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Our Holiday In Africa

BY

W. W. WHEELER



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Our Holiday in Africa

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W. W. WHEELER

Author of
"Three Months in Foreign Lands"
"A Glimpse of The Pacific Isles"
"Encircling The Globe"
"Discoveries in South America and West Indies."

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PREFACE

Would you like to travel in strange lands? If so, come with us and take a "Holiday in Africa," "The Dark Continent," or "The Unknown Continent," as it is sometimes called.

The interior was unknown to civilized man until sixty years ago, and even today many vast sections have never been visited by white man, and in most of those parts which have been opened up by European colonization there is but a very sparse settlement of whites.

Our own people of the United States very seldom visit Africa. In fact, we met but one American, who was traveling in that country for pleasure, so that up to the present to us it is really "The Unknown Continent."

The interior is occupied by a dense population of the descendants of Ham, and many of these tribes have apparently descended in the scale of intelligence since Ham took Africa for his homestead. Also, all kinds of African game, big and little. It is the greatest hunting ground on earth.

We have, for a long time, had a desire to visit this great continent, and having an opportunity to take a holiday, my wife and I decided to spend it in Africa. Mrs. Wheeler has greatly assisted me, and to her you may ascribe all that you find that is good (if you find any), in this little book, and blame me for the rest.

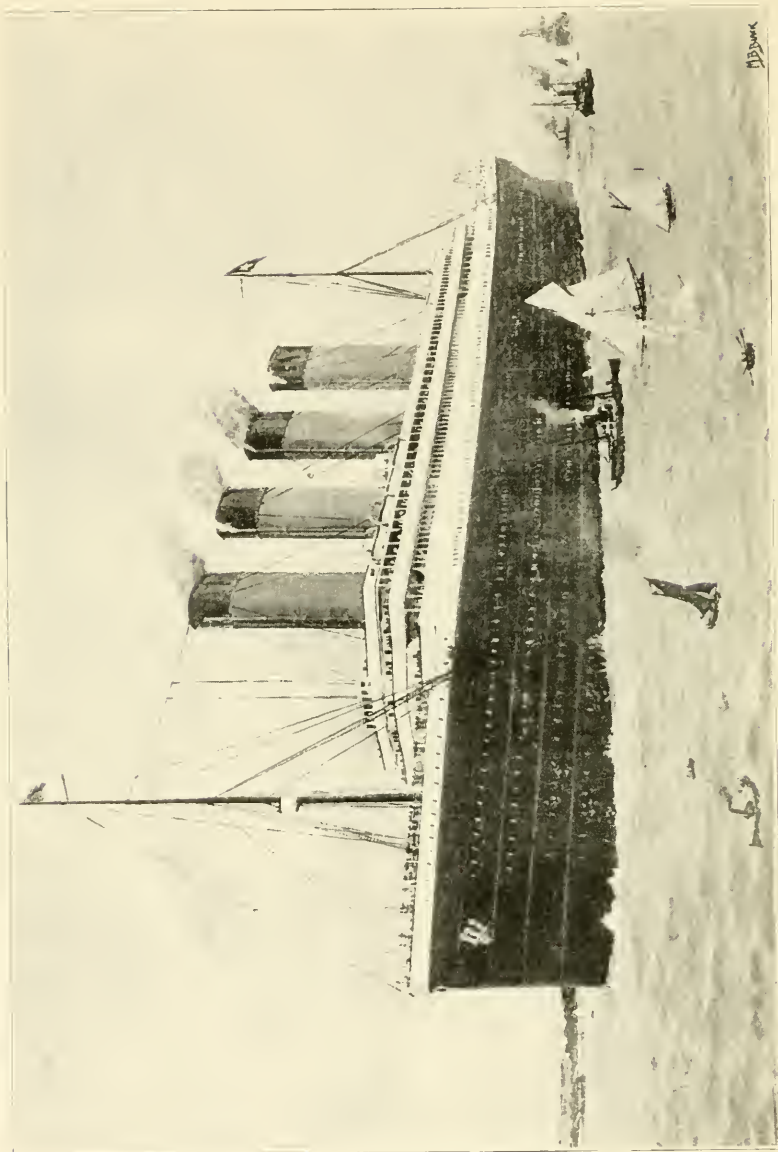
The following pages will give you a *very brief* report of some things we saw "In Darkest Africa." You will find 100 photographic illustrations of scenes typical of the country, which will also help to give you an idea of things as they actually appear to the traveler.

In reading this booklet, we hope that you may feel that you are making the trip with us and enjoy the journey.

Sincerely yours,

W. W. WHEELER.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



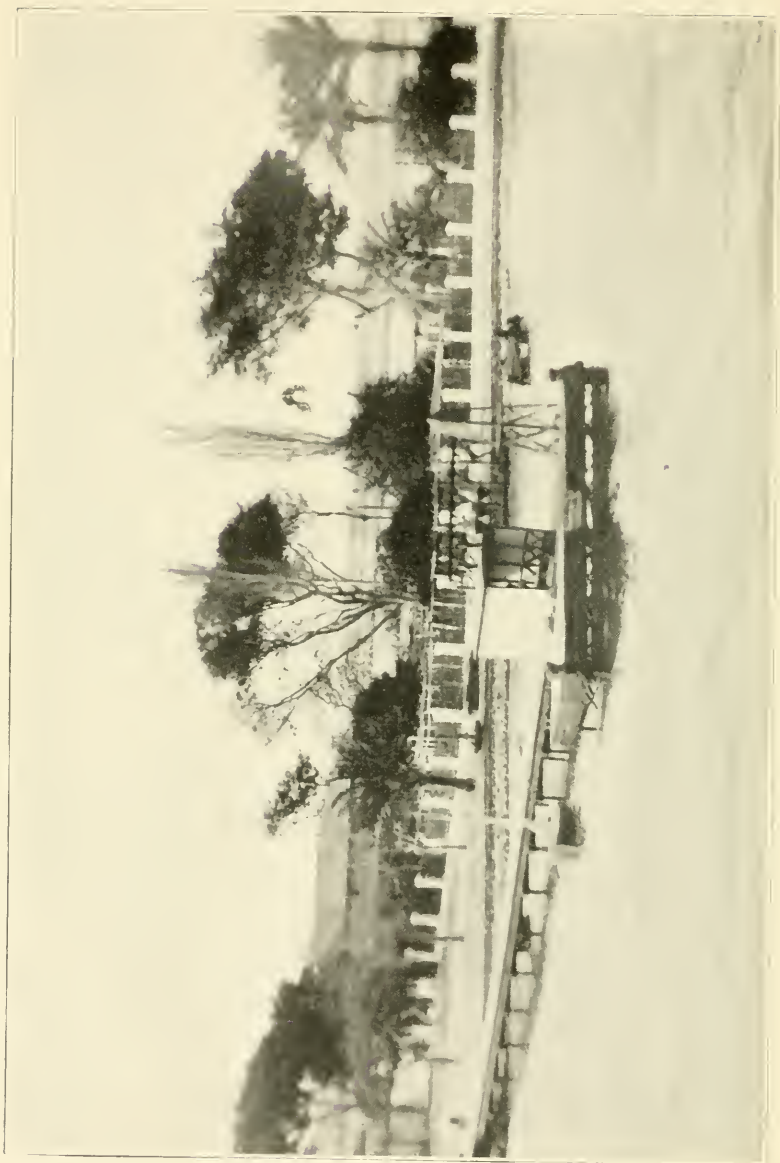
STEAMER OLYMPIC.

OUTWARD BOUND

January 24th, 1912, we sailed from New York on the superbly appointed steamship "Olympic," sister ship to the fated "Titanic." She is the greatest vessel that ever sailed the seas up to the present time. She cost seven and one-half million dollars, and has a crew of eight hundred and sixty men, accommodations for twenty-five hundred passengers, average speed is over five hundred miles per day. Length over all, eight hundred and eighty-two feet. Think of it, over one-sixth of a mile, nearly as long as three of our city blocks; breadth, ninety-two feet; height to the top deck, one hundred and five feet, having eleven steele decks. Lighted and heated by electricity, the state rooms are large and elegantly furnished. By divine instructions Noah built the Ark. It was large enough to meet requirements at that time, being five hundred and fifty feet long, ninety feet wide and fifty-four feet high, divided into three decks. The floor space was less than one-sixth of the floor space of the "Olympic." Compare the two and we get an idea of the progress that has been made in shipping during the last four thousand years. We regret that we are not able to show here a photograph of the Ark for comparison; we were too late to get it. The dimensions of the Ark are given in the Bible; look it up and verify the figures. The comfort and convenience of ocean going steamers in recent years has almost eliminated time and distance, and one can travel from any place to any place on the surface of our globe in a few months without great discomfort; and this is one reason why we are going to South Africa this winter.

Africa is an immense continent with teeming millions of

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STATION ON SUEZ CANAL.

OUTWARD BOUND

black inhabitants, many of whom have never seen the face of a white man. There are thousands of miles in the heart of this great country yet unexplored.

We passed by, at this time, Northern Africa, that borders on the Mediterranean Sea, which is more familiar to readers and many travelers. Also Western Africa and the interior of the Congo region, that part associated with the name of the great explorer, Henry M. Stanley. All that we could do in the short space of a four months' journey was to sail entirely around the great continent, about eighteen thousand miles, and go into the interior of British East and South Africa as far as the railroad would take us. Also we crossed the largest fresh water lake in the world, Victoria Nyanza, to Uganda. We did no caravan or walking trips, as those who go for shooting.

We planned this trip and took it alone, and did exactly as we had planned, never missed a connection on rail or steamship; had remarkable health and enjoyed it to the fullest.

On leaving the "Olympic" at Cherbourg, France, in the evening about eight o'clock, by tender, we looked back at a most wonderful sight. The big ship, with all her immense windows ablaze with light, and reflecting the light in the dark water, looked like enchanted fairy land; a sight never to be forgotten.

We had a most amusing experience going through the little French custom house. It was very dark and the inspectors only had a few dim lanterns with which to look into our bags and trunks. Only a form, of course, but there were so many people's bags to be marked, that we came very nearly missing our train for Paris. There were no sleeping cars, so we had to sit up all night, arriving in Paris on a cold winter's morning at four o'clock.

The city of Paris is always interesting, but our time was short. We left that same evening on the train-de-luxe for Marseilles. This train is especially crowded at this season of the year—people going to the Riviere in the South of France

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STATION ON SUEZ CANAL.

OUTWARD BOUND

for the season. Next morning we arrived at the grey old city of Marseilles, with its very narrow streets and high grey buildings. In the midst of this city is a rocky promontory, on which is built a church. From there one gets a magnificent view of the city and harbor. In this harbor are ships coming and going to all parts of the world.

We rather dreaded seeing the little British steamer on which our seventeen days to Mombasa must be spent, and it was quite discouraging when on a rainy day we had our first look. It was so pitifully small after the magnificent Olympic of recent experience, it took us several days to get adjusted to our tiny quarters, but every cloud is said to have a silver lining. In this case it proved almost gold. We have never enjoyed a sea trip more than that spent on the "Dunvegan Castle." We were the only Americans aboard and waited for our English cousins to make the advances, which they did most graciously. They were delightful people—many of them, as we were, taking the trip for pleasure. Others going out to different parts of British Africa to visit their sons and daughters. Many young men leaving crowded old England for the wild veldt lands of Africa to make their fortune. Others who had been home for a vacation, rejoicing in going back to the wide free country. There were also a number of men in the military service with their pretty, fresh young brides, who were looking forward with great enthusiasm to their future home.

The days passed rapidly, even though the Mediterranean was rough and cold.

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CAMEL CARAVAN—PORT SAID.

PORT SAID

Sailing past the DeLessup Statue just as the sun was setting gloriously over the golden sands of Egypt, we anchored at the entrance of the Suez Canal, February 9th, 1912. We went ashore in a small row boat and walked about the streets to see the shops, which were filled with goods from the Orient. This is the meeting place of the Occident and Orient. The streets are well policed, which relieved us from being annoyed by the insistence of the shop keepers.

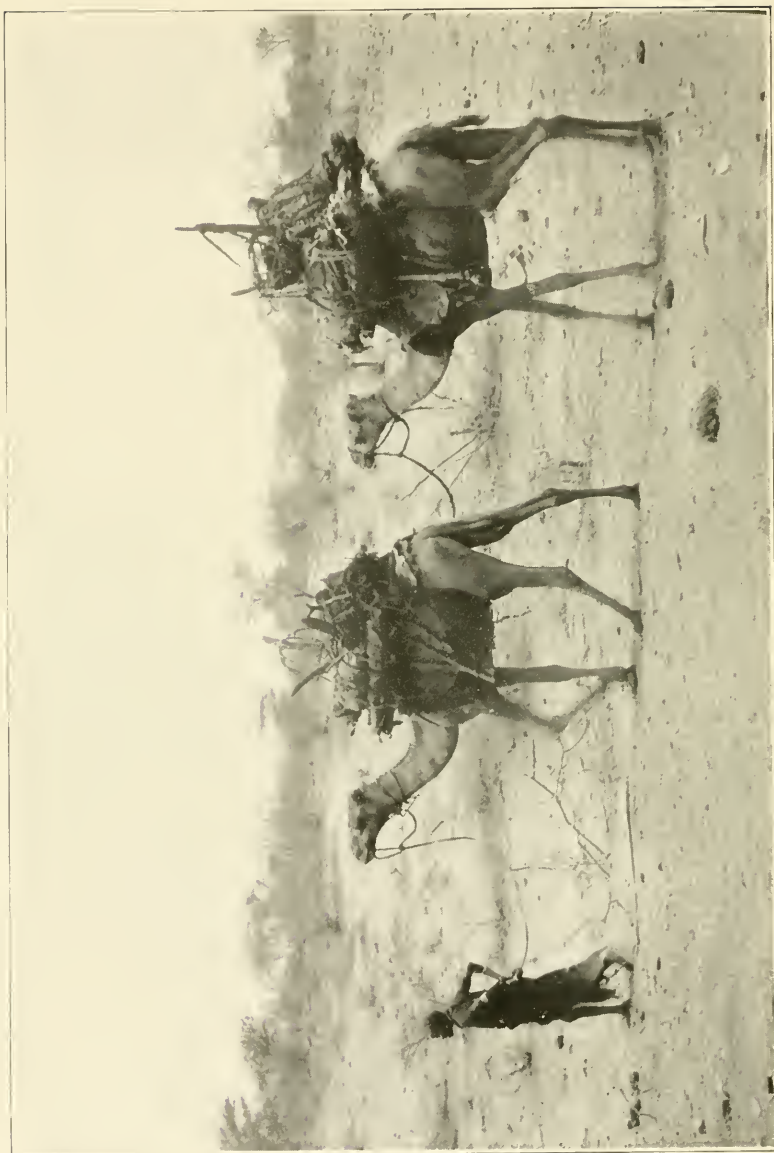
It took our steamer twenty-two hours to get through the Canal, as we were side-tracked for all the steamers we met. It was a pleasant experience, as we dreamily slipped along. At some places the Canal is very narrow, and again widens into two big lakes. A unique condition exists here. The irrigated land of the Nile comes down to the Canal on the west side, and everything is beautiful and green. The other side has no irrigation, and no water, and the whole country is a sandy desert.

After coaling last night at Port Said, our captain found he could not start the steamer. While she only draws twenty-five feet of water, yet she was stuck fast on a sand bar. After two hours of effort the captain called a tug, and with this assistance we were floated without damage to the vessel.

RED SEA

After getting out of the Canal, going South, with a short stop at Suez, we sailed through an arm of the Red Sea, at least one hundred miles long and one to ten miles wide. This is, without doubt, that part of the Red Sea where the Lord took the children of Israel across on dry land, and when the Egyptian army essayed to follow, were engulfed in the re-

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MOVING DAY IN AFRICA.

PORT SUDAN

turning waters. We were in sight of Mt. Sinai for nearly half a day. A German Baroness, a fellow traveler, tells us that she had been to the top of Mt. Sinai three years ago. She says there are steps cut in the rocks in places, making it less difficult to ascend, although the height is about seven thousand and five hundred feet. These steps were cut by order of the Czar, two centuries ago.

The Arabian coast is bleak and barren for a long distance south of Mt. Sinai. We are not surprised that the children of Israel murmured at Moses and wanted to turn back to Egypt. Arabia is still a barren wilderness and an army of six hundred thousand could not be marched through that country now for forty years, without being fed by the Lord.

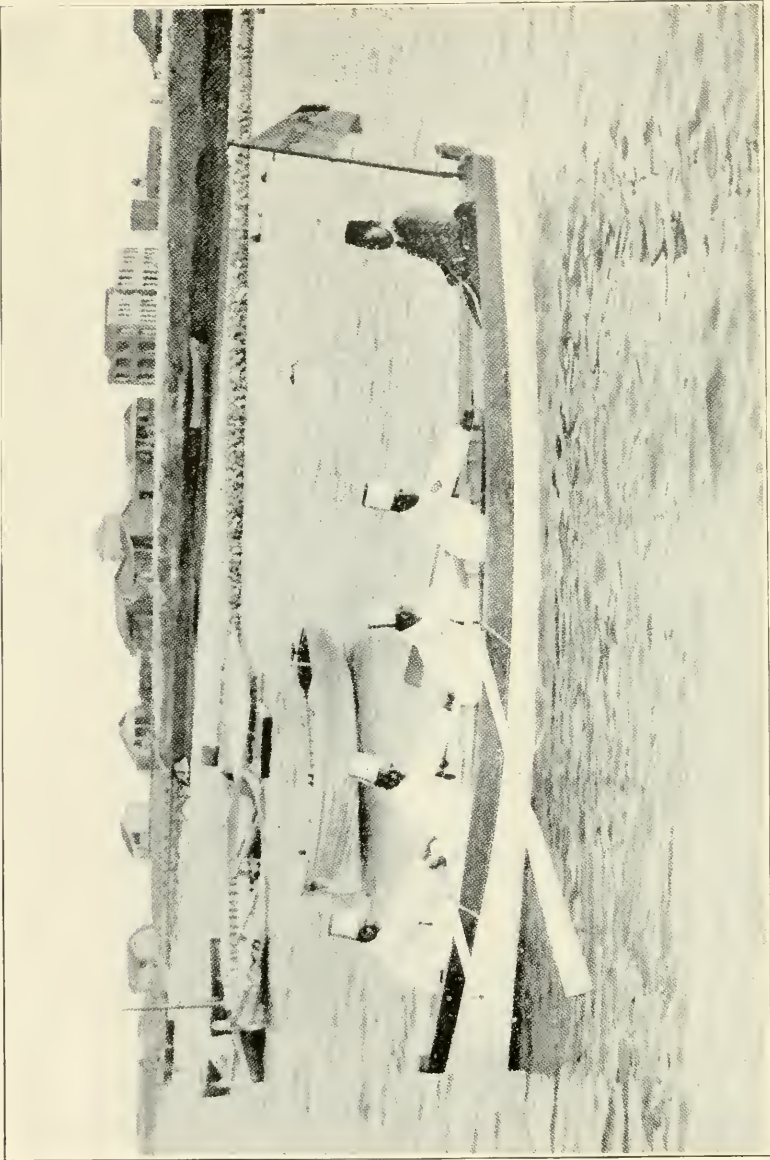
As soon as we get through the Suez Canal, it may be said that we are in the far East. The people are Arabians, Egyptians, East Indians, or almost any other nationality except the Chinese or Japanese. While the ports where we land are English possessions, there are only a few Englishmen, and the spoken language may be Arabic or any other foreign tongue, so far as we know, as we do not understand a word of it.

After two days sail on the calm Red Sea, which is always warm enough and usually much too hot for comfort, we arrived at Port Sudan.

PORT SUDAN

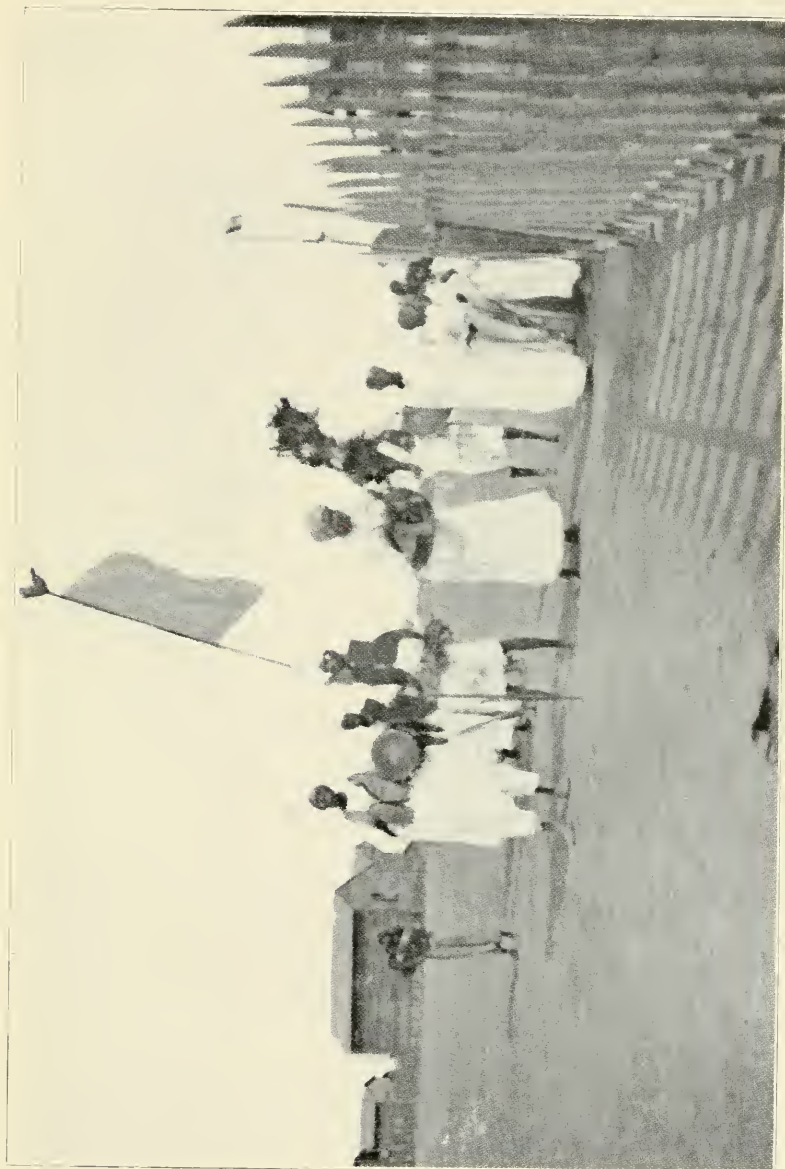
Several of our most pleasant and agreeable passengers are leaving us at this place, on their way to Khartum, by rail. This is the only port on the western side of the Red Sea of any importance, and may, at some time, be a place of much shipping. Since the English have made their army headquarters at Khartum they have for their convenience built a railway from Port Sudan to Berber on the Nile. This will enable

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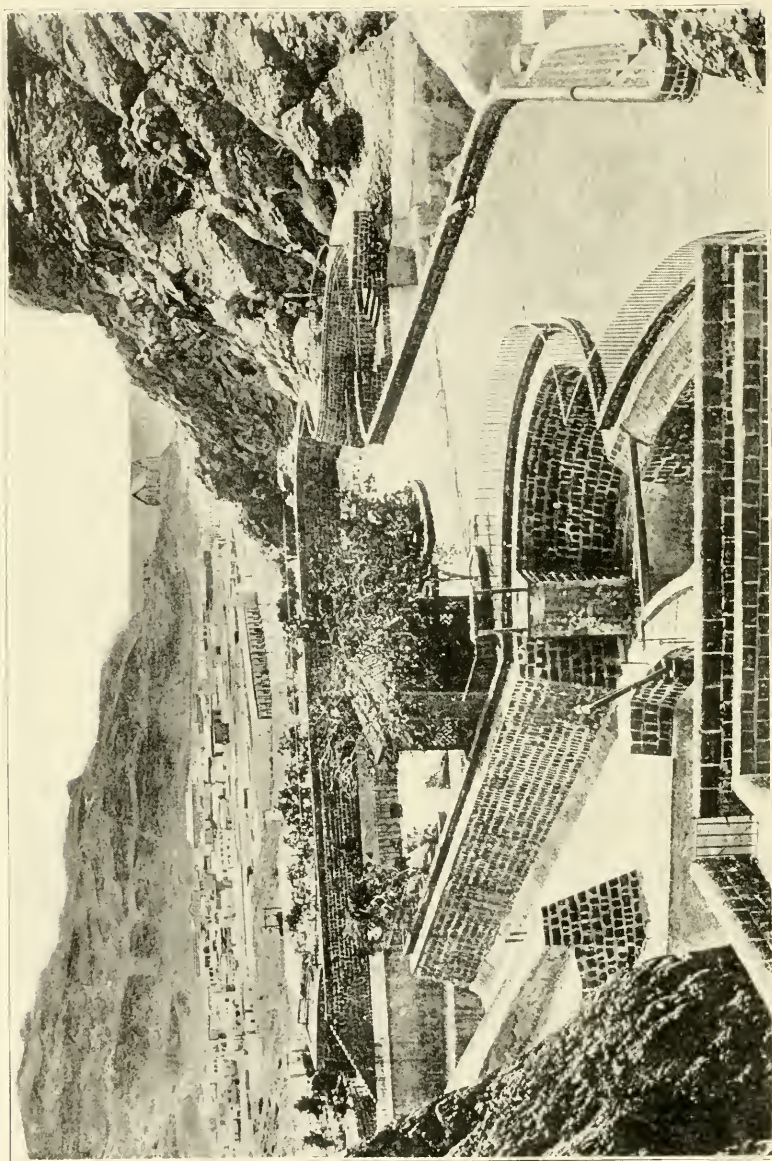
PORT SUDAN.

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NATIVES HAVING HOLIDAY—PORT SUDAN.

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CITY OF ADEN—SHOWING WATER TANKS IN FOREGROUND.

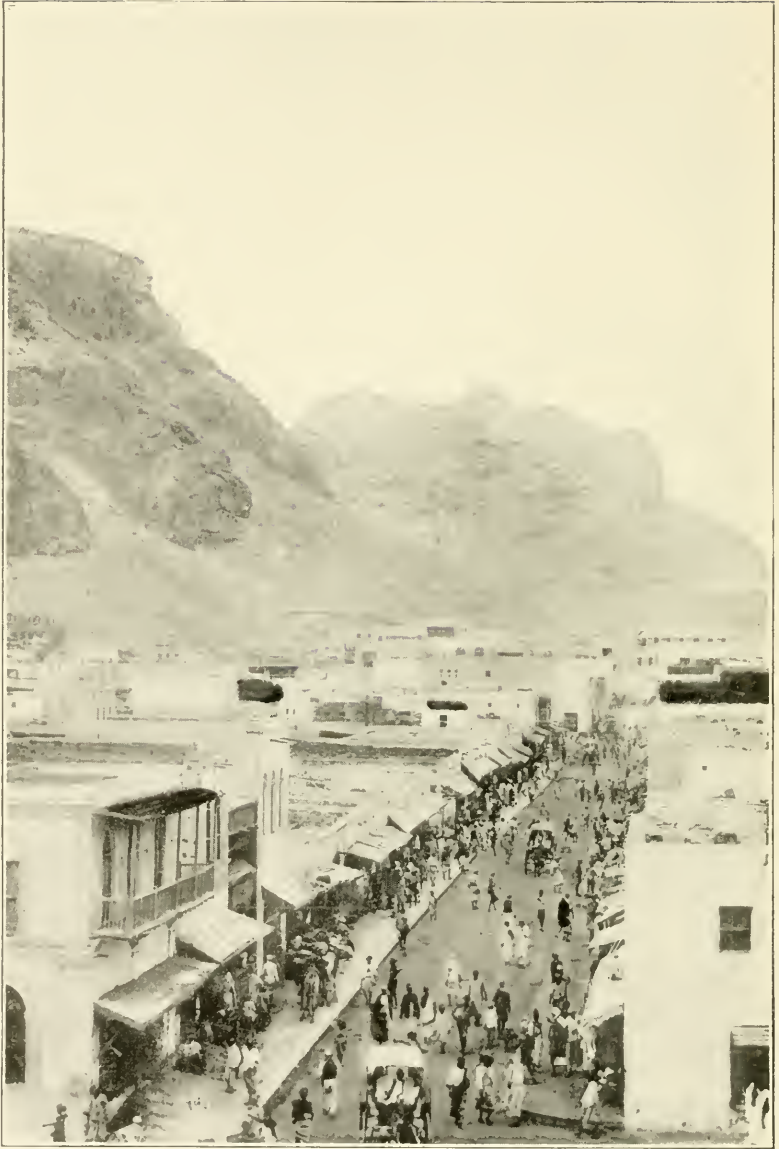
PORT SUDAN

them to transport their supplies with a railway haul of about two or three hundred miles from the Sea. Otherwise they would have to transport by rail from Alexandria, Egypt, for about a thousand miles.

The English have spent a large amount of money at Port Sudan, building a break-water, dredging out the harbor and building substantial stone docks and warehouses. There is a coaling station here with great quantities of coal stored. The finest and best over-head tramway that we have ever seen for handling coal from ships to the various parts of the yard. There are railway tracks all along the extensive docks with heavy power cranes for loading and unloading all kinds of merchandise. The town is only six years old and has made a start toward making a city, having large stone buildings used for court houses, churches, hotels and railway offices. The residences are of wood, raised several feet above the ground, with wide porches screened to protect from flies (which are very bad here) and the roofs built with an open air space for circulation, which makes them ideal for a tropical climate. However, with all this building there is not much business, the only thing we saw on the dock for export was peanuts. At some time in the future another dam may be built on the Nile below Khartum, making the water available for irrigation on the land along this new railway. In that case Port Sudan will be an important city. This would be a very important coaling station for England, if in time of war, the Suez Canal should be blockaded. Such a condition is remote, but the Englishman is always getting ready for war, and that no doubt prevents it.

The Red Sea is a great highway for steamers between the far East and Europe. We have passed fifteen today. For two hours we were in water that was a bright red brick color. Probably this is the reason for the name of Red Sea. We passed quite close to an Italian man-of-war, evidently looking for Turkish vessels. The Italians have blockaded several ports on the Arabian side.

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MAIN STREET—ADEN.

ADEN

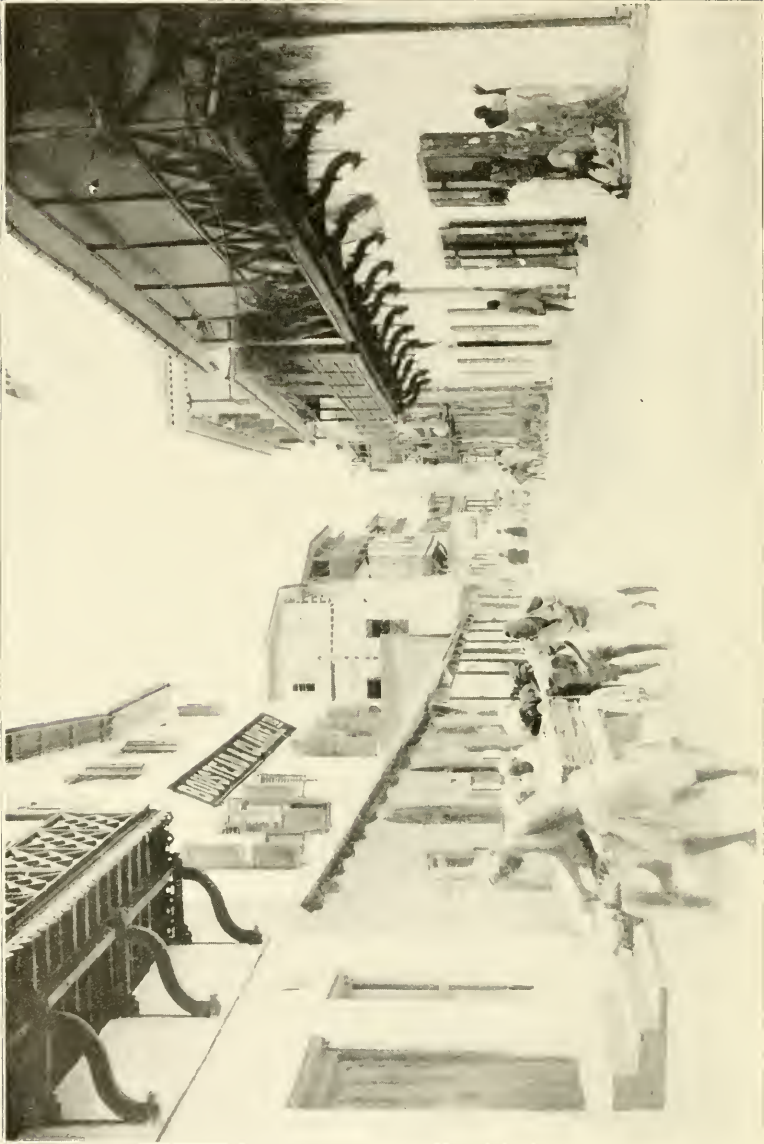
On dropping the anchor at Aden at eight o'clock in the evening we were surrounded by a swarm of native boats, each having a lantern, making rather a weird scene, as the night was very dark. The native traders came aboard to sell their oriental stuff. It is very amusing to see people bargaining.

Aden is an English port, so situated as to command the channel and stop any vessel they choose. Almost no rain falls, and the drinking water is brought here and peddled through the city by Arabs driving camels hitched to small wagons. There are some large concrete tanks near the city, which if filled, would enable the place to stand a long siege. It is such a God-forsaken place that the English soldiers are glad to be transferred to some other port as soon as possible. The next morning, after leaving Aden, we noticed an Italian battleship about two miles off our port side, and with glasses could see that she had boarded a small Arabian vessel. Evidently was suspicious of the cargo and halted her for examination.

Our steamer did not stop to make inquiries, as it was none of our business what was being done. If the Italian battle ships search every suspicious looking craft passing through these waters, with a view of preventing Turkey from getting arms and ammunition for their army at Tripoli, we shall not interfere.

On February 16, 1912, early in the morning, we rounded Cape Guardafui, the most eastern point of Africa, and will now sail along the eastern coast about fifteen hundred miles to Mombasa. The Indian Ocean has the calm, unruffled look of the tropical seas, with not enough wind to cause the slightest motion of our vessel. The weather is certainly hot, but making headway stirs up a little breeze that makes it comfortable when on deck.

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A TYPICAL STREET SCENE—MOMBASA.

MOMBASA

The East African Coast has been known to ancient geographers for centuries before the Christian Era. Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveler, visited Mombasa, but it was Vasco Da Gama that took Mombasa in 1498 for the Portuguese. At one time a Turkish corsair built a fort at the end of Mombasa Island, which faces the sea.

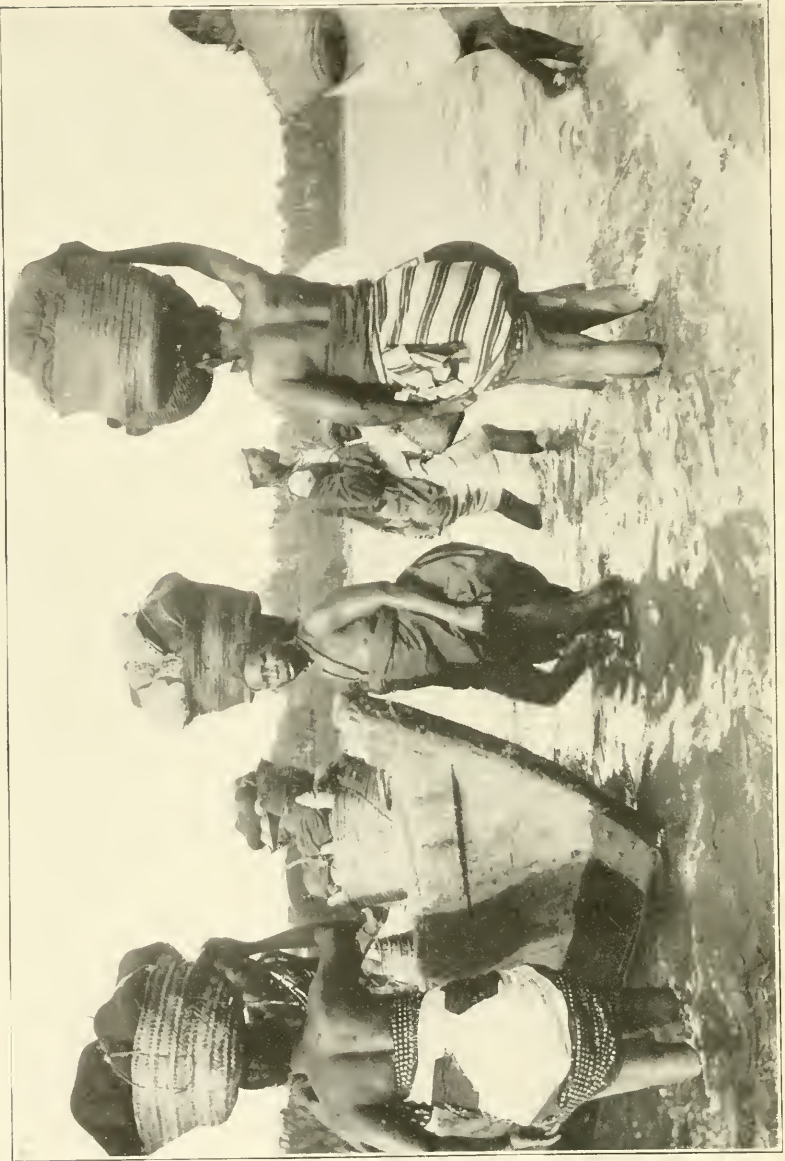
Today the old fort is covered with vines and very picturesque. At the summit of the fort one sees the double entrance to the Mombasa harbor.

Very beautifully situated is this ancient African city. It is on a small island, at present connected with the main land by a steel railroad bridge seventeen hundred feet long.

Mombasa, in her early career, was the scene of many bloody battles and long sieges. It was captured by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and their old fortress built of stone, is still solid and strong and is now used as a jail for native prisoners by the English. The town lies on the east side of the island and along its front is the old Mombasa harbor, filled with native Dhows, or small sailing vessels, with high stern and prow, reminding us of the style of ships used by Columbus when he discovered America. These small sailing craft still do most of the business along this coast. Some of them even sailing as far as India, carrying produce. This old harbor is also used by small steamers, as the custom house is located here, but the larger vessels, which draw more than twenty feet of water, anchor in the new harbor called Klinidini. On the west side of the island, at this latter harbor, most of the material for the army and the Uganda Railway is unloaded. There are good docks and heavy steam cranes for convenience in loading and unloading vessels.

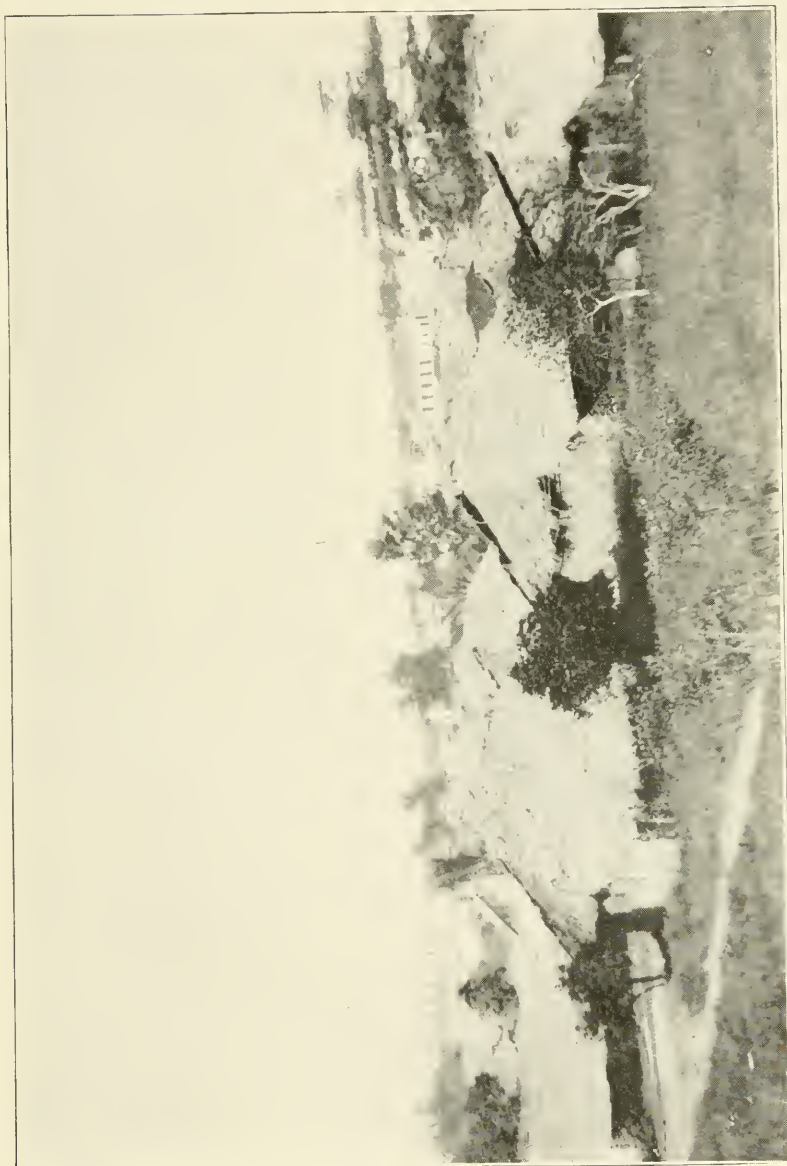
When the English took charge of this country they forced the Sultan to abolish slavery. We are told by the residents

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LOADING BOAT WITH MARKET STUFF—MOMBASA.

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NATIVE QUARTER—MOMBASA.

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BAOBAB OR CALABASH TREE—MOMBASA.

MOMBASA

that in slavery times agriculture was carried on much more extensively than at present. In those days when the natives were compelled to work, mealies, or corn, was actually exported from Mombasa to New York, but now the natives will not work and the fields are overgrown by weeds. At present the exports from this point are ivory and hides. However, if cotton and coffee growing is greatly increased, as the English anticipate, Mombasa may at some future time, become an important exporting place.

The modern town of Mombasa is a very pretty place. The old Arab and native quarter extends inland. The center portion of the town are shops and government offices, and on the high ground facing the Indian Ocean are built the bungalows of the government officials and Europeans. These residences are surrounded by gardens with beautiful blooming oleanders and other shrubs. Being only four degrees south of the equator, it has the reputation of being one of the hottest places on earth, and we think that it has justly earned that reputation. There is an ice manufacturing plant here, and they sell it at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a ton. How some of our American artesian ice companies would like to get at this ice market for about one season. The main trouble is, that there are so few whites in Mombasa, that the demand is small, and a ten-pound chunk would be a large quantity for a hotel to buy. Once the proprietor of the Metropole Hotel of Mombasa gave me a piece of ice about the size of a silver dollar, in a glass of water.

The city has a unique trolley car system, very light rails with two feet gauge; the cars have a small platform with a seat for four people and a canopy overhead, and pushed by two natives. This will serve to illustrate how cheap labor is in this part of the world. It is more profitable to run small cars by man power than any other way. Nearly every householder here owns their little trolley car and have a private switch track running into their own grounds. This makes a

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WATER STATION ON UGANDA RAILWAY.

UGANDA RAILWAY

very convenient way of getting about, as the tracks are laid in nearly all these streets.

The Calibash, or Baobab tree is also one of the things peculiar to Mombasa. It has an immense trunk, frequently ten or twelve feet in diameter. This huge bulk of trunk grows not more than twenty-five feet high with many thick, heavy branches, and scarcely any leaves, and has a scarlet blossom.

One afternoon about five o'clock, when the intense heat had subsided, we took a trolley car to the custom's wharf. After some dickering, the native boatsman agreed on the price, two rupees, to take us two miles across the bay to Freretown, where the Reverend Doctor Binns, has, for nearly forty years, conducted a church mission and school.

They have a church building of stone, and other buildings for different school grades, also where carpentry and different trades are taught, all together making quite a town in a pleasant, shady, cocoanut grove.

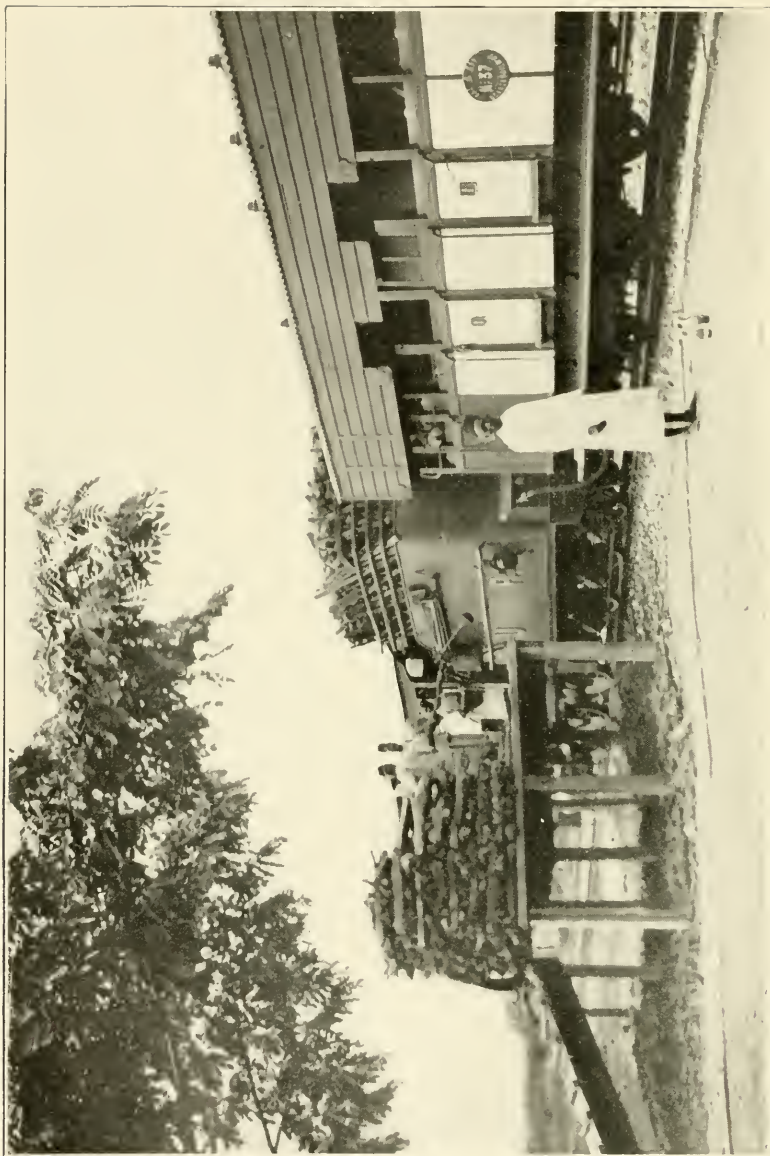
Dr. Binns' life has been spent here. He is an old man but still hale and hearty, and good for years of service in this great cause.

UGANDA RAILWAY

The Uganda Railway starts from Mombasa and runs five hundred and eighty-four miles to Victoria Nyanza. This line was built by the English Government at the cost of twenty-two million dollars, and completed ten years ago. The gauge is four feet with good heavy rails and iron ties, the track well graded and ballasted. The rolling stock is small light cars, but those used for freight are built of iron throughout.

The passenger coaches are small compartment cars, the compartments seating four persons each, and having a shelf that lets down to form a sleeping berth. The passengers must

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WOOD STATION—UGANDA RAILWAY.

UGANDA RAILWAY

furnish their own bed clothing and towels, and there are no porters to make up the beds or roll up the bed clothing in the morning. Many passengers take a native servant along to do this work.

The engines used on this road were built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of New Jersey, and the iron bridges, which are very few, were built by an American company. The obstacles in building this line were great, not the least of which were the "white ants," which eat almost everything, including railway ties. At the time the railroad was building the lions, leopards and buffalos were very troublesome. At Tsavo Station, there were twenty-eight natives carried away and eaten by the lions, all of which demoralized the working force to such an extent that they deserted the work at this point. At last the manager, Colonel Patterson, built a cage for himself and watched for the lions at night until he killed the two ferocious animals, and then the natives resumed their work. Also the annoyance was great from the natives who insisted on stealing the telegraph wire. They wished to use it as bracelets for their arms and legs. The railroad officers warned the Chief of the tribes that they must let the wires alone, but the temptation was so great that the stealing continued until war was declared and some lives lost.

There is no coal in this part of Africa and the locomotive burns wood. The engineers on these trains are East Indians, who have proved themselves to be very good men in the railway service. The officers of the road, of course, are mostly Englishmen. The station masters, or clerks, are usually East Indians and are quite accommodating. To illustrate, an English passenger on our train had a small dog which he was taking along, and just as the train started from one of the country stations the dog saw a flock of goats a quarter of a mile distant, and instead of jumping on the train with his master, he took a run for the goats. The Englishman shouted to the engineer to "wait a minute," and off he went with his na-

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STATION ON UGANDA RAILWAY.

UGANDA RAILWAY

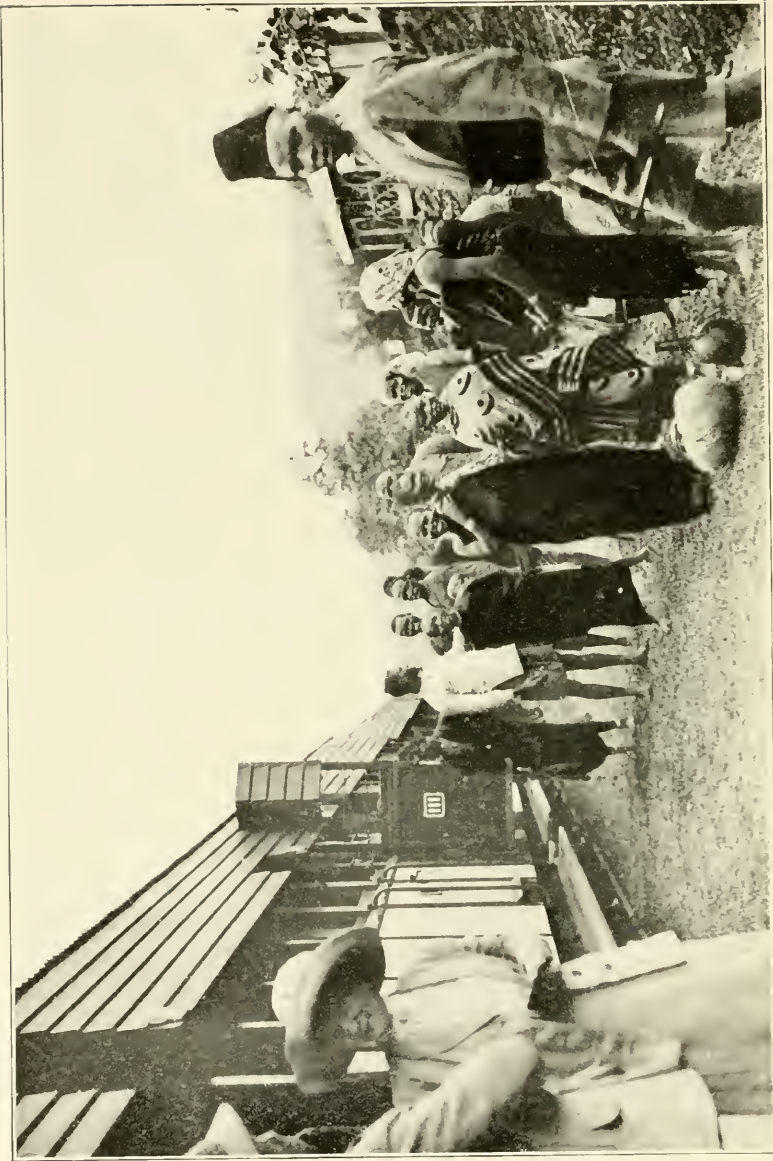
tive servant after the "blooming little dog," who chased the goats and was brought back and put on the train, and then the train started.

In connection with the Uganda Railway the government runs a line of steamers on Victoria Nyanza. There are five of these steamers at present on this lake, and each of them were built and set up complete in England, then were taken to pieces and each piece numbered and shipped by water to Mombasa, then by rail over the Uganda Railway to the lake, where they were put together again, all of which was quite an undertaking. The first steamer, however, was brought out before the railway was built, and all of the pieces were carried on the heads of natives from Mombasa to the lake. Many of the pieces were thrown away by the natives and had to be replaced. It took eight years getting this first steamer in running order. This railway and these steamboats were put in service by the English government, not as a paying investment, but because it was necessary to hold this country for England. They have so developed the country that the traffic now pays the running expenses, and a fair profit on the investment.

The transportation to Victoria Nyanza from the coast was almost impossible before the railway was built. Everything was carried six hundred miles by the natives and the actual cost was one thousand dollars per ton.

On leaving Mombasa for the interior by rail, the first few miles of the country have been improved by the planters and looked very well, but after that the soil is poor and rough with only the thorny acacia shrub and sharp spiked aloes. Then we come to the plains with the long grass where white people can live and farm. This section, on both sides of the track, is set apart by the government as a game reservation, and here is to be seen more game than in any other part of the world. These animals very soon learn that they are not molested and become quite tame. Many of them grazing near the track do not run away when the train approaches, while others run a few yards and stop with heads up. In a half a day we saw

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STATION ON UGANDA RAILWAY
Notice Mrs. Wheeler on the left—and the proud Policeman on the right.

UGANDA RAILWAY

at least a thousand head of game, most of which were of the antelope family. There were beautiful little Thomson gazells, and still more beautiful Grant's gazells, with a broad black strip along each side. The big wielde beast, called "gnu" in the old geographies, looks much like the wild buffalo, and some of them weigh seven hundred pounds or more. We also saw many zebra, eland and great numbers of ostriches, immense birds, almost as large as horses, all grazing peacefully together. We were disappointed that we did not see giraffe; they had not come down from the high pastures. We did not see any lions or leopards, as they usually skulk along in ravines and high grass. There are many lions through this game reservation, and recently a passenger saw nine in one bunch from a car window. We were detained four hours by a wash-out near Athi River Station, and only last week a hunter found three lions not more than three hundred yards from this station. He followed them and killed two.

When the road was first built the lions were much more troublesome than they are now. At that time a lion went prowling around one of the stations in daylight and drove all the employees into the telegraph office, where they barricaded the doors. The operator then wired the next station, "Don't let number four stop here, a lion is sitting on the platform." Recently two hunters were about to camp beside the road for the night, when a man with an ox team passing told them he had seen two lions near the road about a half mile back. One of the hunters said, "I am going to see if I can get a shot at them." The other said, "It is getting too late." Nevertheless, the first man went to look for them alone. He soon saw them about one hundred yards distant; taking aim, fired, wounding the female; another shot, and he missed her. By this time the Lioness was upon him. The horse was paralyzed with fear and would not move. The lioness pulled the hunter off his horse; the man rammed his left arm into her throat, and the unequal fight began. Fortunately, another ox team happened along. The driver had no gun, but he ran to the hunter's

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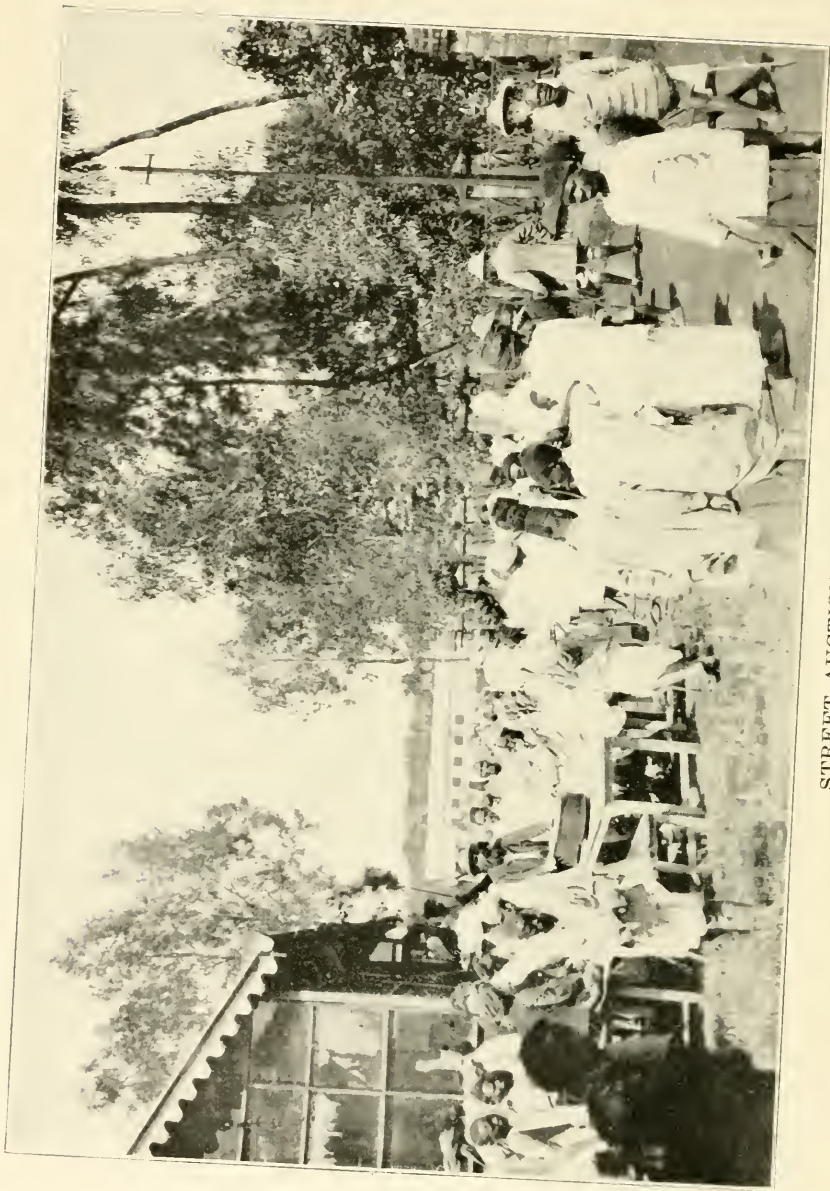
STATION ON UGANDA RAILWAY.

UGANDA RAILWAY

assistance, with his long whip dealt the lioness a few heavy blows, which caused her to give up the fight and run off. The hunter was so badly lacerated that he died a few days afterward.

Major Gordon, a retired army officer, who came back on the ship with us from Cape Town, owns a large cattle ranch two hundred and fifty miles north of Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, not far from the Congo line. Usually he rounds his cattle up in a paddock at night, to avoid trouble with lions and leopards. Recently six lions raided his cattle paddock. Something had to be done to drive the ugly beasts away. Accordingly he started out on horseback the next day to hunt them. A few hours later he came in sight of five lions in one bunch. One was a tremendous big fellow with a black, shaggy mane. The Major immediately decided to get this big one, the leader of the gang, if possible. While the lion was leisurely making his way toward a bunch of brush, the Major made a circuit and intercepted him. As soon as the lion saw him, he charged for horse and rider. The critical time had come. The Major held his gun as steady as possible, as his horse was very restless, and when the lion was about five yards distant, fired from the horse's back. Extraordinary as it seems, the shot went true and entered the head about an inch below the eye, and killed the lion. The Major had the skin with him and exhibited it to us. It was the largest lion skin we have ever seen, ten feet from tip of nose to tip of tail—a great trophy.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



STREET AUCTION—NAIROBI.

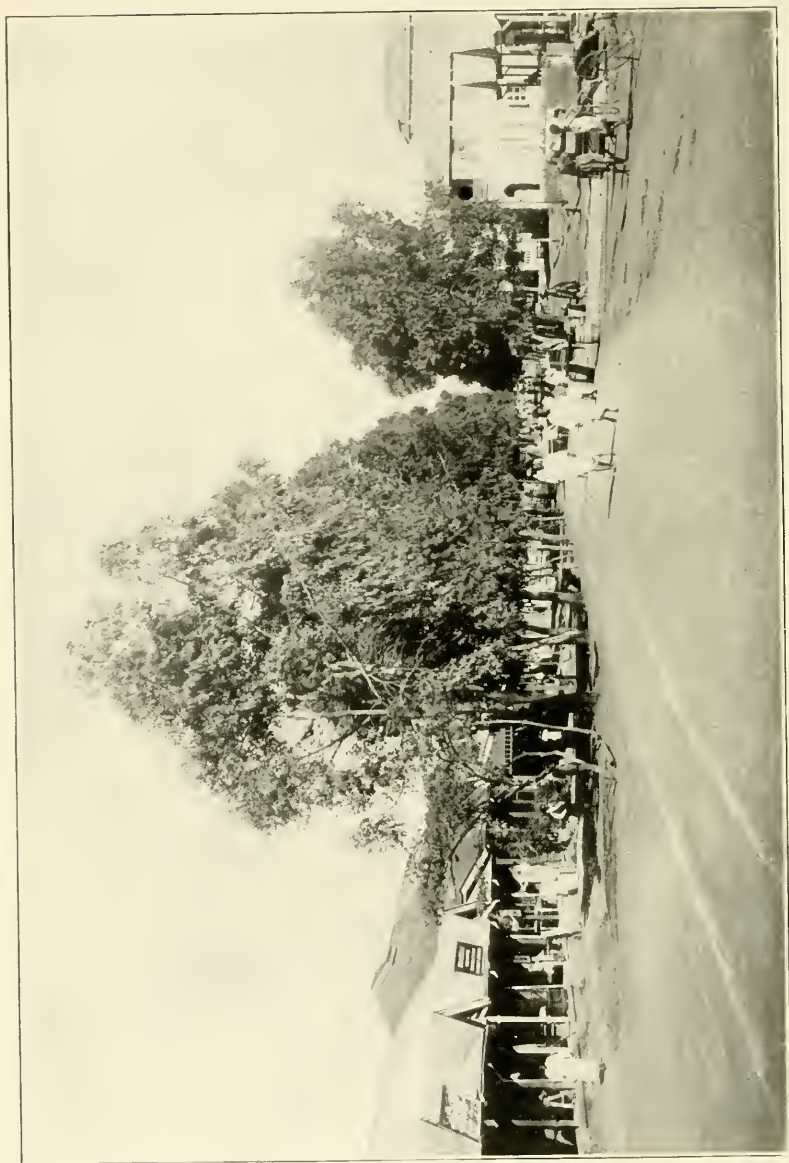
NAIROBI

Nairobi is the capital of British East Africa and is a rapidly growing town made by the railway. It is situated on a level plain, five thousand feet above sea level, almost under the equator. It has a population of one thousand whites and fifteen thousand blacks. The business buildings are located on what is called "Government Road," which is about a mile and one-half long, well paved and has a row of Eucalyptus trees on each side. It is most picturesque with its swarming humanity. One sees natives representing all the different tribes of East Africa in their state of dress and undress, loaded down with beads, copper wire bracelets, anklets, shields and spears. On this street are the outfitters for the hunters, and it is here that the natives are hired as porters, to carry the camping outfit. There are very few horses and mules here and the usual mode of conveyance is by Rickshaw. These are not so light and easy running as those in Japan, but have heavy wheels and carry two persons, with two natives to push and one to pull. The nights are rather cold, but the midday sun is very hot. To us, after one day out of the sweltering heat of Mombasa, it seemed delightful. If we were to select this part of the world as a permanent place of residence, which we do not anticipate, we should certainly live in Nairobi. The courts and other government business is now transacted in one-story sheet iron houses, but this will all be changed in a few years. Some beautiful bungalows have been built in the suburbs, with handsome gardens.

The growing of fruits has not yet progressed far enough to decide what is best suited to this climate, but most tropical fruits will do well. Corn and wheat are raised in this section in a small way.

Nairobi is a great center for big game hunting, and most of the hunting parties, or Safari, as they are called in this country, are made up here. If you were to come out to Africa to

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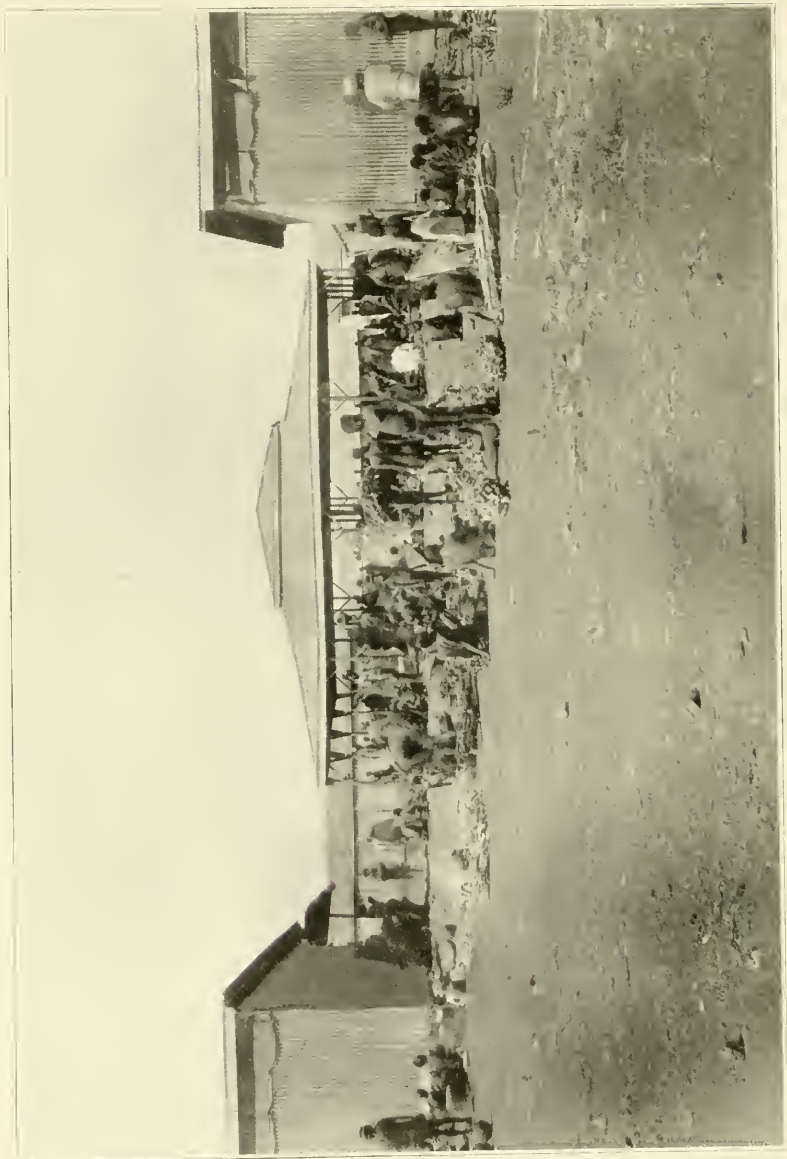
GOVERNMENT ROAD—NAIROBI.

NAIROBI

hunt or to "shoot," as they say, you would come to this place and hire one hundred porters to carry your camping outfit. Also gun bearers and cooks. To each porter you would have to give a blanket. Then go marching to those places where it is reported plenty of game is to be found. First you must get a hunter's license, which will cost two hundred and fifty dollars and allows you to hunt outside of the game reservations, for one year, and limits you to two elephants, twenty zebras, two buffalos and no giraffe, and many other variety of animals, limited to two; and you may kill as many lions and leopards as you can. After you have made all preparations you are still not sure of success. A hunter with a friend had been out for some time with a large number of porters, and all things needed, and had really gotten almost nothing. They saw three herds of elephants and were near enough to photograph them, but did not kill any. It is not encouraging when it is raining every day and one is tramping through the wet grass and sleeping in a wet camp, to get no game. On the other hand, we were informed that recently Mr. Paul J. Rainey, an American hunter, brought with him a pack of hounds, and with their assistance, killed sixty lions in a few weeks. Lion skins of good quality sell here for fifty dollars each.

We left Nairobi for Uganda on February 24, 1912, and found the railway trip most interesting. Anticipating a cold night, we took a large roll of blankets and wraps, all of which we used and were still uncomfortably cold, although just under the equator. There are a good many white settlers on farms along this part of the road. In fact, more farming is done on this northwestern end of the road than we have seen elsewhere. We crossed the great Rift Valley in daylight. This is a crack in the earth's surface, two thousand feet deep, and from one to twenty miles wide. It is said to be two thousand miles long, running north and south through the central part of the continent. It is a very extraordinary freak of nature, supposed to be caused by the earth's cooling. There are sev-

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MARKET SCENE—NAIROBI.

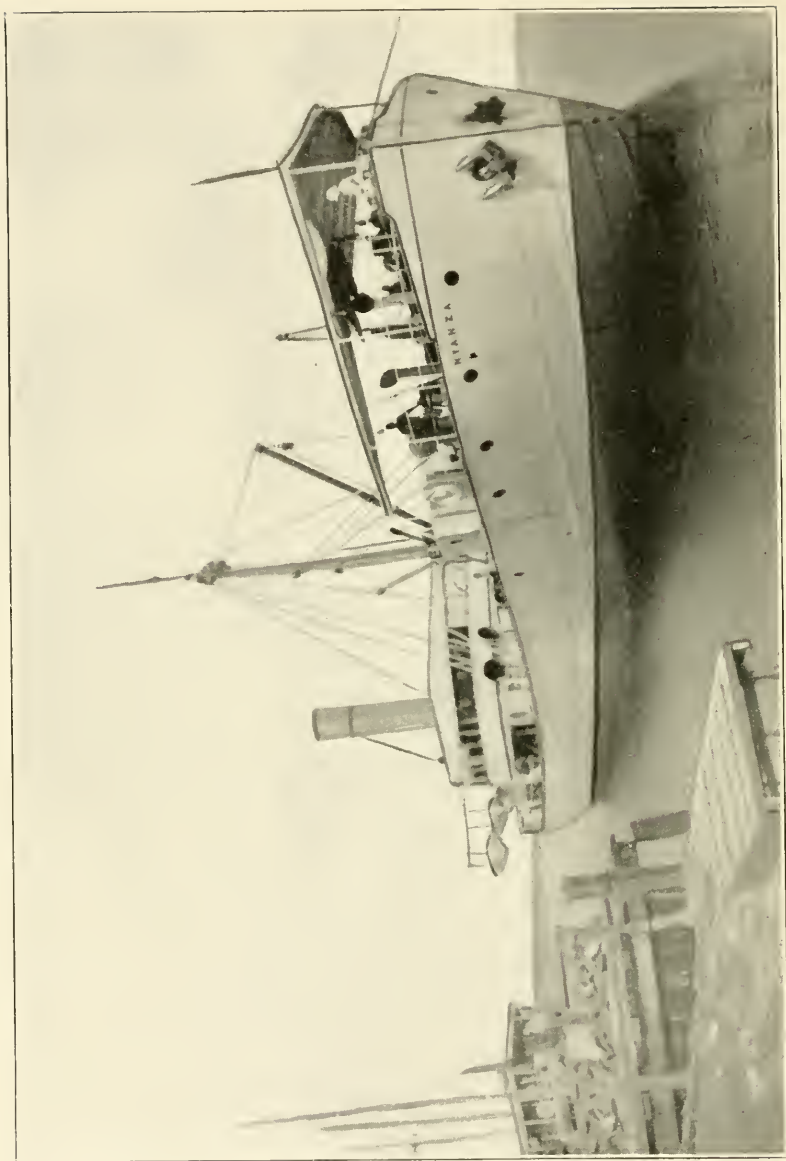
NAIROBI

eral lakes along different places in this valley, some of them sweet and others salt. The land lies in fine shape for farming in this Rift Valley and is nearly all fenced up. It is used as grazing land for cattle and sheep, as the rains are too uncertain for agriculture. Often no rain falls in this valley for four months.

VICTORIA NYANZA

We reached Port Florence on Victoria Nyanza early in the morning and at once went aboard the steamer "Sir Clement Hill"—carrying capacity, two hundred and fifty tons; length, two hundred and twenty feet, for a six days sail, on this, the greatest body of fresh water in the world—area, 32,165 square miles; Lake Superior being next with an area of 31,750 square miles. This lake is the source of the Nile, for thousands of years hidden from the sight of white man, and only discovered about fifty years ago by the explorer Speke. It is three thousand six hundred feet above sea level. Over the Ripon Falls, it pours out its tremendous volume of water to feed the desert lands along this great river for three thousand miles to the Mediterranean. This is where the fatal sleeping sickness has carried off two hundred thousand natives in ten years. After investigation, it has been decided by the scientific men that this sleeping sickness is caused by the bite of the Tsetse Fly, which infest the many islands and shores of this great lake. Accordingly, the English government has, by force, removed the natives two miles back from the lake shore, and taken them entirely off the islands. It is supposed that this wholesale removal has saved the lives of the remainder of the Baganda Tribe,

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STEAMER ON VICTORIA NYANZA LAKE.

VICTORIA NYANZA

who inhabit this region. They could not understand the reason for their removal and continued to run back to the islands until finally the government officials were compelled to burn their boats. These shores and islands are covered with beautiful trees, luxuriant vegetation, and looked very inviting as we passed along. There are hundreds of these islands in the lake, some of them quite large, and nearly all have been inhabited. The adjacent shores, where the towns are situated and where our landings were made, have been cleared of jungle. All trees near the water have been cut down, and the Tsetse Fly is not doing as great havoc as formerly. The Tsetse Fly will not live except in deep shade and near the water. The mosquitoes are also very troublesome on this lake, and particularly on the shallow shores at the landing places.

When we anchored for the night we were extraordinarily careful to use good mosquito net at night and have it well tucked in. The equator crosses this lake near the north shore and the line dividing the British and German territory, passes nearly through the middle of the lake. The southern part of the lake belongs to Germany. There are several small towns along their shores.

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UGANDA LION.

UGANDA

Our first stop was at Entebbe, the residence capital of Uganda. It is beautifully situated on the hills rising from the lake and it is there that the Governor and officials live. The government house is on the highest point, surrounded by lovely gardens. The many bungalows are very attractive, with the settings of their gardens of tropical flowers and overlooking the lake. The English take the greatest interest in their gardens, both flower and vegetable. On the steamer we met a government official and his family, who lived at Entebbe. They asked us to dinner at their home. We accepted and had a delightful time and an excellent dinner. They were charming and agreeable, and their bungalow was most attractive. The bungalow is built of brick and plastered over. The floor, cement, painted a brown color and polished like hard wood, which keeps out all insects. The furniture is covered with chintz in bright colors, and the rugs are leopard and lion, or any other skin shot by the host. They don't buy the skins, but shoot the game themselves. One lady hunter said, "I should not think you would want skins you did not shoot for yourself." Our reply was that we would certainly never have any if we had to kill the beast. She seemed surprised at the statement. She and her husband and son have been out for three months on "Safari," but the son was taken with appendicitis in the bush. Fortunately, they got into a little town where there were two doctors who pulled him through without an operation.

From Entebbe, our next stop was Kampala. It is the headquarters of the police, or as we would call it, state militia. The business is done by East Indians.

Kampala is built on seven hills. The soil is very fertile; coffee, cotton, and some rubber is raised, and bananas everywhere. On one of the hills the native King of Uganda lives.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



SAFARI, ENTEBBE—UGANDA—Going after their loads.

UGANDA

His residence is enclosed by many reed fences. On another hill is the mission of the White Fathers, or French Catholics. On another is the church of England Mission, with its large three-steeped cathedral and fine hospital. On the summit of another hill is Saint Joseph, or Nsambya Mission, English Catholics. This is the one we visited, as we wanted to see a fine coffee plantation. On another hill is the government official's residence, and the old fort has a hill to itself.

Kampala is situated seven miles from the lake on a good macadamized road, and we made the distance by Rickshaw in one hour. The four natives we had to pull and push our Rickshaw were good strong fellows and sang nearly all the way. We were told they were singing our praises, calling me the greatest and strongest "Bwana" (a great man) that ever lived, and Mrs. Wheeler, "the beautiful lady." Apparently they sang this same verse over several hundred times.

Uganda country, on this side of the lake, is undulating and beautiful. Most of the land is planted with bananas, and a small part with sweet potatoes. The banana is the main food of the people here. It ripens at all seasons of the year, so that the natives have it ready for use continually. The banana grows about three times as large as those we get in America, and the quality is excellent. There are many varieties, but they must be cooked before they are fit to eat.

We were advised to go out and see the Catholic Father's coffee plantation and mission, which we did, and they treated us most cordially. Father Proctor is in charge and took us over the plantation of about six hundred acres. They are extensively engaged in raising bananas and coffee, and trying to raise cocoa, but have not made much headway with the latter, as yet. The coffee trees are beautiful and promise an abundant harvest.

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HAULING COTTON TO GIN—KAMPALA, UGANDA.

UGANDA

The Sisters have a school with over three hundred black children and a hospital where the natives are treated. The children come from great distances, bringing their food, living in the little rest houses built of thatch, from Monday until Friday, and then return to their native village. These devoted Christian workers have been here from ten to fourteen years, and do not find it necessary to return to England to recuperate their health. This leads us to think that if other missionaries, as well as individuals, in the service of the government, were as careful as these good people, it would not be necessary for them to have a furlough for the benefit of their health.

The Mission buildings are built of cement, all roofed with thatch, like that used for the native buildings here. It makes a waterproof roof and much cooler than any other kind.

The prevalence of wild game in this country may be illustrated by the fact that the good Sisters of this mission have quite recently been annoyed by the nightly visits of a leopard, which comes into the compound and makes much noise barking and growling. One of the natives has been trying to shoot it with a bow and arrow. They are not allowed to have guns of any kind, and the leopard still makes his nightly visits. There are many elephants and buffaloes in Uganda. They are so numerous that they damage the crops. No doubt the government will soon give permission to kill as many as they wish, otherwise the farmers will be driven out of business.

There is a large cotton gin in Kampala, which is doing a good business at present. We saw seventeen wagon loads of cotton from the landing to the gin. These wagons are all pulled and pushed by from six to ten native men. The merchants here are East Indians. They are said to be dishonest and tricky and a detriment to the country, but the natives have not, as yet, developed so as to become merchants. These East Indians carry in their little shops a small assortment of such

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NATIVES CARRYING COTTON TO GIN—KAMPALA, UGANDA.
Much of this cotton is carried on heads of natives 60 or 70 miles.

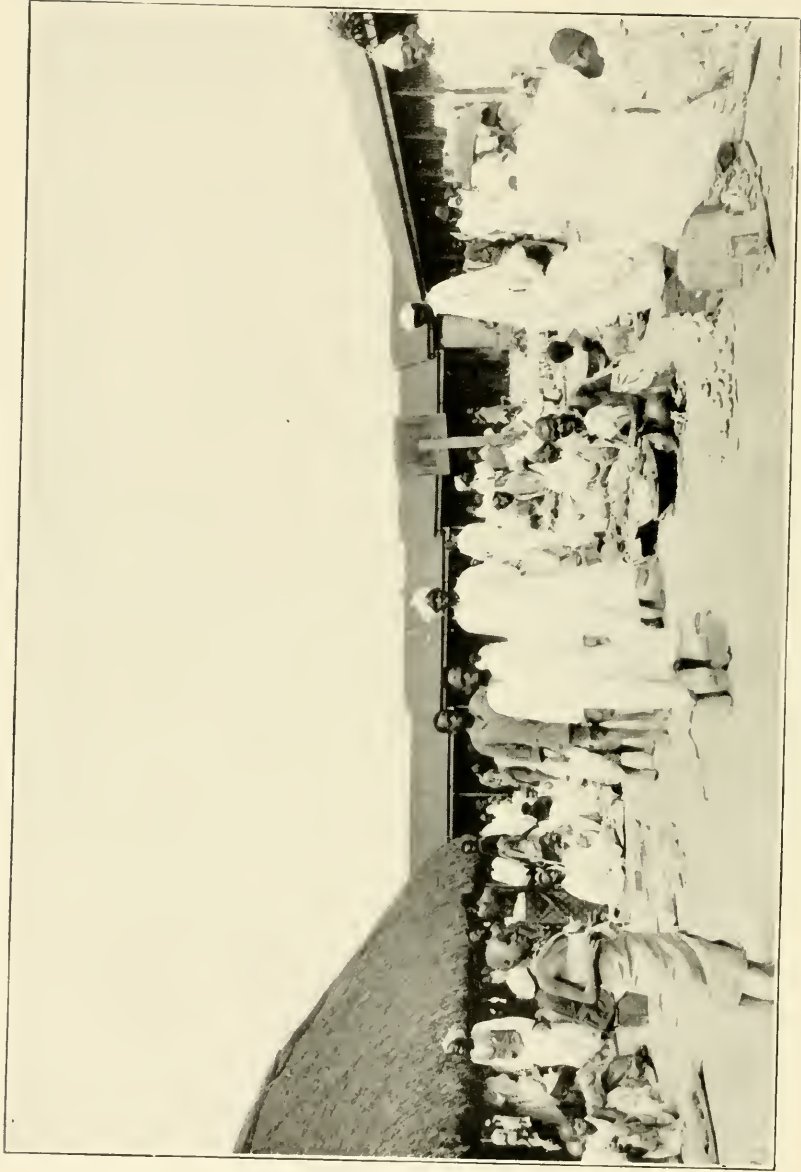
UGANDA

things as a native needs. We noticed American made brown cotton and prints in their stock. These American made goods are preferred to any other. Their stores are one story corrugated iron shacks, called tin houses. There are only a few brick buildings.

Uganda seems to be well adapted to raising coffee and cotton. At present cotton has much the largest acreage, and every steamer that crosses the lake to the railway is loaded with it. The prospects are, that in a few years, this will become one of the most important cotton growing countries in the world, outside of the United States. The freights are about three cents a pound to England, but the labor is very cheap, only two or three rupees (a dollar) a month.

We made our last stop at Jinja, before returning to Port Florence. The point of interest to us at that place was Ripon Falls, the source of the Nile, which has been seen by only a few white people. The actual fall is not more than thirty feet at the dam and the volume of water does not compare with our Niagara Falls. The lake narrows here to a few hundred yards. The magnificent view of this river, stretching away to the north amid enchanting scenery, is most impressive. One can well imagine how elated the explorer Speke must have felt when, after enduring countless hardships, he at last looked upon and solved one of the great mysteries of the ancients, "the source of the Nile." The channel where this fall makes its way out of the lake has abrupt banks about one hundred feet high, and nature has built a rock dam across this channel, about twelve hundred feet long, forty feet high and thirty feet thick. The strata of rock is set upon the edge, and at first sight looks as though it was built by man. It is so regular and straight. The water has broken through this natural dam in three places. At present there is not much need of electric power, but if this country develops, as is expected, in a few years a great electric power plant will no doubt be

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MARKET PLACE AT KAMPALA, UGANDA.

UGANDA

erected, and abundant power furnished for all purposes, in all directions for many miles.

There is a newly built railroad from this place, Jinja, sixty-one miles down the Nile, to the place where the river becomes navigable, and on this part of the Nile the English government has a small steamer, making a run of about one hundred and fifty miles. The engineer of this steamer came out with us on the Dunvegan Castle, after being home on a furlough. He has been in this country several years and tells us that his boat has more cotton, coffee and peanuts than it can carry, and that the government will soon put on another steamer. Some people already go down the Nile by this route via Khartum to the Mediterranean.

In order to do this one would take the railway from Jinja for sixty-one miles, then the small steamer above mentioned for about one hundred and fifty miles to a point where the Nile is too rocky and swift for navigation. Along this part of the river for three hundred miles the traveler would have to walk, or to be carried in a hammock. The walking is not very good in this section, and it takes about thirty days to do this. The water is scarce and the heat very great. The flies, mosquitoes, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceros, hippottami, lions, leopards, antelopes and many insects abound here. After doing the walking, the river steamers and railways would take one through Khartum and all the way down the Nile to the Mediterranean. Every year there are parties who do this trip, and some of them women. We had, before leaving home, thought of doing this trip, and wrote to Thomas Cook & Son, of London, inquiring about it, but they replied that on account of the three hundred miles of walking, it was not practical.

On landing at Jinja there is a large sign reading in English, "To Ripon Falls." We took a Rickshaw, propelled by three lusty natives, pointed to the sign board and told them to

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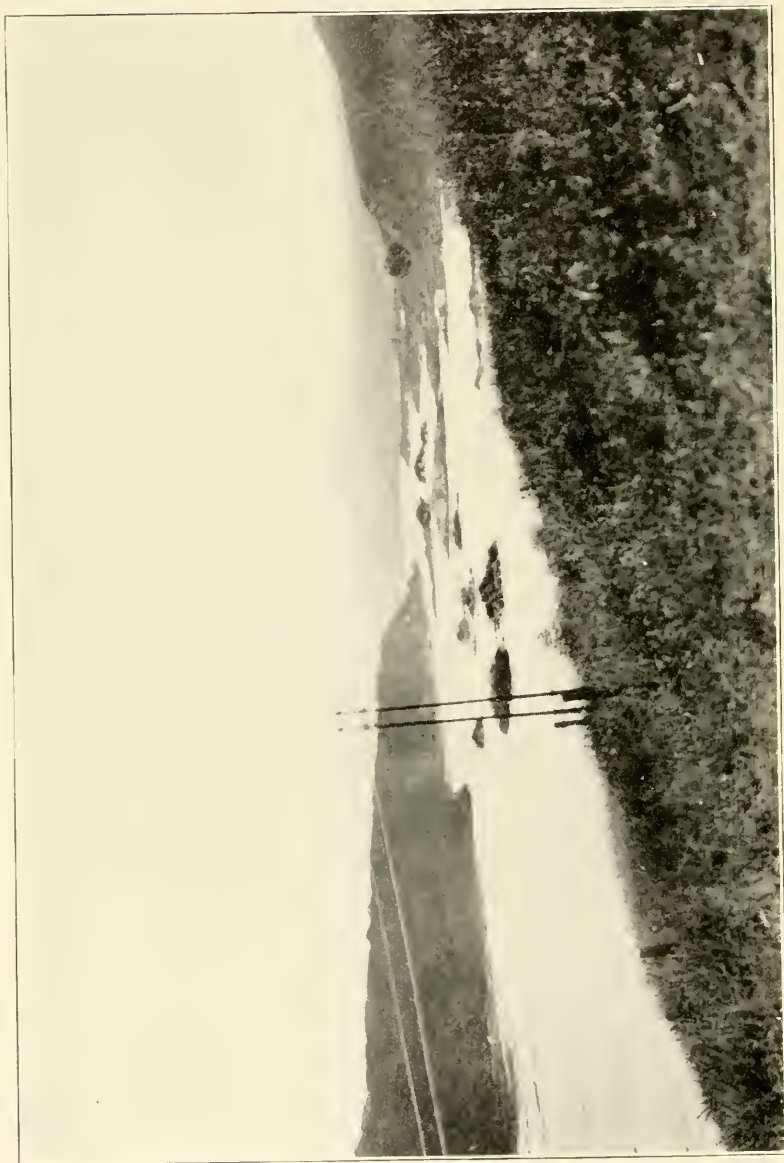
VICTORIA NYANZA AND RIPON FALLS.

UGANDA

take us to the falls. They started in the right direction, and we supposed it was understood where we wanted to go. We had been told it was only about fifteen minutes' walk. Our Rickshaw men took us through the pretty little tin town of Jinja and out in the country on a well graded and mecadamized road, through fields of bananas, which were in a fine state of cultivation, and every few hundred yards would be found a small native village nestling among the banana trees. One peculiar thing about all these natives of Central Africa is, that they build their huts and villages as far as possible out of sight, so that one might travel for days through a thickly settled partion of Africa and see almost no habitation. Quite likely, this idea of building their huts and villages in secreted places was brought about by the continual warfare among the tribes. In several places we passed one hundred or more native men resting in the shade of large trees. They had carried cotton from the country, fifty or sixty miles, and were now returning to their homes. All this was very pretty and interesting, but we wanted to get to the falls. After trotting along about an hour we asked the leader where he was taking us. He pointed ahead, mumbling his language. However, after traveling several miles more we decided we were lost in Uganda. At last, we made our Rickshaw team turn back to the town and found the falls beyond the hills, in another direction. It was after five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the falls, and taking photographs so late in the day is not usually successful. We returned to the steamer and are sailing across the Victoria Nyanza to Port Florence on our way to the coast, after having penetrated into the "Heart of Africa" for nearly one thousand miles from the sea.

Our little steamer has been quite comfortable; the food better than we anticipated, and we have greatly enjoyed the trip, as every day has brought something new and strange, and showed us the manner of living of these people of interior Africa.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



THE RIVER NILE—Just below its source, the great Victoria Nyanza.

NATIVES

Today, we noticed on the horizon, several clouds, which at a distance resembled clouds of smoke arising from forest fires. The captain told us they were small flies or lake gnats. Sometimes the steamer is enveloped by these clouds and they make life miserable for the time being, as they get into everything. We are told that the natives eat them, but they eat almost anything.

The scenery on the Uganda railway from Victoria Nyanza to Nairobi is fine. The first fifty miles after leaving the lake the railway climbs to the summit of the mountain, eight thousand three hundred and twenty feet. We enjoyed this magnificent scenery without discomfort, as the recent rains had laid the dust. On the top of the mountain is a wide plateau of fine undulating farm lands, all taken up by white settlers, and many beautiful homes are to be seen. This is almost under the equator, but with the high altitude the air is bracing and invigorating. Almost everything that grows in the temperate zone does well on this plateau.

NATIVES

We will tell you of the different native tribes in our "Heart of Africa" trip. The Swahali of the coast, the Massai, who are the herders of cattle, and the warlike tribe, the Kikuyus, who work in the fields, and the Somalis, who are the house boys and gun bearers, and the Kovorondo, that wear no clothing. The tribes have nothing to do with each other, and each have their own distinct characteristics. The Baganda, in Uganda, are more civilized and better workers than any of the other tribes. The older women in all of these tribes do most of the work, and it is usually well done, in Uganda, as

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



KIKUYU BELLE

Notice the lobe of her ear—over two inches in diameter.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



NATIVE KIKUYU DANDY—Notice the ear lobe is stretched out large enough to take in a three-inch block of wood.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



KIKUYU WOMAN LOADED BEYOND HER STRENGTH
An object of pity.

NATIVES

the fields of bananas and sweet potatoes are free from weeds. These Uganda natives were wearing some clothing when the white man discovered them. One of the characteristics of the Kikuyu tribe is the disfiguring of their ears. They stretch the lobe of the ears so that the hole will take in a small fruit can or a block of wood three inches in diameter, and they slit the rim of their ears and put in three sticks, like a lead pencil, through the upper part of each ear.

To add to the general effect, they take red earth, mixed with oil, and scrub it into their wool and smear their entire faces and bodies with it, until they look about the color of a chestnut sorrel colt. Many of them wear strings of beads, and a piece of cotton cloth draped over one shoulder to their knees. The Kovorondo, located on the east side of Victoria Nyanza, usually wear no clothing of any kind, having only coils of iron and brass wire around their legs and arms. Both the Samolis and Masai have fine physical appearance. The Samoli are Mohammedans, and horsemen; the Masai are cattle herders, who do their work, as they did their fighting, on foot, and are a very martial type. These tribes are much like little children, who hardly know right from wrong, and will follow their tribal chief and do as he commands. As a general rule, they have very little conception of morality or honesty, until taught by the white man. They have very little gratitude, small regard for their children, and none for their parents or relatives when sick. Sometimes they throw their sick relatives out of their huts to die, and leave their bodies to be devoured by wild animals. Still more horrible to relate, after death from sickness or other cause, some of them cook and eat their own relatives. They have no conception of God, unless their regard for witchcraft should be so considered. They do not worship idols, or have any other form of worship.

There are many self-sacrificing missionaries in this country, trying to teach and elevate these people. We believe that they are doing noble work, but the improvement is so slow that it must be very discouraging. Many times these natives

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NATIVE MASSAI TRIBE—MOMBASA.

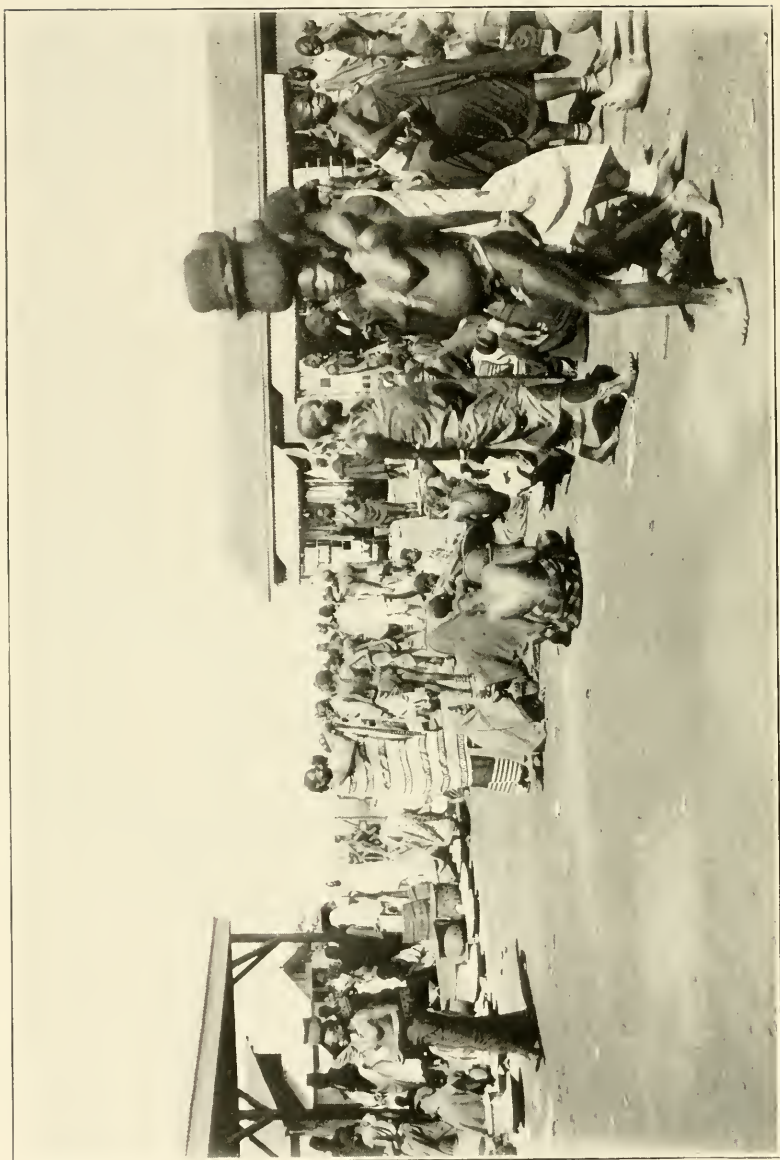
EAST COAST

claim to believe in God, when they really have no conception of a Divine Being. There are many white residents of Africa who claim that the missionaries are doing no good, and that their converts are simply converts to get what they can from the missionary. It will, no doubt, be admitted by most of the thinking Christian people, that it is a problem as to what is best to do for these, the lowest order of humanity. The majority of opinion by Christian people living in Africa is that it would be better to have the missionaries teach the natives to work, rather than reading and writing, and doing at all times all things possible to open their minds to the Gospel, by preaching and teaching that there is one God Almighty, and that Jesus Christ died to save all that truly believe in Him.

DOWN THE EAST COAST

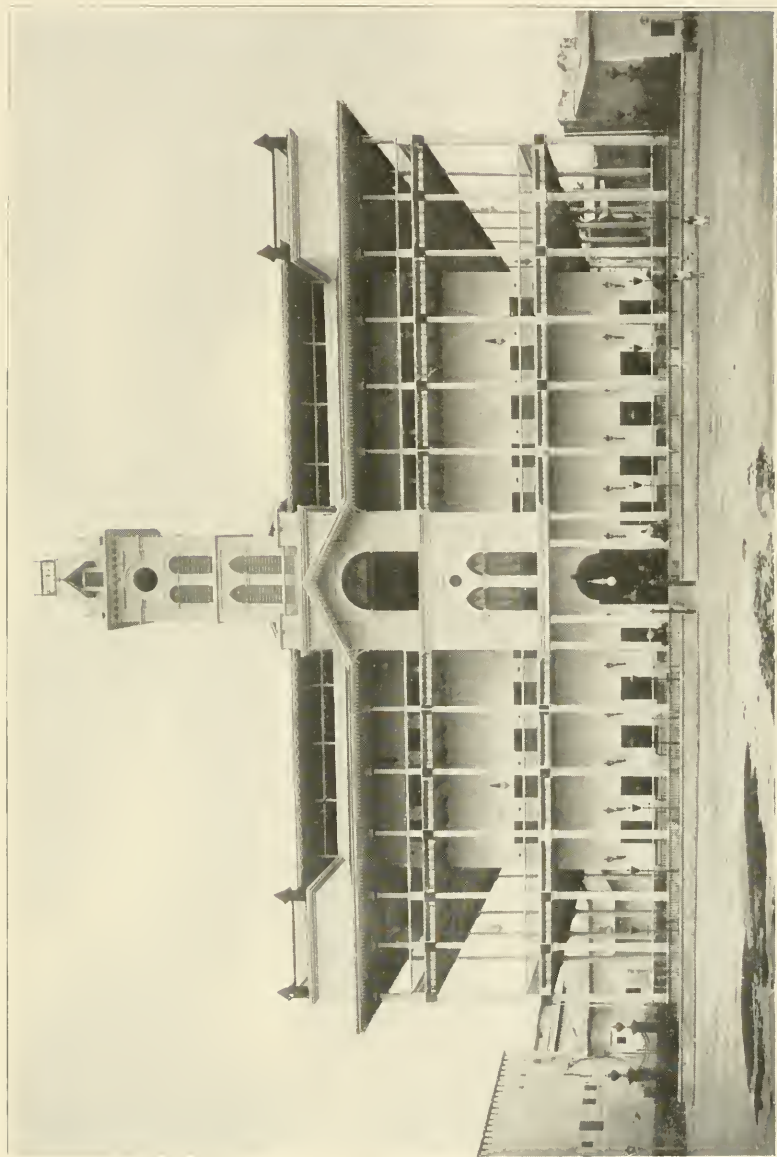
After waiting at Mombasa for several days we took a small steamer, belonging to the British India line, bound down the east coast of Africa with a cargo of rice from Bombay. We sailed out of Mombasa harbor at sunset and our last view of the island, with its mellow tinted houses nestled in greenery, with the blue sea for a setting, was a beautiful sight.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



MARKET SCENE—ZANZIBAR.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



SULTAN'S PALACE—ZANZIBAR.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



STREET SCENE—ZANZIBAR.

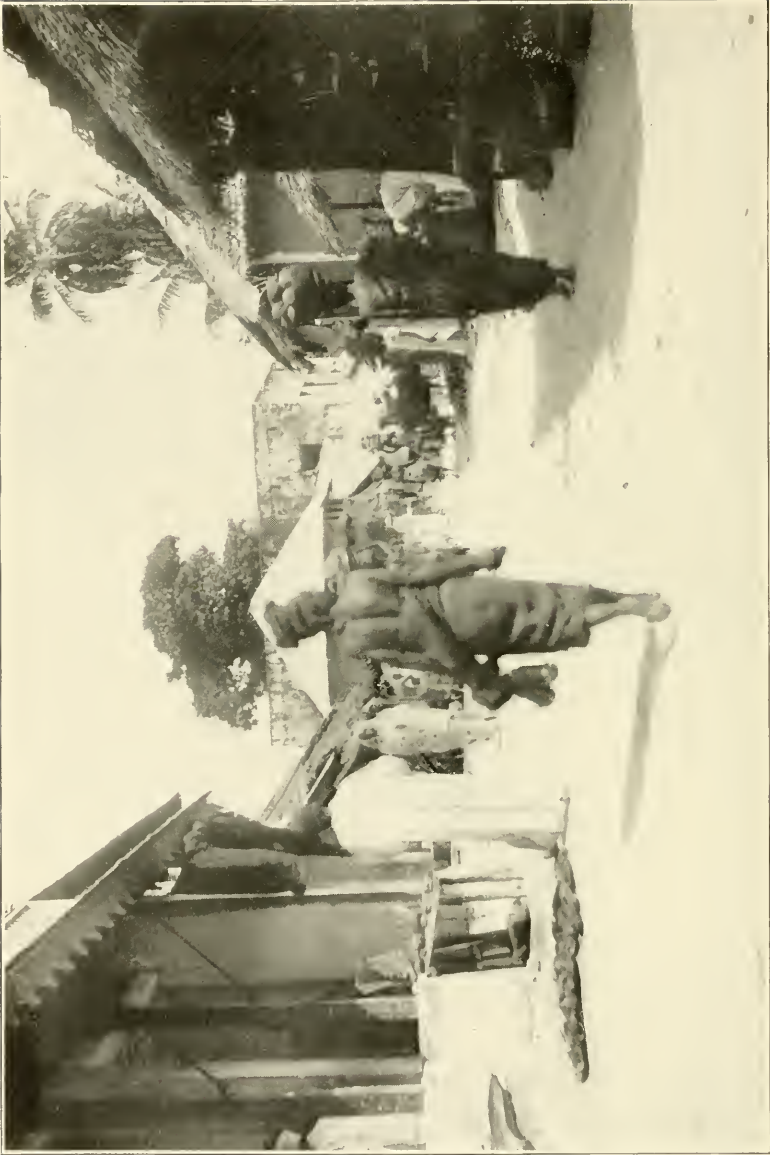
ZANZIBAR

In the early dawn of the day, after leaving Mombasa, on looking out of the cabin window, we saw, close at hand, the island of Zanzibar, rising out of the blue sea, outlined in beautiful greens of the waving palms. We were rowed ashore in a native boat in the cool of the morning. The ancient Arab city, with its narrow lanes, or streets, winding in and out between the high white walls of the houses, looking very oriental. With a guide, we visited the market place, the bazaar where the cross-legged Hindu sits in his little shop (which is a hole in the wall) with expressionless face. We went to the Africa Hotel for breakfast (which was not very good), and were taken to the top floor. In climbing the two flights of stairs, which were of stone, we noticed the steps were worn half down. It must have taken a century to wear these stone steps in that way, as the feet that travel them are usually bare. From the Orient we descended to the Modern world and hired a motor car for the drive to the clove "shambas," or plantations of Bububu, seven miles from the city, over an excellent paved road, between rows of Mango and Palm trees, and the picturesque, thatched huts of the natives. The old palaces of former sultans lined the way, as in olden times when the Sultan died, a new palace was built for his successor, and the others allowed to go to ruin. These picturesque ruins are now covered with a thick mass of vines or jungle vegetation. Zanzibar exports three quarters of all the cloves used in the world. This is a good year for the business and a bumper harvest is now nearly completed. The trees are planted in rows, like our orchards, and the leaves are similar to our cherry trees.

This is one of the greatest ivory markets of Africa. Most of the business is done by a New York firm, Arnold Cheney & Co., who have been here many years.

The present Sultan, Ali-bin-Hammond, who is about twenty-five years of age, was educated at Eaton, in England, and, of course, speaks English fluently. He has built, for himself, a palace in the center of the business district, with his

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



STREET SCENE—ZANZIBAR.

ZANZIBAR

harem adjoining. This palace is built with colonnades all around it up to the fourth floor, looking more like a business house than a palace.

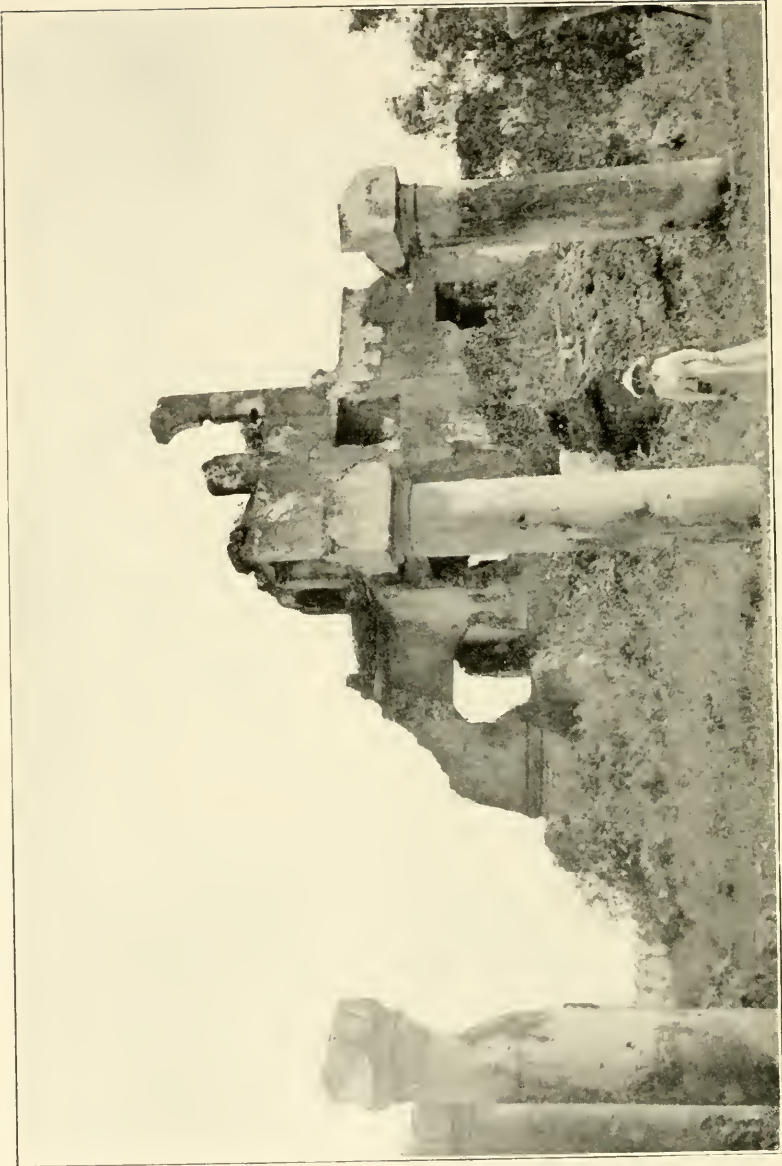
Zanzibar is under an English protectorate; the Sultan claims a strip ten miles wide along the coast, and has leased it to the English at a regular annual rental. A court of English lawmakers sit with him to make all laws, and he has little actual power.

The Germans bought out all the rights of the Sultan along their coast, so he has no claim to their East African territory. A former Sultan was not so good a trader, and undertook to bluff the British authority and dared them to fire on his ships. The result was that his little fleet was sunken in forty-five minutes. The mast of one ship still shows above the water in the harbor, and a danger light is hung above it every night. The harbor is protected by islands, and is a rather good place for vessels to anchor. There has been no landing place made for passengers, and the native row boats, which bring passengers from the ships, are run upon the beach as far as possible.

As we wandered about the tangled streets we came upon the original church mission, established by Livingstone, the greatest missionary explorer Africa ever had. This church is in a large garden with tropical trees, making it an invitingly cool and peaceful place. The church door was open and we stepped inside a few minutes. We called upon the American Consul, who is a Virginian, and a most agreeable gentleman. We were gladly welcomed, and he invited us to luncheon or dinner, but we did not impose upon his politeness. He tells us that there is an American Colony here, consisting of another man and himself. He has very comfortable but oriental looking rooms. Many curios about, and a carved wood oriental window with hanging baskets and birds. A liveried servant brought us a refreshing drink of water.

The English have a fine golf and tennis club here and the Consul invited us to play a game of golf with him, at five

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



RUINS OF A FORMER SULTAN'S PALACE—ZANZIBAR.

MOZAMBIQUE

c'clock, but the very thought of such exertion, caused us to perspire profusely, and we declined with thanks. The English abolished slavery fourteen years ago, and since that time the labor to work the large clove plantations has been rather uncertain.

MOZAMBIQUE

Our next call was at Mozambique, fifteen degrees south of the equator. It is an island and was one of the first colonies of the Portuguese in East Africa, settled in 1508. The harbor is protected by two other small islands, and on one of these is the best lighthouse on all the east coast. This is the only possession of Portugal in East Africa, which was not taken from them by conquest. Mozambique was held against all odds for centuries. The ability to hold this possession may have been due to the fact that the harbor has a narrow entrance and is guarded by the largest and best fort in Africa. This fort has walls many feet thick, and in some places seventy feet high, and is supplied with a large number of cannon, which in their day must have been of great service in defending this ancient stronghold. It is a matter of history that the stones used to build this great fort were brought eight thousand miles, in the tiny Dhows, or vessels of that time. It almost seems incredible. Those early Portuguese were colonizers and fighters, and certainly had perseverance to build such a fort and to bring the material from such a great distance. We were permitted to visit this fort, and go through it in all parts, and take as many photographs as we liked. There were about a dozen soldiers on duty, two of whom went with us. While we could not understand a word they spoke, still they courteously showed us all there was to be seen. There are about one hundred old cannon on the walls, but they are so badly rusted and weather-worn that not a shot

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POST OFFICE—MOZAMBIQUE.

MOZAMBIQUE.

could be fired from any of them. Of course, the Portuguese recognize the fact that the fort and equipment are of no use in these days of modern warfare.

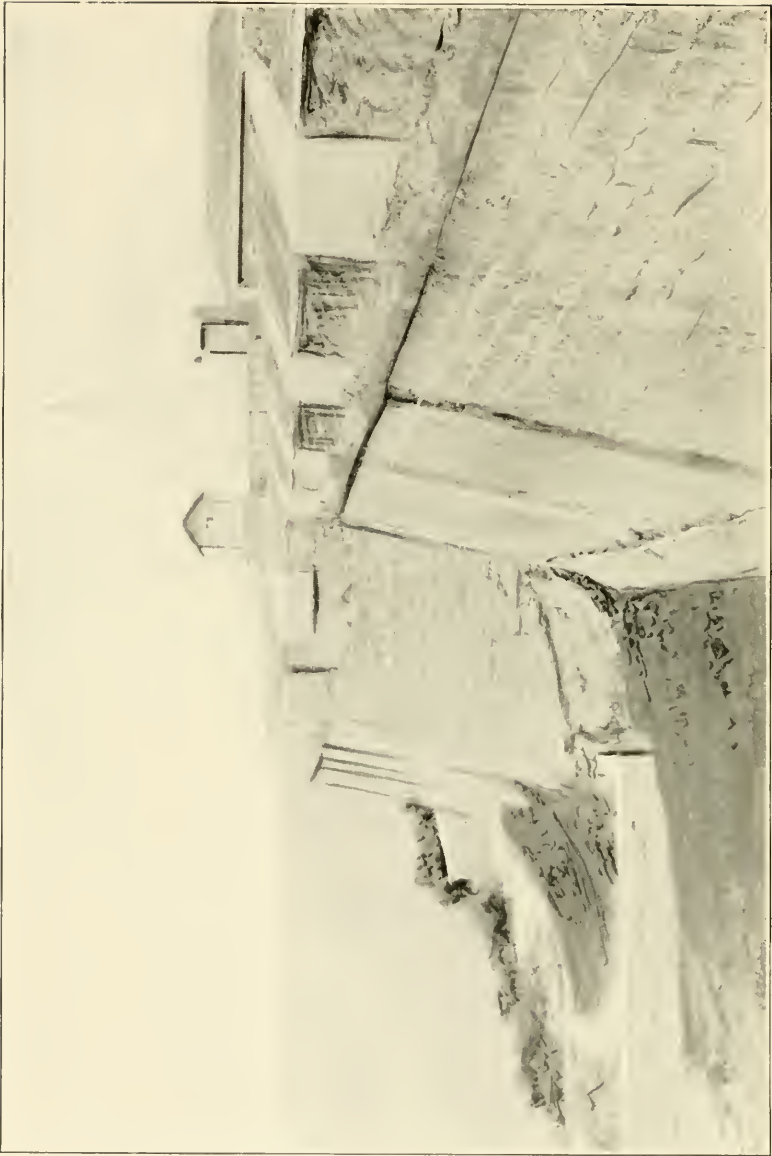
We passed the Governor's palace near the fort and walked through what was once the Governor's garden. At present the palace is used as a telegraph station, and the garden is for the public.

Mozambique may have had a hundred thousand or more population in the days of their prosperity (three hundred years ago), but today it looks deserted. The streets are narrow but clean, and the houses are built of stone. The heavily bolted doors and barred windows of the sixteenth century still remain, and in some of the windows the original panes of mica, used in place of glass, may still be seen.

The climate is said to be unhealthy for Europeans, and we only saw about one-half dozen white people in the city. They offered for sale to visitors, beautiful specimens of coral and shells, and some picture postal cards. We tried to purchase some of the latter—price, a shilling per dozen, and offered a half crown in payment, but the whole of their force could not raise enough money to give us our change.

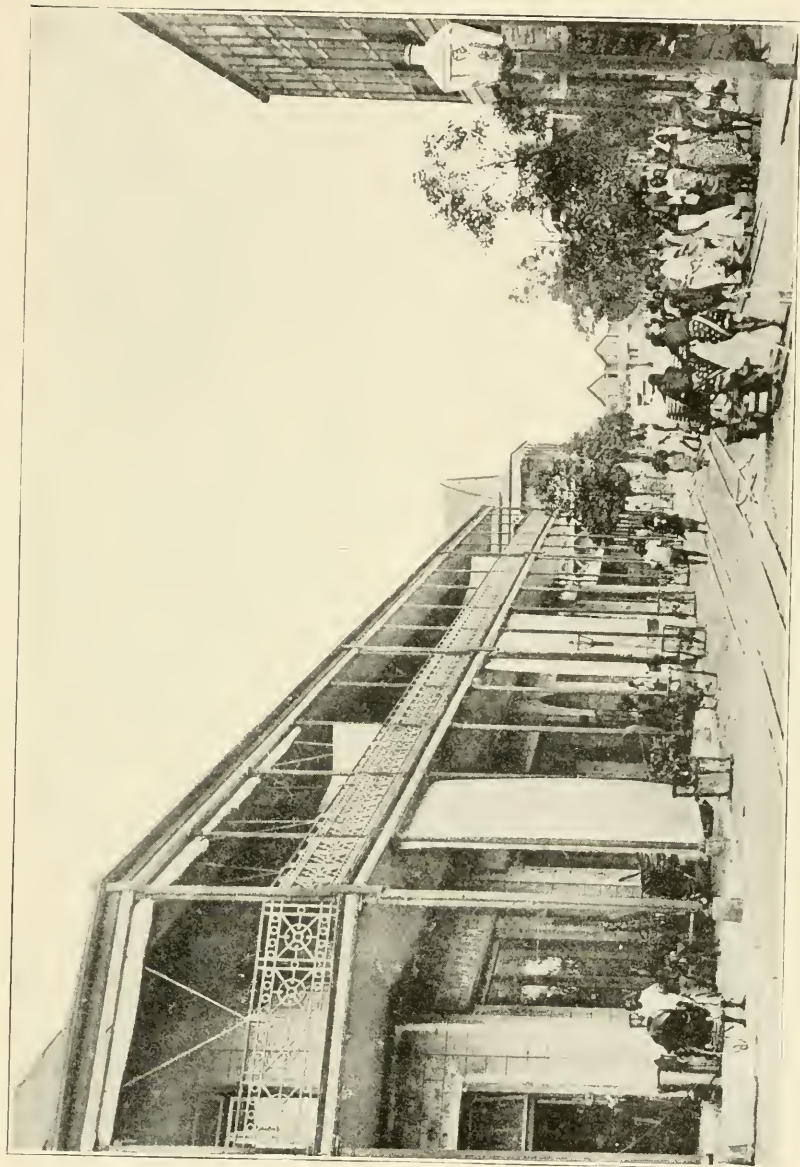
Viewed from the harbor the town looks very picturesque. There is a good landing pier, which is more than can be said of some other ports in this part of the world. This part of the coast is subject to torrential, tropical rains and severe cyclones. A few hours after we sailed we had a demonstration of one of these storms. Just a few miles ahead of us the storm gathered and the clouds were blacker than any we had ever seen, at least so thought the one lady passenger, Mrs. Wheeler. The captain noted that the barometer was rapidly falling and quickly proceeded to secure all hatchways and fasten the steering gear with ropes, as it was rather loose and shaky. However, the storm did no damage. The rain was very heavy and the wind kicked up a very rough sea, and being a head wind put us behind time several hours, but that is of no consequence in this part of the world.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



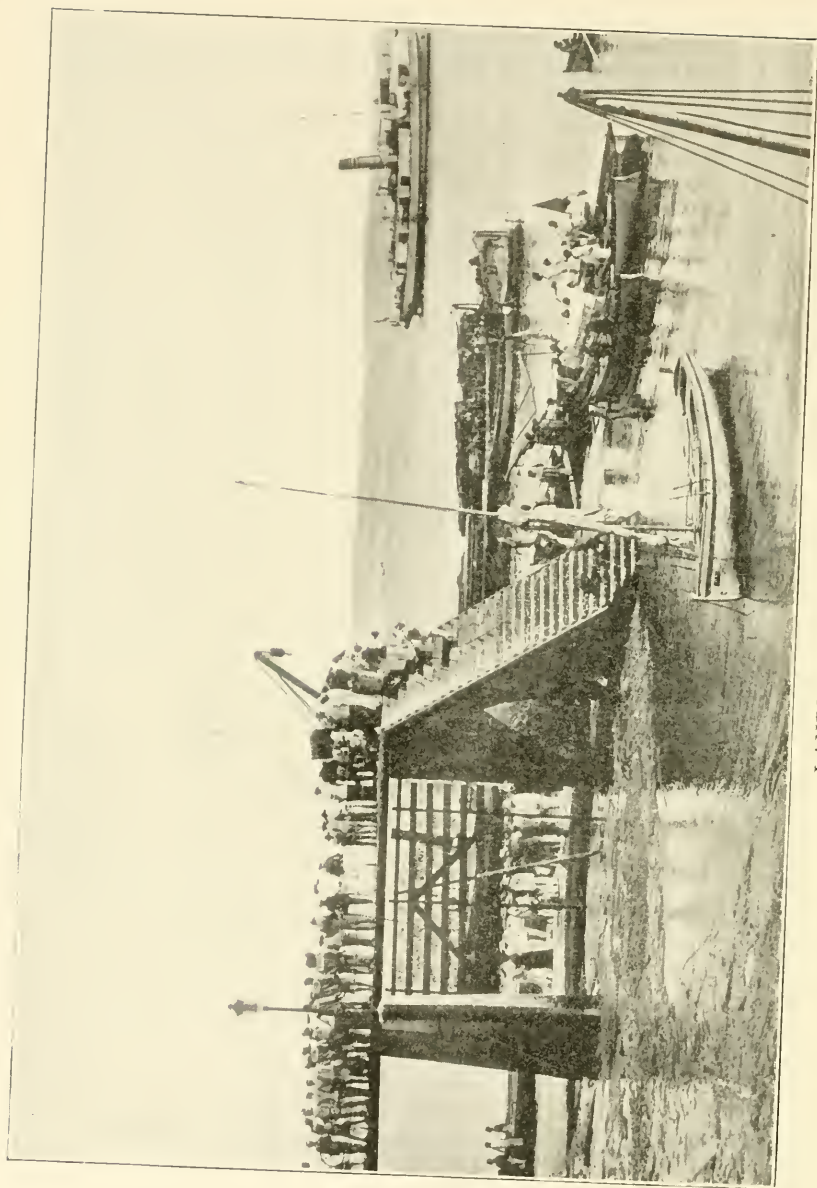
OLD FORT MOZAMBIQUE—Built by Portuguese over 400 years ago.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



STREET SCENE—BEIRA.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



LANDING STAIRS—BEIRA.

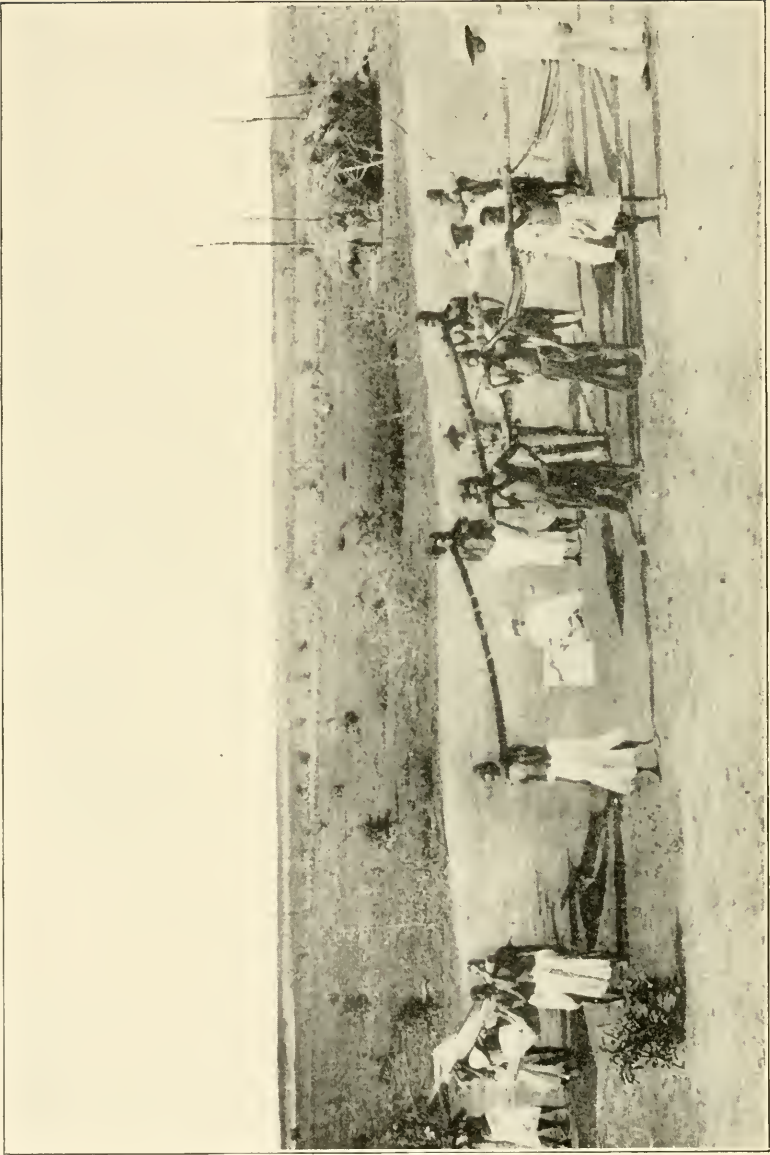
BEIRA

We landed at Beira, March 14, 1912, and found it greatly in contrast with the coast cities we had just visited. While it is rather a new place, and has only seven hundred and ninety-nine white people and about five thousand native blacks, it still has a prosperous appearance, and many improvements are being made. This is the seaport of the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railway, and the only seaport that has a railway connection to the interior for several hundred miles. This railway has only been completed about five years and is the most direct and natural outlet to the sea for Rhodesia and all adjoining territory, and is already doing a large freight business with the interior.

Beira is built in the sand. One must walk through about a foot of sand in the streets. It is Portuguese territory, but most of the whites are English. There is a small trolley railway system here similar to that in Mombasa. We took a ride on the trolley over the whole system and noticed many new buildings going up, one sash and door factory which employs over one hundred hands, several large printing establishments, and an excellent hospital for natives, which is well patronized by them. Most of the houses are built of corrugated iron with roofs of the same material. This gives the place a very temporary appearance and makes the houses extremely hot in midday.

We had a little experience when we first landed, having been told that the "Queens" was the best hotel. This was a mistake, which I soon found out. I left Mrs. Wheeler with the luggage and went to find the hotel, to get them to send for our trunks. When I found the "Queens" it did not look inviting, having the appearance of a cheap hotel in a newly made mining camp. The hotel office was in the bar room, which at one side opened to the street, and when I called, was

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



TRAVELING BY "MACHILLAS" ON ZAMBEZI RIVER.

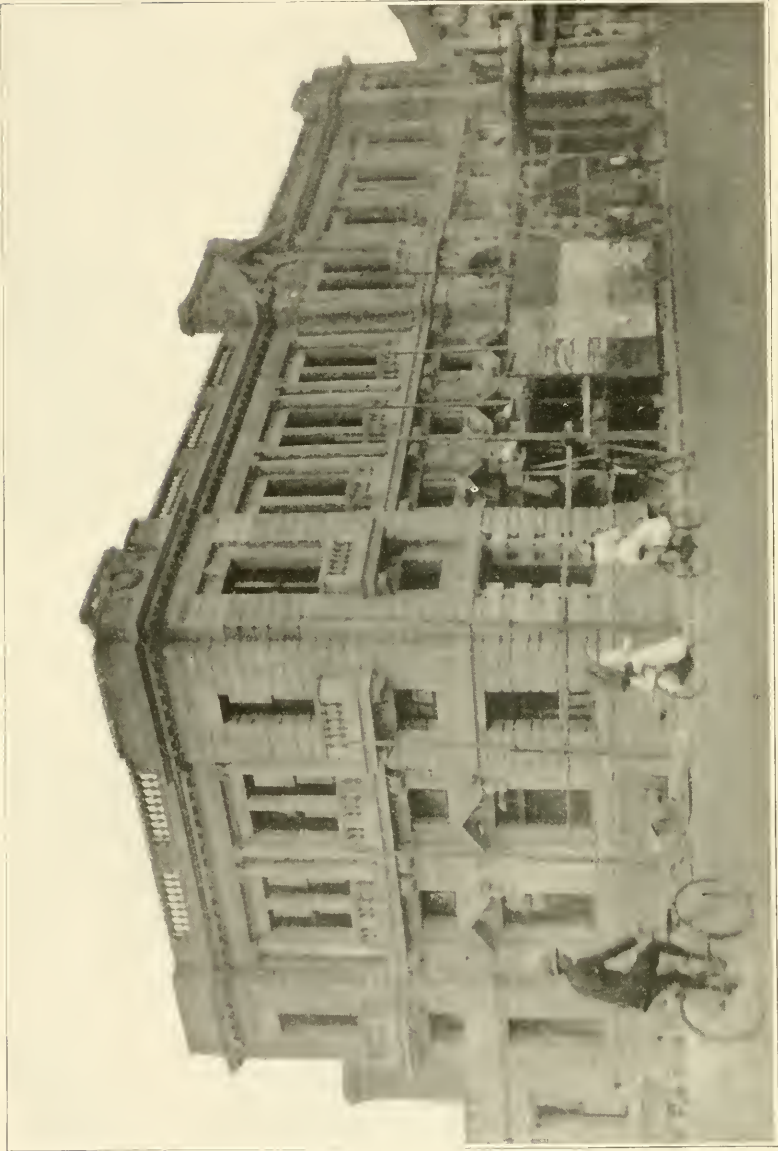
BEIRA

filled with Portuguese and almost all other nationalities. The business "at the bar" was rushing. The manager sat on a nail keg outside of the door, and "Dick Deadeye," with a six shooter strapped around his waist on the other side. I asked the manager if this was the "Queens." He admitted it was. I asked if he had a room for Mrs. Wheeler and myself, and he replied in the affirmative. I asked if that was his only office and he said it was, but that Mrs. Wheeler could get to the room by going up an outside stairway. I was much troubled by such a reception and was thinking what my better half would say if we were forced to accept such hospitality. However, on my way back I met an Englishman who directed us to the "Savoy Hotel," which was built on a modern plan, with clean and comfortable rooms.

A high sea wall has been built for a mile or more along the sea front, and very convenient landing piers. The place is really a sand bar.

Beira has an excellent prospect for the future. While it is a hot place, yet it is healthy for white people.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



NEW BANK BUILDING—SALISBURY, RHODESIA.

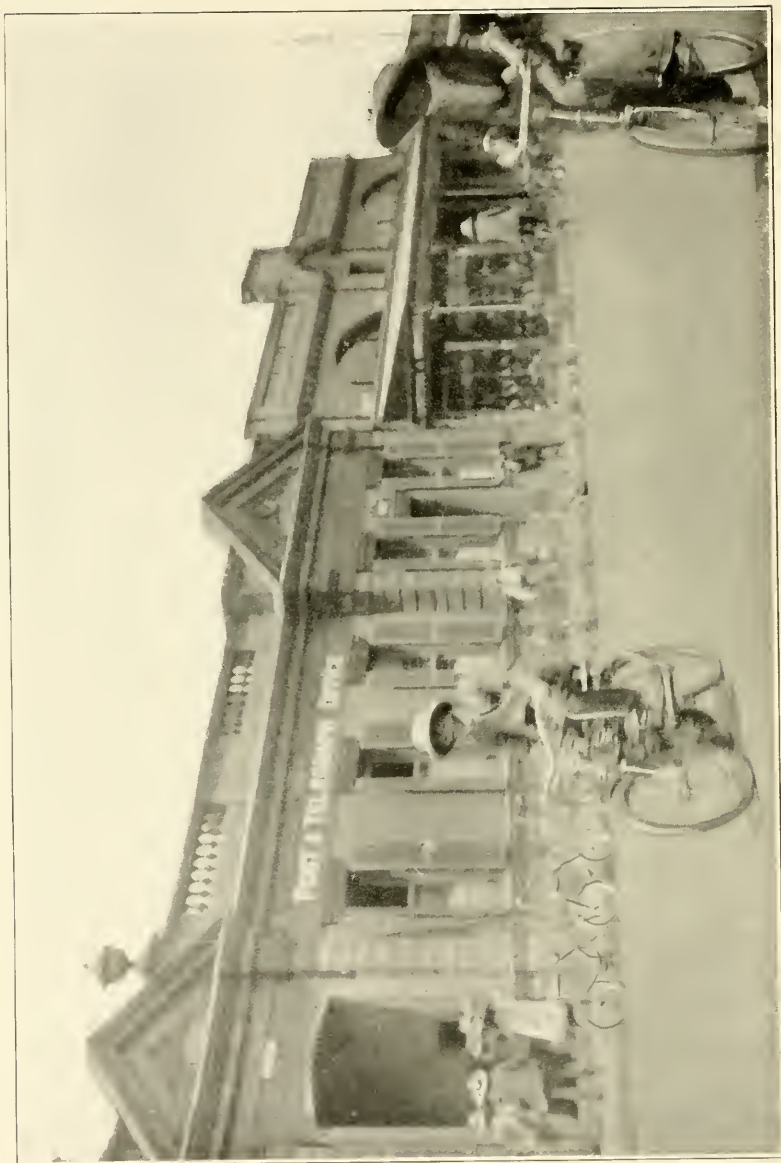
SALISBURY

At seven o'clock the next morning we took our departure on the mail train for the interior. This railway is three and one-half feet gauge, with iron cross ties and sixty pound rails, well built, and for so new a country the accommodations are good. We had a compartment in a new car. The train carries a dining car, which enabled us to get along very well. For the first hundred miles out the country is low, flat and hot, but quite fertile. It is very unhealthy for the whites, and in this part of the country the Tsetse Fly abounds. After passing this flat country the road rises rapidly and we passed through a heavily wooded section. By the time we reached Salisbury, three hundred miles from the coast, we were about five thousand feet above sea level.

This young city of about three thousand population is the capital of Rhodesia, and it has the appearance of prosperity which one sees in a new country. There are some creditable brick and stone blocks. At eleven o'clock in the morning the business streets were very lively. There are several good stocks of goods here, as the town draws trade for hundreds of miles. There is a cathedral, several churches, hospital, public library and state buildings. The streets are filled with almost every kind of vehicle, from a rickshaw to a twelve-mule freight wagon.

In talking with a merchant in Salisbury he said he had been here for sixteen months and was doing well, and would not think of going back to England, but that there had been a large number of business failures during the last season, caused by poor crops, resulting from very light rainfall. This is the greatest country for bicycles that we have ever seen, and nearly all the white ladies ride their wheel. The soil in this part of Rhodesia is not rich, except in spots. We noticed in some places fine fields of corn called "Mealies." We saw a prosperous looking farmer who said he had a good farm twelve

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



POST OFFICE—SALISBURY, CAPITAL OF RHODESIA.

SALISBURY

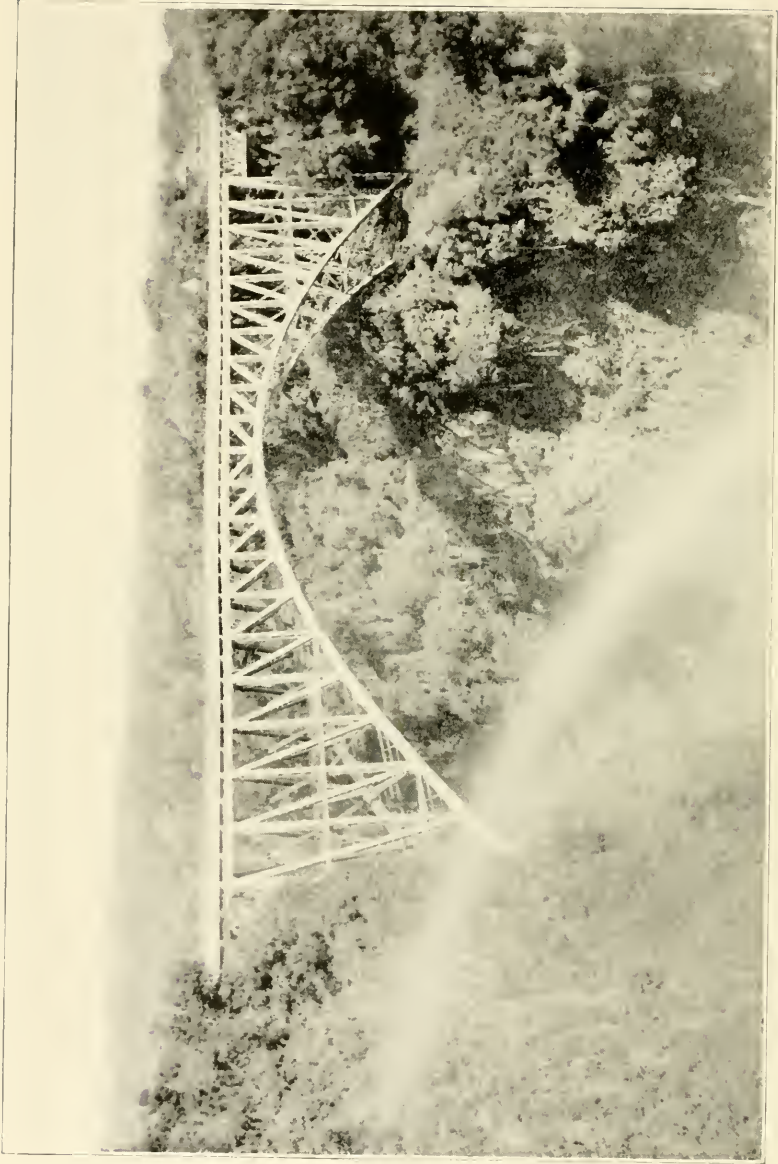
miles back from the railway, and that he had raised an excellent crop of "Mealies," but that the crop over the whole country was so light that he expected to get one dollar and forty cents per bushel for his, which is about twice the usual price. The price of land in Rhodesia, so far as we could ascertain, for the unimproved veldt, runs from one dollar to two dollars per acre, that is when buying from the government. This veldt is usually covered with small, gnarled trees and costs about five dollars per acre to clear it ready for crops. The plowing is done by oxen or bullocks, as they are called here, from four to eight cattle being hitched to a plow. One black boy goes ahead and leads the bullocks, another wields a whip long enough to reach them all, while another holds the plow, or sometimes it is a gang of two or three plows. The cattle raising in this country is said to be prosperous.

In traveling through the country we did not see over two hundred head of stock cattle in traveling nearly one thousand miles by rail, almost the whole country is bare of crops and cattle. The price of native cows here is twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per head, and they are quite small and inferior stock, of the East Indian breed, with a large hump on their shoulders.

We are told that all the good land near the railway has been bought and is held for speculation. Immigration is coming in very slowly and the land speculator will not reap a harvest.

We traveled on the railway from Beira to Bulawayo, then on to Victoria Falls and back to Bulawayo, and there is not a town worth calling a town, outside the above named places, except the coal mining town of Wankie. Usually the town is simply a station house.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER ZAMBEZI RIVER—Just below the Victoria Falls. 520 feet long, 450 feet high.
Notice the Rainbow—the first we ever photographed.

VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBEZI RIVER

Victoria Falls is one of the world's wonders, where we spent five never-to-be-forgotten days. It is one of nature's sublimest spectacles. As we approached, the everlasting roar filled our ears and the spray arose to the height of a mile to meet the clouds. The river where it takes the great leap is nearly a mile wide and the fall is four hundred and fifty feet. The peculiarity of these wonderful falls is that the general level of the country is the same, both above and below the cataract. The water drops into a great fissure or chasm, which is about five hundred feet wide and lies at right angles with the river. Over one bank of this great chasm the water pours in a broken mass for nearly a mile, and one may stand on the opposite bank from where the water plunges down on a level with the top of the fall, the like of which is not seen elsewhere. These falls are supposed to be formed by the earth cooling, making these great clefts in the rock formation. Within a mile below the falls the stream is forced to run in four different or contrary directions. This great chasm is forty-three miles long.

On our first morning we made a trip to the eastern side, called the "Rainbow Falls," as when the sun shines through the spray it makes a beautiful rainbow. From this end we see probably not more than one-third of the grand sight, as the tremendous spray obscures the view. The next day we made a trip to what is called the "Rain Forest." This takes us along the brink of the great chasm or the main fall. The spray was so heavy that we had to wait until the wind would sweep it about to get the extraordinary view. In the meantime the spray nearly washed us away. We had put on oil hats, rain-proof coats and rubber boots, but nothing can withstand such a downpour of water as the spray we here encountered. We found that our rain-proof coats were of no use at all, as every stitch of our clothing was as wet as water could make it. It was warm water and not harmful. Another day, when the

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



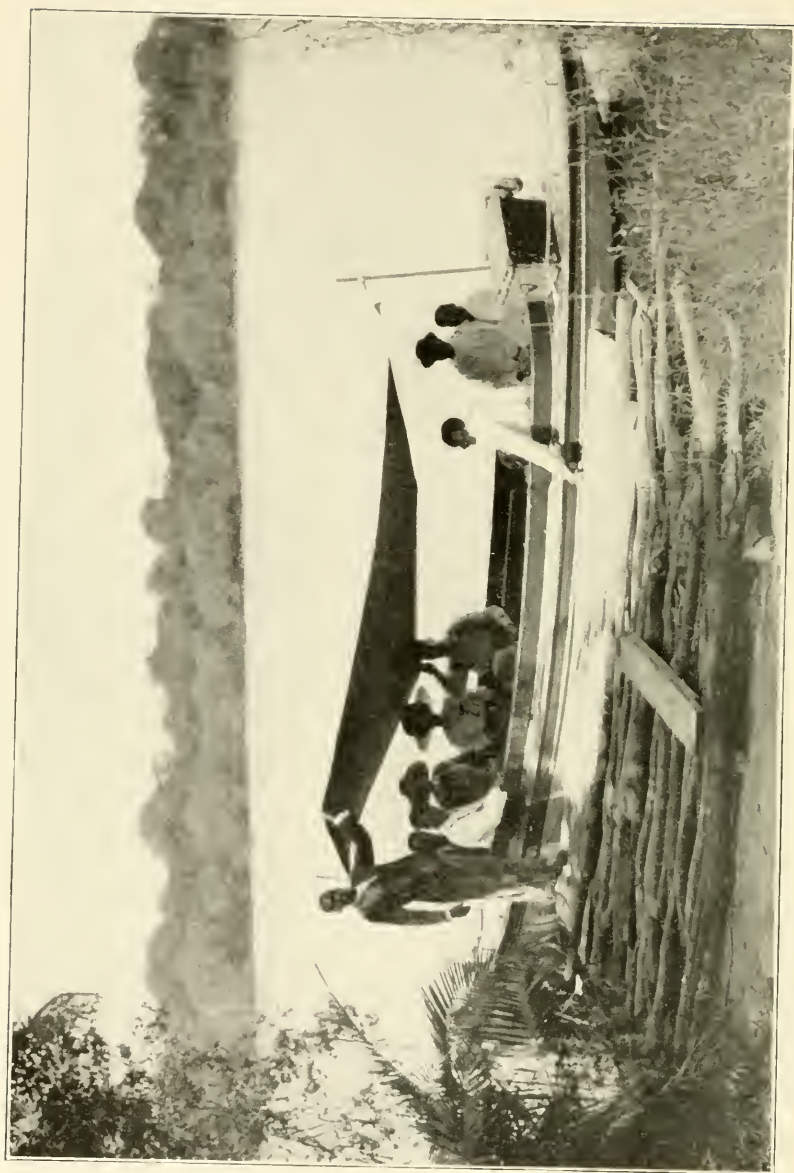
WEST END OF VICTORIA FALLS.
We took this photograph specially to show the rainbow which is formed by the spray.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



OUR PARTY AT PICNIC ON ZAMBEZI RIVER—Ten miles above Victoria Falls.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



EMBARKING PICNIC ISLAND—Ten miles above Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River.

VICTORIA FALLS

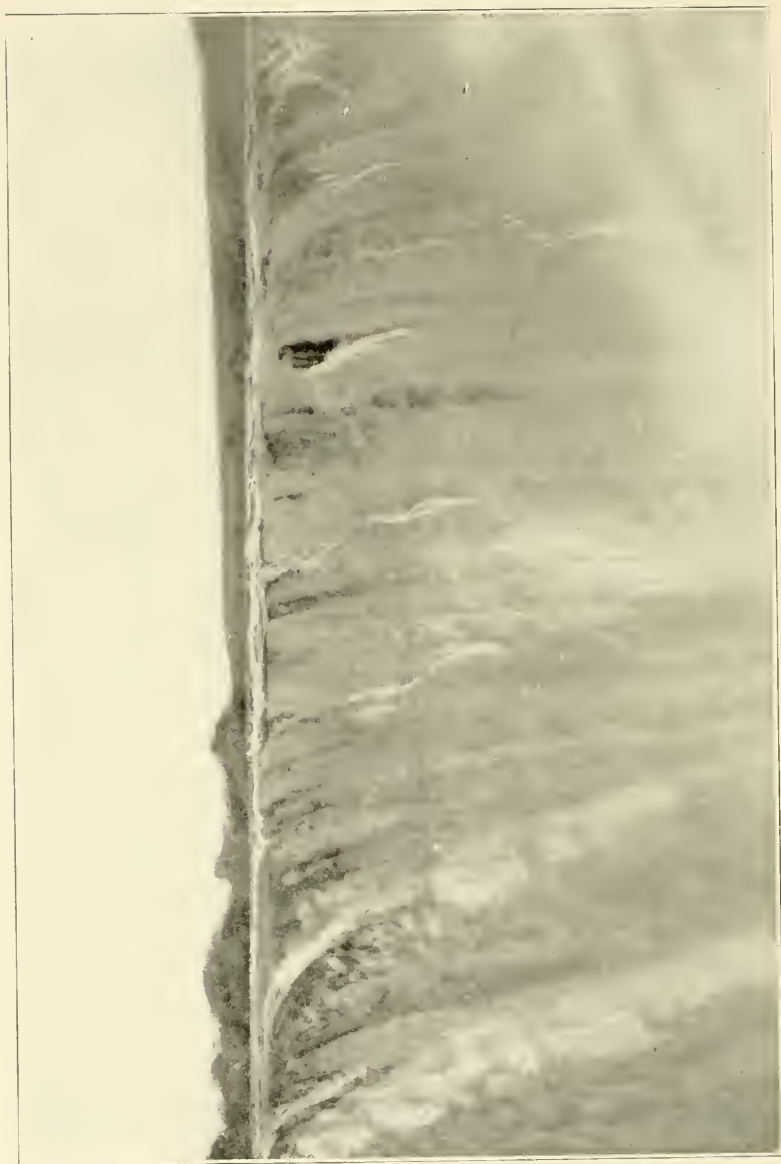
wind was favorable and took the immense volume of spray in another direction, we went into the "Rain Forest" for nearly half a mile, and got some fine photographs without getting wet. On this trip we saw many hundreds of monkeys playing about in the tree tops. On another day we followed the chasm and on looking down saw many baboons from six feet tall to the babies, all very funny, and full of curiosity. In taking a long walk in the jungle and high grass of this tropical country we never were bitten by an insect, never saw a snake or a wild animal, but we saw the spoor of the deer. The different parts of this great cataract have names as follows: The Devil's Cataract, or Leaping Water, ninety feet wide with two hundred and sixty feet fall; the main fall is divided by a small island into two portions, five hundred and seventy-three and three hundred and twenty-five yards wide, respectively; the Eastern, or Rainbow Fall, is six hundred yards wide, with a drop of four hundred and fifty feet. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and sublimity of nature as here shown in these wonderful falls, which a lover of nature leaves with regret.

The camera gives only a faint idea of the beauty of Victoria Falls, and instinctively we feel how small is man and how great the Creator.

The railway bridge crosses the Zambezi River just below the falls. It is so close that the spray falls on the trains as they pass. This bridge is four hundred and fifty feet above the water, is said to be the highest in the world, and was built by American engineers. It was necessary to build a cantilever bridge, the kind that is commenced on each end and meets in the middle.

One day we had a delightful trip about ten miles up the Zambezi River by motor boat. The river is about a mile and one-half wide and dotted with several small islands. The foliage on these islands is very heavy and green. We landed on one of these islands and ate our lunch under the tropical palm trees. The scenery along the river is charming. Part

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



MAIN PART OF VICTORIA FALLS.

VICTORIA FALLS

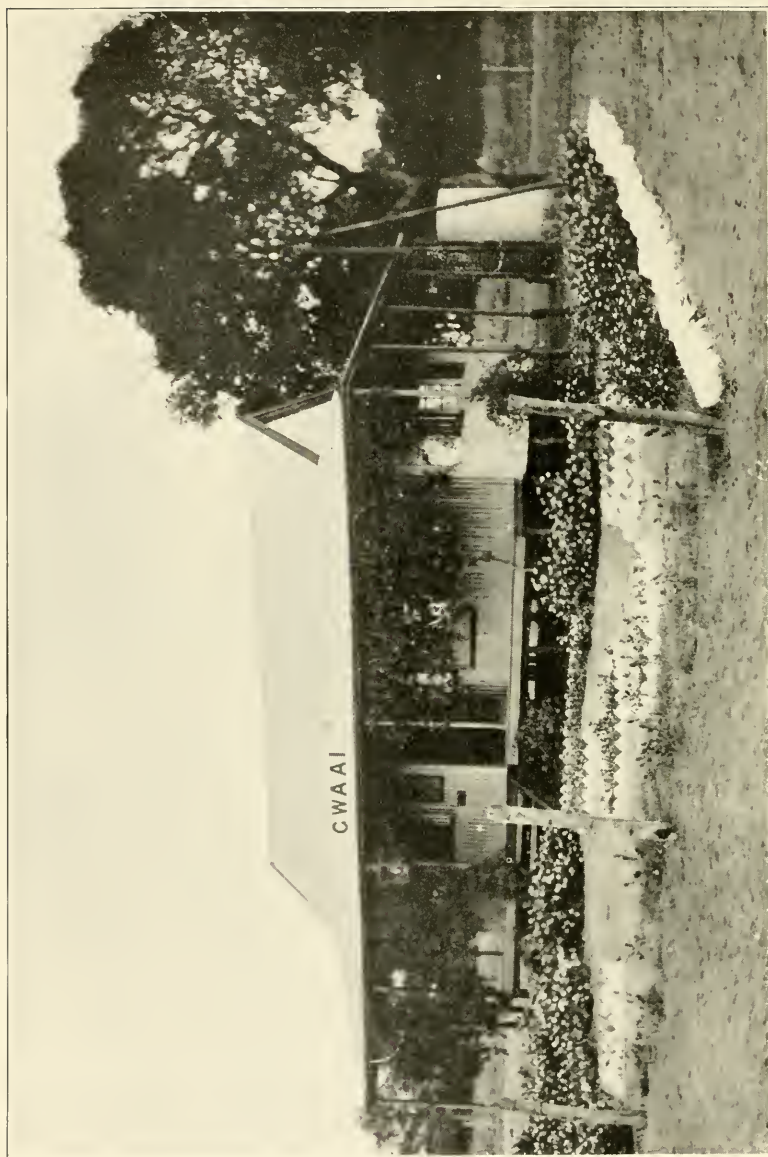
of the way our course lay through very swift rapids. We were only about one-half a mile above the falls when we started, and one of our party was thinking what would become of our launch and the people in it if the spark plug should blow out, as we have frequently known it to do on automobiles, and leave us without power, remembering the drop over the falls was four hundred and fifty feet. There are some Hippopotami along the river in this section. We did not see any on our trip, but later in the day some people were out in a small boat and a "Hippo" coming very close, nearly turned the boat over.

One day the thermometer stood at ninety-five in the shade while we were there, but we did not suffer from the heat. Sometimes the temperature gets up to one hundred and sixteen degrees. In their cold season, which is August, they have a little frost.

The Victoria Hotel and the meals were excellent, and the manager a pleasant and accommodating gentleman. The Mashonaland Railway is now built eight hundred miles farther north from the falls. The present terminus being about two hundred miles over in the Congo country, which is Belgian territory.

After building to Victoria Falls the railway company were led to build to "Broken Hill," about three hundred and fifty miles distant, as there was a great mine there with lead and zinc ore. After much money was spent it was found that the ores were so refractory they could not be smelted, and today these great ore deposits are deserted. When the "Star of the Congo," a wonderfully rich copper mine, was discovered, the railroad built the line to that point. This railroad was built by a corporation, but the English government owns about one-half the stock, and have guaranteed the bonds. Being built into a wilderness populated by savages, it takes some time to build up a paying business, and while this country does not fill up with immigrants like our own fertile

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



STATION ON RHODESIA RAILWAY.

VICTORIA FALLS

prairies did, still a moderate immigration is coming in and it will be a paying road some time.

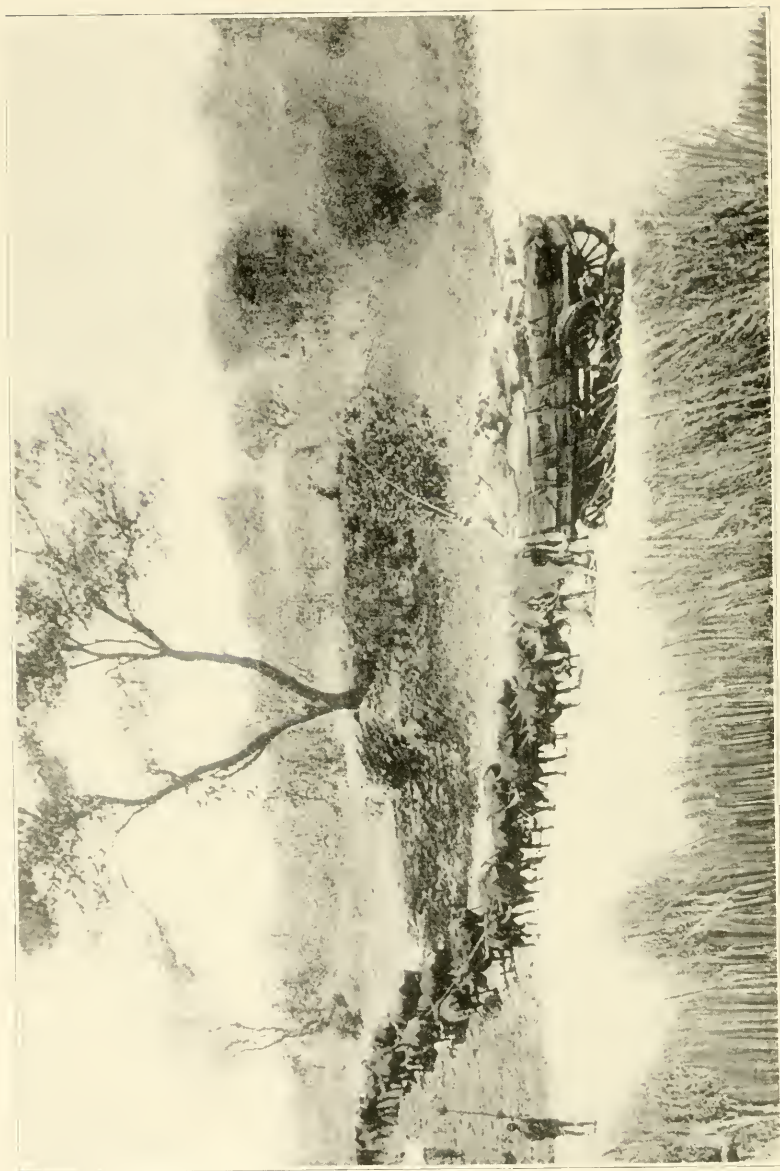
Much trouble is now being experienced in smelting the copper ores of the "Star of the Congo" mine. A Belgian engineer, who has been on the works for a year, was coming down on the same train with us and told us of the refractory copper ores, but they hope soon to overcome this and will then send a big stream of copper to the European markets. While their ores are very rich it is not a profitable place to invest until all doubt about their smelting has been removed.

Many hunters now go up this road to the Belgian territory to hunt, as far as Lake Tanganyiki. The hunting in that section is said to be unequalled in any part of the world, game of all kinds being abundant. This place is so remote from civilization that ivory is about the only item that is valuable in dollars. Some tusks are being sent out from there by the way of Victoria Nyanza to the sea at Mombasa.

When the Germans get their railway finished to Lake Tanganyiki it will be the shortest route to those wonderful game districts, and will take the outgoing shipments from that section. That country is reported to be fertile and will no doubt soon be settled by Europeans, as it lies high, and should be healthy.

Wankie is a coal mining station, about eighty miles south of Victoria Falls. It is the only coal mine now being worked in Rhodesia. The quality is semi-anthracite and makes good steam coal and is used for all the railways in this part of Rhodesia. The vein runs from five to twenty-nine feet in thickness and where the coal is so scarce as it is in Rhodesia this mine is worth more than some gold mines. This little coal mining town has some two thousand population, nearly all native negroes, and is the only town on this line of railway between Victoria Falls and Bulawayo, a distance of two hundred and ninety miles. This will serve to illustrate how few white population there is now in Northwestern Rhodesia. The population is about seven hundred and fifty whites and the black

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



OX TRAIN IN RHODESIA.

BULAWAYO

population is estimated at about three hundred and fifty thousand. These blacks do but little farming, raising only small patches of "Mealies" for their own use, and have a few cattle, the water is very scarce for live stock.

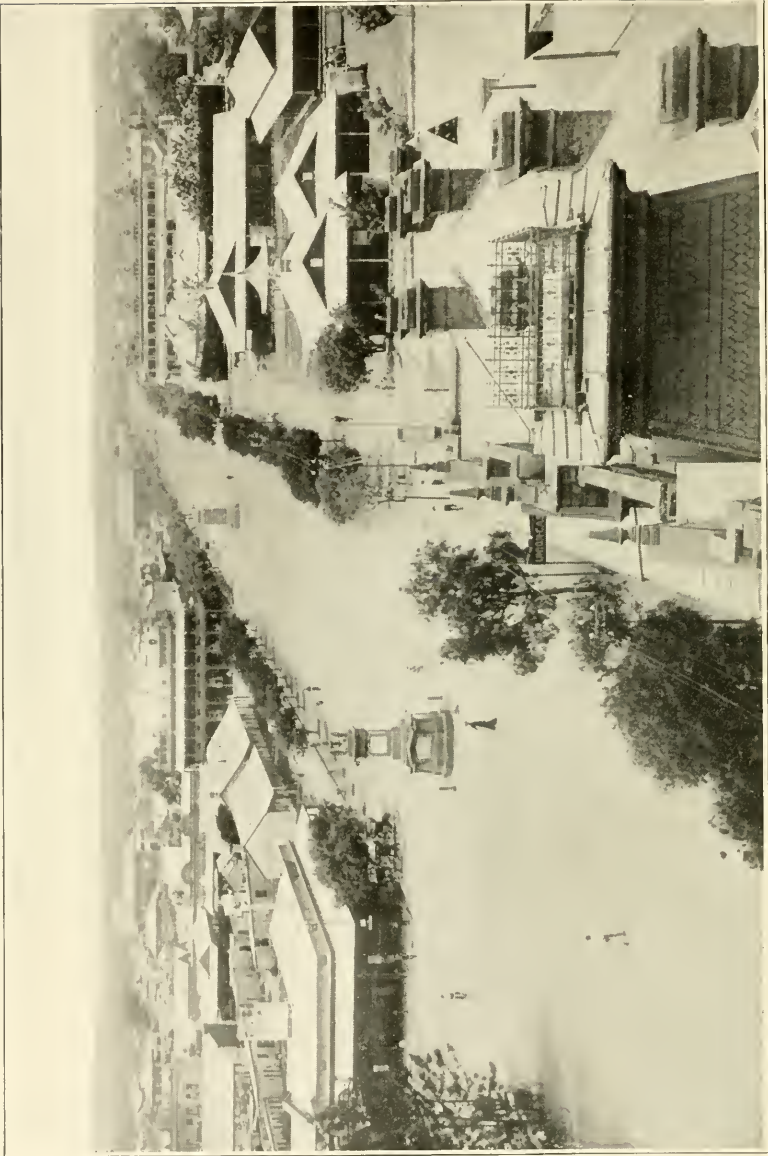
BULAWAYO

After the dusty, disagreeable traveling on the railway about one thousand miles, it was a great comfort to get the good accommodations provided by the Grand Hotel. We noticed with surprise that the table waiters were wearing shoes. This is the first time that we have seen shoes worn by servants in hotels since coming to Africa. Undoubtedly it is one of the indications that we are approaching the more civilized portions of this great continent. This is a bright, young city with six thousand population, good hotels, electric light, public library, Y. M. C. A. association, hospitals and excellent church buildings. It has a first-class public school system and a daily newspaper. The "Indaba Tree," under which judgment was dispensed by "King Mosilikatse" and "King Lobengula," is still standing near the city limits. Bulawayo is a Zulu word, meaning "The place of the killing."

One of Cecil Rhodes' homes is located one and one-half miles from the town. It has an avenue one hundred and thirty feet wide, planted with evergreen trees the whole length. The house is of not much importance, but the grounds are large and lie beautifully. It was undoubtedly the intention of the owner to build a mansion on this place. Rhodes gave it to the state and it is now called Government House and is occupied by state officials.

The streets of this town are one hundred and thirty feet wide, regularly laid out at right angles, but the buildings on

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



MAIN STREET—BULAWAYO.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



CECIL RHODES STATUE—BULAWAYO.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



NATIVE VILLAGE IN RHODESIA.

BULAWAYO

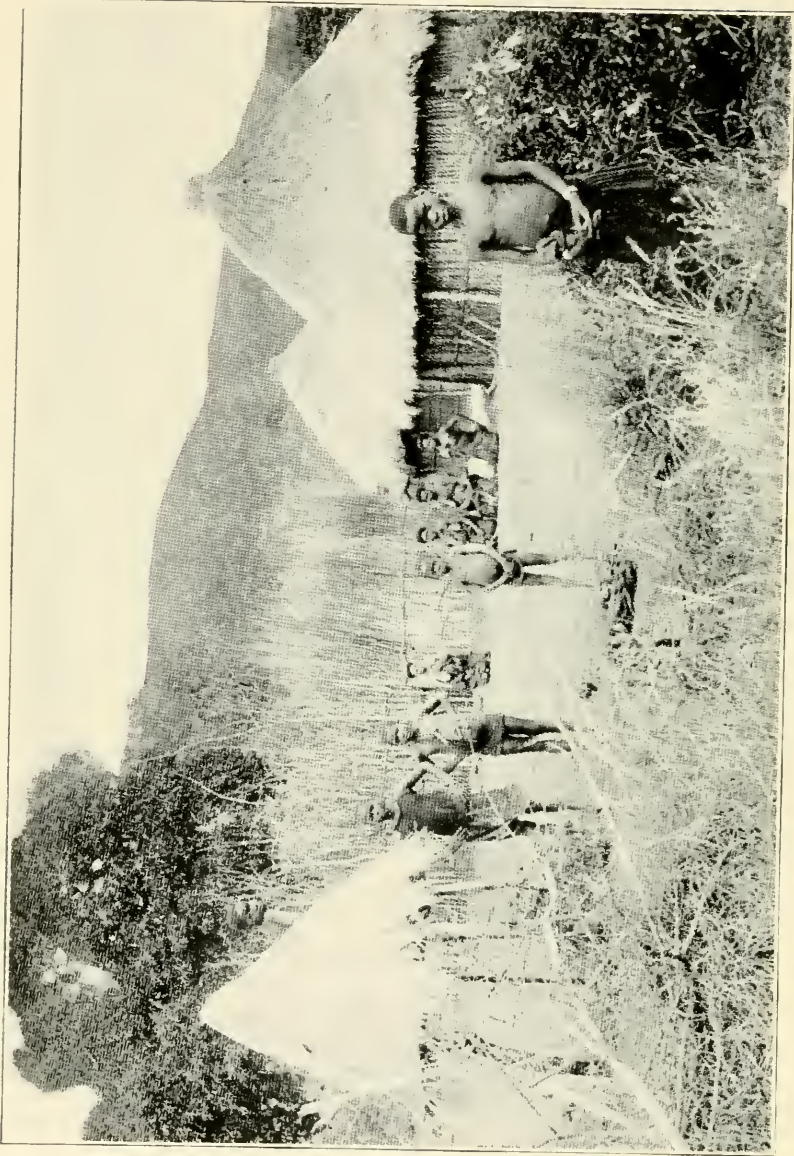
each side are only one and two stories, which gives the houses a squatty and low appearance. At the intersection of two principal streets is a statue of Mr. Rhodes on a pedestal about twenty-five feet high. It is made of bronze and represents Mr. Rhodes in the attitude of making a speech. He is dressed in a business suit, with both hands behind him. The day we were there was the tenth anniversary of his death and a beautiful tribute to his memory, in the shape of a large wreath of flowers, was placed on the pedestal. At another prominent corner is a pedestal about twenty feet high surmounted by a gatling gun. On the side of this pedestal are the names of a company of soldiers who were entirely annihilated in the last war with the natives. Bulawayo is destined to be a city of importance when this frontier country is settled up. It now has railroads from three directions, that is from Cape Town, Beira and Victoria Falls.

Mining is in the air here, and many enterprising men have located in Bulawayo, with flaming signs in their office windows, telling the passerby of the great opportunity for investment. There is a gold mine near the city, which is being worked with moderate success. A miner just in from his mine handed us for inspection a cone made of gold, which would weight at least twenty pounds. He had brought it to town for sale to the bank. There were two prosperous miners on the train with us who had just worked out a small gold find which netted them ten thousand dollars. They were going down to Cape Town to "blow it in." It has been demonstrated that there are gold mines in many directions from Bulawayo. In 1908 the amount taken out from all Rhodesia was twelve million five hundred thousand dollars. It is very difficult to get the natives to work in the mines.

The country or veldt, as it is called here, is red clay, sand and gravel and lies undulated and dotted with small, stunted trees.

The right Honorable Cecil Rhodes was the father of this great country of Rhodesia, which was named for him. He

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



NATIVE HOME—RHODESIA.

BULAWAYO

lies buried in Matopa Hills, twenty-seven miles out from Bulawayo. He selected this burial place, and probably there is not a grander or more impressive sepulcher of modern times. We drove out to see the place one beautiful morning in March. The roadway is macadamed and graded the whole distance.

Matopa Hills are a wonderful sight. They are granite hills rising out of the plains. As far as the driveway extends there is soil sufficient in the narrow valleys to grow trees, shrubs and flowers, which gives the drive a park like appearance. Arriving at the end of this drive there is a walk of a mile or two of very stiff climbing up to the grave, and on the top of the highest of these granite boulders, called "World's View," is the sepulcher hewn out of solid rock. It is covered with a slab of granite on which is inscribed "Here lies the remains of John Cecil Rhodes," nothing more, for he who knows Rhodesia, knows of Mr. Rhodes' life and work and a eulogy cut in marble is not necessary. The whole hill is a monument to this, the greatest empire builder of our time. By his judgment and ability, while at the head of affairs in Africa, being prompt to decide and quick to act, a country equal in size to one-half of Europe was taken for the British nation without a shot being fired or a life lost.

In going by train from Bulawayo to Kimberly, we passed through Mafeking. This was the place that General Baden Powell, during the Boer war, held for a number of months, with only eight hundred men. It now has a population of six thousand, and is the chief business center of the western Transvaal. We also saw the place where the first gun of the Boer War was fired. We have met many men that were in the war, and it was interesting to hear them talk about it.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



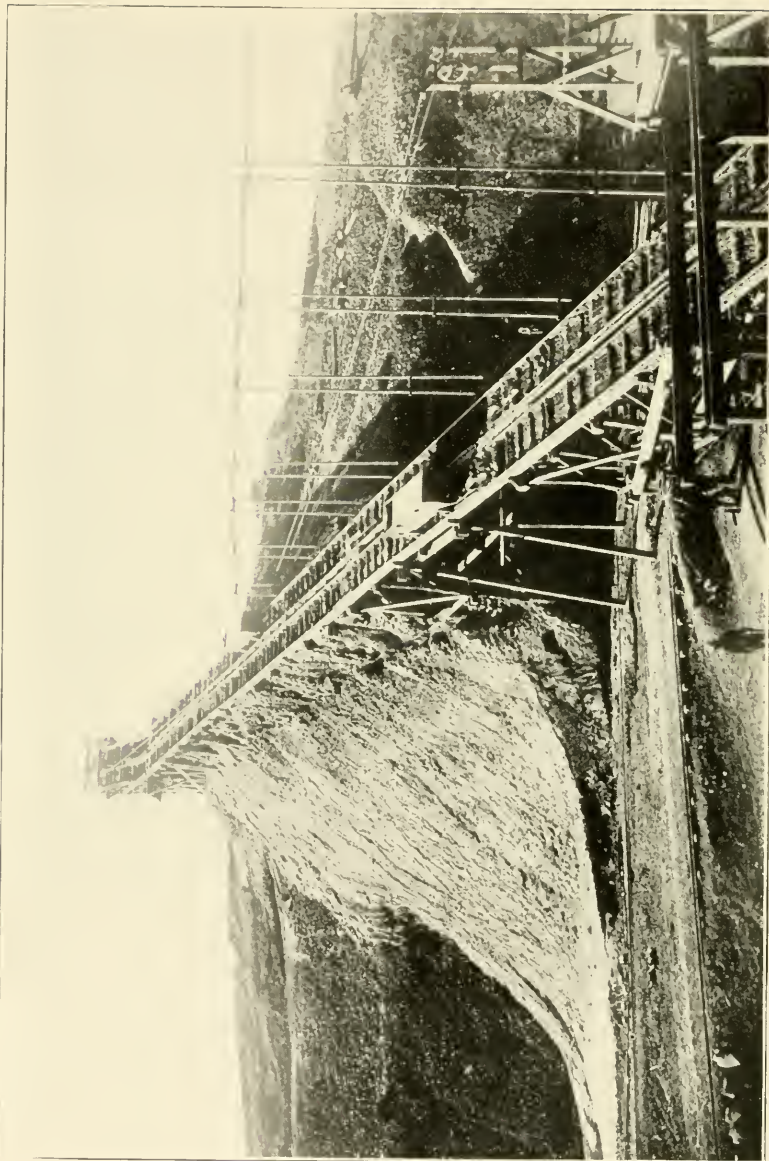
CECIL RHODES STATUE—KIMBERLY.

KIMBERLY

We arrived at this most important diamond mining place in the world, on March 28, 1912, after a long, tiresome journey by rail from Bulawayo a distance of seven hundred miles, time two days and one night; average speed at little less than twenty miles per hour, through a most unattractive, dusty country. This little city, with its thirty-four thousand population, is known everywhere. It was brought into existence in 1870, when diamonds were first discovered here. The first year "The Star of the South African Diamond Mines" was discovered, and this, with other valuable diamond finds, started a great rush to this point, which created a big mining camp and developed into the city of Kimberly. It is a pretty little city with streets very irregular and shaded by lovely pepper trees. There is, within a radius of three and one-half miles, the DeBeers, the Kimberly, the Wesselson, the Bultfontein and the Dutoitspan, all celebrated diamond mines, and now are owned by the DeBeers company. The value of diamonds steadily advanced until 1907, when the financial troubles arose in the United States, which caused much falling off in demand for diamonds. As the DeBeers company now owns all five of these mines, they work only as many as the market justifies, aiming to keep up the price by keeping down the production, as they produce three-fourths of the world's output of diamonds. However, the Premier Diamond Mine, near Pretoria, may have some important bearing on the diamond supply in the future, and the DeBeers company do not own the Premier.

After a poor bed and a poorer breakfast at the Queens Hotel, we went to the office of the DeBeers company for a permit to visit their Kimberly Diamond Mine. It was cheerfully granted when we explained to the obliging secretary that we were simply untitled Americans doing Africa, and did not wish to return without seeing the greatest diamond mine in the world. Armed with our permit we hastened to the Kim-

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



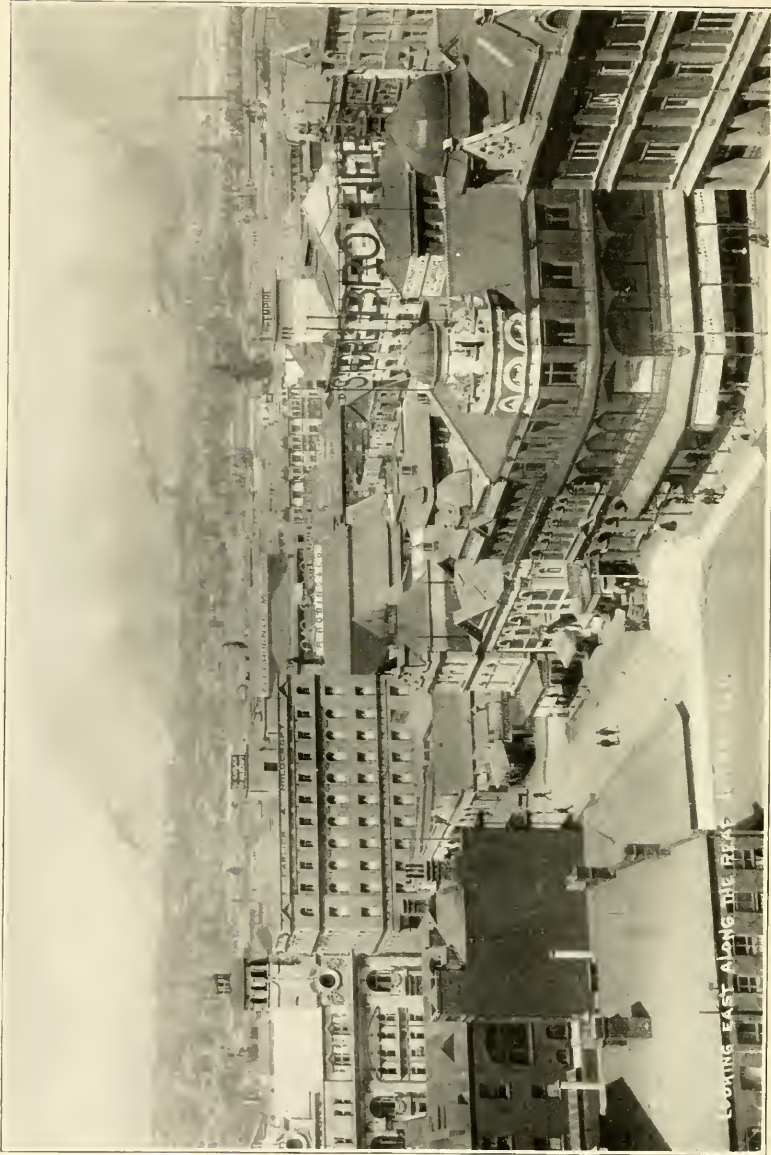
KIMBERLY DIAMOND MINES—West Shoot of Washing Machine.

KIMBERLY

berly mine and were soon under the direction of a most polite and educated guide. First we went to the old or surface mine. It is called a "pipe," that is to say, a circle four hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which stands in a perpendicular position and goes straight down into the earth to an untold depth. This "pipe" is filled with soft blue rock, called by the miners "the blue," and this is the rock that contains the diamonds. All the great machinery of this mine is simply to get the diamonds separated from the blue rock. First they worked open from the surface, but the sides are so soft that they continually caved in on the works, until it was impractical to work longer from the surface. Then the miners went back a quarter of a mile and sunk a shaft about one thousand feet and drove a lateral tunnel into the "blue" and at present they are mining about six hundred feet below the surface.

As we stood beside the elevator which brings the blue to the surface we noticed that there were two large iron buckets, each holding about a ton. When one is filled it shoots to the top very rapidly, and at the same time the other iron bucket drops to the bottom. Automatically, when these buckets reach the top they dump their load into a large funnel made of iron and under this funnel runs a small railway track and small iron dump cars which hold about one-half a ton. From this funnel the "blue" is dropped into these dump cars and hauled away to their dumping floor, which is a wide stretch of hard level earth about three miles long and more than a mile wide. The blue is left for a year to decompose and slack in the sun, the wind and rain. After the elements have for a year slacked and pulverized the "blue," it is put in these little dump cars again and run away to the washer. The guide took us through the washing department where the water is turned in a great many churn like tanks and the "blue" is washed and churned by machines until all the gravel, as well as the diamonds, is washed out. The diamond bearing gravel is then taken to the Pulsator, which is a separate building and where this gravel

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



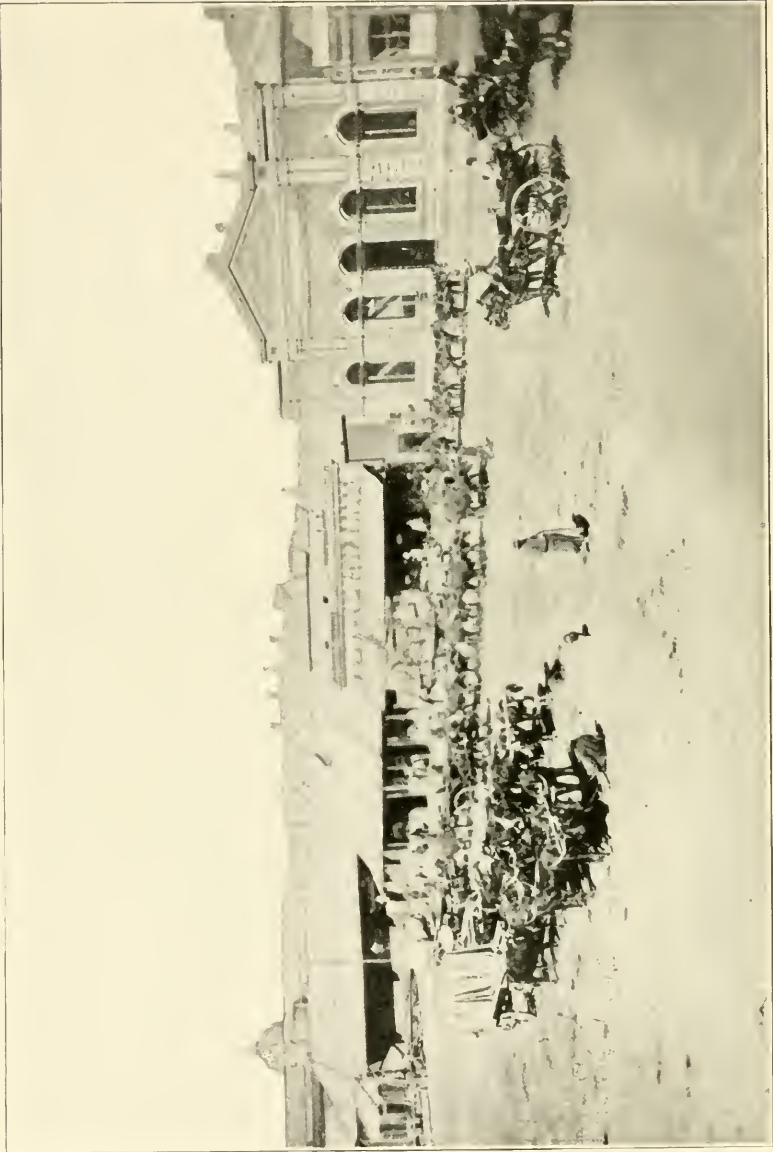
CITY OF JOHANNESBURG—Notice the smokestacks in distance—all from the Rand Mines.

KIMBERLY

is separated into six different sizes, and each size is slowly pulsated over an inclined iron plane, which is covered with vaseline. When the gravel drops on this plane the diamonds stick to the vaseline and the other gravel is gradually rolled off. The attendant then scrapes off the vaseline and the diamonds. This is placed in a small iron drum with very small holes perforated on all sides. This drum is then securely locked and dropped in a large tank of boiling water. When it has boiled until most of the vaseline has floated off, it is put into another tank of boiling soda water and here all the remaining grease is soon removed. Then the drum is taken into the sorter's office where it is unlocked and the contents poured on the sorter's table. To an inexperienced eye the contents looks like a pile of ordinary gravel. The sorter scatters it out with a little trowel and selects the diamonds, throwing the worthless gravel aside.

We watched the sorting process for half an hour, and during that time a handful of diamonds were found. One was a brilliant straw colored diamond the size of the end of your thumb, a very large and valuable stone. Others were clear white and larger than a kernel of corn, and many small diamonds. This is the result of washing of probably a thousand truck loads of "blue." It is said that they get less than one-half a caret of diamonds to a truck of earth. They are now working in this mine from two to three thousand native blacks, who make from seventy-five cents and rations per day upward, according to their ability and zeal in the work. There are seven hundred white men who make from seventy dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars per month. The white men are employed as bosses and do the work where great care and attention is acquired. The native negroes are employed for a stated term, from three to six months, and are kept within the compound. They have good quarters and plenty of food and in case of sickness or accident there is a well equipped hos-

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



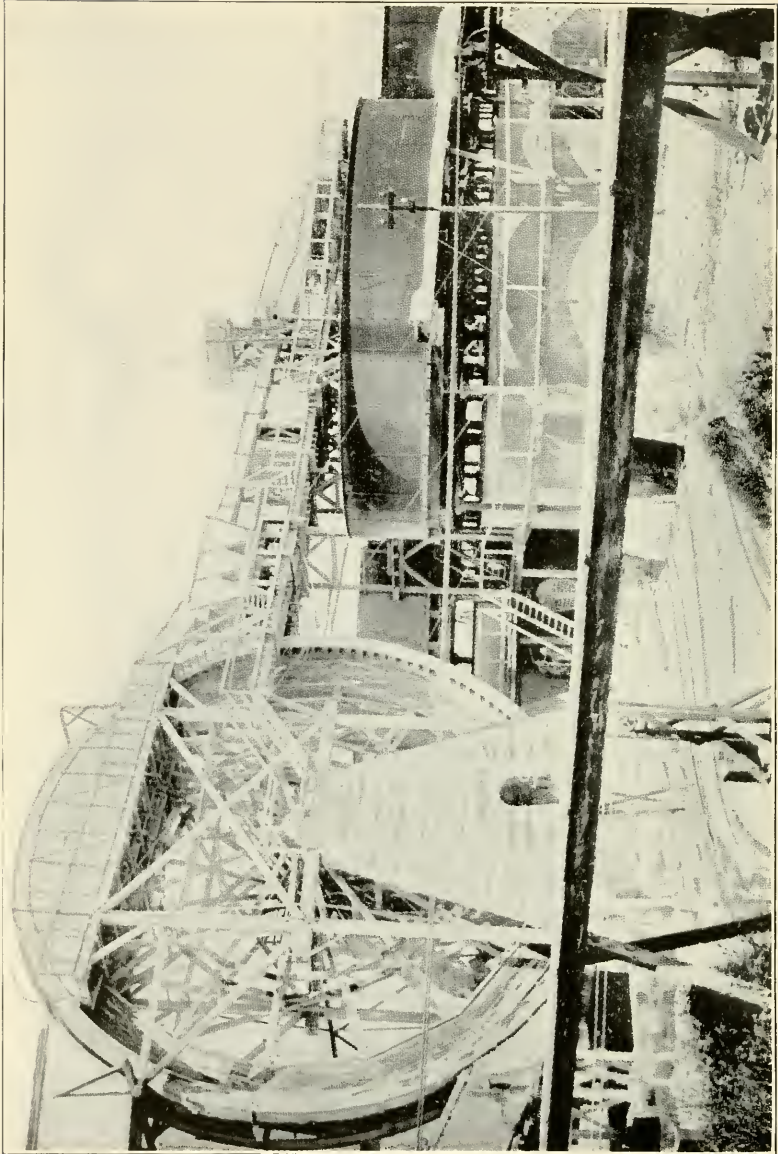
MARKET SQUARE—JOHANNESBURG.

KIMBERLY

pital where they receive the best of attention and medical service, without charge.

Mr. Rhodes was one of the early owners of these mines and made his immense fortune here. By his skill and diplomacy the other large mines were bought out and consolidated in one company, the DeBeers. It is by far the most important and wealthiest of any company in the world in this business. They have enough material in sight to keep them at work for a generation, and as far as we can judge, there is no danger of a scarcity of diamonds. It would be better for humanity if there were none, and let this vast amount of labor be spent in producing the necessities of life, rather than the luxury of diamonds.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



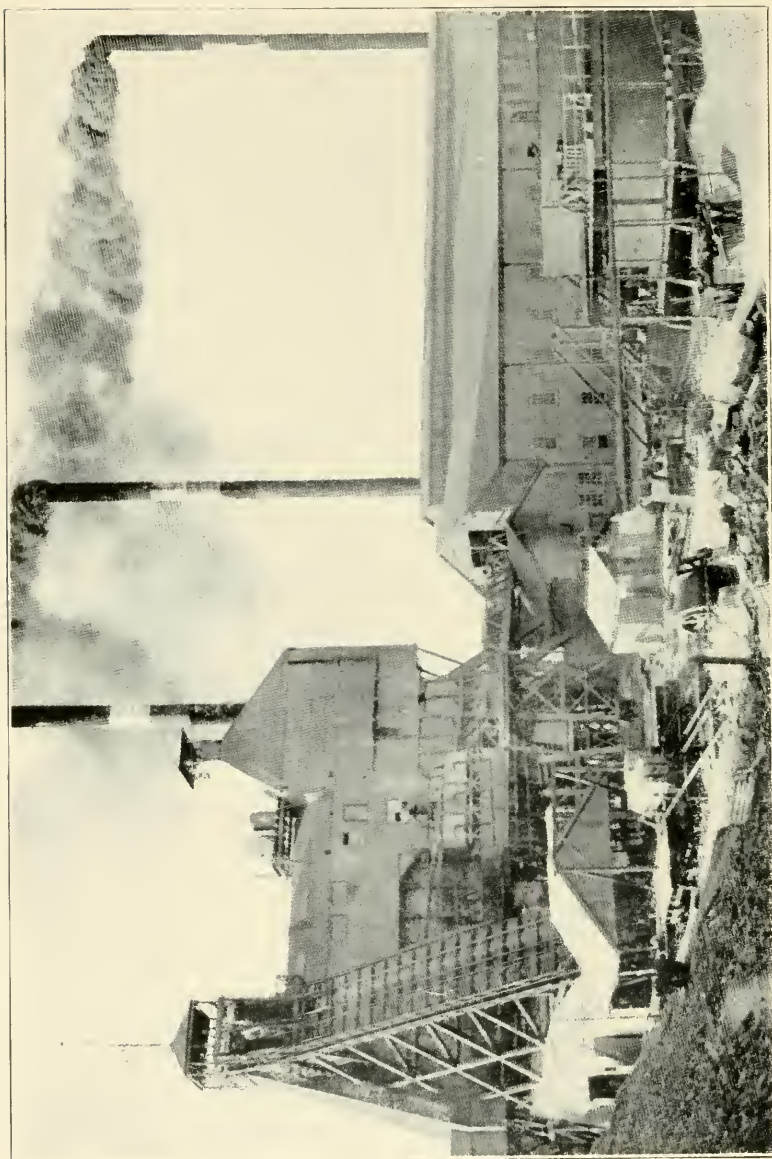
NOURSE GOLD MINES AND CYANIDE TANKS—JOHANNESBURG.

JOHANNESBURG

Johannesburg has a population of two hundred and forty thousand, of whom one-half are white. It is a real live city, not excelled anywhere. All this has been brought about by the largest gold mining camp in the world. In 1909, the world's output of gold was estimated at four hundred and fifty million dollars, of which the Rand Reef contributed one hundred and fifty million, or a little over one-third of the world's output. In 1910 the Rand's output was one hundred and sixty million, and in 1911 one hundred and seventy-five million, showing an increase every year. This reef has been located definitely for over fifty miles, and runs due east and west through Johannesburg. Inside the city there are at least fifteen mining plants, with their tall smoke stacks belching smoke, each plant having acres of washed earth dumped around them, making a little row of hills at least one hundred feet high. The laborers employed here are the native negroes, but it requires an army of white men to direct them. The wages of nearly all are spent in this city, and the cash paid out in wages each month is over seven million dollars, which makes a very large, paying retail trade, yet the competition is sharp and many of the stores do a credit business with the miners, and they must have many losses. Many of the black Zulu boys die of pneumonia, as the mines are warm, and in the winter the weather is cold.

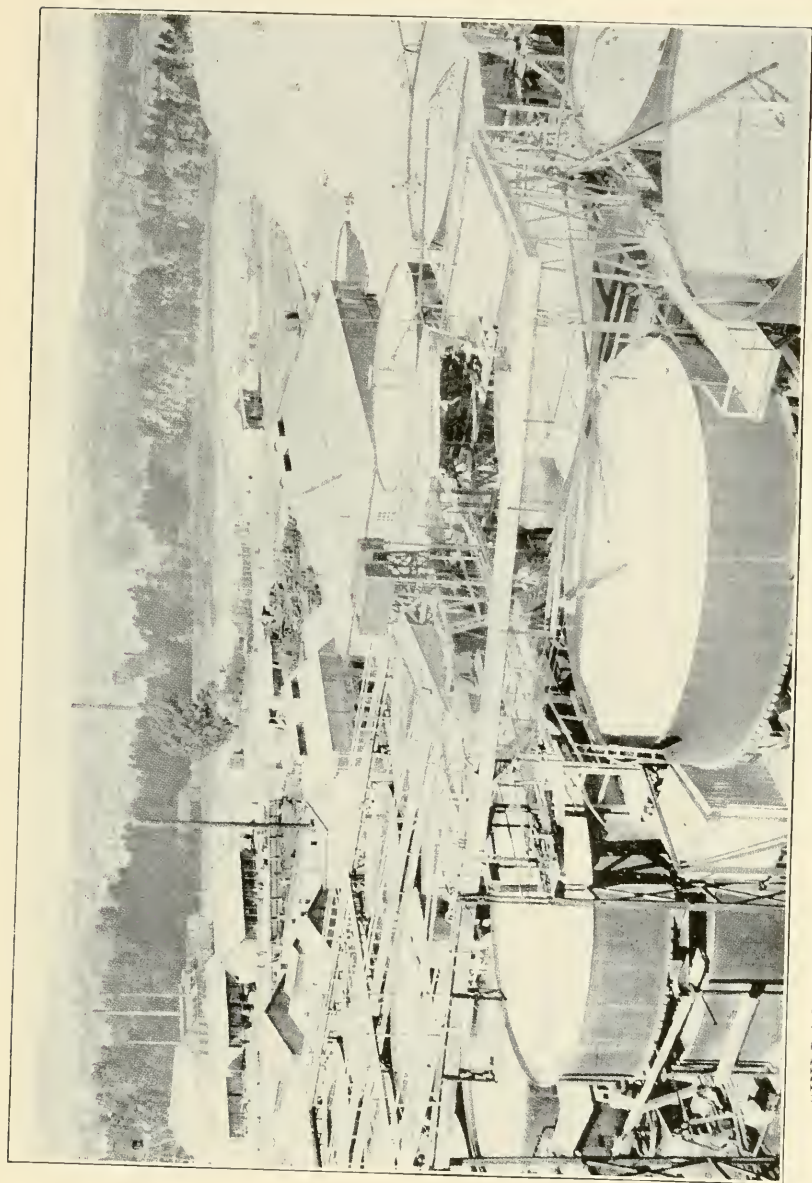
We made a visit to the "Robinson Deep" gold mine, inside the city limits. There are acres of iron vats and machinery where the gold is extracted by the "Cyanide" process. They are working this mine now at the depth of eighteen hundred to thirty-three hundred feet and crushing the rock with heavy stamps. A tremendous power plant is required to handle these acres of machinery and to drive the great number of electric motors in all parts of the mine, besides the power required to hoist the material and to run the dump cars to

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



WITWATERSRAND MINING PLANT—JOHANNESBURG.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



"VILLAGE DEEP" GOLD MINE—JOHANNESBURG—Showing extensive Cyanide Tanks.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



LABORERS WAITING FOR TRAIN AT WAY STATION NEAR PREMIER DIAMOND MINE.

JOHANNESBURG

carry away the refuse. Also to drive the great number of pressure drills which are used in drilling blast holes. The capital invested here is almost fabulous. The smallest mines having an investment of one million dollars and over, and many of the larger plants five million dollars. In the "Transvaal Leader" of April 3, 1912, are printed reports of fifty-six of these mining plants, and their profits as reported, run all the way from nothing to three hundred per cent per annum, but most of them report dividends of about twenty per cent.

Johannesburg is six thousand feet above sea level, although only twenty-eight degrees south of the equator, is cold during the winter months; in June, July and August frequently they have snow and ice. It is situated on rocky hills with beautiful homes and gardens. All of our fall flowers, at this time, were blooming in great profusion. Cosmos grow wild and were everywhere in the fields. Dahlias and chrysanthemums were glorious, beside scarlet sage and many others.

We went to one of the show nurseries. It was certainly a lovely place with all kinds of fruits and flowers. We also were taken to the Country Club. It was most beautifully landscaped. There was an eighteen-hole golf links, eighteen tennis courts, swimming pools and many other sports. The Country Club has fifteen hundred members. The city is only twenty-eight years old and has immense business blocks, really looks much like Kansas City, Missouri, being situated so high, it gets more rain than the surrounding country. This keeps the vegetation very thick and green. While we were there the rain fell nearly every afternoon. Still it was very dusty in the morning, as the wind blows the sand from the mines, making it very disagreeable. A sign frequently seen in the shop windows reads as follows: "Closed on account of the dust; come in."

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



MAIN STREET—CULLINAN, SOUTH AFRICA—Premier Diamond Mines located here.

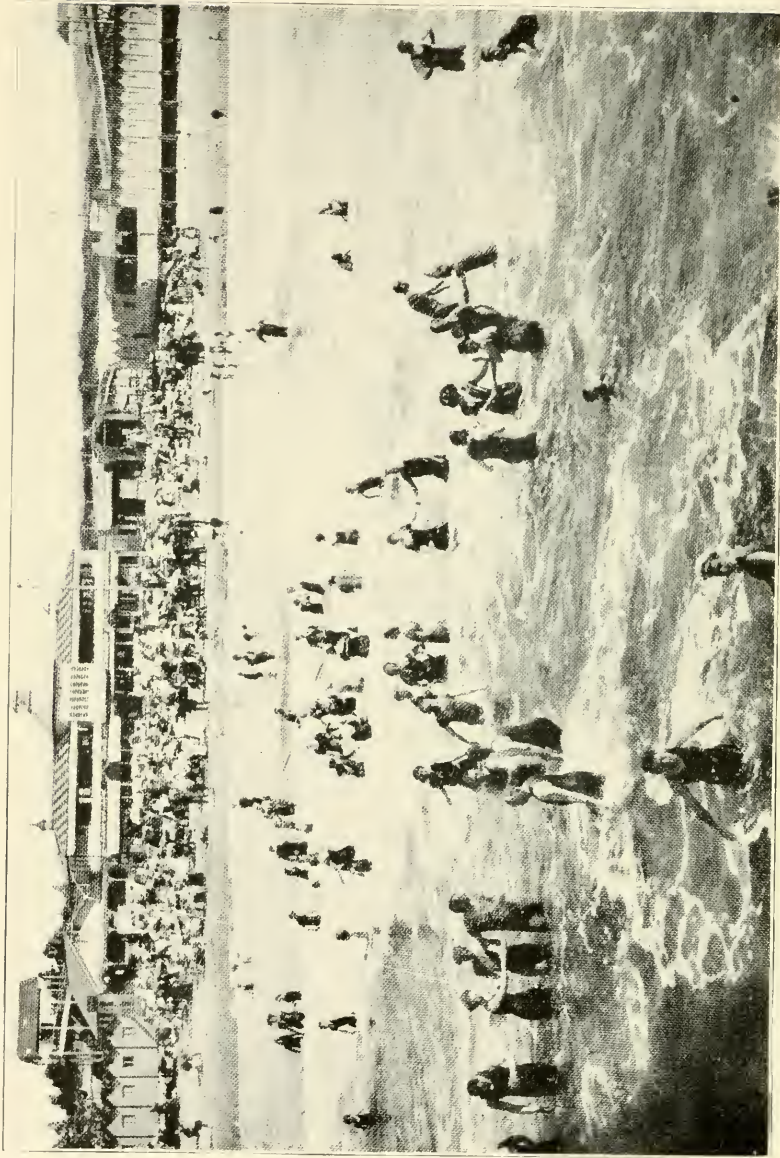
JOHANNESBURG

The Premier Diamond Mine is situated thirty miles east of Pretoria. It is one of the largest in the world. We could not leave this part of Africa without seeing it and made a special trip there one day, going through the whole place. The diamond "Pipe" is four hundred and fifty feet across one way, and nine hundred feet the other way, being oval in shape, and goes straight down into the earth beyond the knowledge of the local engineers. This mine has always been worked from the surface and it is an interesting sight to stand on the bank and see the army of mules and iron dump cars at work in the pit, five hundred feet below. All the "blue" rock here is taken directly to the stamp mills and is ground and washed. The process is similar to that described in the Kimberly Mines, except that they do not spread the "blue" on the floors to become weather slacked. All the blast holes are loaded with dynamite and fuse and are fired at noon, while the miners are at lunch. We perched ourselves on an elevation and waited for the blast. It all went off within three minutes, and sounded like artillery firing in battle. There are several million dollars capital invested in the Premier Diamond Mines. They work seven thousand natives and several hundred white men. They "pipe" the water for the mines, thirty miles. They are compelled to pay to the Natal Government sixty per cent of their profit. The mine must be very profitable to do that and still have a fair profit left for the stockholders.

The largest white diamond known was found here in January, 1905. The weight was three thousand and twenty-four carats, or one and three-quarters pounds. Dimensions, four by two and one-half and one and one-half inches in thickness, too heavy to be worn as a chest sparkler with comfort. It was presented to King Edward the seventh.

There is much prospecting going on in this vicinity, and quite recently a new diamond mine has been located within

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



BATHING BEACH—DURBAN.

JOHANNESBURG

three miles of the Premier, but it has not been worked long enough to determine whether it would be a paying investment.

Pretoria, the capital of the Union of the South African States. It is a bright young city, forty-six miles north of Johannesburg. It lies in a narrow valley, surrounded by picturesque hills, forty-five hundred feet above sea level. It is a winter health resort and has all the modern city improvements. At present they are erecting the capitol buildings, which are expected to cost about twenty-five million dollars. The site overlooks the town and is very beautiful. Offices will be provided in these buildings for the Governor General, ministers and officials, but the Union of the South African Parliament will remain at Cape Town, as heretofore.

After a ten days' delightful sojourn in Johannesburg we continued our journey by rail to Durban on the coast; distance, four hundred and eighty-two miles. We made the trip by the express train, unlimited, in twenty-five hours. This is the fastest train on this important railroad, and if we had taken any other, no one knows when we would have reached our destination.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



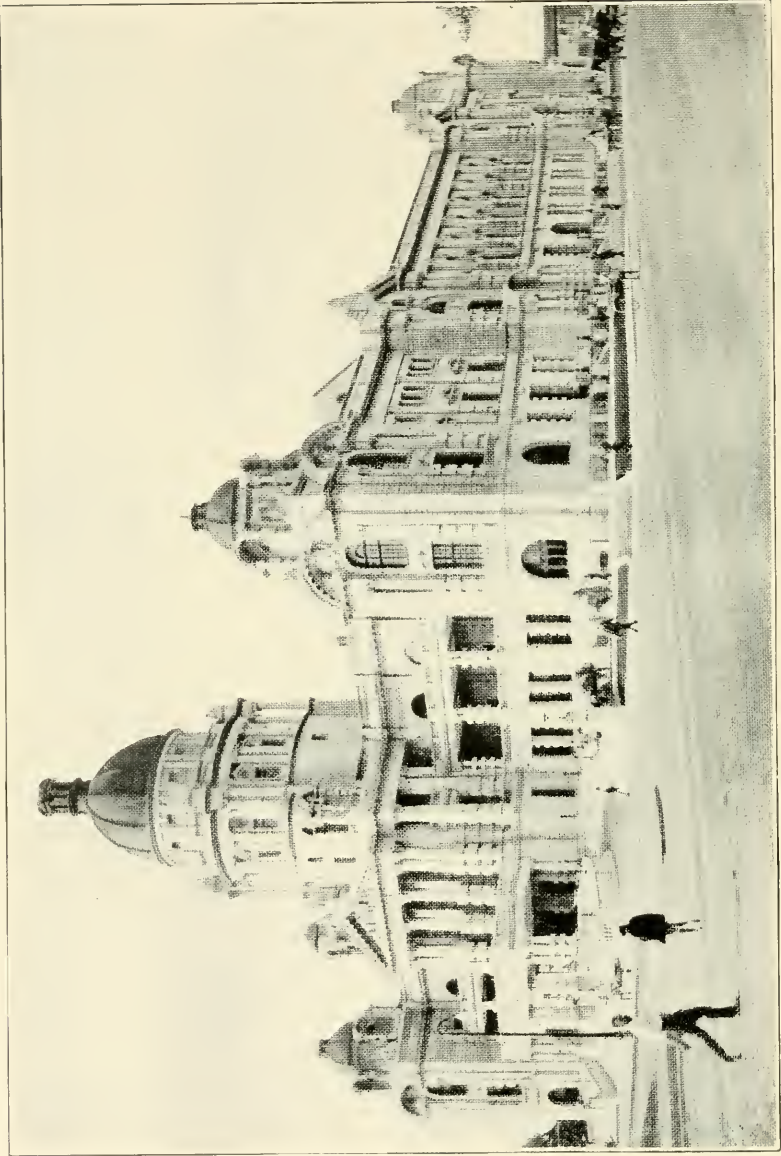
DURBAN CLUB AND MARINE HOTEL—DURBAN. Notice the Horns on Zulu Boys, Rickshaw Pullers.

JOHANNESBURG

Lady Smith is one of the small cities we passed through on our way to the coast. It is quite a pretty place in a rough, scenic country. It was here that many hard fought battles of the recent Boer War took place, and on the surrounding hills are many monuments erected to mark the burial places of different heroes. One of these monuments marks the spot where the son of Lord Roberts fell.

Pietermaritzburg is another of the young cities we passed through in going down to the sea. It has a population of thirty thousand and is the seat of the government of Natal. It is the most beautifully situated of any place we have visited in South Africa, lying in a basin two thousand feet below the surrounding country. We were more than an hour winding our way around the steep incline, past many beautiful mountain side residences with the city far below and in view most of the time. They have many fine public buildings for so small a place, the most important being the town hall, which cost one-half million dollars. There is nothing small about these people when they are spending the public money.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA

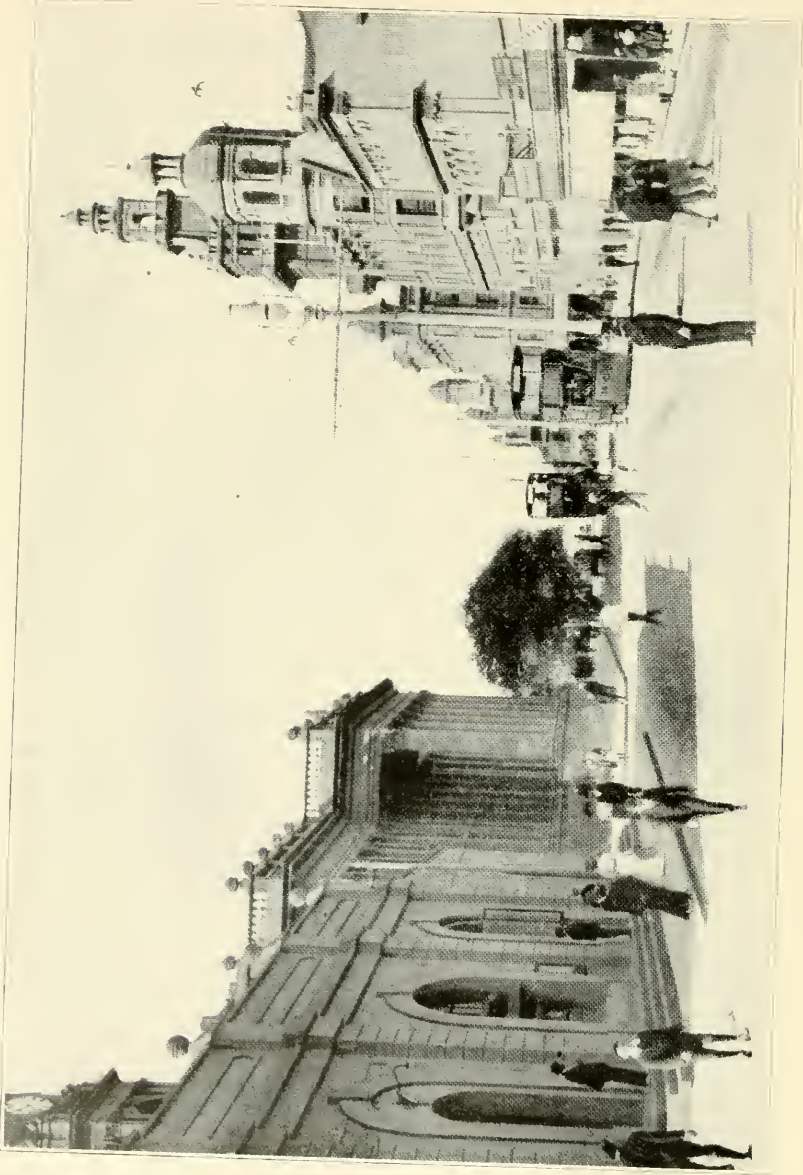


TOWN HALL—DURBAN—Finest Building in Africa. Cost \$1,500,000.00.

DURBAN

The chief seaport of Natal and its commercial capital. It has a population of sixty thousand, nearly half of which are whites; the remainder being Negroes and East Indians. It is the cleanest and prettiest seaport we have visited in this part of the world. The public buildings are handsome and the streets are wide and clean; all together it is most attractive. The weather was ideally beautiful when we were there. On the surrounding hills there are many beautiful residences surrounded by lovely gardens, indicating much wealth. The Marine Hotel, where we domiciled, would be a credit to any city, and is beautifully situated, overlooking the bay. The harbor has a narrow entrance, not more than half a mile wide, with a lighthouse set upon a promontory, about two hundred feet above the sea, and throws a strong light twenty miles out. The town has been called the "Garden of South Africa," "The Pearl of the Indian Ocean," "The Queen of South Africa." The most noteworthy structure is the new town hall, said to be the handsomest building on the continent. It was finished two years ago at an expense of one million and five hundred thousand dollars. It contains the free public library, museum, art gallery and offices for the city officials. We visited the museum, which was most interesting to us, as it contained all the wild animals, stuffed and in glass cases, that we have recently seen in their live state, as well as a great collection of other curios. The art gallery is well supplied with pictures, many of considerable note. The free public library has a large number of books and is a great benefit to the city. The Governor's Mansion is located on the highest point on the bluff, and has a charming view of the whole city, harbor and ocean. This beautiful place was built several years ago, when Durban had a Governor. The acres surrounding it were planted in rare trees, shrubbery and flowers, interspersed with walks and drives. Since the formation of the Union of the South African States one governor is ap-

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



GARDINER STREET—DURBAN

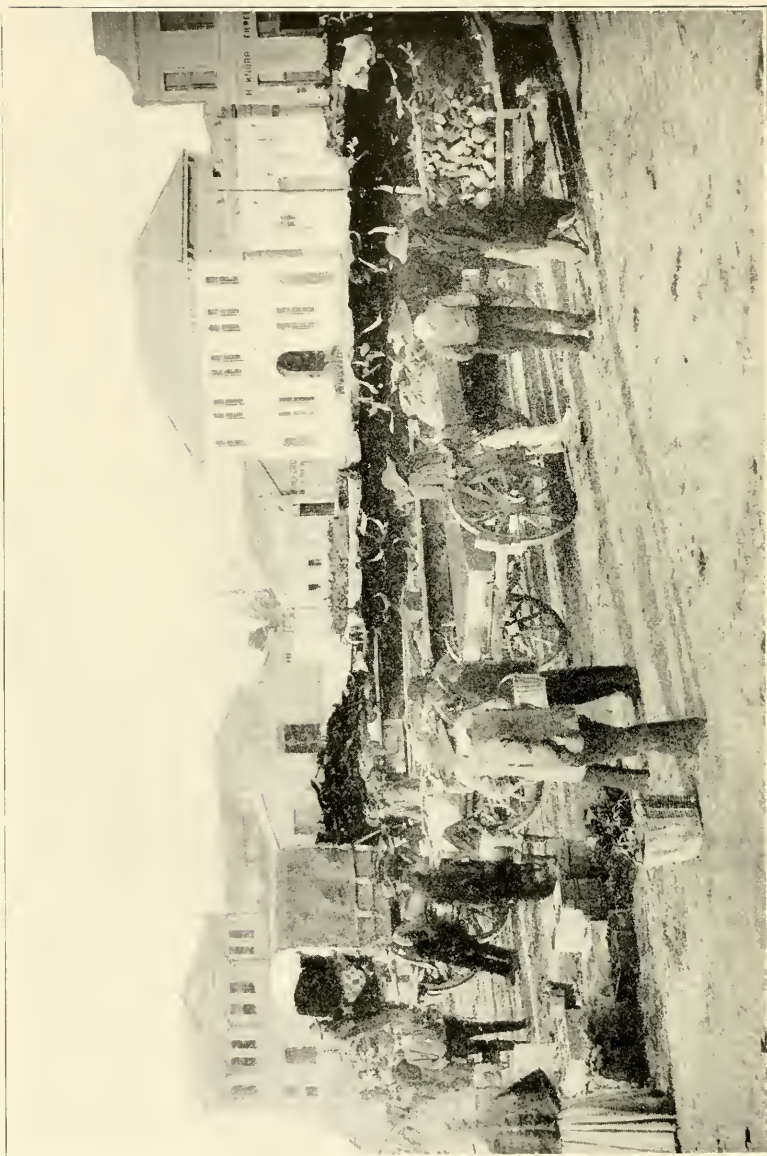
DURBAN

pointed for all the Union, and he resides at the capital, Pretoria. Nevertheless, Durban in its desire to make the city attractive, keeps this mansion and grounds in fine condition, simply as a show place. There is a race course in the central part of the city, given to the public at an early day with the proviso that it can be used only for public sports, and inside the track is an eighteen-hole golf course. The city has grown up around this race course, but it must be retained for sports only.

The largest vessels, drawing thirty-three feet of water, come up alongside the loading docks, and a large dry dock is maintained here. The coal mines, which are about two hundred miles inland, have probably done as much as any other one thing to make this a great shipping point. It is a good quality of coal and delivered to the ships at four dollars per ton. This causes all the big steamers from England to come here for coal, and makes this really the starting point of the Union Castle Mail Steamers on their return trip to England.

The climate is a very delightful one for a winter resort, while the location is thirty degrees south, yet the Indian Ocean so tempers the seasons that they never have frost at Durban, and many of the tropical trees and flowers grow in profusion, still the oranges which they raise are not good, as they are green and sour. The rainfall is thirty-nine inches per annum, enough to make this a fine agricultural country. The principal exports from Durban in 1909 were coal, four million five hundred thousand dollars; wool, four million five hundred thousand dollars, and corn, two million dollars, not enough in any line to greatly affect the world's markets. It is only eighty-nine years since this city was settled, and there were very few settlers in the interior for some years later. It is one of the strictest Sabbath keeping places we have visited, although they have several daily papers, none of them print a Sunday morning edition.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



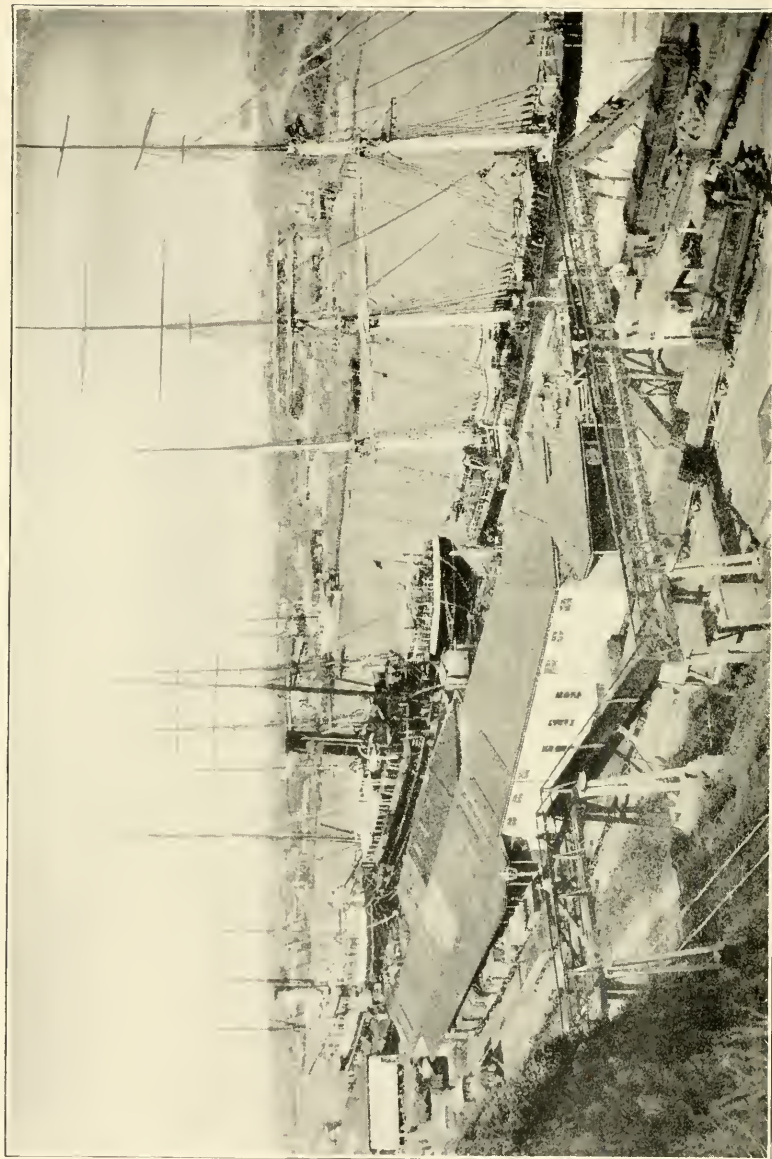
MORNING MARKET—EAST LONDON.

EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA

After a very delightful stay at Durban we took the Union Castle Mail Steamship, "Walmer Castle," for Cape Town. We had four days of perfect weather on our journey to Cape Town, and on the way our first call was at East London, which is beautifully situated on the sea coast at the mouth of the Buffalo River. There is really no natural harbor, but walls have been built on each side of the stream for a mile inland, and piers have been built out into the sea for two thousand feet, and the channel is kept dredged out to the depth of twenty-five feet. Fine docks have been built along the river wall and loading cranes erected. The immense sum of ten million dollars has been spent here to make this a good shipping point. It is now the third port in volume of exports in Cape Colony. The railroad comes along the docks, making the handling of freight for small steamers very convenient. On the day of our visit there were five steamers in port loading or discharging cargo. As our steamer draws twenty-five feet of water, we anchored one-half mile out. Usually the sea is very rough and the passengers going ashore are swung over the side of the ship in a basket, and we had our first experience of this kind. It is a large circular willow basket that will hold ten people. It is five feet in diameter and seven feet high, with heavy loops on top and a small door on one side. When full the door is bolted on the outside. The signal to hoist away is given, the basket and load is swung by the ship's crane, high in the air over the side, and rather suddenly lowered to the deck of the small steam tender. It is rather a dizzy experience. This performance is repeated until the tender is loaded.

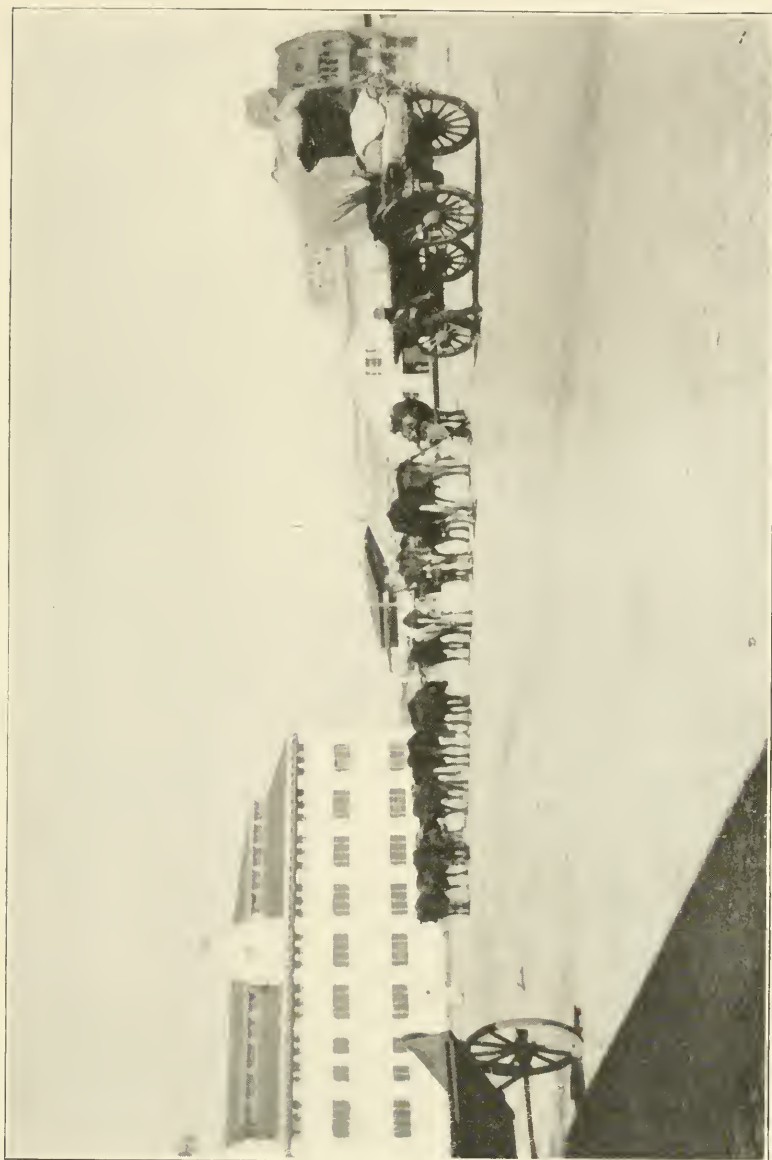
East London has a population of twenty-five thousand, one-half of them white and the other half negroes. It is quite a pretty place and very fine surf bathing. We drove along this beautiful wide beach, where the breakers continually roll in, and enjoyed seeing the people in bathing. There is a fine

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



EAST LONDON HARBOR.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



EAST LONDON—TRECKING TEAM ON STREET.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



PUBLIC LIBRARY—PORT ELIZABETH—Statue of Queen Victoria in front.

PORT ELIZABETH

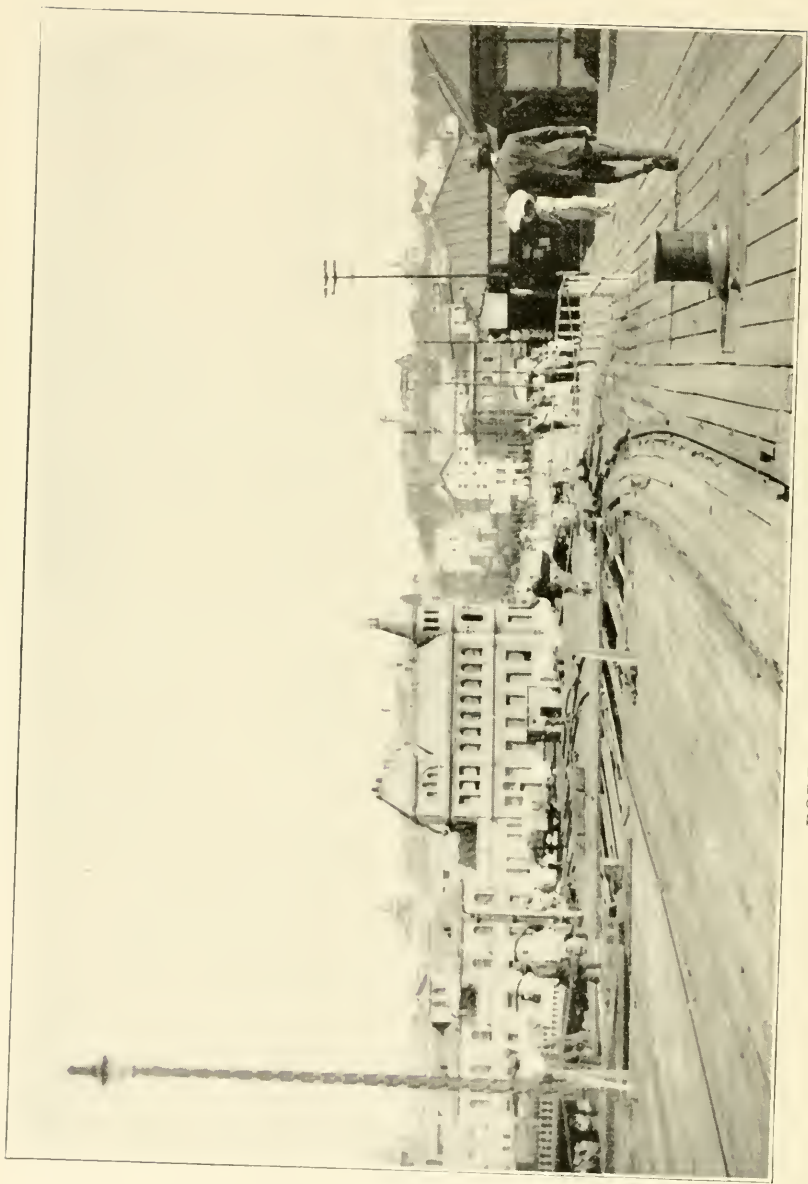
beach hotel here and in the season thousands of people from the surrounding country come here for a holiday, many of them bringing tents and camping outfits. The tram cars run along the whole length of the beach and there are many amusement places erected.

The railway runs back into the interior and is connected with the whole South African system, and the country is very fertile a few miles back from the coast. This part of the country has been settled by the English for a hundred years. Corn, oats and beans are generally raised, and wine producing is of much importance; but wool is the greatest export, and our steamer was busy all day loading from lighters into the hold. One of the sights of the town are the wagons with twelve to twenty oxen with a negro leading the front pair and another wielding a whip about fifteen feet long. The town hall is the most showy building in the city, with a handsome clock tower and a bronze, equestrian statue, a memorial of the soldiers killed in the Boer War. East London is well supplied with hotels, schools, colleges, hospitals and churches, and has a delightful climate.

PORT ELIZABETH, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA

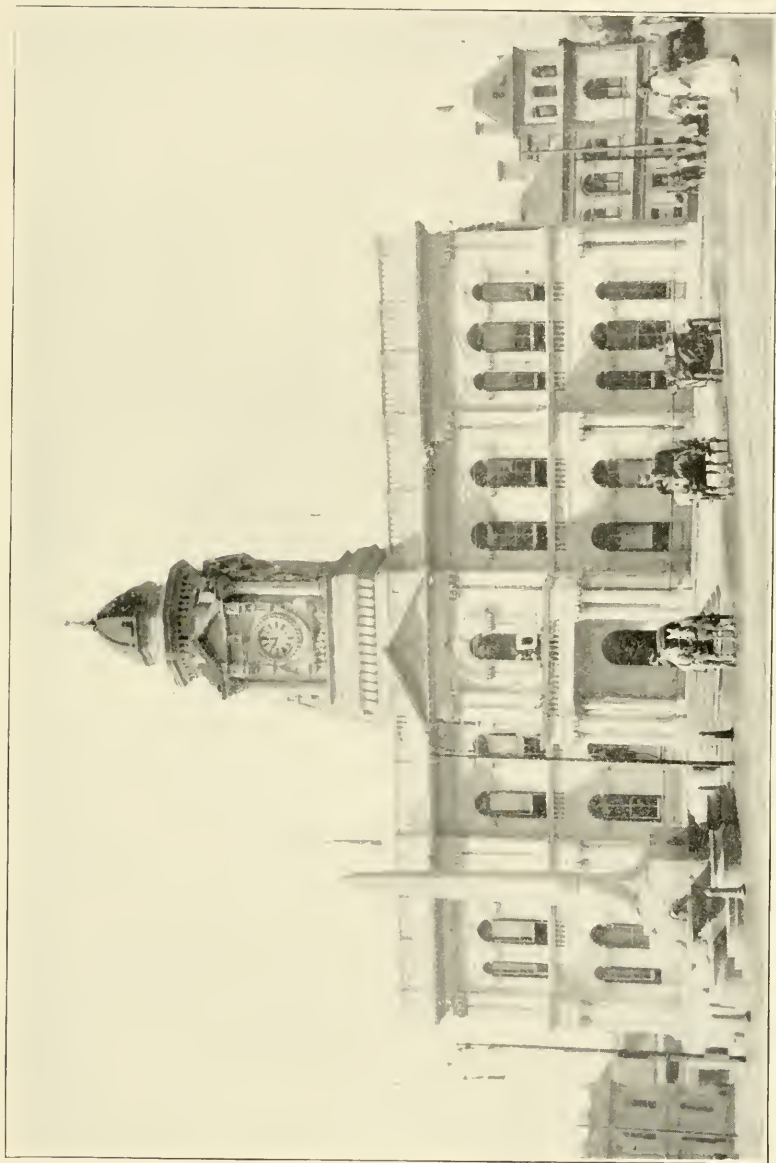
This is the second city in Cape Colony, and four hundred and twenty-five miles east of Cape Town by sea, with a population of thirty-three thousand, one-half of whom are Europeans and one-half Negroes. It has been occupied by the English about a hundred years and is a fine business city, with handsome public and private buildings, and is a large shipping port. It is sometimes called the "Liverpool" of South Africa. It is situated on an open bay and ships do not have much protection from storms which frequent these seas. The town

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



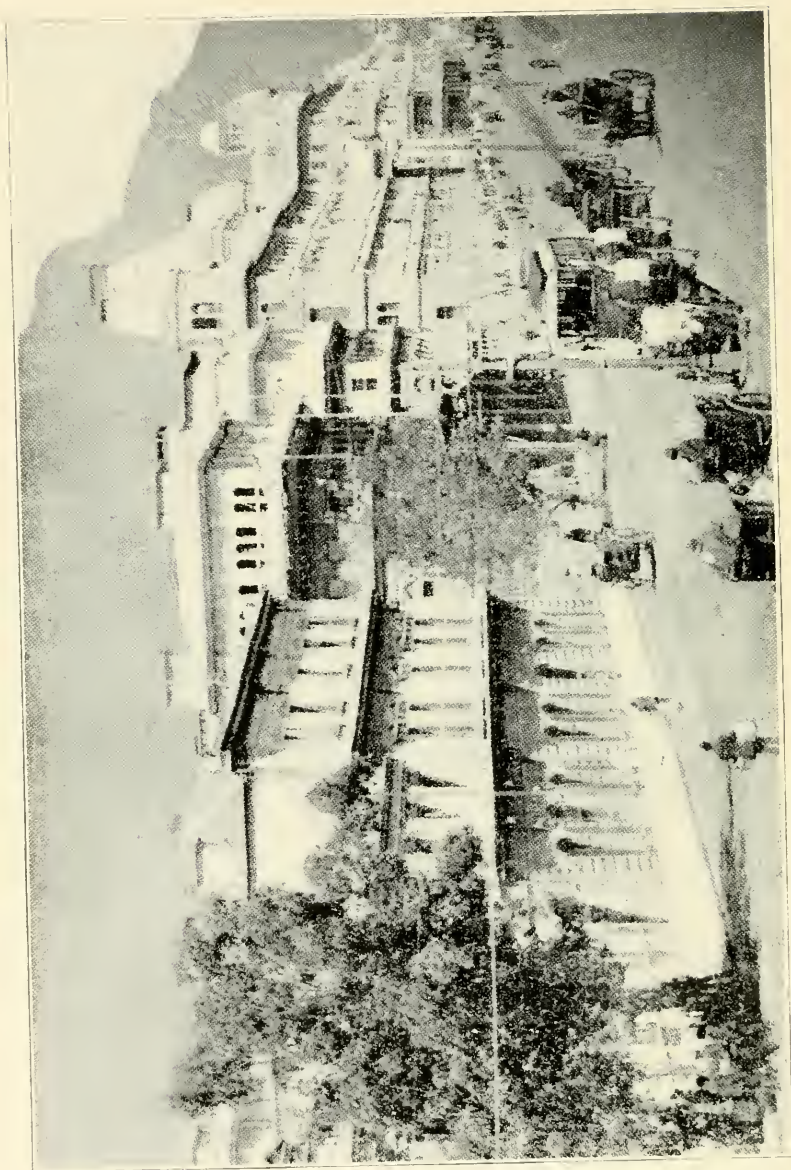
PORT ELIZABETH FROM THE DOCK.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



CITY HALL,—PORT ELIZABETH.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



ADDERLY STREET—CAPETOWN.

PORT ELIZABETH

lies on the hills of about two hundred feet elevation, and many of the streets are so steep that they are built with steps for pedestrians, and not used for vehicles. In the center part is a park where Sir Rufan Donkin, the first governor, built a pyramid of stone to the memory of his deceased wife, Elizabeth, for whom the town was named. It has the following inscription: "One of the most perfect human beings who has given her name to the town below." As this is the highest point in the town, a lighthouse has been erected here, which guides the mariner many miles at sea. There is an immense amount of export business done here. All day from sunrise to midnight we were busily engaged in packing away in the hold of our steamer, every kind of produce that is sent out from South Africa. First of importance is the wool export, and next is the ostrich feathers, being consigned to New York and London, and also some sugar.

There is a handsome town hall on the public square, a public library containing forty-five thousand volumes, a fine building and a credit to the place. A very life-like statue of Queen Victoria, in white marble, stands in front of the library. These people in South Africa are very extravagant in public buildings.

Southern Africa is the greatest country for ostrich farming, and the American ladies wear more of the feathers than any other people.

Mossel Bay is situated on the southern shore of a bay by the same name. This bay was one of the first known to European navigators. It is deep water and is a safe port for ships in storms, which are not infrequent. We took from this place a cargo of ostrich feathers and wool and left a cargo of Rangoon rice. Near the town is a headland, rising sheer from the sea, and on this a lighthouse is erected.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



LIONS HEAD MOUNTAIN—CAPETOWN.

CAPE TOWN, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA

We sailed into Table Bay on April 22, 1912, and were delighted to reach Cape Town, often having heard of it for its beautiful situation. It has a population of about two hundred thousand, and it is surrounded on one side by the sea, and on three sides by wonderfully picturesque mountains. The business part of the city is solidly built with many stone and brick structures. The Parliament buildings are very fine, as is the postoffice, Standard Bank of Africa, custom house and public library. The largest mercantile blocks and hotels would do credit to our best American cities. The streets are wide and kept remarkably clean and neat.

Table Bay is what originally made Cape Town. It is such a fine natural harbor that the trading ships for India in early days made this a half-way stopping place before the Suez Canal was built. Even yet it is the half-way to India for many ships to call and renew their supplies.

The Holland Dutch settled Cape Town and held it for one hundred and fifty years. About one hundred years ago the English took the place by force. Since the Boer War, in which the English had such a hard time to conquer them, they have given back to them so much of the government that the Parliament is made up of Boers and English, and both languages are spoken, and all public documents are printed in both Dutch and English. As the railways are owned and operated by the government, all the cars and stations have both the Dutch and English names and both languages are taught in the public schools. These sturdy Boers do not like the English, and many of them will not learn to speak the English language. On their most prominent street a bronze statue of the first Dutch governor, Van Reebeck, stands.

The mountains give the town the finest setting, entitling it to rank in beauty with Naples, Rio Janeiro and San Francisco, the most beautiful seaports of the world.

Table Mountain rises back of the town three thousand five

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN—CAPETOWN. 3,300 feet high.

CAPE TOWN

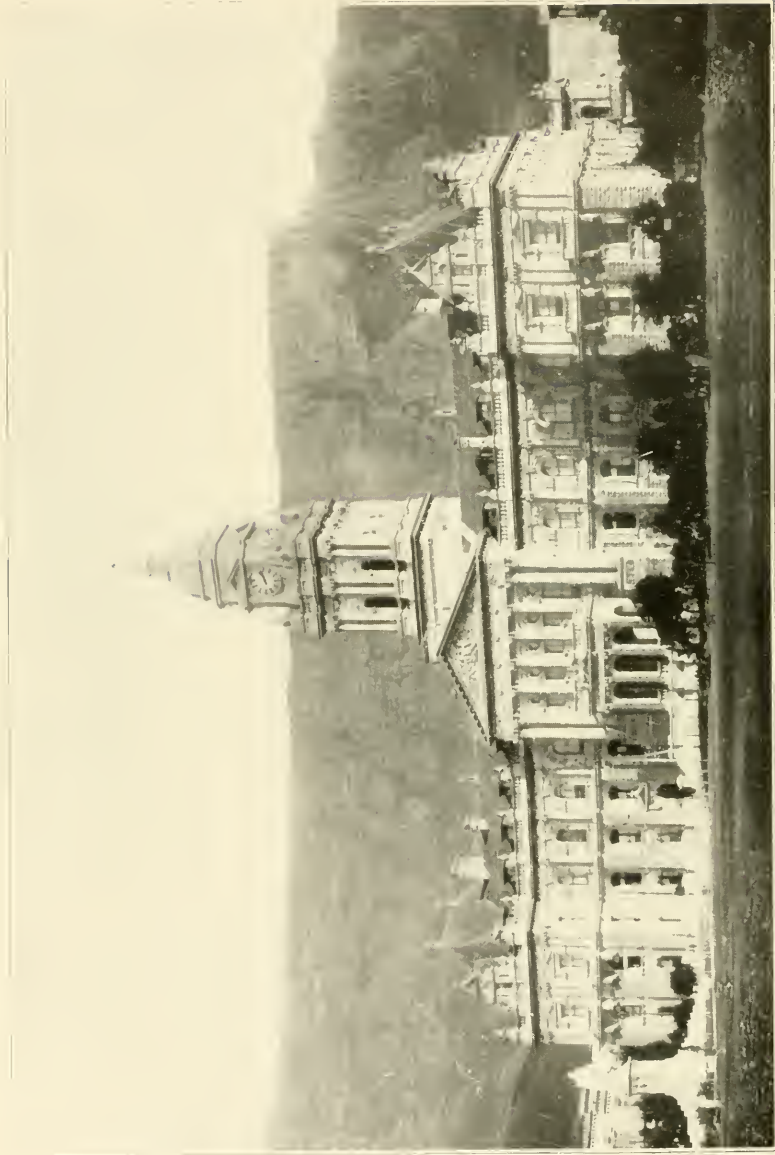
hundred and eighty-two feet, cutting the sky line with its horizontal front for two miles. To the left is Devil's Peak, thirty-three hundred feet high, and to the right is Lion's Head, twenty-one hundred feet high. The two lower mountains stand in advance of Table Mountain and together they form the Horse Shoe Valley, in which Cape Town is located.

The old Dutch Reformed Church, commenced in 1699, was the first erected in South Africa, which makes it the most ancient of all structures in Cape Town. The clock tower contains the clock which was sent from Holland in 1727. This is the only part of the original church now standing, the remainder having been rebuilt, and seats three thousand persons. The great hundred-foot span of the roof is most notable. No supporting posts in this church. Beneath the floor lies the remains of eight of the first Dutch governors, which has caused it to be called the "Westminster" of South Africa.

On Sundays they hold three services in this great church: preaching at eleven in the morning, and three in the afternoon is in Dutch, but at the evening services, it is in English. We attended the evening service, heard a good sermon with fine music from a choir of fifty voices. The pulpit is raised about twenty feet high on the side of this great audience room, which is a hundred feet wide, two hundred feet long and about sixty feet high. The pews are very high, with straight backs, and it is extremely plainly furnished. We took an automobile drive out to Houts Bay, going over the justly celebrated Victoria road, cut into the side of the mountain and overlooking the Atlantic Ocean on one side. Sometimes it is high above the water, and again near the sea. A most magnificent view of the sea, which reminds us very much of the famous Sorrento-Amalfi Drive in Southern Italy along the Mediterranean Sea.

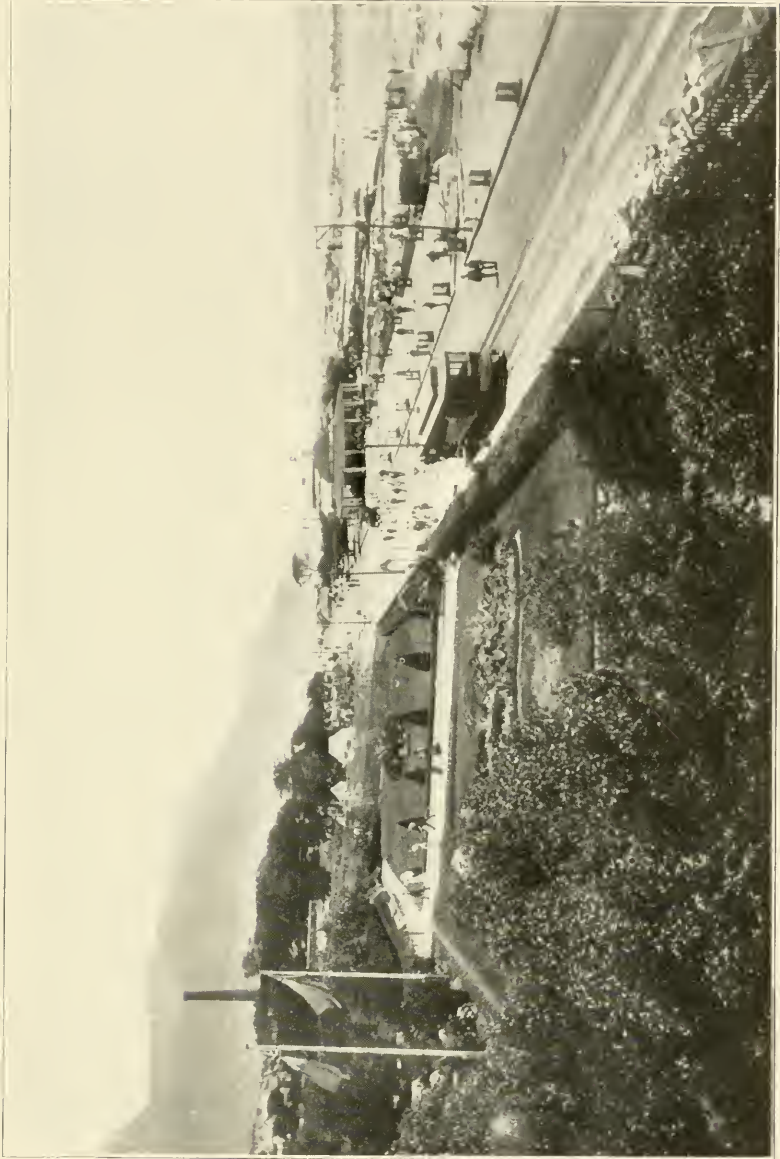
Arriving at Houts Bay we walked along the sandy beach where the surf was rolling in. This is a beautiful little bay, almost shut in by the mountains. On one side where the water is deep the fishing is fine. We saw several wagon loads of fish being taken to the city market. Great big fellows that

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



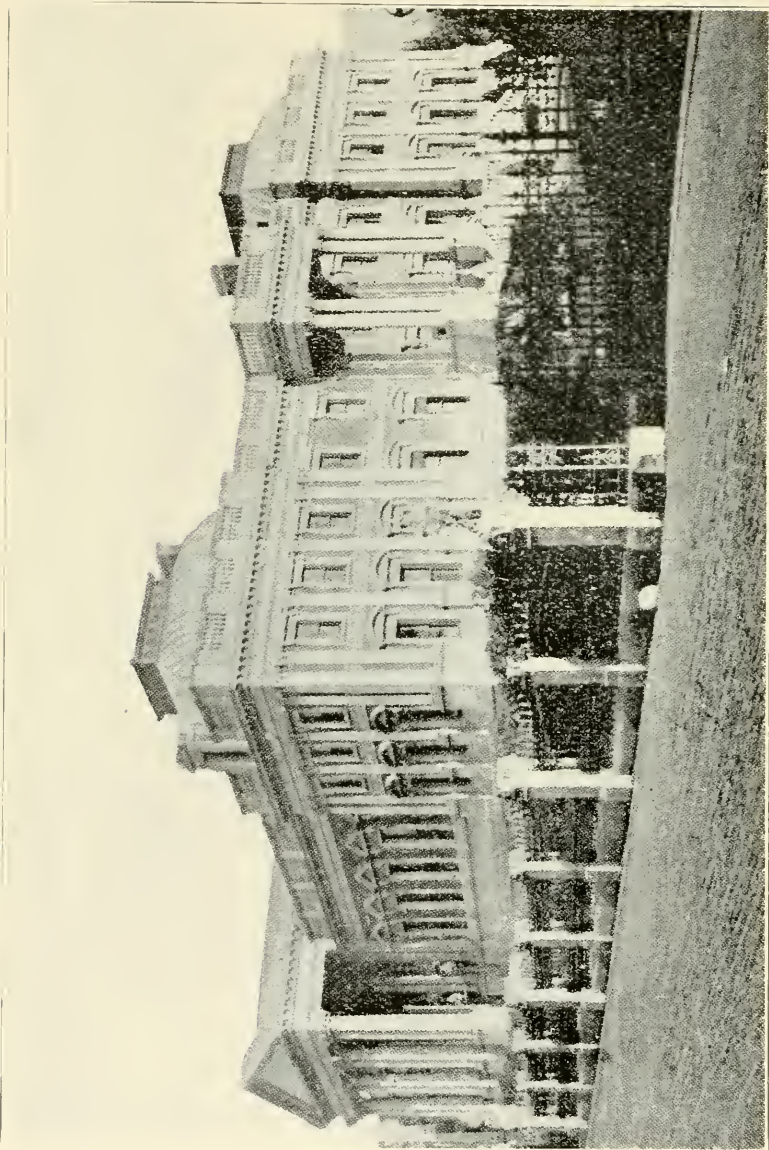
CITY HALL—CAPE TOWN. Table Mountain in background.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



CAMPS BAY BATHING BEACH—CAPE TOWN.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



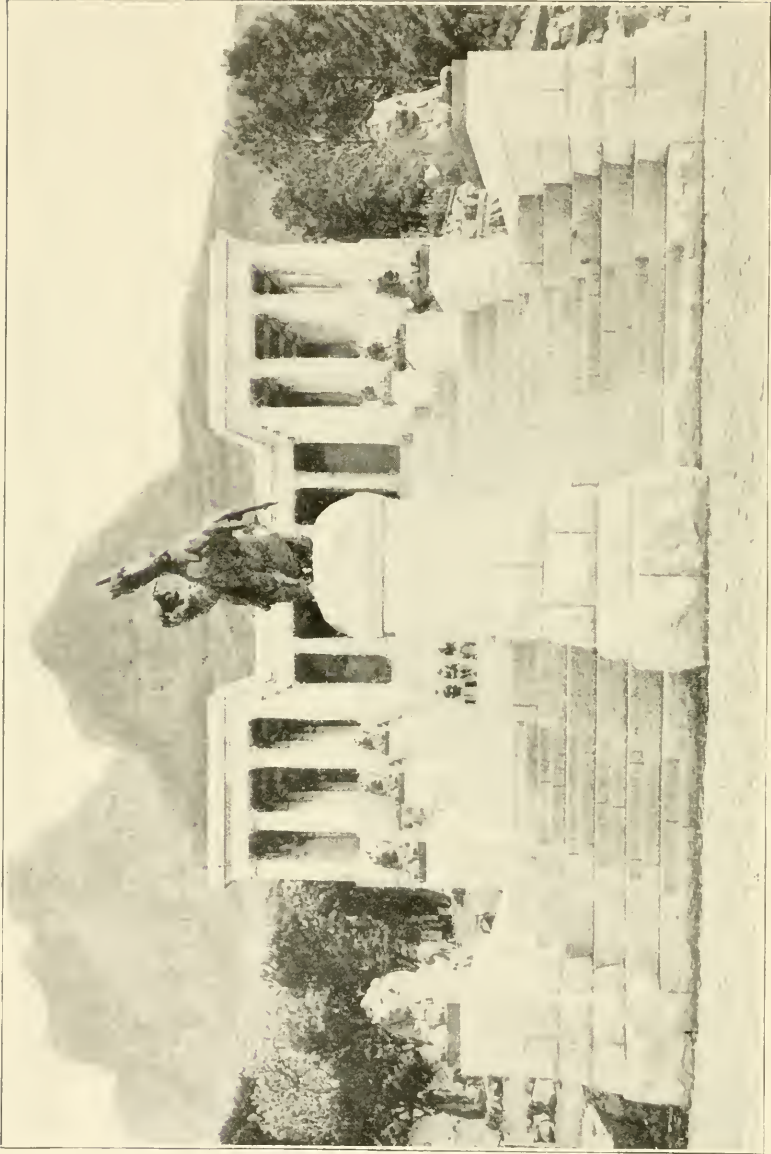
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—CAPE TOWN.

CAPE TOWN

would weigh ten or twenty pounds, and two feet long, all caught with hook and line. The water is cold and the fish are fine eating. After having tea at a little hotel at the bay we returned by another road, going back of the mountains, and here the scenery was more delightful even than by the seashore. The road rises half way to the mountain tops and passes through a gap between the high peaks. In the little valley the market gardeners have their cosy little homes with thatched roofs built in Dutch style. We passed through a suburb called Wynburg, where many of the fields were covered with grape vines, and it is in this section that great quantities of wine are made, to be exported from Cape Town. We passed through several dense forests where the trees were so thick that they shut out the sun and sky from the roadway. When we would come out in the open space between the forests we could see for miles over the country dotted with homes built in Dutch style, surrounded with well trimmed evergreen hedges and fields of grape vines. It was certainly the most beautiful and picturesque drive that we have ever taken.

At another time we went to Camps Bay on the tram cars. This is another most unique trip. On leaving Cape Town the road climbs the mountain side to Kloofs Neck about a thousand feet above the town. It is a pass between Table Mountain and Lion's Head. From this point the view is magnificent over city and bay. We proceeded along the mountain side on the back of Lion's Head, gradually dropping down until we came to Camps Bay on the sea side. There are here twelve small mountain peaks above the sea shore called the twelve apostles.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



ENERGY—RHODES MEMORIAL.—CAPE TOWN.

CECIL JOHN RHODES

We went out to see the home of the right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, called Groote Shuur. It is an estate of several hundred acres, lying on the side of the mountain, much of which is covered by a forest of pine trees. The avenue leading to it is through a stately colonnade of pines, nearly a hundred feet wide. The estate is laid out in gardens, has a high fenced pasture for herds of animals, such as the South African buck, zebra, monkeys and other beasts, and houses built especially for them. The house is stately looking, built of white plaster and brick with a fine veranda across the front. At his death it was willed to the Cape Colony government, to be occupied by the Premier of the Union of South African States. At present it is occupied by General Botha, of Boer War fame. At a high point on the Rhodes' estate is a "Classical Monument" of "Physical Energy," erected by the nation to the memory of Mr. Rhodes. From there one has a view of Table Mountain and Devil's Peak on one side, and over the bay and Cape Flats on the other. In the botanical gardens in the central part of Cape Town is a fine statue of Mr. Rhodes, representing him delivering a speech, dressed in his customary business suit with his right hand raised. An inscription on the pedestal, evidently taken from his speech, reads "Yonder is your Hinter Land." He was easily the greatest man that Modern Africa has produced, and died at the early age of forty-nine. His policies are still being carried out, but if he had lived another twenty years he would undoubtedly have rendered greater service to Africa, the land of his adoption. As it is, he has left an imprint, not only on Africa, but on the other English speaking people of the world. His will, which provided scholarships at Oxford (where he was educated) for young men, giving them three years in this renowned university, was the crowning act of his life. Mr. Rhodes directed, in great detail, that these scholarships are intended to more closely cement all English speaking people. The scholarships are distributed as follows: South

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.

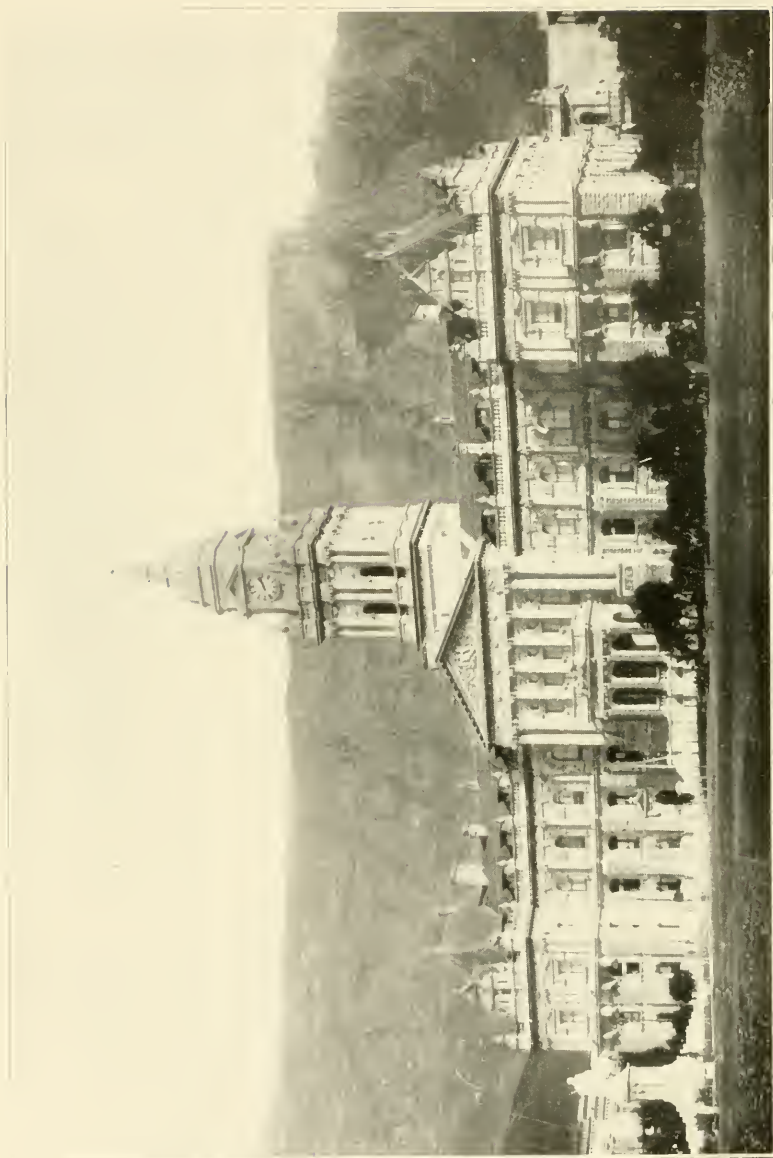
CECIL JOHN RHODES

Africa, eight; Australia, six; New Zealand, one; Canada, two; New Foundland, one; Bermuda, one; Jamaica, one; United States, two; for each state and territory, ninety-six; Germany, fifteen. The total number of scholarships, one hundred and thirty-one, annual expense about fifteen hundred dollars each, making about two hundred thousand dollars per year, to continue for all time. He had about one million dollars per annum income at his death, which has since been increased. There is no reasonable doubt about his trustees being amply able, financially, to carry out his request. His largest wealth was in Kimberly Diamond Mines. In addition to the foregoing he provided annuities for his relatives, besides many legacies for friends and servants. Notice that our own United States gets about three-fourths of this endowment. These scholarships are to be earned by competition and examination, giving the brightest minds among English speaking young men an opportunity to get a university education. These young men will be monuments to his memory, which will be of longer duration than monuments made of marble and bronze. We have two young men of our own city now being educated at Oxford at the expense of the Rhodes endowment.

SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT

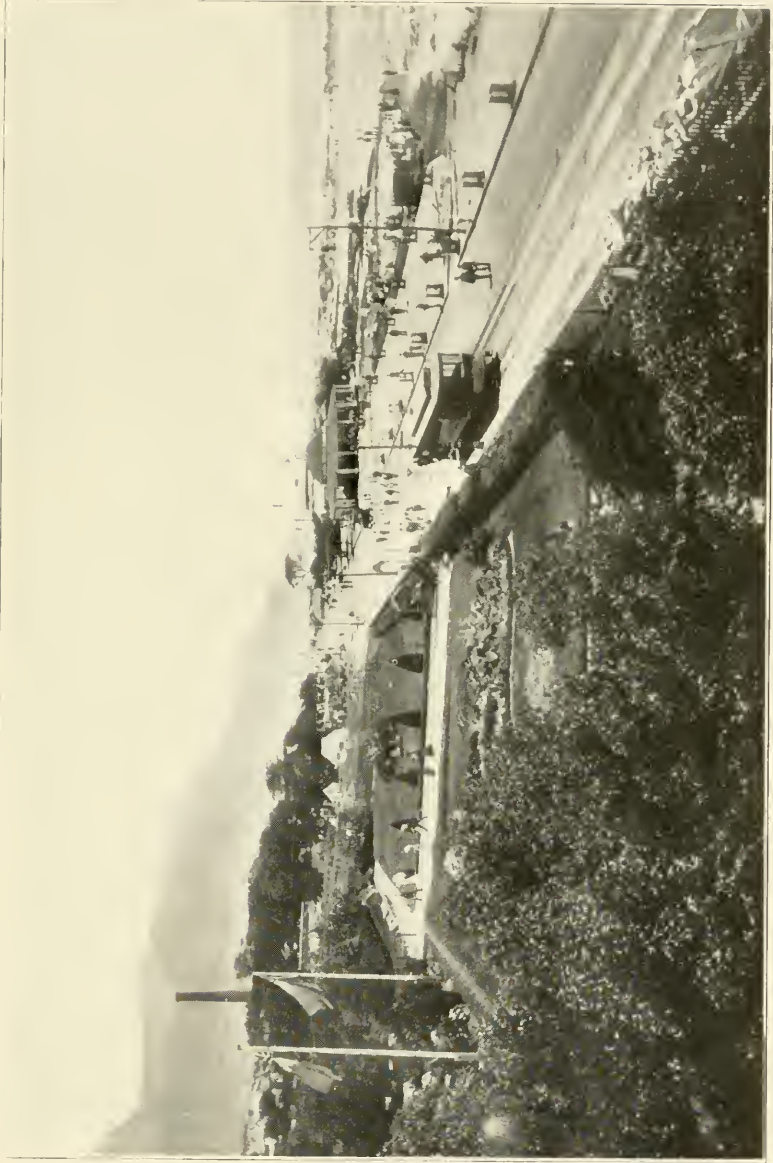
We visited the Parliament at Cape Town, both the Senate and Representative Chambers, while in session. There were in the Senate about forty members, and a speech was being made in English on the subject of irrigation, which is very much needed in this country, where rainfall is usually deficient. In the house of the Representatives quite a spirited debate was

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



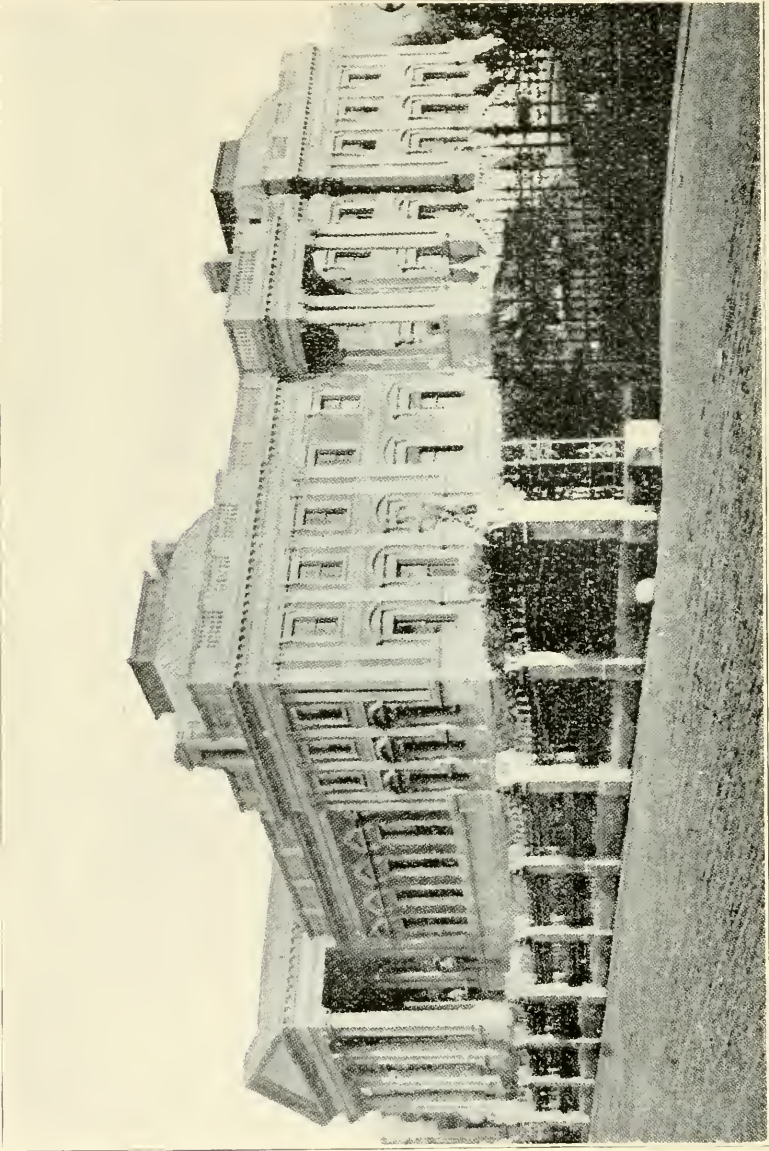
CITY HALL.—CAPE TOWN. Table Mountain in background.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



CAMPS BAY BATHING BEACH—CAPE TOWN.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



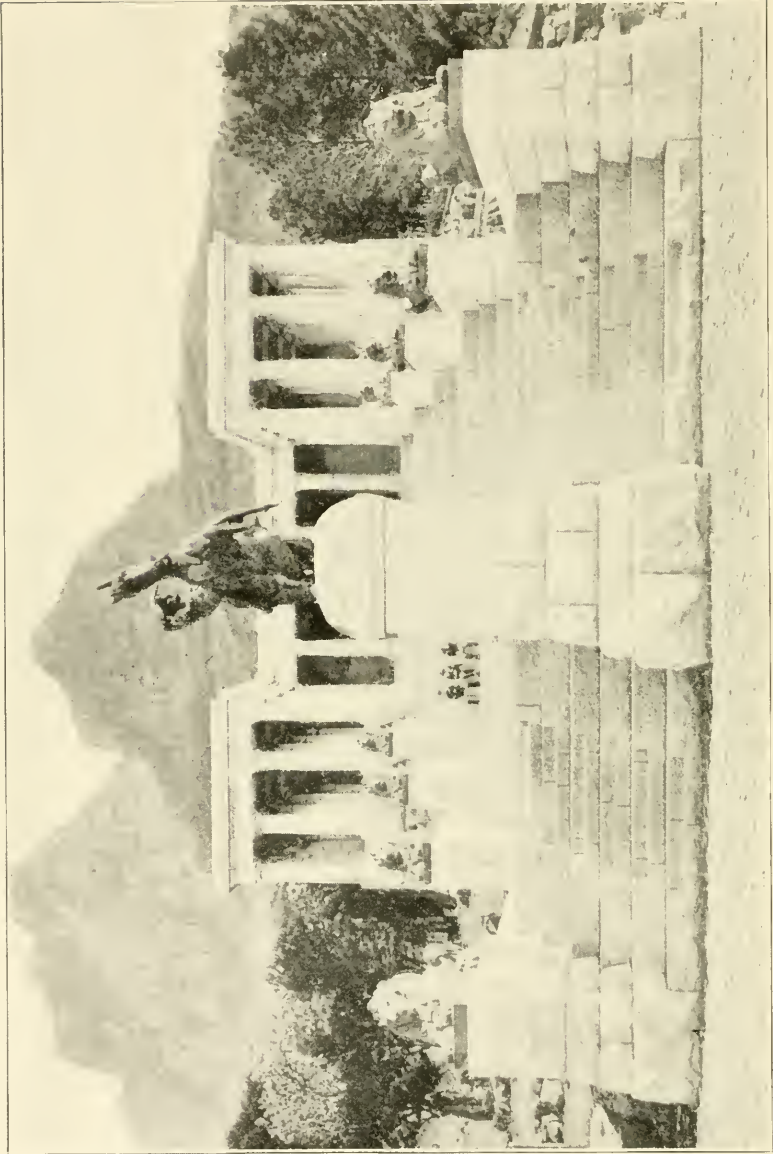
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—CAPE TOWN.

CAPE TOWN

would weigh ten or twenty pounds, and two feet long, all caught with hook and line. The water is cold and the fish are fine eating. After having tea at a little hotel at the bay we returned by another road, going back of the mountains, and here the scenery was more delightful even than by the seashore. The road rises half way to the mountain tops and passes through a gap between the high peaks. In the little valley the market gardeners have their cosy little homes with thatched roofs built in Dutch style. We passed through a suburb called Wynburg, where many of the fields were covered with grape vines, and it is in this section that great quantities of wine are made, to be exported from Cape Town. We passed through several dense forests where the trees were so thick that they shut out the sun and sky from the roadway. When we would come out in the open space between the forests we could see for miles over the country dotted with homes built in Dutch style, surrounded with well trimmed evergreen hedges and fields of grape vines. It was certainly the most beautiful and picturesque drive that we have ever taken.

At another time we went to Camps Bay on the tram cars. This is another most unique trip. On leaving Cape Town the road climbs the mountain side to Kloofs Neck about a thousand feet above the town. It is a pass between Table Mountain and Lion's Head. From this point the view is magnificent over city and bay. We proceeded along the mountain side on the back of Lion's Head, gradually dropping down until we came to Camps Bay on the sea side. There are here twelve small mountain peaks above the sea shore called the twelve apostles.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA

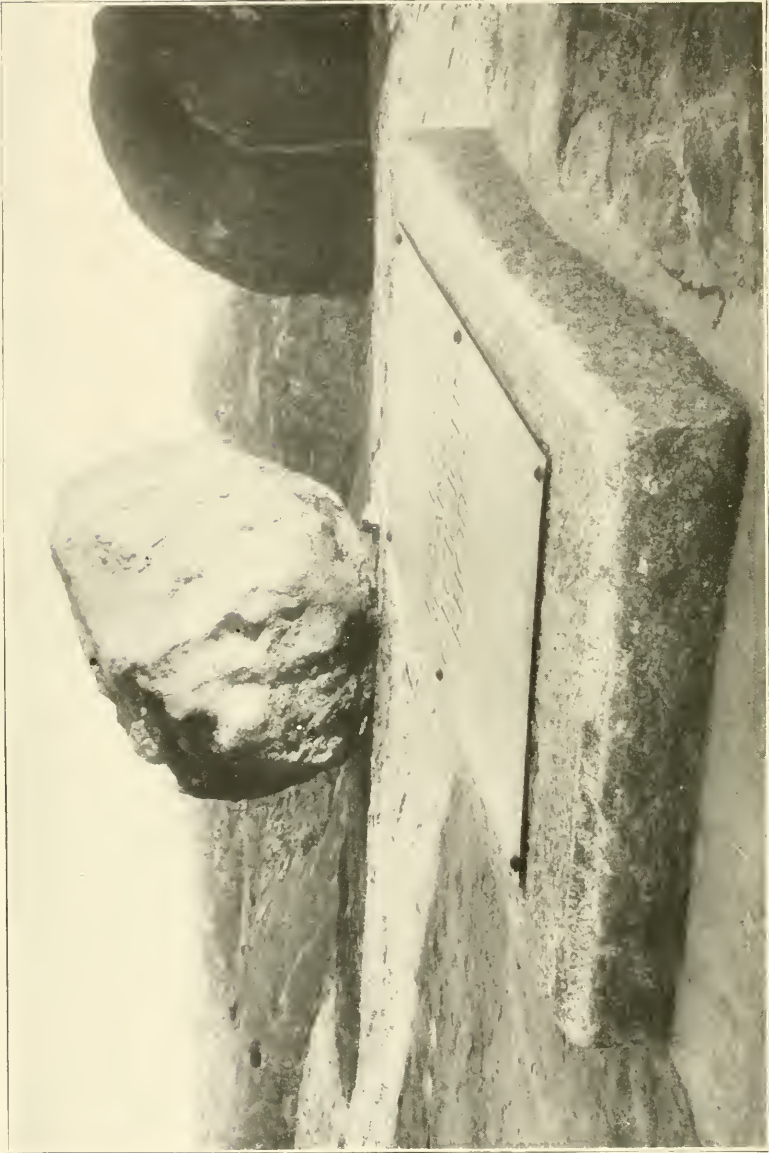


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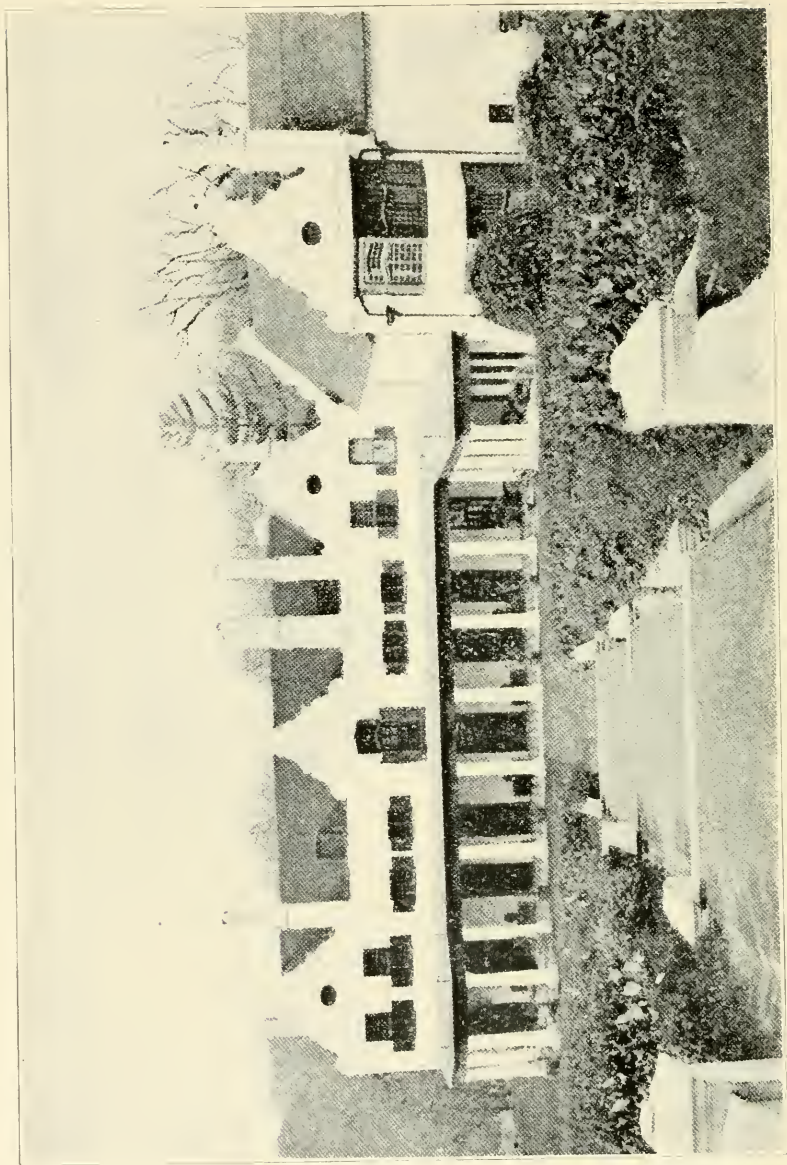
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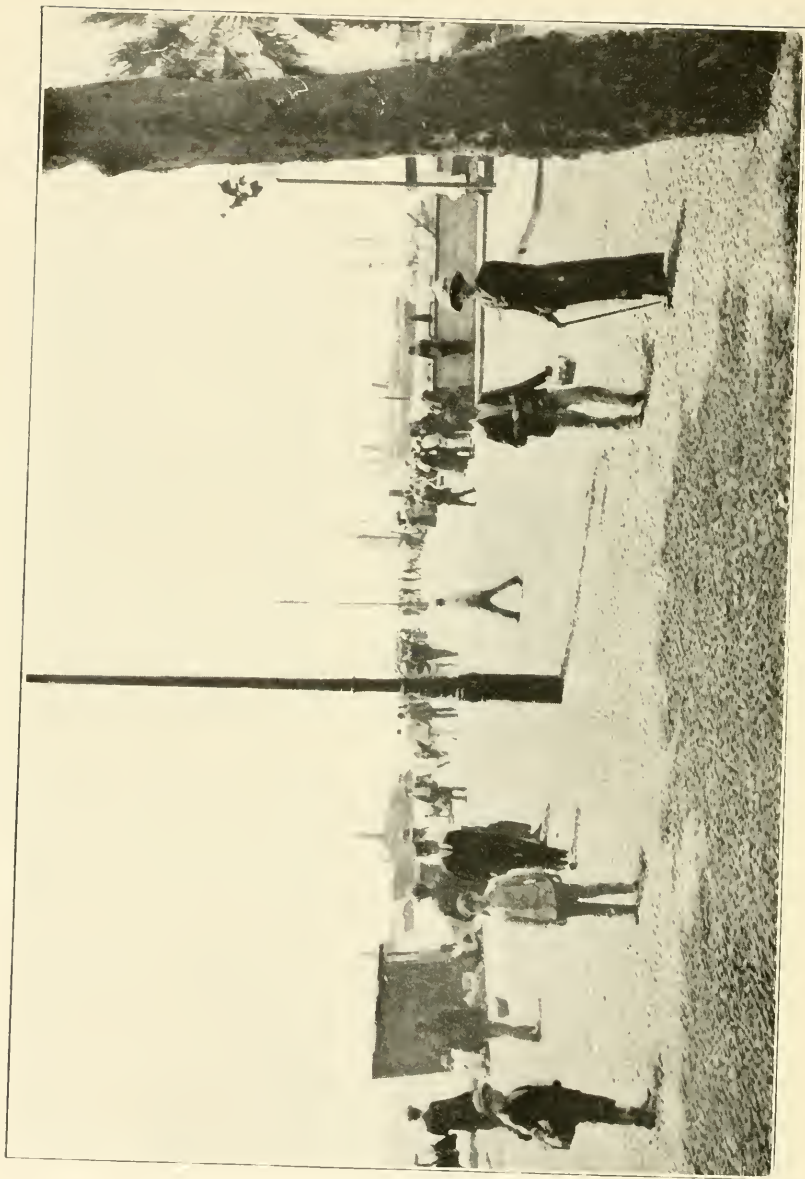
GROOTE-SCHUUR—Residence of the late Cecil Rhodes.

PARLIAMENT

going on over the revision of the police laws. Some of the members spoke in English, others in Dutch, and some in both languages. The Speaker of the House read the motions before putting them to vote, first in English and then in Dutch, all of which took much time, and one would think it rather confusing. The English are very mild and diplomatic in their colonies here, as well as elsewhere, but we think they have made a mistake here, in authorizing two legal languages. The House of Representatives is elected by the people. It is only in the Cape Colony State that the negroes are permitted to vote, if they can read and write, and have two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property.

The Senate is appointed by the Governor, also the Prime Minister, and the Governor is appointed by the King of England. The Union of South African States at present consists of Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Natal and the Transvaal, with a Protectorate over Rhodesia, which may, at some time, become a part of the Union. The Boers have a majority of the members of the House, but as no laws can be passed without the concurrence of the Senate, the Legislation must be satisfactory to the English. The present Governor is Lord Gladstone, son of the late Premier of England. There are many serious problems for the Parliament of South Africa to solve, one of the most important of these is the care, regulation, education and direction of the negro race. The proportion of negroes being about fifteen to one of the whites. The increase of the negroes is very rapid, compared to the whites, and the relative number will continually be getting greater. Formerly this increase was kept somewhat in check by the continual warfare of the different tribes, but since the English govern the country these wars are not permitted, and their numbers are rapidly increasing.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



ON THE DOCK—MADEIRA.

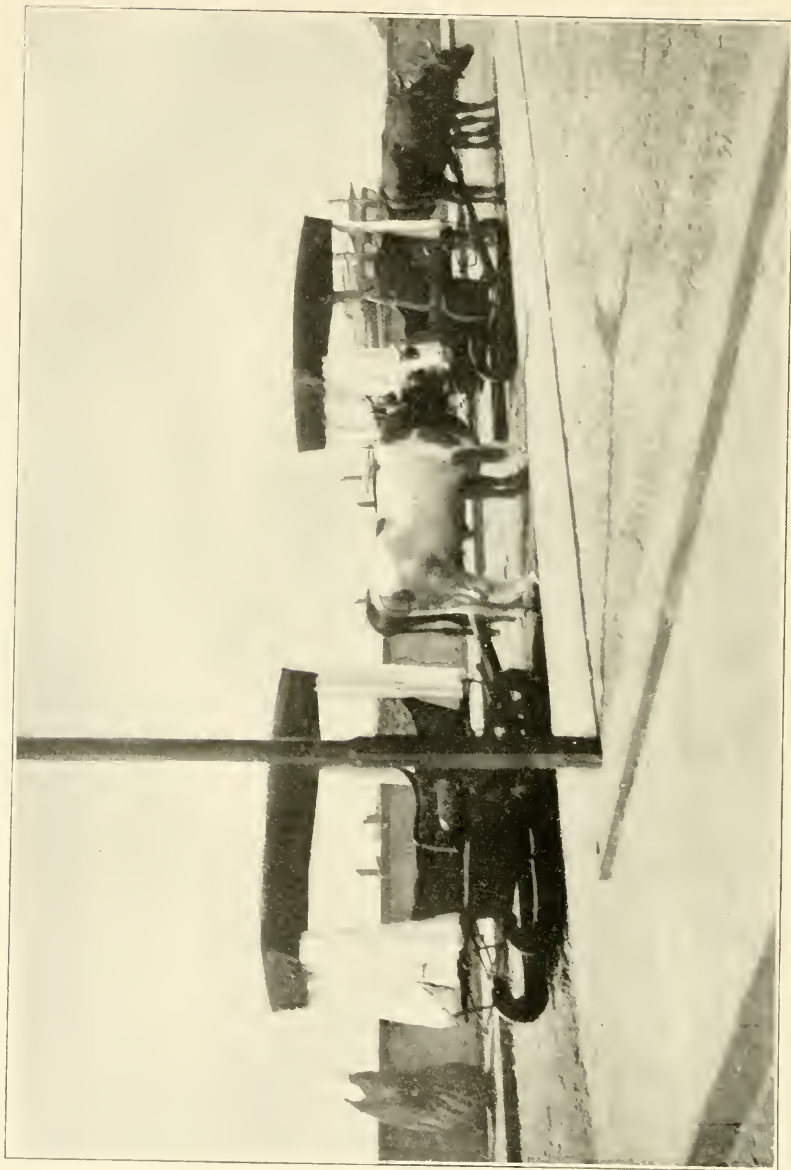
SOUTH AFRICA NATIVES

In some parts of Africa where the natives have been civilized and enlightened, it is claimed that there is much discussion on the subject of "Africa for the Africans." It has been stated that the negroes emigrating from the United States to Africa are preaching this doctrine. There are only about one and one-half millions of whites in all South Africa, not including British East Africa and West Africa. They could not hold this country if the millions of natives were armed, educated and had a leader who could hold the various factions together, a condition which is not likely to occur in a thousand years.

In the study of geography in our boyhood school days we were taught something about the nations being uncivilized, half civilized, civilized and enlightened, and we confess that we never realized what these terms really meant, until coming on this trip, and here we have seen all the above mentioned grades of humanity.

There is much complaint in South Africa about the scarcity of labor. The natives, as a rule, will not work unless compelled to do so, and it has been suggested that the white man has similar ideas. The native has as many wives as he can buy, and they do all the work, building their huts, planting and raising the few crops that are really needed, and the man is simply "The Lord of all Creation." He has no desire to create a fortune for the use of his family after he is gone. "Why should he work"? The only incentive which makes a portion of them work is to get money to buy cattle, which they can trade for wives. The price of a wife is three cows, and that has kept the prices of cattle high. We are told that cows are worth from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per head in Central Africa. About two hundred thousand native men are employed in the mines here, and these are drawn from all parts of East and South Africa. That of course, has something to do with the scarcity of labor. Form-

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



OX SLEDS AT DOCK MADEIRA—The usual mode of transportation here.

MADEIRA

erly the gold mines on the Rand were worked by Chinese labor, brought here on contract, to be returned to China when their contracts expired. The home government in England raised an objection to this and the Chinese laborers were sent home. The native now does this work to the detriment of the farmer, who needs more help.

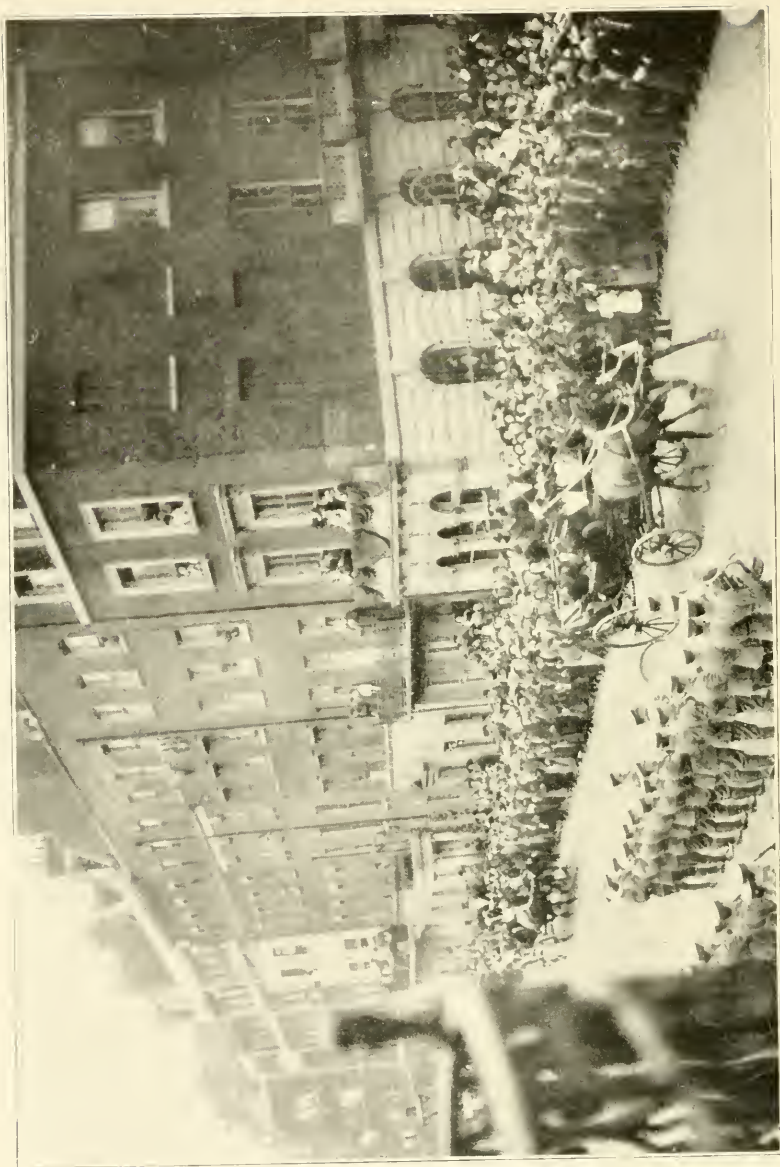
After nine days very delightfully spent in Cape Town we sailed for London.

- MADEIRA

Madeira was our only stop on our voyage from Cape Town to London, of seventeen days, and we only stopped there a few hours to get the mail and take on coal and water. It was a pleasant break in the long journey, as Madeira is one of the beautiful and quaint places. We saw but few changes since we were here a few years ago. The island belongs to the Portuguese and they are not progressive, and do not keep the city in sanitary condition. From the steamer the view is fine, as the mountains are about four thousand feet high and form a beautiful background to the city, which is scattered along the water's edge and half way up the mountain side.

On landing we took the ordinary ox sled, which is most commonly used here, and were conveyed through the town to the cog railway station, where we boarded the little train, which consists of a small cog locomotive behind one coach, which carries fifty people. In a quarter of an hour we were pushed half way up the mountain to a hotel, where we enjoyed our breakfast. The air is invigorating at this elevation, two

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



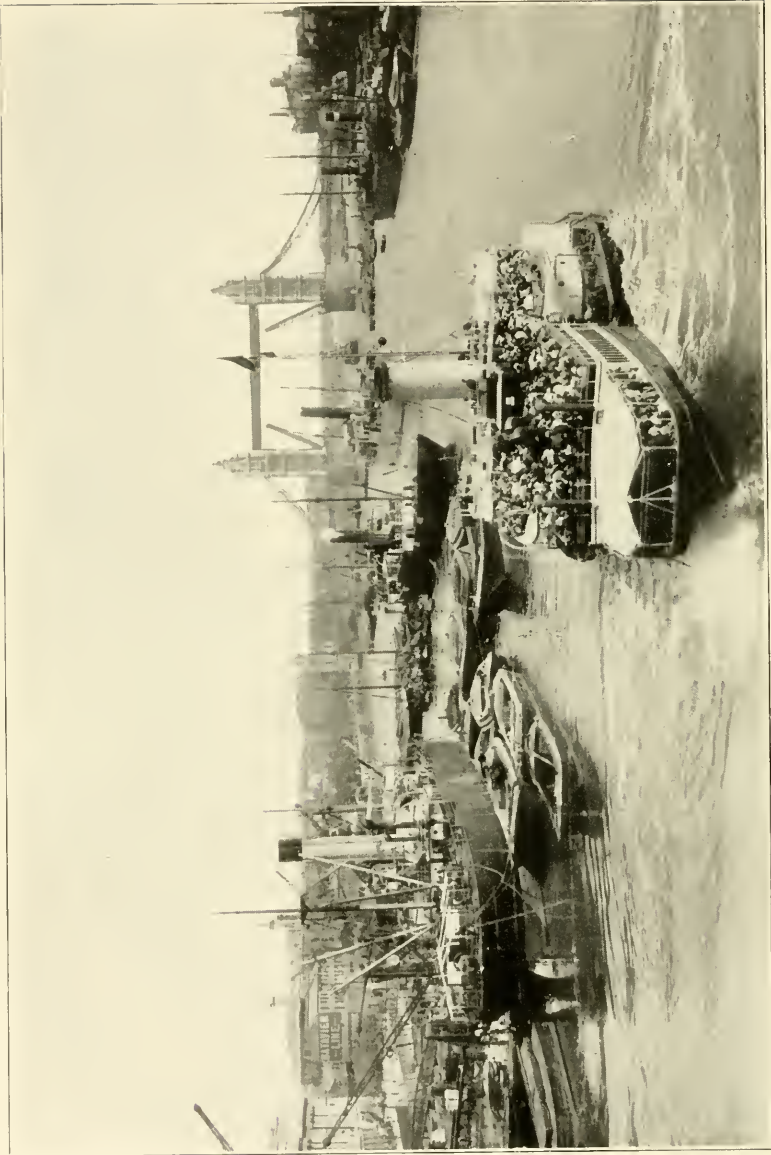
STREET SCENE—LONDON. King and Queen occupy first carriage.

MADEIRA

thousand feet, and the view over the bay and city is beautiful. Being situated in latitude thirty-three degrees north, the vegetation and flowers looked lovely to us, after having been on the sea for thirteen days. After enjoying this scene for a short time we engaged a sled and two native guides and coasted down the mountain side for two miles. Time, ten minutes, which was "going some" over the narrow roadway, paved with smooth, round pebbles. That is a great amusement that we have never heard of in any other place but Madeira, to coast down the mountain on sleds without snow. While our steamer was anchored in the harbor we were continually surrounded by native Portuguese, in their small boats, begging us to throw silver coins in the water to see them dive, and they would invariably get the money. Many of them climbed to the topmost deck of our steamer, sixty or seventy feet above the water and dived into the sea from that great height. Madeira is noted for its exports of wine, hand made embroidery and willow chairs. It is also a great winter resort for the English people.

On the voyage from Madeira to Southampton, which takes four days, we had high seas and a great roll to our ship, especially while passing through the Bay of Biscay. This is generally considered a rough part of the sea. In one place the sea was strewn for miles with floating fence posts. Evidently a ship had met rough weather and her cargo of fence posts had slid off her deck.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



LONDON—SHOWING TOWER BRIDGE AND THAMES RIVER.

ENGLAND

After a voyage of seventeen days from Cape Town we were delighted to arrive in England, and soon boarded the train for London. This is the most beautiful season in England. All the country is like one great park, clothed with greenest vegetation. The well trimmed hedges, the lovely country homes and prosperous towns, all looked so charming after our long voyage, that we wear a "smile that won't come off." To us, London is the most interesting city in the world. There is so much of interest to be seen, both old and new. We motored out to Windsor Palace through the most beautiful country along the Thames River, and back through Richmond Park and Hampton Court. Although this is so near London, there are large estates where we saw herds of deer and antelope. It was a holiday and the river was full of pleasure craft. We drove through avenues of great chestnut trees in full bloom, some white and others with the most beautiful pink blossoms, and acres of rhododendrons. Another day we took a drive to the old part of the city, to London Bridge, the London Tower, through the many streets made memorable by Dickens, among which are, Hounds Ditch, Petticoat Lane, Thread Needle Street, past the Bank of England, the old Bailey Prison, the London Library, the British Museum, Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus, etc. We tried the Tupenny Tube, and it does not compare with our subway in New York. We entered by an elevator which dropped us down about ninety feet. This tube is only wide enough for one train, and that is a very close fit, which, with the great depth below the surface, makes one feel very shut in and stuffy. There are very few surface car lines in London, and no elevated ones. Most of the street transportation is done by motor busses, built large enough to carry twenty passengers inside, and twenty on top, and they run everywhere; but the most convenient and agreeable transportation in London is the motor taxi cab. There are thousands of them and they are all pol-

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



NATIVE AND BABOON.

ENGLAND

ished and clean, and charge only eight-pence or sixteen cents a mile.

Just opposite our hotel was a new building, the "Royal Society of Medicine." It was opened by the King and Queen while we were there. As our room on the second story fronted this building we had a fine view of Royalty, as they drove up in their carriage. The King and Queen looked exactly like their pictures, with whom all are familiar.

We attended the International Horticultural Exhibition, the finest show of the kind since 1864. There were acres of flowers, each variety being placed together, and every variety of the most superb grown. The roses were as large as cabbages, many of them so large that they looked artificial, and the orchids were the finest and greatest variety that was ever shown. The vegetables and fruits were also extraordinarily fine. It was with regret that we left this great city, as we sailed for home on the Cunard Line May 25, 1912. In going to Liverpool, the railway runs through much the most beautiful part of England, and at this time of the year the country looks its best, and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

England is a thousand years older than the United States, and is a finished country, while ours is still in the making. Probably by the time we are as old as England the country will be much more beautiful. In crossing the Atlantic, when out about a thousand miles, we received the following wireless message: "May 27, 1912, Captain of the *Campania*, greeting: You are now communicating with the oldest ship afloat, the Australian Convict Ship, 'Success,' formerly known as the 'Ocean Hell.' We are bound for New York, under our own sail, sixteen days out, all well." She will be a great curiosity when she arrives in New York.

Our ship took a new course, two hundred miles south of the usual crossing, to avoid icebergs. We did not see any ice, but saw many steamers. An oil barge that had five large square sails being towed by a steamer. It was the queerest ship we have ever seen in mid-ocean, and not the kind of craft

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



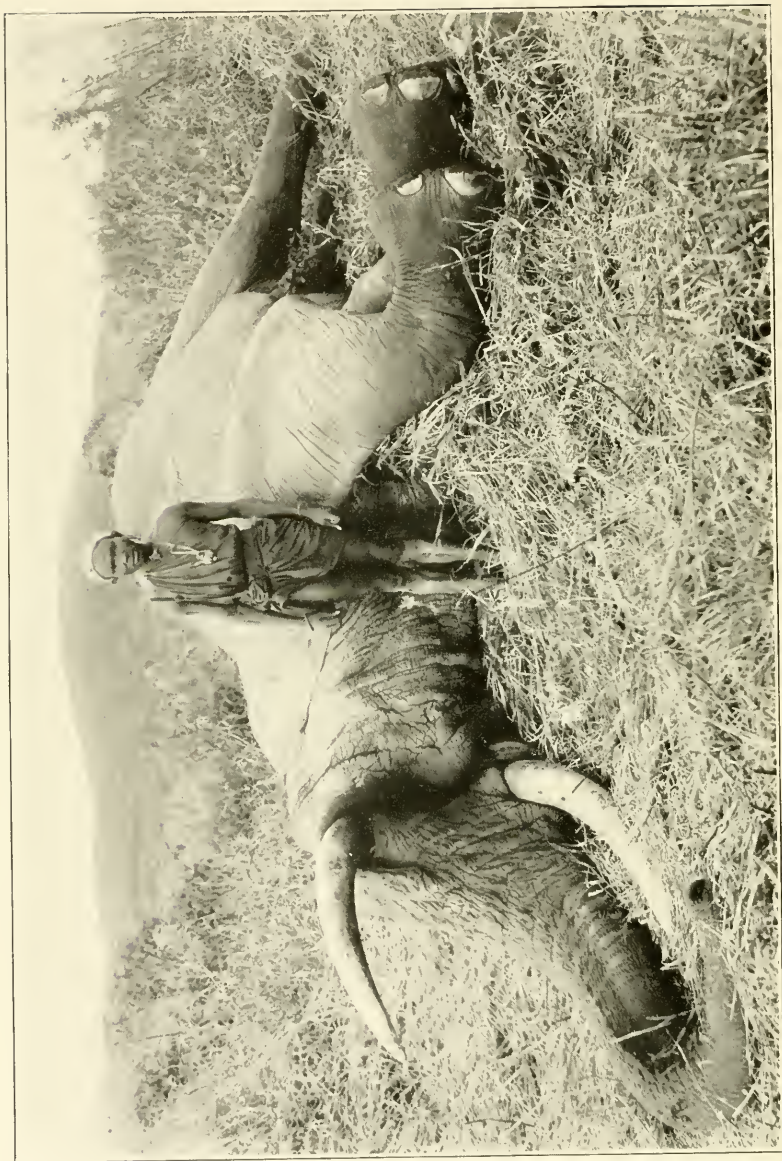
COLOBUS MONKEY—CENTRAL AFRICA.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



AFRICAN LEOPARD.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



A HUGE BULL ELEPHANT—HAS JUST MET HIS DEATH.

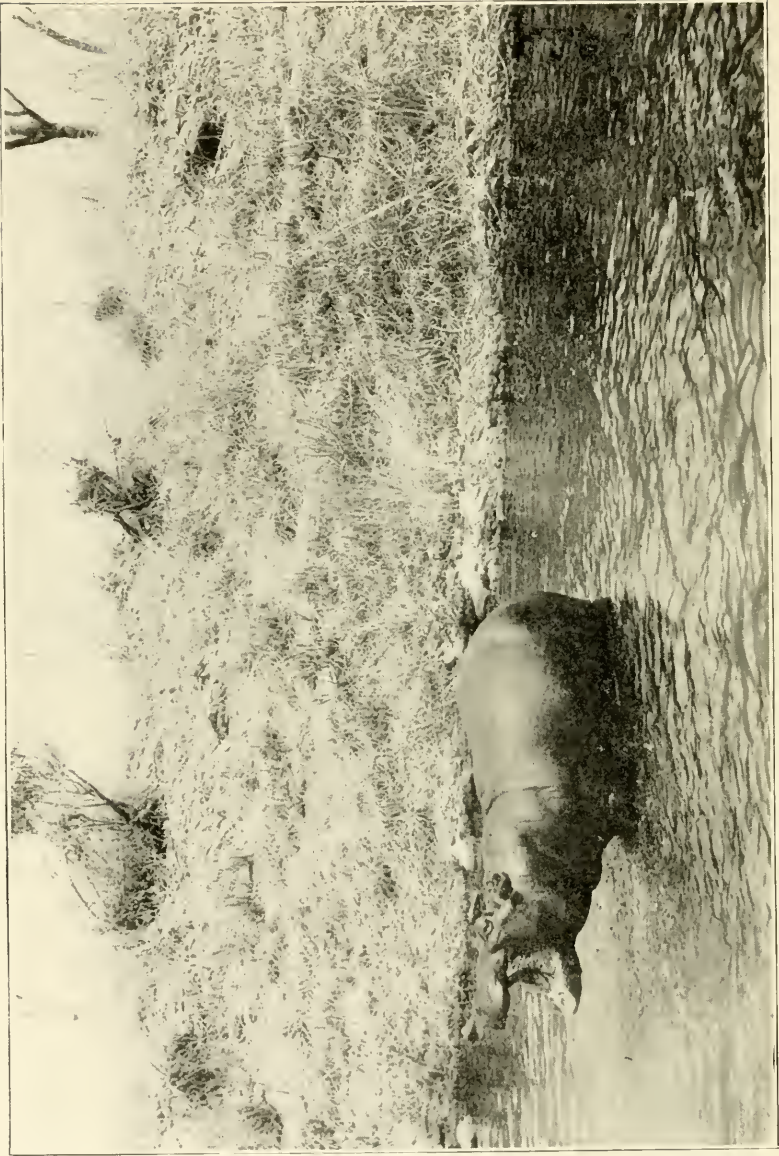
SUMMARY

that we would like to sail on when the sea is rough. We saw several whale, and about half the deck of a large steamer that passed us quite close. We could not tell to what ship this deck had once belonged, but being about two hundred miles south of where the Titanic sunk, and six weeks since that horrible disaster, it might have been part of that unfortunate ship.

SUMMARY.

After the short visit we have made to this vast continent, from our observation we would say that we think the soil is generally thin and poor. There are but few thick jungles, such as are found in the tropics in West Indies or South America, even under the equator there are no such great jungles of forest as are found in Brazil. While the soil near the equator is the best we saw in Africa, and raises good crops, it does not equal the fertile prairies of our United States. In Rhodesia, as well as most of South Africa, in the central part of the continent, much of the country is sparsely covered with small trees about as large as apple trees, and thin grass; this is called "the Veldt," and covers much of Central Africa. Along the coast, and for one or two hundred miles inland, the soil is better, and here are produced the best crops in South Africa, but not equal to those raised in South America, West Indies or United States. The rainfall in British East Africa is ample, and more than needed for crops, but in nearly all of South Africa is deficient and will prevent its ever being a great agricultural country. The weather, of course, is generally from warm to hot, yet is suitable for white people in nearly all the inland sections where the elevation is usually from 4000 to 6000 feet above sea level. The fly pest abides

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



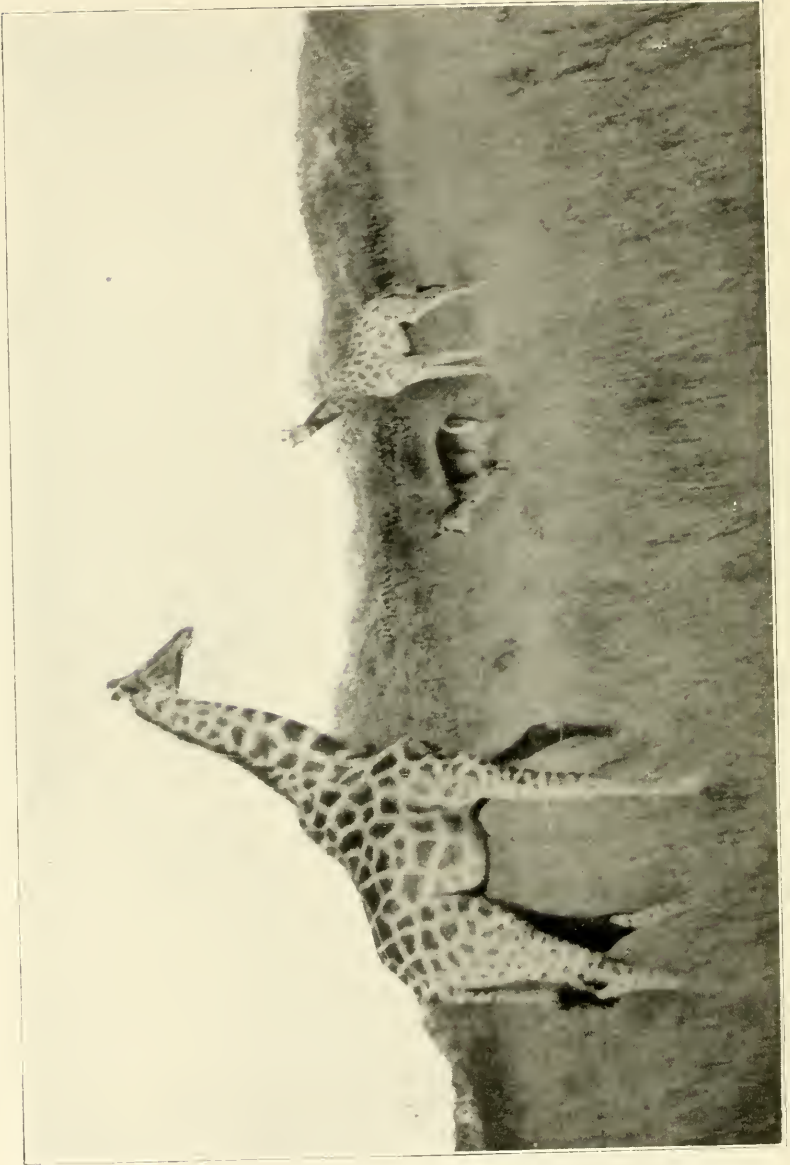
HIPPOTAMUS ON ZAMBEZI RIVER, ABOVE VICTORIA FALLS.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



RHINOCEROS—SHOT IN RHODESIA.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



WILD GIRAFFE AND YOUNG SABLE ANTELOPE.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



AFRICAN ANTELOPE.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



ANTELOPE—BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

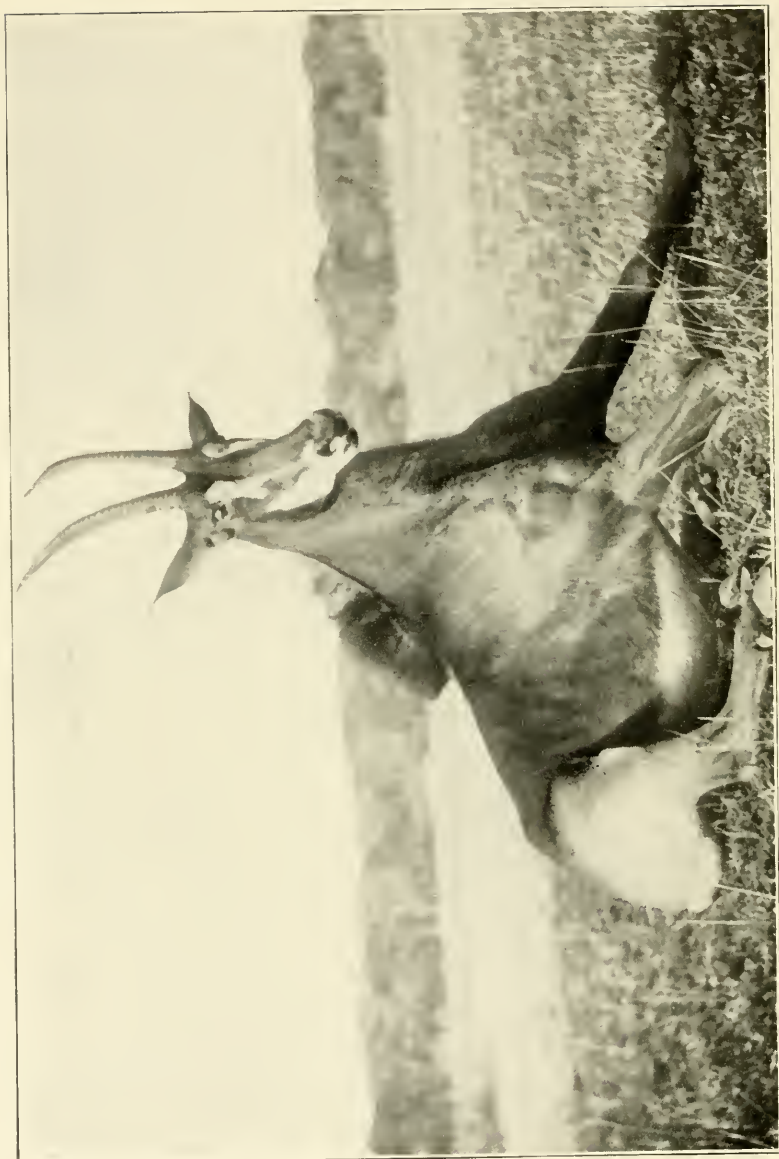
SUMMARY

along some of the low lands near the sea, and some of the inland lakes; in such places cattle and horses cannot be raised, but the donkey and goat will survive.

These fly infected districts, the white man will do well to avoid, and in some sections the negro cannot live until the "Tsetse Fly" has been driven out. Another pest is the ants. In nearly all parts of Africa where we have been, except the extreme southern part, there are ant hills from one to ten feet high, in some places more numerous than hay cocks in a meadow, and special care must be taken to keep them out of the house and out of the food. Most of the upland interior is adapted to grazing cattle, horses, sheep and ostriches, and large ranches are being established in some sections. We met a large cattle raiser who has his ranches two hundred and fifty miles north of Victoria Falls, near the Belgian Congo line, where he reports that cattle do well after they become acclimated; he has brought out from England many head of high grade breeding stock; about three quarters of these die before they become acclimated, but he is gaining on the quality of his cattle, and is now going back to England after more thoroughbred cattle. Although the soil and climate seems to be well adapted to fruit culture in all parts of the continent, but little progress has been made in fruit so far. Oranges are small, green and sour, in fact we did not find any good fruit, excepting the bananas in British East Africa, until we arrived at Cape Town, and there they have fine fruit of all kinds in season. The grapes in Cape Colony are extra fine, and that section is already a large wine producing country.

Wild game of all kinds is plenty in nearly all portions of Africa, except those places along the coast where the white settlers have killed or driven them away: elephants, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffe, zebra, antelope, ostrich, monkeys, baboons, lions, leopards, hyenas, etc., and along the water hippopotamus, crocodiles and alligators. About three-fourths of all the game is of the antelope species, such as the eland, which are the largest and weigh a thousand pounds when full grown:

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



AFRICAN SABLE ANTELOPE.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



THE UNIQUE "ANT BEAR." We have not seen this animal in any other part of the world.

OUR HOLIDAY IN AFRICA



AFRICAN LION.

SUMMARY

then the wildebeest which weigh five to seven hundred pounds, and the hartebeest, which weigh three hundred pounds, Grants gazelles, Thompson gazelles, even down to the little dik-dik, which weigh fifteen pounds or less. All these antelope species are good meat for the white man, and the zebra, which come next in number, are considered fine meat by the natives.

Probably the best hunting ground in Africa today is between the Belgian Congo and Lake Tanganyiki, about one thousand miles north of Victoria Falls; all kinds of African game are reported so plenty there that hunting is more like shooting sheep than wild animals.

Africa will undoubtedly get a large immigration from Europe for many years to come. It is a very interesting country for the traveler who is seeking the strange and unusual, and we enjoyed our trip very greatly. However, there is nothing to induce our people to emigrate to that part of the world, nor do we think that there is a country on the globe that has as many advantages and opportunities for the poor man as our own United States. We are delighted to get home after an absence of four months, having traveled about eighteen thousand miles by sea and five thousand by land, around the continent and through much of the interior. We never missed a connection by steamer or rail, had no accidents or mishaps of any kind, did not miss a meal while away, return invigorated in body and mind, and ready for work; here ends "Our Holiday In Africa."

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