

Cecil Rhodes' Secretary Throws Sidelines on The Modern Colossus

[From the London Daily News and Leader.]

"Cecil Rhodes: The Man and His Work." By Gordon Le Sueur, Murray, 12s net.

Mr. Le Sueur, who was one of Rhodes' private and confidential secretaries, gives us a candid and intimate picture of "The Old Man" in the present volume. He shows Rhodes to us as a man with the weaknesses as well as the strength of genius. He tells us, for instance, that Rhodes, with all his bravery—a bravery proved on a thousand occasions—was yet a man sensitive to horrors and fears.

I think the pain and the sight of his own blood would have made Rhodes sick. He could not endure physical pain, and on several occasions when he was lying in bed ill and in pain I have seen the tears welling up in his eyes and trickling down his cheeks; yet in his final illness he bore excruciating pain with remarkable fortitude. He always had a dread of a long, lingering illness and a painful death; and one day, talking to you now, this—thumping himself on his heart—"will kill me, but I shan't suffer"; and yet he suffered agonies during his last illness, and had an exceedingly painful end.

Champagne in a Tumbler.

The author defends Rhodes against the charge of having been a drunkard, but admits that he was a heavy drinker, his heart troubles driving him to the use of stimulants:

He liked his champagne in a tumbler, and at lunch or at dinner had a habit of tossing off the glass absent-mindedly. After meals he would have his favorite Russian kummel, of which he would often have five or six liqueur glasses in the course of after-dinner conversation.

His system required stimulants, and he was fond of a mixture of champagne and stout in the forenoon, but as a rule he drank only with his meals, and certainly not to an extent to incapacitate him.

To those who do not know the conditions under which we live in Africa, the amount consumed by him might seem large, but he had a horror of the "nipping" habit, and it is absurd to accuse him of being a drunkard.

Rhodes' masterfulness is, of course, famous. Mr. Le Sueur's account of how he used to attend and run the meetings of the De Beers directors gives us a vivid idea of this side of his character:

He would walk in late to a meeting of De Beers directors, and the minutes of the last meeting having hardly been read, he would start on

the agenda and run through them, giving his own views something like this: "Of course, what we have got to do here is so and so; I think we are all agreed about that. Just enter that in the minutes (to the secretary) as proposed and carried; and now about so and so," and the same with regard to the rest. "This is all add, and walk out, leaving his colleagues thinking over resolutions and amendments they intended to bring forward."

He could not help treating even the German Emperor in much the same cavalier, unconventional way at the famous interview he had with him:

They had been conversing for quite a long time, the Kaiser being much interested, when Rhodes glanced at a clock and got up, and instead of waiting to be dismissed, as court etiquette demanded, he held out his hand to the Emperor, to the latter's amusement, and said, "Well, goodbye; I've got to go now, as I have some people coming to dinner."

A Man of Sentiment.

That Rhodes was a heartless man he liked to pretend, but Mr. Le Sueur gives the lie to the statement that he was really so. We can see how his reputation for callousness grew up, however, from a story like that of the way in which he received the news of the suicide of Barney Barnato:

It was about 11 o'clock at night in the train near Vryburg on the way to the north that I received the cable saying that Barnato had jumped overboard. Rhodes had retired, and I reformed from waking him up, and waited till the morning, when I took him the message. He was furious at my not giving it to him the night before, and said: "I suppose you thought this would affect me and I should not sleep. Why, do you imagine that I should be in the least affected if you were to fall under the wheels of this train now?" He tried to give the impression of being without feeling, but nothing is more absurd than his finger-tips, but adopted a brutal manner and rough exterior to cover up the weakness of sentiment, and thus many a broken-hearted man and woman left him with the impression—entirely erroneous—that he was a callous brute lacking in human sympathy.

Mr. Le Sueur's book is historical as well as personal. Writing of the Jameson Raid, he tells us that Rhodes used to chuckle and say, "Aha, but it was very nearly a success," and that he held that the mob in Johannesburg should have "gone to Pretoria with knobkerries and seized the President, members of the Rand, and the Arsenal."

THE GREAT CANADIAN HOME



DARK PICTURES OF SOUTH AFRICA, COSTLY PRICE OF CIVILIZATION

The Degeneration of the Kaffirs—Sir Rider Haggard's Lament—Strong Words From a Missionary—The Labor Problem.

"Two dark pictures of the price which Africa is paying for civilization have just been drawn—one by Sir Rider Haggard, of the Zulus, and another by Rev. Norman Maclean of the natives in British East Africa."

What Sir Rider Haggard Says.

Sir Rider Haggard, writing to the Times, says: "It is over 30 years since last I saw the shores of South Africa, though all being well my official duty will ere long take me there again. From what I have read, I fear since my time civilization has been hard at work among these peoples. Thus the Zulus who fought us at Isandhlwana had their eyes, bloodthirstiness, superstition, and cruelty in war, for instance. But they also had many virtues, such as courage, loyalty, and freedom from meanness or vulgarity."

Again, in the seventies I never heard of an assault upon a white woman by a Kaffir. Now that tale is often told. A while ago a white man shot a Kaffir who had insulted his daughter. Under the dead man's pillow his hair was found in an indecent position, or so it was reported. It is permissible to wonder with whom lies the greater blame, the ignorant savage or the makers and vendors of this horrible thing. (Sin and vice pictures do not emanate from native manufacturers. I do not know that I can better emphasize my point than by quoting a few lines from an introductory letter to a recently published Zulu tale of mine, addressed to Mr. James Stuart:

Everything Changed. "Now everything is changed, or so I hear, and doubtless in the balance this is best. Still, we may wonder what are the thoughts that pass through the mind of some ancient warrior of Chaka's or Dingaan's time, as he sits himself crouched on the ground, for example, where once stood the royal kraal, Dugunya, and vats of milk and women of the Zulu blood passing homeward from the cities are the mines, bemused, some of them, with the white man's smuggled liquor, grotesque in the white man's cast-off garments, hiding, perhaps, in their blankets example of the white man's doubtful photographs—and then shuts his sunken eyes and remembers the plumed and killed regiments making that same ground shake as, with a thunder of salute, line upon line, company upon company, they rushed out to battle."

Rev. Norman Maclean's picture appears in the Scotsman. He tells of the fire of his motor car burst while driving in British East Africa. By-Product of Forced Labor. "While we sat waiting, a native girl came running to the missionary and said, 'There is a dead man in the bush. A few steps from the road, veiled by a stunted bush, he lay there on his side, his palm under his head, the red blanket in a heap by his side, a cloud of flies and insects buzzing round him, his hands clasped in prayer. When the night came the hyenas would finish the work. For no Kikuyu will ever touch or bury the dead. And yet he lies here, manfully returned from some work. How came it? Well, I hate to use the word; I would not, if I could avoid it; but I sadly fear that this man lying dead here, whose bones will tonight be picked clean by the hyenas, is, in his death, a by-product of Forced Labor."

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Workmen Wanted. "If the tide of civilization is to scatter its blessings over this land, the channels must be made along which the tide will flow. And channels cannot be made without workmen. Roads have to be made. Government houses to be built, swamps to be bridged, the bush to be cleared, the ground to be broken up, harvests to be reaped—and all that cries out for workmen. Wherever the British go, there the word work acquires a new significance. And these races know not what the word means."

"They will not work. If the white man could himself bend his back to the toil, he would do it. But the vertical sunrays prevent that. What, then, is to be done? Under the British flag there cannot be forced labor; that would be only slavery under a new guise. The position is of the most difficult. It is here that the genius of the British for development and government manifests itself. They have reconstituted the power of the chiefs; where there were no chiefs they were created. And the Government send word to the chief that they want on a certain day so many men for work. And on that day they are forthcoming. But how? The chief compels the men to go. If a man refuses his sheep are taken as a fine. And thus the work goes on."

The Result is— "If this labor were regular, were a recognized part of the protectorate organization there would be ample provision made for the workers; care would be taken that they return safely home. But as it is, they are treated as voluntary workers; they get their fair wages justly, and there the responsibility ends. And the genius of the British for development and government manifests itself. They have reconstituted the power of the chiefs; where there were no chiefs they were created. And the Government send word to the chief that they want on a certain day so many men for work. And on that day they are forthcoming. But how? The chief compels the men to go. If a man refuses his sheep are taken as a fine. And thus the work goes on."

Porters returning home from Government safaris, from settlers' farms, from missionaries' safaris, from native trading expeditions, have all been found to be infected, and on practically every gang a certain percentage dies as the result of this infection. I have known the percentage of deaths to be

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SIR GILBERT PARKER The Man and His Work

[Bernard Muddiman in T. P.'s Weekly.]

When an author begins to issue his work in a collected edition it is, as a rule, a frank declaration that his main work is completed. Consequently, it is always interesting to go over and examine what he collects—to inquire what we know of the man and his work. This is particularly true of a man like Sir Gilbert Parker, whose works are now being issued by Macmillans in eighteen volumes. His colonial origin and the imperial aspect of his literary and political work render him a picturesque figure.

Grammatical Lapses.

Whether or not all the work of Sir Gilbert Parker will stand the test of republishing in definite format is, for the moment, beside the point. The best of his work, however, which consists, undoubtedly, of certain of his Canadian stories, is alive with the author's powerful feeling for dramatic situations. He can create a character that, like Pierre or Charles Stedek, lives in the memory after many days. Where he falls down is in his use of the English language. Style, indeed, with him is almost a thing of naught. Not that he lacks the power of weaving words into pictures of beauty; but, every now and again, a most objectionable misuse or grammatical error stands out defiling his page. A careless error that he has probably written easily—too easily. A carelessness has invaded his best periods.

In Australia.

Sir Gilbert Parker was born in Canada, at Camden East, Ontario, and was the son of Joseph Parker, a non-commissioned officer of the British army, who settled there. He was educated at the Normal School, Ottawa, and was then ordained a deacon in the Anglican Church. He went up to Trinity College, Toronto, at that time a training-ground for the Church of England. At Trinity College he was for a short time a lecturer in English literature. But, always a delicate "valetudinarian," he was ordered to seek more congenial climes than the January and woful winters of Ontario. Abandoning the church, he sailed for Australia and went in for journalism. There he became associate-editor of the Morning Herald. He travelled extensively among the South Sea Islands, which the romantic pen of Louis Becke has painted so vividly. He published as a result of these travels a volume called "Round the Compass in Australia." He also entered the dramatist's lists with one or two short-lived plays and an acting version of Goethe's "Faust."

Early Work.

His health having been repaired to a certain degree permitted of his return to Canada. He went first to the Northwest Territories, and remained there, several years, during the most picturesque period of that vast area where the Mounted Police reign supreme. The result of this sojourn among the Metis and Indians of that picturesque region was the creation of Pretty Pierre, whose adventures form the bulk of Sir Gilbert's first volume of short stories, "Pierre and His People," published in Toronto in 1892. The next year appeared his first novel, "Mrs. Fakhion," a rather unsatisfactory work, and "The Trespasser." In 1894, "The Translation of a Savage," which narrated the tragedy of a young Englishman marrying an Indian girl in the north and taking her back to England, shows a distinct advance in technique. Sir Gilbert went for a time to New York, where he married a rich wife in the person of Miss Vanine. He subsequently left for Eng-

land, entering the Imperial Parliament at St. Stephen's, to the great loss of literature. Indeed, since he has entered politics his work has artistically deteriorated. Politics is the pursuit of the intellectually unemployed, not of an artist.

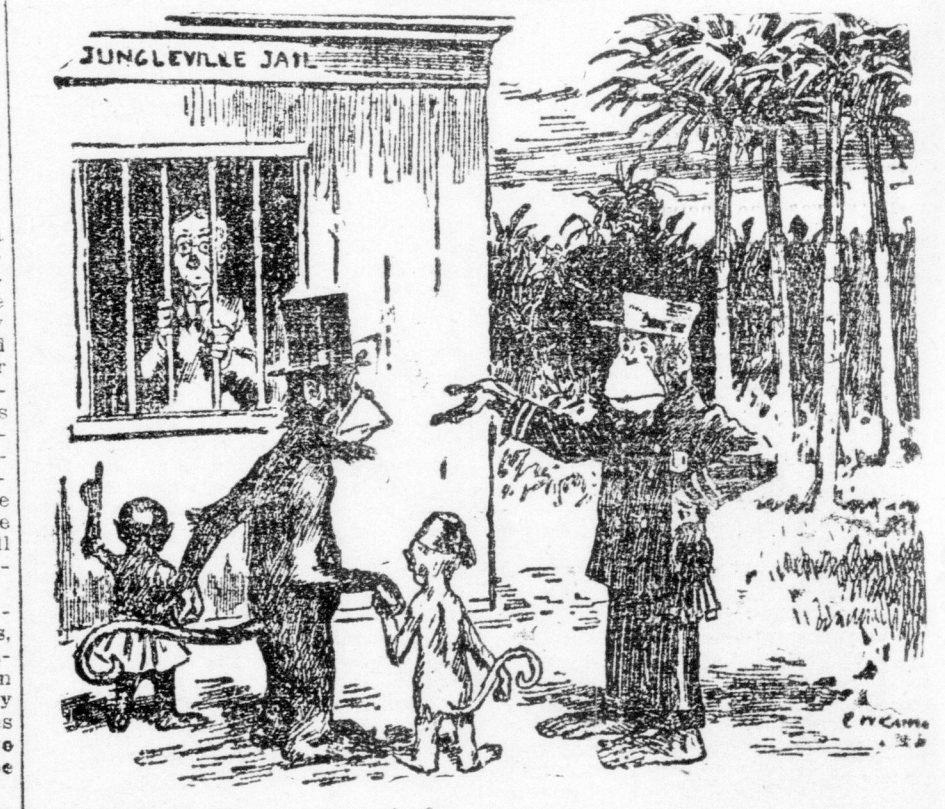
"The Seats of the Mighty."

I suppose it is generally recognized that Parker's best work is "The Seats of the Mighty." The conception of this story was due to an old French-Canadian, a certain Sir Fredric de Moyné, of Quebec, who was a great friend of the historian Parkman. Sir James Le Moine received a visit at his home, Spencer Chateau, in 1890, from a handsome young man a few years past thirty, slender, quiet, and with an urbane manner of his own. "What brings you to Quebec at this inclement season of the year?" the old antiquary asked. Sir Gilbert replied: "I have come here to write a novel on Quebec. I want a hero. Can you supply one?" After a moment's thought the old man remembered a sketch he had written nearly nineteen years before of the adventures of Major Robert Stobo, a hostage from Fort Necessity, imprisoned in Quebec from 1755 to 1759. Four years later Sir Gilbert gave to the reading world in fiction, guise, the adventures of Stobo as those of Robert Moray, the hero of "The Seats of the Mighty." Many other people in that book also had their parts in actual life, such as the Duvernays of the novel, who were the Duvernays, still one of the oldest families of the Province of Quebec. Strangely enough, while giving these details, Sir James Le Moine, whom Stobo was also probably the original of "Captain Lemaigre in Smollett's 'Humphrey Clinker.'"

A Canadian Opinion.

As to the novel itself, the old man once wrote: "There is assuredly much to admire in 'The Seats of the Mighty.' It is a scathing exposure of the tainted social atmosphere which polluted the colony under the Bigot regime. It is a theme which will never be lost sight of by Canadian historians. Some passages, however, I should like to be altered; some might with propriety be removed without weakening the original plot of the romance. Sir Gilbert has had his fair share of popular applause; he has been styled by one critic 'a new Kipling'; another calls him a second Robert Louis Stevenson. Time will tell how much of this will survive. One thing is certain: In 1892, when he was gathering the materials for his Quebec book, the novel's residence in our midst had not been sufficiently long to acquire what his eminent confidant, Henry Van Dyke, possessed in such a high degree, that real, but indescribable aroma of the soil; la senteur de la terre, as the French express it." Perhaps the most popular of Parker's Canadian books in Canada itself is "The Right of Way," but as an artistic achievement of French Canada I know nothing to equal his "The Pomp of the Laviettes." Yet it is extraordinary how English the outlook of the author is. His books never read like the works of a Canadian. They are rather the English literary discovery of Canada. Of later years Sir Gilbert has wandered into other realms beyond the Dominion. In a powerful tale called "The Battle of the Strong," he wrote a story of the Channel Islands and France in 1878. It was in 1902 that he began a series of Egyptian studies with "Donovan Pascha," while his last novel, "The Judgment House," has taken him to South Africa. Truly imperial in scope, the re-reading of such a varied collection will at least give those who stay at home in the United Kingdom some idea of the vastness of the British Empire.

RETRIBUTION.



Mr. Monk—What's he in for? Jail—Going around claiming to be descended from us—Judge.

Russian Professor Unearths Tomb of a Scythian King

Buried About 400 B.C., Amid Costly Ornaments—Sacrificed Attendants in the Chamber.

In July Professor Veselsky, of the Russian Archaeological Institute, discovered the burial chamber of a Scythian king in a barrow, or tumulus, on the North Crimean steppe. There are hundreds of such barrows on the Crimean steppe, and many of them have been explored by archaeologists, though, unfortunately, a very considerable proportion have been rifled of their treasures long since by resourceful plunderers. Robbers had penetrated into the mound where Professor Veselsky carried on his excavations, and when last year he had made his way through 85 feet of soil into the central chamber, he found it stripped almost bare. A golden needle and a silver phal indicated that a queen had probably been buried with the king. Other objects in the chamber were Greek amphorae once filled with wine and oil, a bronze boiler containing the bones of a lamb, set there as food for the dead, and a square brazier resembling braziers that have been discovered in Etruria.

But Professor Veselsky went further than the robbers, and discovered other than the remains of two horses, with curious harness. This year a porphyry was opened leading to another large burial chamber eight yards deep. Above this chamber was found a large pit divided into five sections, each containing the skeleton of a horse, with bronze and golden plates and other ornaments belonging to the harness. Near the horses was the skeleton of a groom, with bronze-tipped arrows scattered about him. An-

other skeleton, probably that of an attendant, was found at the entrance to the royal burial chamber. In the large royal chamber lay two skeletons. One, that of the king, lay in the centre of the chamber, while that of the queen, in armor, lay near the western wall. The chamber was rich in ornaments and vessels of various kinds. At the entrance stood three big bronze boilers with massive supports. One contained the bones of cows, and fragments of a bronze and an iron scoop. The others contained sheep's bones. Around the king lay his armor, a bronze helmet of Greek pattern, long iron spears, an iron breastplate, bronze greaves, knives of iron in bone sheaths, and a bronze mace with a wooden hilt, broad-headed. Then there were dishes from which the king, attended by the men who were sacrificed at his burial, might eat of the food provided in the boilers and drink of the wine stored up for him. Eight silver vessels adorned with engraved figures of lions and griffins and other animals, and scenes of Scythians on horseback, were found. These vessels are clearly of Greek workmanship.

Bracelets On the Arms. The king's robes had crumbled into dust, but the gold plates that covered them remain. On the arms were five massive spiral bracelets of gold, on the head a circlet consisting of several rows of tiny golden tubes, with pear-shaped ornaments hanging from them; on the neck an immense gold necklace, the ends of which were adorned by lions' heads with eyes of enamel. In a niche in the wall were the remains of a quiver and a fine golden disk, with figures of lions and deer. The most valuable object found in the chamber was a golden comb on the upper part of which, depicted in relief, was the skeleton of a groom, with bronze-tipped arrows scattered about him. An-

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WITHOUT THE KALSOMINE



Sweetheart, before your beauty's shrine I make a genuflection, Remove, remove the kalsomine; That hides your real complexion; With turpentine and palette knife Erase the vivid carmine The which, I swear upon my life, I do not see much charm in.

False hair, which gives your head a hump Extremely like a camel, I prithee toss it on the dump, Scrape off your face enamel; Remove the blacking from your brows, The beading from your lashes, Such make-up only serves to rouse My temper's sharpest flashes.

In spite of powder, rouge and paint You hold my fond affection; I love you for I know you ain't As false as your complexion. Your heart is true, your voice is low, Your laughter rippling, brooklike, And with your make-up gone, I'd know Just what you really look like!

STILL MORE DUMBS.

A lady saw in a newspaper a paragraph to the effect that, in an effort to save his cat from being run over by an omnibus, a little boy had been knocked down and seriously injured by the vehicle, and had been taken to the hospital. The lady, who was fond of cats, greatly admired the boy's affection for the "poor dumb animal," and wrote to the hospital, inclosing some presents and a sum of money "for the brave little sufferer." By return of post came a letter acknowledging receipt of the money, and thanking her for her kindness, but explaining that the cat which had been the cause of all the woe was even more "dumb than she imagined—in fact, it was the little boy's wooden tip-cat!"

CANON CARNEGIE AND THE DEMAND FOR SIGNS.

"There is no need to be surprised or disturbed by the insistence with which the demand for external proof is still made by those outside the Church or by the failure of the Church to meet it," said Canon Carnegie of Westminster Abbey. "But it is very disquieting to find that many professing Christians seem disposed to acknowledge the legitimacy of this demand and to identify themselves with the mental and moral attitude of which it is the outcome."

"Mrs. Briggs has a very decided manner of speaking." "Yes, and Mr. Briggs has usually decided before she finishes speaking."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



Old Maid—If I catch you in my garden again I'll tell the constable. Boy—E can't do nothin', 'E's my ole man.