

GERMAN COLONY IN S. W. AFRICA

A God-Forsaken Place From
Natural Standpoint and
Cursed With Numerous
Officials

THE one ultra-European possession of Germany in which the present war promises to be both severe and protracted is German S.W. Africa. In no other Colony will this colossal contest assume the same measure of importance or attain the same proportion. In asking the Union Government of South Africa to undertake the task of subduing this extensive domain, of which the Kaiser is known to be so proud, the Imperial Government is fully cognisant of its magnitude. So, too, is the Botha Cabinet.

There cannot remain the slightest doubt about the wisdom of the present Liberal Government in presenting the Transvaal in 1907 with the fullest measure of freedom to govern itself and in extending the same to the whole of the Union of South Africa in 1910. Nothing else could

have won Boer loyalty, and without Boer loyalty Imperial troops could not have been liberated from South Africa to augment the Expeditionary Force in France, nor could aggressive measures have been taken at this early stage against the adjacent German Colony.

German Methods.
A well-informed resident of Johannesburg since the outbreak of war, and in an interview gave an interesting example of the nature of the Government in this prospective British territorial acquisition.

Said he: "The government of German South-West Africa is not likely to appeal to British South Africans. It is too autocratic. There is far too much government. There is one official out of every three in the population, and it is a great burden to the country."

Lots of 'em.
"Take a place like Keetmanshoop. The town and country around can be compared with Uptington on the British side of the border, where they probably have a Magistrate and one or two clerks."

"At Keetmanshoop they have a Deputy-Governor, with a secretary and about half a dozen clerks, in addition to ten or a dozen policemen, who are also largely engaged in clerical work. Then there are the law courts,



with two Judges, a secretary, and another half-dozen clerks. There is, it is true, an awful lot of litigation, chiefly over debts."

There are, besides, even in sparsely populated districts, rigid social barriers between the various classes. The military officer, of course, lords it over all, and is looked up to as a being who ranks nearest to God, the Kaiser, of course, ranking higher than both. Innumerable grades of bureaucratic officials come next, then

SAVED

By HAROLD BEGGIE.

More than one thousand men have joined the colors from the Salvation Army Social Institutions.

A little chap in uniform, he took me by the arm.
His eyes was like a melting bun, his voice was like a charm;
He says, my friend, you're hungry, and your clothes are thin and frayed.
Now, come along, says he, and join the King of King's brigade!
I says, I was a soldier once, but now, no never more!
I'll see this country smashed, I says; I've had my whack of War!
Pooh—pooh, says he you've never yet put up one single fight.
You're down because you funk'd; now come, and wash your spirits white.

Ho, I've slung my sins behind me
And I'm marching to the front,
If old Satan wants to find me
It's out there he'll have to hunt;
I've a feel of soap and water,
And I'm with Christian men;
Ho, a bloke can stand some slaughter
When he knows he's born agen!

Yes, he took me to a shelter and he gave me bread and soup.
He didn't teach me how to drill or how to loop the loop.
But the little chap he taught me how to wash my sins away.
And he prayed me into heaven and he signed me on to K!
He treated all like mother's sons; God, knows, says he, your worth.
There was others there the same as me, the blackest lot on earth.
His Blood and Fire shook us, but his kindness did the trick,
And we're off to do some fighting, and we hopes to get it thick.

A thousand strong and more we are, all taken up and saved,
A thousand broken wretches brutes, who loafed, and boozed and raved
And but for these Salvationists, ha, there's a tale to tell!
We might have been in prison now and finished up in hell
Instead of that we're marching with a Hallelujah swing,
A thousand men and more salute! for England and the King!
We've lost our taste for Wrong, and got the feel for what is Right,
And we've learned the finest trick on earth for winning any fight.

Ho, we've slung our sins behind us,
And we're marching to the front,
If the Devil wants to find us
Why, it's there he'll have to hunt.
We've a feel of soap and water,
And we're in with Christian men;
Ho, a chap can do some slaughter
When he knows he's born agen!

plutocrats, merchants, and so on—nothing resembling the custom in British Colonies, where there is the nearest approach to freedom and equality.

German subjects who taste life in British Colonies take kindly to it, and it is not surprising that German Colonists in Australia should declare their preparedness to fight the invader, even if they be Germans.

The total area of German South-West Africa is about 325,000 square miles. The total white population is about 12,000 of whom less than 4,000 are soldiers. German South-West Africa is not self-sustaining, everything but meat having to be imported.

Only Two Seaports.

The Colony has only two ports—namely, Swakopmund, adjoining the British port of Walvis Bay, and Luderitzbucht, the latter town being the centre of diamond mining, in which occupation a large number of English people are engaged. Both seaport towns have white populations of about 900 each, that of the capital, Windbuk, being only about 1,000. With the aid of British gunboats, the food supplies will have been stopped at these ports, and landing parties enabled to seize the towns.

The description given to the country by a prominent Pretoria Socialist, in a letter which has just reached the writer, is not very encouraging.

Nile Territory.

He states: "I was in German South-West Africa some time ago, and know what a vile piece of territory it is. It is one huge waste, covered all over with sand dunes, and hardly a blade of grass that is green to be seen within a radius of eighty miles from the coast. This idyllic spot, which nourishes millions of pestilential flies and fleas, and never feels a drenching of rain from one century to another—the natives do not know what rain is in some parts—this arid desert 'to be come a British Colony forsooth!'"

Still there are diamonds in this godforsaken place, and if it beats the environs of Kimberley for dryness and lack of soil and shrub, it must, indeed, be an eyesore. Inland there is a high plateau which constitutes an excellent pasturage and is well watered.

THUNDERER PESSIMISTIC

Wants Authorities To Pre-
pare For German In-
vasion of England

London, Oct. 15.—The Times' military critic discussing the possibility of a German attempt at the invasion of England thinks the Government ought to instruct the people and authorities how to act in the event of such an attempt and to make up their minds whether it proposed to fight regularly or irregularly in repelling an invasion. The Times points out that there is no Commander-in-Chief in the British Isles except Kitchener and unless one mind presides over the numerous garrisons and various armed forces which would be used in defence there can be no unity of action. Desperate as the attempt would be the writer adds the lack of any great success on the Continent may tempt Germany to risk a blow at England and the more completely we are prepared the less likely is the attempt to be made.

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