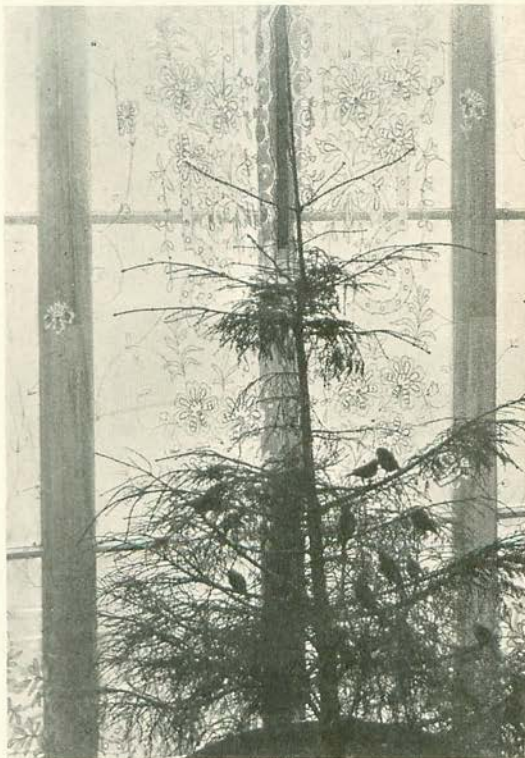
BY SARAH A. TOOLEY.

THE gallant defender of Mafeking has been well born in the truest sense of the term. He is descended from what Robert Stephenson termed "a galaxy of splendid ancestors," and is one of a family each member of which is remarkable for intellectual and artistic gifts. It is rarely that one meets with an instance of talent and genius being transmitted in unbroken line for several generations, as in the case of the Colonel's ancestry. According to accepted laws, it ought to have been exhausted before the present generation was reached; but we can only feel thankful that the stock has flourished long enough to furnish the army in South Africa with one of the most successful officers in the present campaign. While thoroughly trained in the art of modern warfare, the Colonel possesses originality of application, which has made him a match for Boer "slimness." No ruse on the part of the enemy has been able to draw him from his position. Week after week, month after month, he has remained serenely in his bomb-proof enclosure at Mafeking, watching the enemy's movements through a telescope, and calmly communicating to the inhabitants of the town and garrison, by means of his unique electric communication, when it was about "to shell," so that cover might be sought.

Colonel Stephenson Baden-Powell was born in February, 1857, and is the seventh son of the late Rev. Baden-Powell, of Langton Manor and Oxford, and of Henrietta Grace, the daughter of Admiral W. H. Smyth, K.S.F. We reproduce the portraits of Admiral Smyth and his charming wife, whose brother married Lord Nelson's niece. The three sons of the Admiral are Sir

Warington Smyth, Mineral Inspector to the Crown; Piazzzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland; and General Sir Henry Smyth, Governor of Malta. The younger daughter is Lady Flower, and the elder is the mother of the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Baden-Powell is a very remarkable woman. One has heard much discussion as to whether women should be taught mathematics, and there are nervous people who prophesy that if they are it will end in mothers forsaking their infants for a quadratic equation. What was to be expected of a girl to whom mathematics came by nature, as



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

MISS BADEN-POWELL'S COLLECTION OF TAME BIRDS (NINETEEN) ON THE STAIRCASE.



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE HALL, WITH ASHANTI RELICS.

they did to Mrs. Baden-Powell?—for her tutor used to say that she seemed to have mastered the subject by instinct, and he had little to teach her. At the age of ten, so fond was she of astronomy that she used to creep out at night through the garden to her father's observatory to work at the telescope. She became an accomplished linguist, and translated foreign books for her father's reference; she also inherited the family gift for drawing, and was an accomplished musician. At twenty she married, and at thirty-five was left a widow with ten children, the eldest not fourteen. In addition to her many accomplishments and intellectual knowledge, Mrs. Baden-Powell had the gift of organisation, and it is impossible to overestimate what her children owe to her training. She always encouraged them to do whatever they appeared to have a taste for, and did not afflict them with unnecessary restrictions.

Colonel Baden-Powell, being only three years old at the time of his father's death,

was reared entirely under his mother's influence. She describes him as having been a good, quiet boy, bright and merry, without any special disposition for mischief or adventure. The little stories which have been floating about lately, regarding the hero of Mafeking's eager desire to be a soldier against his father's wishes, must fall to the ground, seeing that his father died when he was three years old.

The most noteworthy achievement of the Colonel's childhood was a pen-and-ink drawing which he made of men leading camels, when he was only two and a half years old. Not only was it remarkable for spirited execution, but there was an idea in the picture, each man being represented as laying down a cross, to show that he was devoting himself to some good cause. At the risk of causing a smile, I may say that the gallant Colonel was fond of playing with dolls when a small boy, and made dolls' clothes beautifully after they had been cut

out by his nurse. As he grew older he showed dramatic talent, and wrote little plays, which he made his brothers and sister act. The chief thing in his boyhood which pointed to his subsequent career was his love of exploration. He and his little brother made many journeys of adventure together, and on one occasion got lost in the dark in Sherwood Forest, but, having the presence of mind to give their horses the bridle, they were taken safely to their destination. The brothers frequently spent their school holidays in Norway, roaming the country and living upon what they fished or shot, which they cooked themselves, having taken lessons at home in culinary arts. I should have said that Mrs. Baden-Powell has always been noted for refined housekeeping, and that she instructed her sons, as well as her daughter, in the art of cookery. The Colonel's dishes attained much popularity in camp in days gone by, and doubtless his skill in cookery has had its uses in Mafeking, if only in showing how to make the most of short rations.

Referring to the uses of such knowledge to a soldier who is scouting, the Colonel says: "A man who has lived fatly, without being hardened with exercise, in peace time, and has never learnt to light fires and to cook food for himself, goes to pieces very quickly when he tries roughing it on service. I have seen such a man look almost horrified, with a 'what-am-I-to-do-with-this-lot?' look on his face, when given a live sheep and a helmetful of flour as his rations for the next four days. A scout getting the same would have thought himself in clover."

The Colonel was educated at Charterhouse School, where his immense popularity was prophetic of the future. Every boy voted "Bathing-towel," to use his nickname, a good fellow. He has always shown a warm interest in the school, and maintained a friendship with his old master, whom he visited before setting out for the present campaign, and expressed the characteristic wish that he hoped he should "be put in a warm place"; possibly Mafeking has answered his desire. In a letter to his mother from



THE COLONEL'S GRAND-PARENTS: ADMIRAL AND MRS. SMYTH.

(From the original painting by E. EDDIS, R.A.)

Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell showed his continued interest in his old school. "Today," he writes, "I have been trying to find any old Carthusians in the place, to have a Carthusian dinner together, as it is Founder's Day. But so far, for a wonder, I believe I am the only Carthusian amongst the odd thousands here." An appeal made in this country to old and present Carthusians on behalf of "old Baden-Powell" and his brave garrison met with a warm response.

On leaving Charterhouse, at the age of eighteen, he passed second out of 718 candidates at the military examination in London, and in 1876 joined the 13th Hussars, serving with that regiment in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa, and was mentioned in dispatches. He was Assistant-Military Secretary at Malta from 1890-3, where he was in great request as a leader of social entertainments. Concerts, private theatricals, or out-door sports are all the same to the versatile Colonel; he has a genius for putting himself *en rapport* with whatever is to the front. His apartments at Malta were the envy of the garrison, for with his taste for the antique and unique he chose an old chapel for his room, and furnished and decorated it himself. No lady could

hope to excel the Colonel in the artistic arrangement of draperies, and the house which he had in India, at Sialkoti, before entering upon the present campaign, was a

perfect little paradise for taste and elegance. I really think that these domestic traits in the gallant soldier must be the reason why so attractive a man

remains a bachelor. When a man is a practical connoisseur in cooking, and can with his own hands arrange draperies and bric-a-brac, and form a cosy and beautiful home, where does a wife come in?



Photo. by W. D. Downey.

MRS. BADEN-POWELL.

In 1895 Colonel Baden-Powell was on special service in Ashanti, and he has graphically told his experiences in "The Downfall of Prempeh," which he published a year later. He received a star in recognition of his brilliant services, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel. His next appointment was as Chief Staff Officer in the Matabele campaign, and this called forth another of his interesting books of war experiences. In 1897 he was promoted to the command of the 5th Dragoons, having been mentioned in dispatches three times.

At the outbreak of the present campaign Colonel Baden-Powell was at home on leave from India. He did not apply for service in South Africa, but while at Henley Regatta last July he received a telegram from the War Office saying that he was selected to defend the borders of Rhodesia. He got ready in three

days, and started.

It will be generally admitted that no officer in the present campaign has shown so much perspicuity as Colonel Baden-Powell.



Photo. by W. D. Downey.

MISS BADEN-POWELL.

His knowledge of South Africa is extensive, and during the years that he was military secretary to Sir Henry Smyth he gained a useful appreciation of the inwardness of the Boer mind, and came to understand the tactics called "slim." No ruse on the part of Commandant Cronje has succeeded in "drawing" the hero of Mafeking, and the reputation which he has amongst the Boers for originality and ingenuity has kept the besieging force in a state of wholesome uneasiness. The enemy both fears and likes Baden-Powell; it is a case of when Greek meets Greek.

The "game" around Mafeking has been played very evenly, and although the defender has had a lynx eye for the enemy's movements, and shown a determined front, he has preserved his usual good-temper and enlivened the situation with appropriate *bon mots* and by volunteering sound advice to the enemy. The charm of his personality has been an important factor in preserving order and discipline among all classes in the beleaguered town, and in his last letters home, before communication was stopped, he wrote cheerfully of the *camaraderie* and determination to resist the foe

which distinguished the people and garrison. It has been no easy matter to maintain this during months in which check after check met the advance of the relief army and famine and sickness were looming in the distance. There are limits to endurance, and only a commander of exceptional tact and resource could keep a despairing people from quitting Mafeking for the comparative safety of the Boer camp.

But while Colonel Baden-Powell's defence of Mafeking will rank as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war, one cannot but regret that he has been debarred from service in the central theatre of the campaign, where the peculiar knowledge and faculty which he possesses would have been a useful acquisition. The tactics pursued by the enemy put "orthodox" generalships to the rout in the early stages of the campaign, and it was exactly such a man as the Colonel who



From a photograph by Lafayette.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL.

would have scouted where others saw nothing to scout for until it was too late. He has been well termed the Sherlock Holmes of the British Army. He has laid down the rule that the first requisite of the scout is the detective ability to draw deductions

from seemingly trivial signs. When in India, he was at pains to cultivate this faculty by observing the way in which the native Hindoo has acquired what amounts to second sight by a persistent study of distant sights and sounds.

The following story will illustrate the Colonel's methods. One day when in Matabeleland he was endeavouring to track a party of the enemy. As he rode over the country he noticed a down-trodden way

be in ambush amongst the hills. All right, when they are sleepy with their potations will be my opportunity for surveying the land." He followed the track of the beer-carriers, found the native warriors as he had anticipated, and was able to reconnoitre unobserved and return with important information.

The distinctive mark of Colonel Baden-Powell as a soldier is not so much fighting prowess—although his personal bravery is



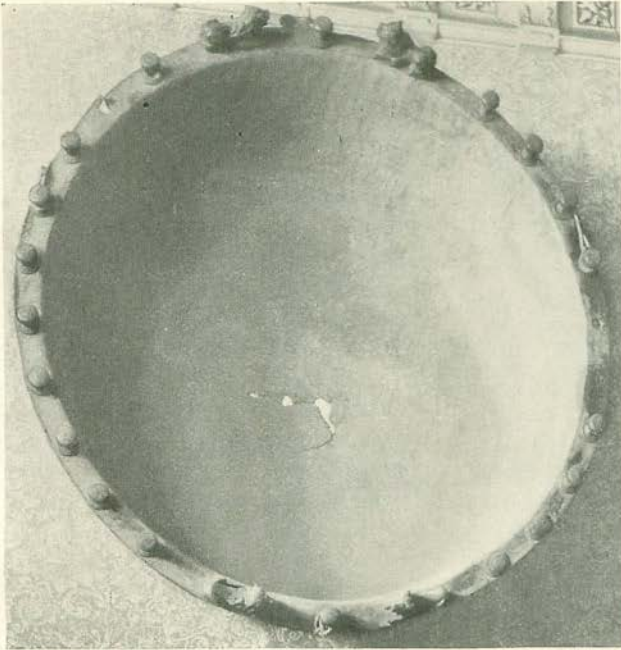
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

MISS BADEN-POWELL AT REPOUSSÉ WORK.

through the grass plain, and a leaf lying a little off the track told a tale to his experienced eye. There were no trees on the plain, and that tell-tale leaf must have come from a village fifteen miles distant! The leaf, moreover, smelt of beer—a second important clue in the train of evidence, for it is the custom of the Matabele women and boys to carry pots of beer on their heads, the mouths of the pots being stopped with bunches of leaves. "Oh," thought the Colonel, "women from the village have been carrying beer for the men, who must

beyond question—as a certain intuitive faculty for knowing the right thing to do and a quiet, cool way of doing it. He is a man of unlimited resource and marvellous dexterity. A keen sportsman, he can match the Boer in riding or shooting, and in India won fame in the pig-sticking or hog-hunting expeditions—one of the greatest tests to which a horseman can be put. He won the coveted Kadir Cup. He is also an expert polo-player, and a noted hunter of big game.

On the rare occasions when Colonel Baden-Powell is not on military duty



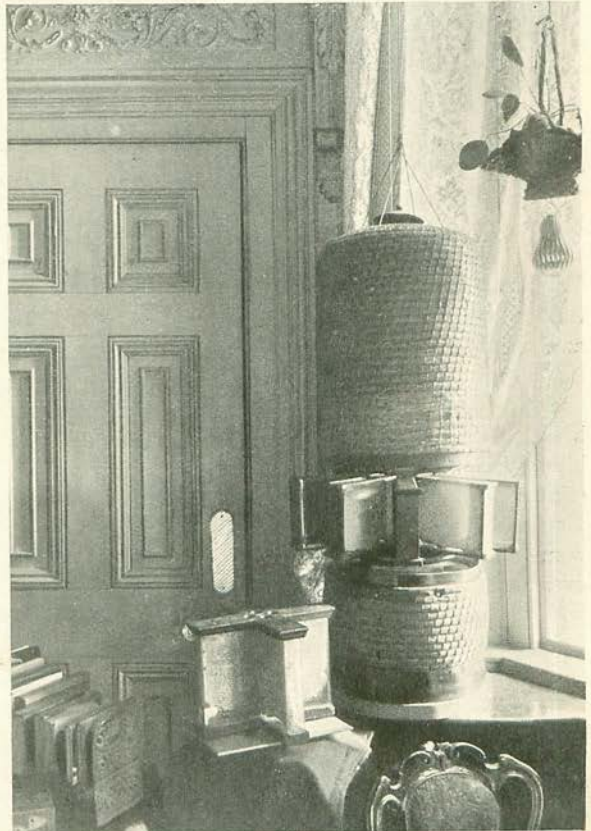
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

ASHANTI EXECUTION-BOWL.

he comes home to St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner, to enjoy a brief holiday with his mother and brothers and sister. In appearance the Colonel looks the ideal cavalry officer—tall, thin, upright, with a pleasant, calm, gentlemanly manner; he is unvaryingly sweet-tempered, and is considerate for everybody. Even when his irresistible wit and fun send his audience into fits of laughter, it only appears to be done to amuse others, not from any exuberance or display of high spirits. His industry and perseverance are marvellous. He is an early riser, and every hour of the day is filled with some occupation. You may on occasions encounter the Colonel in a business-like dress, arranging his curios, hanging pictures, or draping a screen, or he may be getting up private theatricals, of which he is very fond. Music and singing also claim a part of his time, and he is a voracious reader of military history and a student of theology. He is indefatigable in his exertions for the

good of his men, and many reforms for the benefit of the soldiers have been brought about by his energy. In summer he devotes a part of his leisure time to yachting, but never neglecting the one grand aim of his life—*viz.* the moral and intellectual elevation of his men, and the providing for them innocent recreation.

The construction of military kites is continually placed to the credit of the Colonel, but it is his brother, Major B. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, now fighting in South Africa, who is the author of this unique invention. The Major is a recognised authority on aeronautical subjects, and



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

MISS BADEN-POWELL'S BEEHIVES.



From a photograph by the Sackville Studio.

MISS BADEN-POWELL.

his war-kites are now in use in South Africa, aiding Marconi's wireless telegraphy.

I have already referred to the entertaining books, descriptive of some of his campaigns, which the Colonel has found time to write. His latest book, on Scouting, was written during the early stages of this campaign, and sent home to his family with the simple message, "Publish." It has achieved a great success, some seventy-five thousand copies having been sold. But possibly the most interesting of Colonel Baden-Powell's literary efforts are unpublished. They consist of diaries, which it has been his habit to send home each month to his mother from whatever part of the world he happened to be in. These are models of neat execution, being closely written in ink, and illustrated on the margin with views of places he has visited, animals he has shot, or expeditions in which he has been engaged. These are sketched in water-colours. Mrs. Baden-Powell has not, however, received the accustomed diaries from her son since he was shut up in Mafeking; but doubtless they have been prepared, and will arrive

when the exigencies of the situation permit.

The Colonel is simple and domestic in his tastes, and is extremely frugal and moderate in his manner of living. He does not even smoke, although many stories are rife representing the hero of Mafeking as smoking cigarettes the whole day long. Punctuality is one of his chief characteristics, and he is never in a hurry.

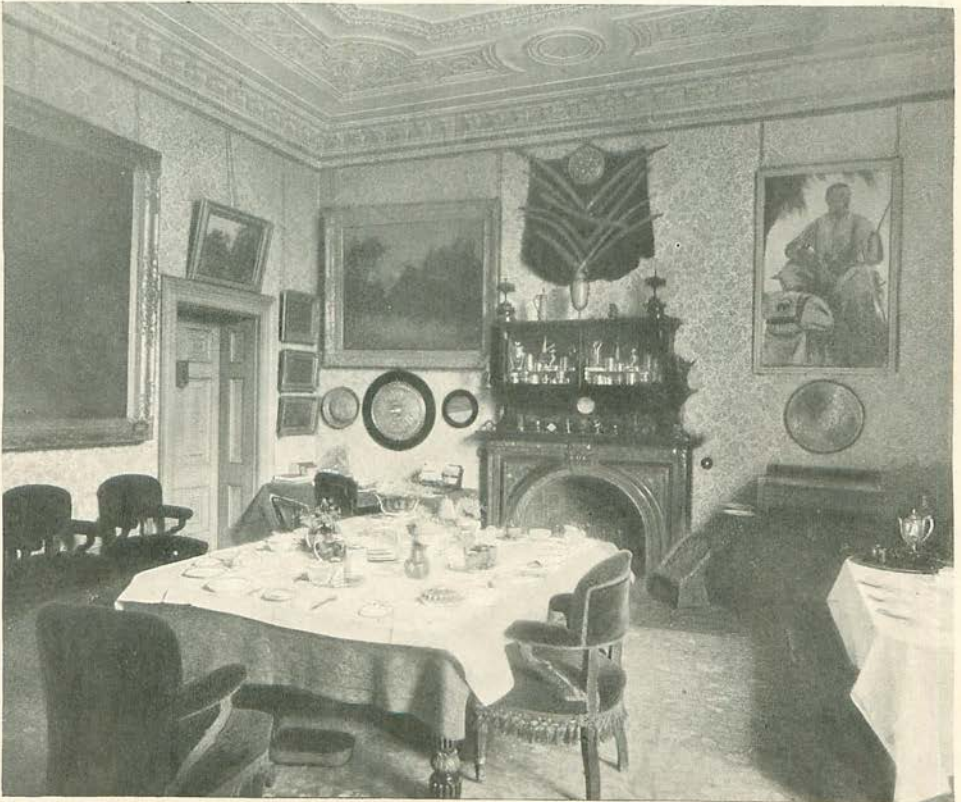
When at home the Colonel takes great interest in his sister's colony of bees and in her tame birds. I may here say that Miss Baden-Powell is exceedingly charming, and as versatile in her gifts as her mother and brothers. She inherits the family delight in scientific astronomy, is acquainted with eleven different languages, and has recently been corresponding with a distinguished diplomatist in Persian. She plays upon the piano and organ, and is skilled in *repoussé* metal-work, specimens of which adorn the rooms at St. George's Place. A mirror-frame, which she executed in brass *repoussé*, gained the Alfred Gilbert Medal. She rides and hunts, and is a cyclist of extraordinary skill, not only in riding, but in performing difficult feats on her machine, such as riding through a hoop. Miss Baden-Powell has also distinguished herself in bicycle-polo, and has won nearly every contest for which she has entered.

The most unique of her many hobbies are her apiary and tame birds. The bees are kept in glass hives in the drawing-room, and can be seen at work on the honey-comb. By introducing models into the hive, Miss Baden-Powell has taught her bees to build beautiful and unique forms. One of the most curious is a bicycle-honey-comb. In the room where she does her metal-work, and occasionally a little carpentering, Miss Baden-Powell has three pet sparrows, between the ages of six and ten years, who are her inseparable companions, and hop about after her. Most interesting of all is Miss Baden-Powell's collection of tame birds in great variety, which live in a fir-tree in the hall, making their nests, hatching their young, and enjoying perfect freedom. They seem absolutely without fear, even when a stranger approaches them.



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

SOME OF THE COLONEL'S CURIOSITIES.



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

THE DINING-ROOM ST. GEORGE'S PLACE.

The other members of this remarkable family are the eldest son, Mr. H. B. Baden-Powell, C.I.E., at one time a Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab; Mr. Warington Baden-Powell, Q.C., in the Admiralty Court, and renowned in the yachting world; and Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, M.A., who is distinguished as a painter of historical naval pictures. I have already referred to Major Baden-Powell, the inventor of war-kites.

and these, with the historical family curiosities, form quite a museum. A number of the curios are from Ashanti, and the one which first greets the visitor in the hall is a large, shallow bowl fixed against the wall. Into this receptacle the king of Ashanti had three hundred people beheaded on each quarter day. There is a space in the rim where the necks of the unfortunate victims were placed ready for



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE.

Another brother, Sir George Baden-Powell, was Conservative M.P. for Liverpool, and a most promising statesman, who had held important commissions in the colonies, and his early death in 1898 caused widespread regret.

The home over which Mrs. Baden-Powell presides is of great interest, by reason of the many hobbies in which her children indulge.

The Colonel has a large collection of valuable relics from all parts of the world,

execution. After looking at this gruesome object, it is a relief to see the coffin of the despot. It is a costly and beautiful receptacle, much too good for his ashes. Every room and corridor in the house contains valuable curios brought home by the Colonel, which it is impossible to describe in detail. A magnificent lion's head with skin attached greets one at the entrance to the drawing-room.