

# THE BOY KING OF UGANDA

FRANK G. CARPENTER HAS AN AUDIENCE WITH HIM IN HIS ROYAL PALACE AT KAMPALA, NEAR LAKE VICTORIA.

How This Little Monarch Looks, Acts and Lives—His Big Country and Its Two Million People—The Royal Band and How Its Drummer Lost His Ears—The King Sends a Message to the Boys of the United States—An Odd Picture of One of the Most Civilized of Africa's Native Rulers.

(Copyright, 1908, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

KAMPALA, Uganda, March 25.—I have just returned from an audience with his royal highness, Daudi Chwa, the boy king of Uganda. He is the ruler under the English protectorate, of more than 2,000,000 people, and the owner of a country twice as large as either Ohio, Virginia or Kentucky. His subjects are the most intelligent of the native races of central Africa. They have a civilization of their own. They wear clothes of their own manufacture made largely of bark, and they consider any exposure of their persons indecent. They do not mutilate their bodies by slashing them and scarring them into welts and scars, like their neighbors. They do not wear plugs in their ears nor rings in their noses, and do not file sharp or knock out their front teeth. They have a language of their own. They have their own books, and many of the native chiefs keep records of their court and official proceedings in typewriting, having secretaries who use machines for that purpose. They are rapidly advancing in civilization and are to a large extent Christians.

These people are called the Baganda, and their country is Uganda. They have long been the dominant race of this part of Africa, and they have time and again conquered the other peoples about Lake Victoria in war. Their neighboring tribes have always paid them tribute, and they are still the most promising of the negro races of the continent. Their little ruler may do much in hastening their advancement.

## A DESCENDANT OF KINGS.

This boy king has as blue blood as any monarch who sits on a European throne. The Baganda are an old nation, and they have had kings for generations. Their first king is said to have sprung from a monster pithon, whose outline is carved on one of the great rocky hills of this country. His name was Denba and he killed thousands of his subjects before he was able to rule. The king that we know best was Mutesa, who was reigning when the explorer Speke came into Uganda and was still on the throne during the expedition of Henry M. Stanley. Mutesa was converted to Christianity by Stanley. He was this boy's grandfather, and his father was the notorious King Mwanga, one of the bloodiest and wickedest tyrants on

highway, our eight black human horses singing and grunting in chorus as they pushed and pulled us along up the hill. We went to the residence of the native prime minister, a thatched hut as big as the largest hayrick, and then drove on between the high fences of matting which surround the homes and estates of the native officials.

After several miles of such travel we reached the grounds belonging to his royal highness, the kabaka or king. These are guarded by a wall at least 15 feet high, made of a sort of cane which grows wild in Uganda and which is known as elephant grass. Each stalk is about as thick as a fishing rod and almost as long. The canes of the fence around the king's grounds are as thick as I observed. We rode through this grove for awhile, and then came out into the king's recreation grounds, a smooth open grass plot of several acres, the sides of which I observed a pair of parallel bars upon which the boy king goes through his daily gymnastics. Here he plays foot ball every afternoon with the sons of his chiefs. Mr. Paske-Smith says his royal highness is fond of the game and that he does not scruple to push and knock the other boys about as he roams around the field.

## A GREAT BANANA GROVE.

We skirted this wall for some distance, and then came to a great open gate at which two black servants were standing. They had apparently been notified of our approach, for they threw open the doors as we came up. Entering we found ourselves in what seemed a vast banana grove. The tall plants were to be seen on all sides their big brown blossoms standing out on the ends of the long bunches of green fruit, and their green white leaves waving in the breeze. We rode through this grove for awhile, and then came out into the king's recreation grounds, a smooth open grass plot of several acres, the sides of which I observed a pair of parallel bars upon which the boy king goes through his daily gymnastics. Here he plays foot ball every afternoon with the sons of his chiefs. Mr. Paske-Smith says his royal highness is fond of the game and that he does not scruple to push and knock the other boys about as he roams around the field.

## THE KING'S TUTOR.

Before seeing his majesty we stopped at the house of his tutor, who was to introduce us. This man is English. He is the graduate of one of the famous schools of Great Britain, and was sent out here upon the advice of the British government, to train the boy king. His name is J. C. R. Sturges. He is a young man and has considerable ability. He lives in an iron bungalow surrounded by a beautiful rose garden, within almost a stone's throw of the royal council house. We came to his house and then went on together to the king's house. He tells me that his highness is a bright boy and that he is rapidly learning to read, write and cipher. He is being taught the history of Uganda, and something about Uganda laws. He is studying geography and the native preachers are teaching him the Bible, and the foundation principles of Christian religion.

## IN THE KING'S BUNGALOW.

After passing the royal council house and the thatched huts of the king's retainers, we came to the king's bungalow, the band playing a welcome as we went in. The king's favorite drummer stood at one side and pounded on a great barrel-like drum which reached to his waist. He used only his hands, and made a great din, which was added to by that of a score of other musicians, who kept time with him on their various instruments. The tutor told us that his majesty would receive us on the porch, and that we should afterward go into the house proper. There was a chair on the porch, in front of which was a leopard's skin. While we waited the

servants brought other chairs for ourselves, and placed them well away from this skin. They told us that the king would sit in the center, but that the leopard skin was royalty's footstool, and that no Uganda subject nor any one else than the kabaka could step on it.

## ENTER THE KING.

As we waited the tutor went out, and a moment later came in with his little royal highness beside him. He brought him up to us, and as each of us was presented, the king offered his hand and shook it. He was a half dozen years old, and as a punishment he thereupon ordered that his eyes be put out. This was immediately done.

But to return to the king. During the playing, he sat in a chair by my side, and as the music went on I had a good chance to study him. He is a slender, delicately formed boy of ten or twelve years of age. He looks like a mulatto, but his features are almost Caucasian. His skin is light brown, his forehead high, and his lips are thin. His head was covered with a high red fez cap, much like those used by the soldiers of Egypt. His body was clad in a long white gown, which was fastened tightly at the neck and fell to his feet. Over this he had on a gray sack coat and a vest, across the breast of which was a heavy gold chain.

## A MESSAGE TO AMERICAN BOYS.

The little king has an intelligent look, but he is very modest and rather diffident. He speaks broken English, and he talked a little with me in reply to my questions. At the close of our audience he brought out his visitor's book and asked me to write my name in it. I did so, and at the same time handed his highness a sheet of paper and asked him if he would not send, by me, a line in his language to the boys of the United States. I told him that we had no kings in our country, but every boy there considered himself an American prince and as big as any king upon earth. I said that there were some millions of boys of his size in our country, and that I knew they would be interested in learning about him, and especially so if he would send them a word of greeting.

This seemed to tickle the king. He laughed and said he would gladly comply with my request. He then and there sat down and wrote out this message, of which I give a fac simile. It reads:

"Noanyuse, nyoo okulamusa abalenzi bona abomu United States."

"DAUDI CHWA, KABAKA."

Translated, this is as follows:

"I am glad to salute all the boys who are in the United States."

"I am,"

"DAUDI CHAU, the King."

Writing this letter put his royal highness in an excellent humor, and I asked him to step outside in the sun and have his photograph taken. He gladly complied, and Jack photographed the little king and myself, standing together.

Shortly after this we again shook hands and then said farewell. As we were leaving the king asked us if we would not like to listen to his royal band, and upon our saying yes he sent

forth directions that the court musicians were to give us a concert on our way out.

Leaving the palace, we then went to the drumhouses and other thatched huts which form the quarters of the musicians. The drumhouse looks like a great inverted basket. It is about 40 feet high at the cone. It is made of thousands of reeds, so tied to one another that they go up to one center, forming a straw tent, with round rolls of reeds running about it like ribs from bottom to top. The roof is made of split canes, each as fine as a darning needle. In this house a half dozen men sat on the ground and played upon pipes. Another half dozen pounded on the great drums with their hands, and at the back others were dancing.

After the concert I made was ended I asked the musicians to bring their instruments into the open, that I might make a photograph. They did so, and at the same time the king's dancers came out and cavorted around, hopping higher and higher and swinging their legs this way and that to the pounding of the drum.

The chief music for the dancing was made by the head drummer, an old negro, who was perfectly bald and whose ears had been cut off close, so that nothing but the holes could be seen. Remembering the remark of the tutor as to how the blind musician lost his eyes because King Mwanga did not like his playing, I asked how the head drummer came to lose his ears. The reply was that they were cut off by the orders of this boy's grandfather, King Mutesa. It was a hot day, and the drummer was taking a bath in the king's lake, when one of the princesses saw him and reported that she had seen a naked man. Whether Mutesa was angry because the man bathed in his special pond, or whether he thought it disgraceful that the princess should see him in the water, I do not know. At any rate, he was angry, and he ordered his executioners to cut off the man's ears as a punishment.

Such things are not common since the British took hold, and at present the young king, even if he wished, would be permitted to kill or maim his subjects, without cause. I understand that the Kabaka, as the king is called, is fond of his hands. He always has a large retinue with him when he goes outside his palace grounds, and the drummers march in front, yelling and pounding, while the people come for miles to look at the sight. The drummers play very well. They use the hollow trunks of a resonant tree with skins over the ends. The drums are all shaped like barrels or kettles, and are of different heights and sizes. Each has its own note or pitch, and the musicians sound the different notes, using a number of drums, as our people do with the keys of a piano. Some of the king's drums are 150 years old. They are considered invaluable.

## ONLY A BOY AFTER ALL.

I am told that this little king, notwithstanding the care with which he is watched and the respect with which his people regard him, is a good deal of a boy after all. He is fond of sports, and especially football. He is a good bicycle rider and has a white pony which was made for him in England. One of his greatest joys is a little white pony, which he considers the finest animal in the country. When he goes out upon it he puts on riding trousers and leggings, and cuts a gay figure as he dashes over the roads and about the ant hills. His royal highness is seldom allowed to go far from home. He has been to Entebbe, and has seen the steamers which ply upon Lake Victoria.

As it is now Daudi Chau has but little to do with the government, and, as I have said, this will be the case until he is 18 years of age. He will then take his place upon the throne as the real ruler of the Baganda, and



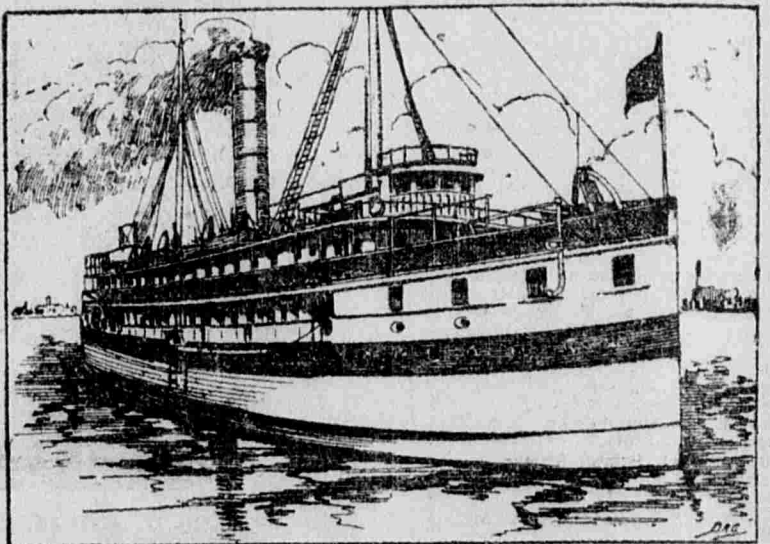
THE KING'S OLD DRUMMER WHO LOST HIS EARS BECAUSE A PRINCESS SAW HIM IN SWIMMING

Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

in connection with his royal advisers will govern the country. He will, however, always be subject to the English officials, who are the real governors and who will rule the natives through him. This is the policy of the British as regards this colony. They are trying to control it through the natives; and although they will fix the taxes, it will be the king who will send out their edicts and he and his chiefs will make the collections.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## THE HOSPITAL SHIP RELIEF.



The vessel shown in the cut, is the first of a fleet of hospital ships for the American navy which are to be commanded by naval surgeons. Heretofore such ships have been under control of regular naval officers. The innovation was brought about by Surgeon General Rixey, who is very influential at the White House. The opinion is general that the change is a good one.

## Every Bottle Warranted



Every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is guaranteed, and the dealer from whom it is purchased will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using it.

The many remarkable cures of colds and grip effected by this preparation have made it famous over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It not only cures colds and grip, but counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia.

This remedy is also a certain cure for croup, and has never been known to fail. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration free by the use of this remedy.

W. S. HENDERSON

Wholesale Grocer

Special Attention Given to Mail Order Business Quick Delivery

Cor. Second South and Third West Streets Salt Lake City

## BOY BIGAMIST.



Frederick W. Held, a mere boy, has been arrested for bigamy, and it is alleged he has four wives. He is sometimes known by the name of Parsons, and says his parents are wealthy Galvestonians.

Mrs. Anna D. Parsons, or Held, is the complainant.

## WORMOLOGY.

Should be studied by every parent. If your child is nervous, fretful, starts in its sleep, is pasty faced, has rings under its eyes, is always restless, hungry, is not gaining weight, you can be sure the trouble is worms. White's Cream Vermifuge is an absolute cure for worms. It is its own purgative. Sold by Z. C. M. J. Drug Dept. 12-14 Main Street.

## CONFERENCE.

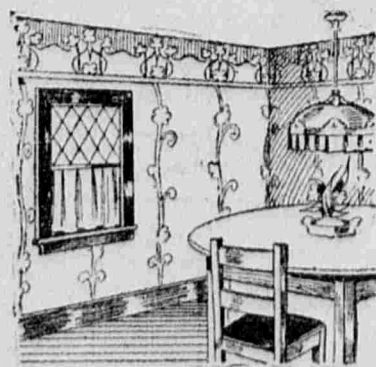
Salt Lake City, April 4, 5 and 6.

The usual low round trip rates will be in effect via the Oregon Short Line for Conference. Tickets on sale from all points to St. George, Idaho, and La Grande, Oregon (except Ogden and stations south) April 2nd, to 5th, inclusive. Limited for return to April 15th. Tickets on sale at Ogden and stations south, April 1st, to 15th, inclusive, limited to April 15th. See O. S. L. agents for further particulars.

D. B. BURLEY, G. P. A., Salt Lake.

## NEW WALL PAPER AND PAINT HOUSE

Our Fine Wall Papers Seldom Fail to Catch the MOST FASTIDIOUS PEOPLE :: ::



Fine Interior Decorating our specialty; for Exterior Painting We Challenge Competition. :: ::

Knapton, Curtis & Hanger Co.

217 South State St., Salt Lake City

Ready-for-Use Paints,

Hygienic Kalsomine,

Varnishes, Bronzes

Burlaps, Etc., Etc.

Japalac, Furniture Cream,

Enamels, Paper Cleaner,

Oil Cloth Wainscoting