Frank Carpenter in Bulawayo

FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT TELLS OF THE LAND WHERE LOBENGULA RULED — RHODESIA'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

Stand with me in the public square of Bulawayo in front of the bronze statue of Cecil Rhodes, and take a look at the changes that are going on in Rhodesia. We are in sight of the hill upon which the notorious African tyrant Lobengula had his kraal, and within an hour's walk of the crocodile pool into which he threw, tied hand and foot, any of his subjects who had offended him. The pool was full of man-eating reptiles, and the criminals thus executed needed no burial.

All around us lies the Bulawayo of 1908, the chief city of Rhodesia, and the biggest South African settlement above the Transvaal. The ground is flat, and the wide streets extend out on every side. The place was planned by Jameson, the explorer, and he made every roadway broad enough so that a bullock cart of sixteen span could turn around in it.

The buildings are comparatively low, and the width of the streets makes them look lower. The most of the stores are of one and two stories. They are built of stone and brick. A few are of granite, but the chief building material is a red sandstone from quarries nearby. On one side of us is the Grand Hotel, which covers half an acre. It is lighted by electricity, generated by a light plant operated by water falls nearby, and it has all the modern improvements. A little farther over is the Bulawayo Club, a bungalow-shaped structure of one story with wide verandas about it. We have friends in the city, and they have put us up there for one day free of cost, notifying us that the charge for three days will be $2 50, and that all we drink will be at club rates.

Bulawayo is a town of clubs. It has several social organizations, a cricket club, a tennis club and a race track which is two miles around. The town has now five or six thousand people and its citizens need other exercise than being chased by a native black with a spear in his hand.

Over there at the right is a public library which has more than 5,000 volumes, and down the main street is an excellent museum showing the mineral and agricultural resources of the territory, with its wild beasts and birds and all sorts of things concerning the natives. There are four Masonic lodges, seven churches, a musical and dramatical society, a chamber of mines, drill halls and markets. The stores are large and the windows well dressed. There are three large banking corporations, a chamber of commerce, several newspapers and all the accompaniments of a thriving community.

The assessed value of the town runs up into the millions, and with the development of Rhodesia it will eventually be a considerable city. In planning it abundant room has been allowed for growth; all the land within four miles of the boundaries has been reserved as a commonage, upon which the town cows can pasture free of charge, but which cannot be sold as farms. It is upon this ground that the cricket, bicycle and football parks lie, and there are held the races and other amusements.

RHODESIA'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

This gives one some idea of how Rhodesia is progressing. It is charged that the development has been comparatively slow. It is not so when one remembers that this whole territory is only two decades from absolute savagery. Twenty years ago neither life nor property was anywhere safe, and the country was owned by negro tribes which were warring with one another. Today order is everywhere kept, and the natives have been reduced to peaceful subjects. The country has now something like 2,500 miles of railroads, and in Southern Rhodesia alone there are more than 3,000 miles of wagon roads. In Matabeleland and Mashonaland something like 21,000,000 acres have been surveyed by the Government, and in addition there is a large amount of land which has been surveyed by private owners. All along the railroad towns have sprung up in which are government offices, banks, churches, hotels, schools and public libraries. There is a fine hospital here at Bulawayo and others at Salisbury, Umtali, Victoria and Gwelo. There are cottage hospitals in other towns.

The postal service has been extended until it now reaches every part of the country, mails being sent by runners to the borders of Lake Tanganyika. In Southern Rhodesia there are seventeen money order offices, and during the past year something like a million and a half letters and postcards were sent to other parts of South Africa, while a half million went over the seas. The postoffice revenues last year were in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars. Moreover, Southern Rhodesia has now postoffice savings banks, and her deposits in them already exceed three hundred thousand dollars.

As to telegraphs, the rates are cheaper here than in the United States, and one can send messages to all the settled parts of the country. There are about 90 telegraph offices opened, and the telegraph wire in use is almost long enough to reach through the earth at the equator. Last year about 200,000 telegrams were received and dispatched, and the revenue from the telegraphs and telephones approximated $150,000. As to the railroad service, I will speak about that in the future. It is excellent for a new country, and one can travel here almost as comfortably as at home.

HOW LOBENGULA RULED.

Indeed, it is hard to realize that it is now only fifteen years since this was the capital of the Matabeles. I rode out today to the Government house, which stands on the very site of the great hut in which Lobengula lived and ruled. It is reached by a wide drive shaded by trees, which were planted at the direction of Cecil Rhodes. It is on a hill, and in the grounds is the very tree under which this savage African king sat upon his biscuit-box throne and gave forth his decrees of life and death. Some of his numerous family still live, and I have a photograph before me of his favorite daughter. She measured 5 feet 11 inches from her bare yellow heels to her shaved black crown, and is fully as lusty as the old tyrant was in his prime. There are many men here who knew Lobengula. He was enormous. He stood six feet tall and weighed about 300 pounds. He was so fat that when he squatted on his biscuit box his flesh hung down in folds over his hips, and when he walked his elephantine frame rolled from side to side. He had bulging, blood-shot eyes, thick lips and was the personification of cruelty. Stanley describes him as one of the blood-thirstiest of African kings, and Frank Thompson, of Natal, who negotiated the mining rights of Mashonaland of him for $500 a month, gives an incident of how he treated a native warrior who had drunk some of his beer. It was at the time of a great dance and Lobengula's women were bringing the beer to him. This man snatched a gourd and took a sip. The offence was reported to the king and the criminal was dragged before him. As he stood there Lobengula looked at him and said:

"You drank the king's beer. That nose of yours is guilty. It smelt the beer. Let it be cut off." And with that the executioner cut off the man's nose.

The king then said: "Those eyes of yours saw the beer. They are a temptation to you. They are guilty. They should be put out." And with that the executioner did the gouging.

"You have now heard with your ears that it is not allowed to drink the king's beer. Your ears are of no good to you, and they shall be cut off." After this the man was beaten within an inch of his life, and he dragged himself away and died.

STORIES OF LOBENGULA.

I understand that Lobengula was fond of beer. He was accustomed to make his white visitors drink with him, and every one who called was expected to take three cans of beer and to eat three plates of grilled beef. The cans each held a gallon and they were served between the plates. The king would not drink champagne, and he gave all that was presented to him to his wives, of whom he had a large number.

Lobengula was supposed to own all the country. He had vast herds of cattle. He had control of the mines, and every one was subject to him. After his death the natives surrendered, and since then they have been comparatively quiet, except for the revolt of 1896, which was caused by the witch doctors. Lobengula himself claimed to be a witch doctor. He said he could make rain, and he did this by cooking a kind of devil's broth of crocodile livers, snake skins, frog toes and hippopotamus fat. As the steam of this compound went up he petitioned the gods to open the clouds, and the rain was supposed to fall.

Speaking of rainmaking, shortly after the statue of Rhodes was erected in Bulawayo there was a drought, and the natives believed that the lack of rain came because Rhodes' head was uncovered, saying that the spirits would not offend the great man in that way.

All of these South African natives believe in witchcraft and every tribe has its witch doctors. In coming here I travelled for one day with the chief native commissioner of Rhodesia, a man who has charge of all the negroes of Mashonaland. He tells me that the Mashonas have trials by ordeals to detect witches. One of the tests is heating a stone red hot and making the accused lick it with his tongue. If he is guilty his tongue will blister. If not he is innocent. Another test is by certain medicines. If the medicines make the man sick or cause his death he is supposed to be a witch. If not, he is allowed to go free. A third test, used especially for thieves, is to drop a stone in a pot of boiling water. The accused must take this out with his bare hand, and if the hand shows no sign of scalding the man is cleared. If his hand burns he is adjudged a thief and punishment follows. The natives believe in the justice of these tests and submit to them. A white trader of the Zambesi told me that he missed a shirt not long ago and accused his native servant of stealing it. The boy said he was innocent, and the trader believed him. The next day the boy came in with his hand terribly scalded and confessed his guilt. In his cooking he had overturned a pot of hot water upon himself and he superstitiously thought that the burning occurred on account of his theft.

EATEN BY ANTS.

One of the punishments decreed by the witch doctors in some regions is that the witch must be eaten by ants. This is done by taking the accused man out into the wilds, smearing him with honey, and tying him to a tree. The honey attracts the ants and they complete their work by biting the flesh from the bones.

Another punishment is laying red-hot stones on the bare stomach of the guilty ones, and among some of the tribes instances are known in which the witches have been roasted over slow fires.

I understand that the witch doctors are by far the most important members of the tribes. They are supposed to be divinely appointed and especially authorized to use magic for the good of the tribe. Every witch doctor has to undergo a course of training before he can practice, and he must exhibit certain idiosyncracies which prove him fitted for his job. He falls into trances and pretends to have seen spirits. He has a special headdress of fur and feathers, and has charms of many kinds about his neck. He must be able to handle poisonous snakes. He must be a sleight-of-hand performer and able to make the people believe he has miraculous powers. As a rule he kills more than he cures, but this does not seem to affect his reputation.

The Government has white officers who watch out for the interests of the natives, I talked with one of these, a Mr. Taberer, who has been managing the negroes for many years. He tells me that the whites are now respected and that the natives are better off than they were in the days of Lobengula. So far, comparatively little of the country has been taken up by white settlers, and they plant their corn and graze their cattle about where they please. They live in little kraals or villages ranging in size from twenty to one hundred huts each, and their cornfields are scattered over the country outside the villages. They gather their crops at harvest time, and store them in little granaries made of mud, thatched with straw. Such a granary is about as big around as a hogshead and four or five feet in height. It is raised upon stones and is entered by a hole near the roof, the hole being stopped up when the corn is put in, and opened from time to time as the grain is needed. These granaries are often built on the tops of high rocks such as are found throughout Rhodesia. This aids in keeping out the damp and the vermin.

The native commissioner tells me that marriage among these negroes is largely a matter of bargain and sale. The groom pays the bride's father a certain sum for his daughter. The usual price for a strong and good-looking girl is four cows, or, if she be the daughter of a chief, she may bring as much as five or six. It used to be that girls were often betrothed and bought when they were babies, the grooms paying a part of the purchase price at that time and the rest by installments. In such cases the fathers agreed to rear the girls. This practice has been stopped by the Government, as it resulted in many an old man possessing several very young wives; and also as the girls frequently fell in love with young men, and the strife between their old prospective husbands and the young lovers, whom they wanted as husbands, was great.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Surrey, Where Geniuses Live

ANTHONY HOPE, PINERO, CONAN DOYLE, HENRY ARTHUR JONES, THE WILLIAMSONS AND OTHER WRITERS CONGREGATE IN ONE SPOT—THE HOME OF TENNYSON—THE FAVERSHAMS' FARM THERE.

No one knows the how and the why of Genius. One might be able to tell why they have beans in Boston and linen collars in Troy, or even why they make beer in Milwaukee—but one cannot even guess why Conan Doyle should find the greatest inspiration for his Sherlock Holmes stories in Surrey. The same air that blows over the hills of Surrey is wafted across the fields of Kent and the woods of Sussex. A chemical analysis doesn't show any difference in the drinking water.

Yet Anthony Hope, Arthur Wing Pinero, Conan Doyle, Henry Arthur Jones, the Williamsons, and other famous literary men of England cluster in that one little corner in Surrey as if there was no other place in all Britain where plots could be worked out in melodious words.

George Eliot once lived in the same parish that now contains Anthony Hope. The Tennyson home, where the poet spent the most glorious and productive part of his life, is now inhabited by his son, Lord Tennyson. Professor Tyndall lived in the same neighborhood and died there in 1893. Grant Allen also was one of the famous group of Surreyites. George Bernard Shaw spends some of his time every year in Surrey, and there is good reason to think his genius is of Surrey origin rather than from London or Ireland.

They are not all geniuses—that is, not all are great geniuses—in Surrey. There are a few country squires and merry villagers in the brain-storm centre of England, just to add variety to the landscape. A recent visitor to that part of England declares, however, that you cannot walk down a country lane or stroll along a woodland path without bumping into a man who has written a book or made a play.

Even the actors have gathered there. William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, dwell in the old manor house near Witley, and live a simple and wholesome country life between seasons in company with their distinguished neighbors.

HISTORIC HOUSE OF THE FAVERSHAMS.

This house of the Favershams is one of historic and especially of literary interest. The poet Le Gallienne formerly lived here, and the golden book "An Old Country House" was written here. It was of his own garden that he wrote:

"Perhaps no word of six letters concentrates so much of human satisfaction as the word garden. Not accidentally, indeed, did the inspired writer make paradise a garden. And still today when a man has found all the rest of the world vanity he retires to his garden."

The house is of early Elizabethan architecture, with Georgian wings added, and is known as "the old manor house." It is three miles from the railroad station, Witley, and here in the same garden of which Le Gallienne wrote when they are at home the Favershams foregather with the Anthony Hopes, the Ainleys, the Robertsons, the Williamsons, and their other distinguished neighbors to drink tea, to gossip, perhaps to play croquet, far from the haunts of society and the noises of the town.

"It is in the garden, under the rose arbors, on a Saturday afternoon in summer that our friends assemble," says Julie Opp. "Ethel Barrymore is there in a lavender crepe gown, with a face as beautiful under her violet hat as any stage picture ever has given her. Badminton is with Anthony Hope, while the haunting 'Dick Header' — Forbes Robertson—of Kipling's 'Light That Failed' talks foreign politics with Spencer Eddy, one of the American attaches, Gertrude Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainley, and Harrison Rhodes.

"Sometimes these and sometimes others," she continues, "play and talk in this walled garden, centuries old, with trees a thousand years old. There, too, is my latest venture in gardening, a large bed of exquisite standard roses, with a carpet of white pansies, while close to the back of the house are flaming beds of nasturtium. The weather-beaten sun dial, redolent of the lords and ladies of yesteryear, broods over its present day setting like a white ghost."

Mr. Faversham cares more for the fields than for the garden. He takes to English country life like an old squire, and looks after the crops and the stock with as much care as if farming were a business with him instead of a relaxation.

He is not above working himself, if the occasion calls for it, and he looks quite natural pitching hay in the picture shown herewith.

Other player folk who are neighbors of the Favershams are Dion Boucicault, son of the great playwright of the same name and a brother of Audrey Boucicault; Ian Robertson, brother of Forbes Robertson; and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ainley.

PINERO'S HEART IS IN SURREY.

The Ainleys were married at the Faversham house, for Julie Opp is a famous matchmaker and dearly loves to act as first aid to Cupid. If there are no eligibles among her friends whom she can catch in the matrimonial net she interests herself in the love affairs of the country people when she is at home.

Mrs. Ainley was an American girl. Suzanne Sheldon, and was with Sothern in "If I Were King." Ainley was Maude Adams' leading man in "The Little Sister of Jose." The Favershams, the Ainleys, and the Anthony Hopes are all the closest friends as well as neighbors, for Mrs. Hope is a sister of Mrs. Ainley.

Pinero, who declares that he is tired of the theater and of London, says that his real home, as well as his heart, is in his modest little cottage in this part of Surrey.

"There is something that appealed to me in the London streets, just as it appealed to Dickens and Johnson," he declared recently. "But the country beckons me away, and I imagine that the greater part of my future literary work will be done at this cottage."

HOME OF THE GREAT POET.

At this cottage, while the great playwright works while the mood is upon him, Mrs. Pinero walks in the garden or along the lanes with her dogs, and it is only the most urgent call of duty drags them back to crowded London.

Aldworth, the Tennyson home, near Haslemere, the next station south, is a much more pretentious place than the Pinero cottage. Lord Tennyson, the son of the poet, lives here. The grounds are beautiful, and on the way from Haslemere to Aldworth it is necessary to cross a rough common covered with bushes to reach the long, winding lane which was named "Tennyson's lane." This was the poet's favorite walk when living in the neighborhood. To the southward you can see Sussex and from certain favorite points of view you get distant glimpses of the sea.

"You came and looked and loved the view
Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue,
With one grey glimpse of sea."

Tennyson laid the foundation stone of Aldworth in 1868 and made the place his home for the rest of his life. Much of his most inspired work was done here.

Undershaw, the home of Conan Doyle, is three or four miles from the railway station, and is a beautiful place, especially in summer. It cannot boast of anything historical, and no ghosts or spooks are reputed to wander up and down its corridors; the place is built for comfort, for a home and a workshop.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes is an athletic person, and loves to tramp about the country when he is not working. He is a cricket player and a member of one of the best amateur teams in England. It is said that during the season he pays more attention to the game of cricket than to his literary work.

The library in Undershaw, where Conan Doyle works, contains an assortment of pipes and a big tobacco box on the long oak table where he writes. Bookcases on either side are filled with works of reference, dictionaries, and a few novels. One of the most striking decoration is the library is a bust of Sherlock Holmes, the original being a Scotchman named Belden, who was really a detective of skill. His work and his stories suggested the famous character to Doyle.

Perhaps no two people have done more to keep alive the fame of this part of Surrey than the Williamsons. Mrs. Williamson is an American girl, and since she made such a success in collaboration with her English husband as a writer of fiction she has been one of the most noted women in the world. She is fond of motoring. After a tour in her car she declares: "I forgot that I ever have been tired, no matter how hard I have been working before the start, and instead of a jaded brain I can feel it teeming with new plots which I can hardly wait to begin writing."

Mrs. Williamson was Muriel Livingstone of the well-known New York Livingstone family, and was a newspaper woman before she went to England and married the editor of Black and White.

Edwin Milton Royle is one of the great playwrights now in Surrey. He has rented the Williamsons' house for the winter during their absence. Royle was in London to oversee the production of his "Squaw Man" at the Lyric Theatre. They call it the "White Man" in London, because the Englishmen were not familiar enough with the red Indian lore of America to grasp the full significance of the original title. Royle expects to turn out a new play while in this English home of genius during the coming winter.

DRINK TOO MUCH SAYS JOHN BURNS

LABOR M. P. TALKS PLAINLY TO HIS OWN CLASS.

In a speech in the British House of Commons on "Unemployment," John Burns, the Labor representative in the cabinet, said:

I give the warning because I have a unique, intimate, and practical knowledge, because for the last five months I have gone through the New Cut, Lambeth, through Poplar, through Limehouse Reach and Radcliffe Highway, because I have been feeling the pulse of these places, and seeing the extent to which under the guise of political reform, social amelioration, and economic change good, kindly, but uneducated people are having their morale and their independence sapped to such an extent that if it were to spread you would have the East End of London as dependent, as subjective, and ofttimes as free from work as certain sections of Belgravia and Mayfair. (Cheers and laughter.) It is because I don't want that universal that I have taken the line I have. (Cheers.) Mr. Crooks, whose attitude on this subject I can understand, suggested that thrift had too often been taught to the workman. Like myself, the honorable member is a temperate man, of simple tastes and Spartan habits. (Laughter.) Both of us early in life, to our credit, and it is what has landed us both where we are—and if for ourselves why not for all other workmen?—adopted the Vicar of Wakefield's motto. Our tastes are simple because our wants are few. (Laughter.) He also, like myself, is a trade unionist. Adversity is the only time when the workman, like all of us, learns. And may I say to the honorable member that a man who forgets to tell the workman that his shortcoming in the past is responsible for his immediate discomfiture in times of adversity is no friend of the workman, but an enemy. (Cheers.) The average workman spends, as we all know, anything from 5s to 7s a week on drink. (Cries of "No.")

Mr. Keir Hardie—It is not true.

Mr. Burns—Well, I believe it to be true. I will take the honorable member's own figure if he will give it me (a pause.) Is it three shillings?

Mr. Keir Hardie—I say it is not true.

Mr. Burns—Well, we will split the difference, and make it five shillings. The average workman spends at least five shillings a week on drink. (Cries of "No.") That is an average per head; the expenditure on drink of the working classes alone is £100,000,000. What would a shilling a week do for him, asked Mr. Burns, when he was disrated and evicted from the treasury bench, and when he once more happily resumed the chisel and file of the workman? (Laughter.) For a shilling a week the Amalgamated Society of Engineers could give a man with a twelve months' qualification ten shillings a week in out-of-work pay or in sick pay.

Mr. Keir Hardie—For how many weeks?

Mr. Burns (pointing to Mr. Barnes, who sat next to Mr. Hardie)—The secretary will tell you next door. (Laughter.) Much of the present trouble would have been avoided if workmen had used for their own insurance through their trade unions some of the millions of money which in prosperous times they had wasted. In 1906-07 620,000 tons of shipping was produced on the Clyde. Yet within a month of the time the depression set in they had meetings asking for the grant from the unemployed fund to be increased from £11,000 to £19,000. Yet in the preceding twelve months four million golden sovereigns were spent by the artisans in alcoholic liquor alone. If it were his last speech as a minister he would be false to his class and to his duty if he did not tell the workmen that if they relied too much upon the state and the municipality and too little on their own good selves it would be bad for them and bad for the country.

SEAGULLS OF AUCHMITHIE.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place.

The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was, therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.—London Spectator.

A REMARKABLE RESTAURANT.

What is probably the highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Elsmeer station of the Jungfrau Railway in Switzerland. It is situated 10,000 feet above sea level. The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine waterfall deep down in the valley below. The cooking is done on the principle of the so-called 'Papinian Digester," as owing to the rarefaction of the air at that great altitude water boils much more quickly and would evaporate before cooking the food. With an expenditure of 30 kilowatts of electrical energy it is possible to prepare a five-course dinner for a party of 100 persons in a very short time. The guests are accommodated in a large hall hewn out of the solid rock and heated by electricity.—Chicago Restaurant.

A RELIC OF IVANHOE.

Lovers of "Ivanhoe" will regret to learn that the moat which once defended Torquilstone Castle has been drained. So far as situation and location are concerned, the site of Front de Boeuf's stronghold, the siege of which is so thrillingly described by Scott, is identical with that of Todwick Manor House, a very ancient mansion not far from Todwick Church, and situated about half a mile distant from where, till a few years ago, stood the decayed trunk of the famous trysting tree in Harthill Walk. A young oak, grown from a "Queen Oak" acorn in Sherwood Forest, was planted by the Duke of Leeds on the spot where the old trysting tree stood, and a walk across country brings one to the manor house. The moat was fairly wide and deep, and in digging up part of the ground traces of the foundation of a previous building were found. Not far removed from the manor house there is still to be seen the remains of the small religious house, now converted into a cottage, to which Ivanhoe was removed upon his rescue from the burning castle by the Black Knight.—Dundee Advertiser.