

# THE SULTAN OF SULLA

His Majesty Sends Through Our Correspondent a Message to the United States.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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Jolo, June 1, 1900.—I beseech you to read recently the following. It was written in Arabic characters in my note book and is signed with the hand of the sultan of Sula, a hand that has more power in these islands than that of the czar in Russia, or that of his brother Mohammedan, the Sultan in Turkey. It is a message of peace, however, rather than war. It is a message of friendship sent by his majesty, through this paper, to his brothers, the American people. If you should read it in Arabic you must begin on the opposite side of the page, for the lines were written from left to right, as with us.

I have had it freely translated. It reads: "By this letter I, Hadji Mohammed Jamahul Kiram, the sultan of Sula, send greeting to my brothers, the people of the United States. I send them my best wishes and also the hope that their occupation of the Sula Islands will be of benefit to the people of Sula. I hope that peace may be the result of your administration and that thereby my islands may become prosperous and rich. (Signed)

"HADJI MOHAMMED JAMAHUL KIRAM.

"Written this 15th day of the moon, Rameelan, in the year 1317."

CALLING UPON THE SULTAN.

This letter was the outcome of an audience which Maj. Owen J. Sweet, the commander of our forces in the Sula Islands, Captain Nazaro of our gunboat, Manila, Paymaster Coffin, Mr. Bradley of the customs and one or two others, including myself, had with his majesty yesterday. Major Sweet took the little steamer Hermida, and, with a guard of soldiers and escorted also by the gunboat, sailed around the island of Sula to Mybn, the capital of the sultan. Here we spent some time going through the town, were met by the sultana, the sultan's mother, and had a long conference with the sultan himself. During the conference I asked the sultan if he would not, through me, send a word or so to the American people. The result was this message, the first, I venture, that was ever made in this way by a royal Mohammedan potentate. Our audience was held in what is here called "the palace of the sultan."

It looks to me more like a cross between a barn and a hayrack than any "palace" which I have yet seen. It is surrounded by a mud wall about ten feet in height, entered by gates at which Moros stand with great knives at their sides and long, three-lined spears in their hands.

I had to walk about a mile from the wharf before we got to the palace, and that over the roughest road I can imagine. Were not the Moros ten, totaling his majesty would get many a fall in going to and from his home over this highway of rough coral rocks. He might break his neck in walking about the streets of his capital, for the town is made up of scores of thatched huts built from ten to twelve feet above the ground upon piles. The most of the houses are far out in the water, so that the town seems to be afloat at high tide. When the water is low there is a wide expanse of mud flats between it and the sea.

It was so when we arrived, and it took us about two hours to get to the shore. We were rowed in from the ships by the sailors till we came in to a place where the water was so shallow that the rowboats struck in the mud. Here some of the naval officials took off their shoes, rolled up their pantaloons and waded to the steps which led up to the street built high upon piles. Some were carried in on the backs of half-naked coolies and others took dug-out canoes and were dragged by men through the mud. I first tried the back of a coolie, but the man staggered so that I feared myself and my camera would be dropped in the mud, and I forsook him for a dug-out.

We walked through the town over bamboo bridges, so slippery that they are unsafe for all except the Moros, who go about in bare feet. We passed a dozen stores in which were Chinese merchants selling goods out over the water. We went through a crowd of hundreds of three-eyed, dark-faced, turbaned Moros, each of whom had a weapon of some kind strapped to his waist and finally, after crossing a river, reached the home of the sultan.

A guard of East Indian soldiers saluted us as we entered the gates. We passed through a low door, and finally on the second floor, were met by his majesty, surrounded by a cut-throat-looking gang of dattos and chiefs. The sultan led us into a long room and asked us to take our seats at a table upon which were dishes of coconuts, fruit and candies. He took the seat at the head himself, and we ate, and drank coffee, and smoked a cigar or two before coming to business. After this there was a considerable discussion

about the new customs duties which had been imposed at Jolo, and his majesty had several complaints to make as to the treatment of his subjects by the American soldiers in the various islands of this archipelago. At one time during the audience there was a recess while I made a photograph of his majesty, and during the conference I had an excellent opportunity to take notes of just how he looks.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE SULTAN.

Imagine a stocky little fellow of not over five feet four inches, with the face of a mulatto, slightly pockmarked. Let him have a high, receding forehead, large yellow ears and sensual lips, on the upper one of which is a thin black mustache. Upon his head put a blue velvet cap about six inches high, and let this be pushed back from his dark yellow forehead. Let him seem uncomfortable in a light blue European suit and a white shirt with a turnover collar, fastened by a gold collar button. Watch him as he opens his lips and notice his teeth as jet black, and see, if you can, the sly, cunning, cruel look under his apparently dignified manner. Upon his hands put rings, each set with pearls as big as marrow-fat peas, and in one of them let him hold a gold-headed cane, and you have a fair idea of the sultan as he sat before me at his apparently dignified manner. He was not prepossessing, and, indeed, the dattos and servants about him looked much more imposing than he. His brother, Rajah Muda, had a great bob on his head, and a turban, a very turban. He was clad in the picturesque Moro costume, as were all the men in the room, except the foreigners and his majesty himself.

HOW THE SULTAN BLUFFED THE ADMIRAL.

Every Moro had a sword or a spear, and as I looked on I realized that I was in a place where a single man might arise in a moment and remember a story which I heard the other day of how the father of this sultan, in the year 1840, had been killed during his visit to this island. There had been some trouble as to accounts between the English and the Moros, and the sultan proposed to settle it by giving a number of pearls. The admiral wanted hard cash. He grew impatient, and said to his majesty: "If you don't pay what I ask I will go back to my boat, and then I will have a look at your number of pearls." He said this, and then he drew his bolo, or kris, and raised it ready to strike. The admiral had only a small party with him and the dattos, who had been taken possession of the island, stepped in his sentence, and the sultan took up his words, saying in an interrogative, but significant, tone:

"And then?" "Oh," said the admiral, "and then we will settle it in some other way." Had he uttered the threat he intended to make England would probably have had a war on its hands from the loss of an admiral and the Sula nation would probably have been wiped out of existence.

THE POWER OF THE SULTAN.

The present sultan looks to me very much like a man of great power among the Moros, and he could, if he would, cause the United States no end of trouble. He has been very diplomatically managed in the first place by Gen. Bates, and of late by Major Owen J. Sweet. He is a great admirer of our Philippine Mohammedans, being revered by them not only because he is the heir to a royal line of sultans, but also because he has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and is supposed to have his Mohammedan direct from the fountain source. He is the ruler in the Sula Islands alone, of about 110,000 Moros, and is also the head of the Moros of North Borneo. His son is kind of an authority over the Moros of Mindanao, but it is more nominal than real, and such dattos as Mandi and others hardly acknowledge him.

Here in Sula he is supposed to have the power of life and death over his subjects. His power is limited, however, somewhat like that of the kings in the days of feudalism. Some of the dattos refuse to obey him and make war upon him in case his demands do not suit their ideas and plans. He has always more or less trouble with his people, pressing them as far as he can without causing rebellion.

THE INCOME OF THE SULTAN.

A large part of the income of the sultan comes from fines. He has his men watch to see which of his subjects are breaking money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead, he is charged with some crime and the result is a fine. If a man has amassed \$500, for instance, he will have him accused of some crime

and sentence him to pay at once into the royal treasury \$100. The failure to pay means death in most cases, and the man's friends have to make up the balance. The safest thing in case of trouble is to settle such matters yourself. The other day a Moro in Sula had a row with a white man, and the white man, who was the sultan's officer, caught him. The thief was sentenced to pay \$100 into the royal treasury, while the sultan confiscated the cow.

The other day the sultan learned that one of his subjects had about \$2,000. He charged him with having stolen pearls without license and fined him \$2,000 straightway. He sent his bodyguard and the crown prince to the village to collect the fine, and the poor fellow rather than be attacked joined together and paid it.

According to the laws here every pearl which is found of a value of about \$100 goes to the sultan, and I am told that he has a great fortune in pearls stored away in his barn of a palace. Just before he went to Mecca he sold pearls to the amount of \$10,000. He carried a lot of pearls with him, and during his stay at Singapore he was robbed of about \$20,000 worth of jewelry. Some one broke open his box one night and stole his crown rings, some pearls and other jewels.

Another source of the royal income is the tribute which the sultan receives from the North Borneo company for the lease of the lands about Sandakan. This pays him \$5,000 a year, but I am not sure whether it is silver or gold. We pay him an annual tribute of \$5,000 in silver.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

The sultan is like Solomon in that he has numerous wives. I am told that he has in the neighborhood of a dozen, in the harem of the sultan. He is a royal harem. His first wife, who is a princess, has left him on account of a multiplicity of his loves. She did not object to the four wives provided for by the Koran, but when his majesty demanded a score, she was not so patient and got a divorce. She now lives on the opposite side of the island in a big white house at Mabu, a Moro village, some distance east of Jolo. The divorced sultana must be a very bright woman, and she is the only wife that his majesty has had who is of royal blood. On this account, provided he does not marry the daughter of a datto, he is succeeded by his brother, for the laws are that the succession can only go to the offspring of the sultan and a princess. I am told that his majesty proposed to the daughter of Datto Kaito, but that she had refused his consent. At present his brother, Rajah Muda, is in the direct line of succession.

THE SULTAN'S FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE AMERICANS.

The sultan's first audience with our people was some time before General Bates came. It was with Captain Hagadorn, who had taken possession of Jolo. The sultan came across the island on horseback. Captain Hagadorn has told me the circumstances of the meeting. I said he:

The sultan appeared before the walls of the town on a white horse, accompanied by fifty or sixty as wicked looking chaps as ever cut a throat. They were dressed in brilliant colors, all wearing turbans, and all carrying big spears and kris. Some had long spears and others were armed with rifles.

The sultan himself was in evening dress, although it was 10 o'clock in the morning. His white shirt was dirty and he wore no collar. He had a large pearl ring on the little finger of his left hand, and three big diamond studs accentuated the dirt of his shirt bosom. I met him and took him to the governor of Jolo, who was then Captain Prater, and we held there a conference, which lasted several hours. We had no cuspidors, and some of the sultan's attendants went to the ash barrels and secured tomato cans to be used as spittoons. The sultan himself scorned to spit, and he did not spit. For instance, he said that the old sultan

A VISIT TO THE SULTANA.

During our stay at Mybn we called upon the sultana, the sultan's mother. She is a woman of great power, controlling, it is said, the sultan himself. She is much feared, and some ugly whispers are uttered about her feet. For instance, it is said that the old sultan

with a curling lip. "I am and always shall be," was the quiet response. "Well, then, seeing that the ravens took food from the old woman, why doesn't God send some to me by the crows?" I'd have heaps of faith afterward if he did, old man. "Because Elijah was a prophet with a mission in Israel, and he fed the crows to you, sir, they will probably come to feed themselves, not you."

At one time he was very fond of riding on horseback as nearly all Moros are. Once when out for a ride he met an old woman hobbling along with a bundle. She looked at the strapping young fellow rather wistfully, as if she envied him his comfortable seat in the saddle. He passed her, then looking over his shoulder noticed that the old dame hung her head wearily as she plodded along behind him. He reined up his horse, jumped down and without ceremony lifted the old woman, bundling her into his saddle. Then, taking his horse by the bridle, led the animal carefully onward toward his own farm. Just before arriving there the old woman said: "May God be good to you for your kindness to one so old and helpless. There are not many who would do as you have done. If I had been young and clumsy, as I once was, I could then understand it. If you had been young and clumsy, I should not have dared to do it," said he, and he had a suspicion of laughter in his hard-set eyes. "I don't dare," she said, "and why should I then have eaten you?" "You might not," said he, with a low chuckle, "but," pointing to his wife, who was standing smiling on the stoop, "I think she would have."

Once when out on a shooting expedition, the party had gathered around a camp fire and the conversation turned on literature. There were Englishmen, Hollanders, Germans and Boers present, and each of them had much to say concerning celebrated writers of prose and poetry, except Oom Paul. He smoked his eternal "long stem," and held his peace. The Germans and the Englishmen almost came to blows concerning the relative merits of Goethe and Shakespeare. At last the Englishman turned to the one silent figure at the campfire, saying, "Look here now, Oom Paul, which do you think the greater writer of the two—Goethe or Shakespeare?"

"Never read either of 'em," growled the even-tempered man, with brutal frankness. "Mein Gott!" ejaculated the German: "There is a man whom the Boers call great, and he has not read Goethe!" "Never read Will Shakespeare?" howled the Englishman, "then what the duce have you read?"

"Only this," said Oom Paul, pulling a frayed and tattered Bible from his pocket, "and I have not half mastered its glories yet, and I have read it day and night for well-nigh forty years. When I have exhausted the Bible, I'll perhaps find time for Shakespeare and Goethe."

"Tell me, had either of these men more wisdom to teach than I can learn from the books of Proverbs?" Could either of them write such glorious lines as King David, the ancient poet of the Jews, has left us in his wonderful Book of Psalms? Could either Shakespeare or Goethe have written the Songs of Solomon?"

"If I want to read of hunting I find



Despite the ceaseless toil of the wrecking crews, the end of the terrible tragedy on the Hudson river at New York is not yet. Every day adds fresh horrors to the list. Searchers at the site of the \$10,000,000 conflagration in which several gigantic ocean steamships were burned and several hundreds of lives were lost still find sodden corpses from the Main, Bremen and other big passenger vessels. It is thought weeks will elapse ere the final total shall be struck.

had an elder son by another wife, but that she was anxious to have her oldest son, the present sultan, on the throne. This was impossible without the death of the father and the older boy, and they both died very suddenly. It is whispered by poison.

The sultana is a woman of strong character and did what he could to make her own friend, giving her some money, as well as other presents. She was very much pleased with the general, and at the close of his interview, presented him with a photograph of her dead husband's purple trousers and his embroidered satin jacket, which she had treasured for many years. These clothes were so rotten by time that you could stick your finger through them. The sultana was courteous with the general, apologizing for the poverty of her home, and telling him that now that the Americans were here she hoped to be able to build a better one in which to receive them, but she added: "Although my house is poor and broken down, it is always at your disposal."

THE SULTANA AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

During our audience with the sultana she asked us for some more rolls to use with the phonograph, which General Bates sent her at the expense of the government. There was a phonograph on one of the gunboats which first came to the Sula Islands. It was shown to the Moros, and, among others, to Rajah Muda, the son of the sultana and brother of the sultan. The natives were allowed to look at the machine, and were so astonished thereafter that they went around to everything on the ship, expecting to hear it talk back. One went to the mouth of a six-inch gun, and shouted some verses from the Koran, and then put his ear against the gun, waiting for a reply. Rajah Muda was asked to speak a message into the phonograph to the Datto Tantong of Bongao. When the datto, a week or so later, heard the same words from the phonograph he thought it was a message from Allah, and could not understand how it came.

Rajah Muda told his mother, the sultana, about the wonders he had seen, and she, in turn, told the sultan. The sultan then sent her one of the wonderful talking machines. When it came to Jolo she was very anxious to get it, and she wrote to Captain Hagadorn a message in Arabic, saying it was her royal seal. I have a photograph of the letter and have had the Arabic translated. It reads as follows:

"My Brother, Adjutant and Secretary of the Governor of the Americans: I beg to inform you that should I be able to have a picture of the machine that makes a noise, in order to get acquainted with it. If you will send it to me you may do so by one of the men belonging to your son, the Rajah Muda. Beyond this I wish to send you my best wishes."

"Signed and sealed by 'SULTANA INCHY JAMILA'."

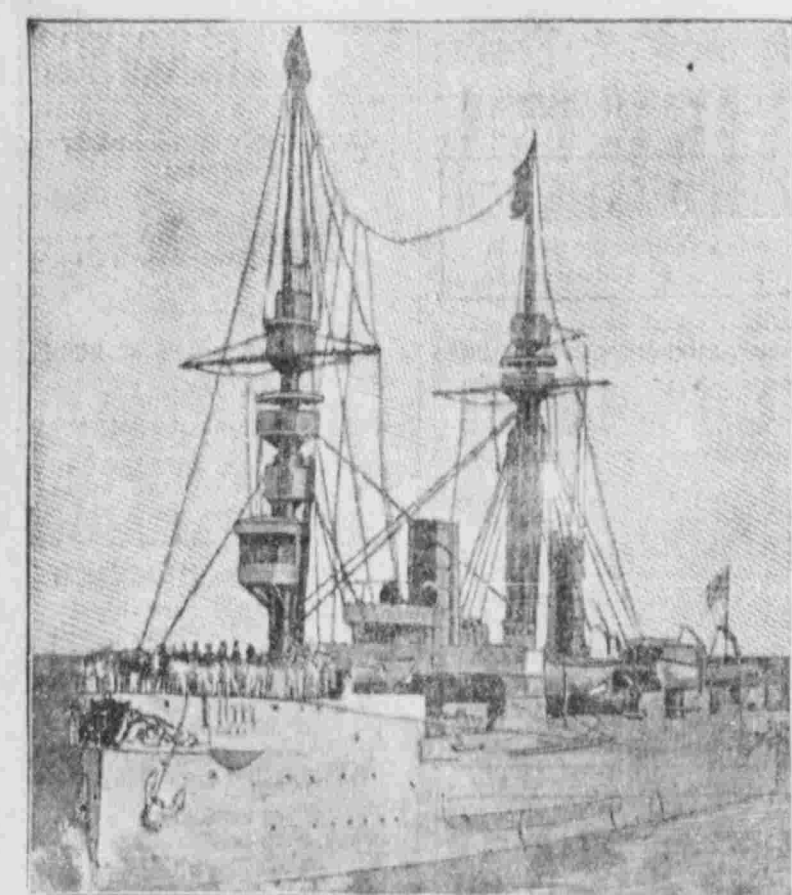
Captain Hagadorn, in response, took the machine over to her and showed her how to work it. He had some verses of the Koran recited into it, and also some of the war songs of the Moros. Her majesty was delighted with it, and she is now especially anxious to have more phonograph cylinders that she may thus record the songs and history of the Moros.

AN HOUR WITH THE SULTANA.

I was much impressed with the sultana during the hour or so we spent

frequently put under the chin of her majesty in order that she might sew out her hair. Notwithstanding these little necessities the old lady received us with dignity and courtesy grace. She asked us to be seated, and paid compliments by wholesale. She told Captain Nazaro that she asked him and that she believed that his heart was as white as his coat. She said she was the friend of the Americans, and that she thought they would benefit the country and people. Later in the day she gave us a luncheon entirely of fruits, telling us that we must realize that she thought much of the Americans or she would not have treated us to this royal feast.

## KAISER'S FAVORITE CRUISER PRINCE HENRY.



Emperor Wilhelm and his sons enjoy cruises on the above gallant fighting craft even more than on their yacht Hohenzollern. The vessel is named after his Imperial Majesty's sailor brother Prince Henry of Prussia, who, it is reported, will use it as his flagship in Chinese waters.

# SOME CHARACTERISTIC STORIES OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Ag. Hales, the Australian correspondent who was captured by the Boers and released after some days, relates some hitherto untold anecdotes of Kruger which he heard during his enforced stay in the burgher's camp. He says:

On a certain occasion he was out on a love expedition, but found that another young man had arrived before him. The other sultan was a bit of a coxcomb, so exclaims go on the velvet, says the Kansas City Journal. He had a showy horse and a gorgeous saddle and a new suit of clothes fresh from the hawker's van, and when Paul Kruger arrived on his rough but useful horse, with saddle to match, the clothing home-made to suit the outfit, the other chap passed some remarks which caused the lust of battle to surge up good and strong in the future president's blood, but the maiden, who had the shrewd sense to know the difference between a male and a man, made him promise not to lay a hand on the other fellow, because he was not worth the bother that would be certain to follow such a blow as young Paul Kruger was sure to give.

The dude somehow got an idea that he had promised the damsel he would not strike him and, as even in those days Paul was noted for his love of the truth, he thought he might safely venture to be rude so, clinching into his saddle, he fired off an unbearable lot of insolence right in the young man's teeth. Paul stood it until human nature could stand no more. Drawing back till he got the full force of his giant strength well behind the blow, he

leaped out and caught the horse behind the ear. The brute staggered from the shock as if a second-class earthquake had risen up and smitten it, then fell flat on its back, breaking the rider's leg in the fall.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," cried the girl, "you promised me you would not hit him, no matter what he said."

"That is so, dear," said the young woman, with a twinkle in his eyes, "and I kept my word to the letter, but I didn't say I wouldn't hit the horse."

Once after he became president of his beloved Transvaal a German speculator called upon him, and an interpreter who could talk the Boer dialect. The German wanted certain concessions. He was a specious young man, who fancied that he was a heaven-born diplomat. He had been warned to go straight to the point when dealing with the old statesman, but like a lot of other young men, he thought that the music of his own voice would prove irresistible, so commenced his oration, carefully premeditated beforehand, by saying:

"Oom Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal, you know Johannesburg, do you not?" "He is saying?" demanded Kruger, staring at the self-satisfied one under his great rough brow.

"He says," replied the interpreter, "do you know Johannesburg?"

"Know Johannesburg?" roared the veteran. "Yes, I knew it when his mother was in short petticoats. I shot him down there before he knew the way to find a feeding bottle with his mouth. If the young idiot has not more sense than to waste my time with questions of that kind, pass him out of the door, and tell him to keep out if he ever

wants to see Johannesburg any more." Whereat that young German raged over his hat and his perfumed handkerchief, his gloves and gold-headed cane, and fled, whilst Oom Paul growled in his beard, and something which no person ever read in the songs of Solomon.

All Boers who profess to be really genuine in their faith have a horror of gambling in any shape or form, and the president would as soon see the devil in a dress suit in his family circle as a pack of cards. There are only two kinds of people who gamble, the knaves and the fools, is an argument of his, which shows that he managed to pick up some sound worldly wisdom out of the velvet. Once when traveling on a train, he noticed a young Boer playing "nap."

The old man watched the counters pass from hand to hand, and fancied that the men were merely playing for buttons like children, so, giving a contemptuous grunt, he moved away and smoked his eternal pipe. Happening to look across at the game a little later he saw an Englishman toss the Boer a sovereign in exchange for some counters, and light was at once let in on his blindness. He bounded from his deck chair, every hair bristling like a lion's mane, fixing the Boer with his glaring eye, he waded in and inundated him with language which was fiery and furious. He bounded from his deck chair, every hair bristling like a lion's mane, fixing the Boer with his glaring eye, he waded in and inundated him with language which was fiery and furious. He bounded from his deck chair, every hair bristling like a lion's mane, fixing the Boer with his glaring eye, he waded in and inundated him with language which was fiery and furious.

"Sit," said the president, gruffly. He sat. The president called for some coffee for his guest, and then went on with his pipe.

"Don't you remember me, uncle?" said the visitor.

"I remember you well," was the tart reply. "Have you a pack of cards?" "Yes, I have," said the visitor. "The visitor said he thought the room was very close or badly ventilated, or something of that kind. Anyway, there was more air outside, and he went out in a hurry to get some of it."

When he was in London an English friend offered to show him the sights of the modern Babylon. Oom Paul fell in with the idea, and the Briton gathered him in to see a ballet show, thinking to get some fun out of his shocked feelings. But Oom sat and watched the whole show with evident interest.

"What do you think of that nice and fresh, ain't they?" said the Briton, with a sly wink at the old patriot.

"The paint's fresh enough, I don't doubt," came the reply, through a cloud of smoke. "But I'd rather have the old shoes of the one I left behind in Africa than I'd have all the women you've got in England, on the stage or off it. She was good enough for me, when she was young, and she's good enough for me now."

Traveling once with a party of wealthy speculators in a sparsely populated portion of the Transvaal, it was discovered that by some untoward chance the hampers containing the food had been left in the wagon, and the party that some of them were ready to eat a horse, if need be, providing it was some other person's horse. One godless money hunter tried to be blasphemous, saying that Oom Paul's expenses, "You are a great believer in the Bible and all its miracles, Oom Paul," he said,

with a curling lip. "I am and always shall be," was the quiet response.

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"Tell me, had either of these men more wisdom to teach than I can learn from the books of Proverbs?" Could either of them write such glorious lines as King David, the ancient poet of the Jews, has left us in his wonderful Book of Psalms? Could either Shakespeare or Goethe have written the Songs of Solomon?"

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"If I want to read of hunting I find

in the Bible; if I want to read of love, where in all the books in the world is love described so simply, and yet so beautifully, as in the Bible? If I want to read of war or ambition, need I go further than the Bible? If I want an example of patience, can I do better than study the Book of Job? If I feel tempted by woman, can I learn the folly of such things better than by picturing the mighty Samson scorn of his strength and his eyesight through the treachery of Delilah? Samson alone in the midst of his foes.

"Do I think of the friendship of man for man? Tell me, you bookworm, where in all the libraries of Europe can I read of anything so well told as the love of David for his friend Jonathan? Can any books teach us a son's duty to his father better than the Bible? What book or books can better show the love of the father for his children than the Bible? If I want to read of the world today and give each boy and girl a Bible, and the next generation of men and women would be braver and better, more heroic and courageous, more charitable and thoughtful, more lovable and more content than the men and women of today seem to be."

The German pulled his head well into his hat and said no more concerning Goethe. The Britisher drew a flask from a side pocket and washed the flask of Shakespeare's name down his throat and took an early opportunity to change the topic of conversation into a chaff bearing on the next day's shooting while Oom Paul, sitting just where he read once more the tale he almost knew by heart concerning Boaz and his maiden.