

Utahn Tells of Trip Along African Coast

(Special Correspondence)

STAMSHIP BURGERSMEISTER, Delagoa Bay, Portuguese East Africa, Sept. 15, 1909.—I am now aboard a German ship, commencing a voyage up the coast of Africa and through the great canal, but as I have just come from the richest gold mining district in the world and the largest city in South Africa, perhaps a few lines about it would be interesting to Salt Lake.

Johannesburg, in the Transvaal colony, is the most populous of any of the cities in the southern part of Africa, having a population a little greater than that of Salt Lake City, and its business seems to be carried on in a truly up-to-date system, giving its existence, as it were, to the gold mines, much of its activity is naturally in mining the yellow metal, and most of the people are working in the mines. As in the sea districts at home, where the prospects are successfully worked, money is plentiful and work is not scarce. Money easily earned is soon spent. So a large amount is in constant circulation, and there is a great hustle to get more of it. The moving about of people, vehicles and street cars in Johannesburg makes it resemble to a small degree some of our American cities. Indeed, much of its success is probably due to the fact that the American consul told me there are over 1,000 of our countrymen there, and nearly all of them are holding responsible positions.

Proof of Yankee ideas is seen even in the naming of some of the suburbs, two of which bear the proud names of Denver and Florida. It gives one a sort of a thrill to pass through a city in Africa called Denver, such a familiar name at home, and in a little while more to see Florida in large letters on the station platform makes one feel that he is among friends.

The city proper has some very good buildings, which would be a credit even to Salt Lake, and the clean appearance of them is striking. There are fine offices in them, and they are equipped with all modern improvements, such as elevators, telephones and the like. Automobiles and street cars show that the city is not "behind the times," but it seems quite a paradox to see such modern vehicles on one hand, and on the other to see little shacks being pulled about by half-clad natives. Visitors to the town always have to try the "rickshaws," and I was no exception. A big, husky Zulu, all bedecked in fancy feathers and having horns on his head and legs, trotted around with me just as though it were for fun, instead of for a shilling. Although he perspired freely, it seemed that it was not hard work for him. A ride in a two-wheeled cart like that and one in a modern electric taxi cab a few moments later formed quite a contrast, but the conclusion has to be reached that autos are better than rickshaws.

STOREHOUSE OF RICHES

There are a few good parks in and about Johannesburg, but besides them there is nothing to attract the traveler save the mines. And they are interesting. The Summer and Jack, said to be the richest gold mine in the world, is there. Every year hundreds of thousands of dollars are paid out in dividends from it, and its yield does not appear to be decreasing. Nearly every week pure gold from it and other mines is shipped to England, to help supply the world's demand. Every day the shafts are sunk deeper and deeper, boring out of mother earth the element that glitters before some men's eyes. To see the mountains of earth taken from the tunnels, and to observe the great plants that are used to haul the ore, is a sight that is not to be missed. The ore is treated by the cyanide process. All of the gold bearing rock is crushed and pulverized before the gold is extracted.

The labor question has been a serious one. Formerly many Chinese were used, but the Africans have objected to the Celestials, so a law has been passed which has already sent all but about 2,000 back to China. The others must leave the Transvaal before many months more. In lieu of them Kaffirs are used when obtainable, but they don't like working underground very well, so it really is hard to obtain plenty of "boys" as they are called. The wages are not bad. Some of the natives earn from \$20 to \$25 per month, with all expenses paid. This may seem a trifle to us, but when we consider that 60c per day is good wages for most Kaffirs we see that the amount is not insignificant at all.

White men make as high as \$200 per month, if they work hard, and of course, the foremen, managers, and directors make more than that.

There are dozens of big mines in and about Johannesburg but each one, even though it might belong to the same company, is worked individually. I visited the Comet mine. It is worked by hundreds of natives, who live in quarters called "compounds." They are fed on corn and meat principally, but extras, such as jam and fruit they have to buy. The company owns its own grist mills, stores, etc. On the works there are blacksmith shops, locomotive shops, and all the essentials to mining on a large scale.

The shafts all run at about the same angles, which are about 40 degrees, and the veins are very regular. Inside the working is exactly the same as our Utah mines, so far as I can see, so I shall not dwell on that. The men are taken down in cages called "skips," which run at a tremendous speed, and as the shafts are about one mile, or a little less deep, a person has quite a sensational ride.

Last year the Comet mine produced more than two and one-half million pounds (about 110,000 tons) of gold, but I have not the figures before me of what the Summer and Jack produced.

When I was in Johannesburg, nearly everyone was still talking about a heavy snowstorm they had three weeks ago. It was the first snow many of them had ever seen, and stores were actually closed to allow all hands to have a try at snowballing, which was great sport for them.

Steamship Burgersmeister, Red Sea, Oct. 6, 1909.—Now, while the sun is shining in tropical splendor, and the breeze is blowing as from a furnace, I shall endeavor to write a few lines on what I believe is one of the most trip in the world, viz., one up the east coast of Africa. I have just been spending three weeks or so on the coast, coming from South Africa, a country which during a season of about three years, I had learned to believe had a hot climate. But since I have taken this voyage, and have finally experienced a little of the weather on the Red Sea, I shall not call the climate in South Africa anything but delightful, for now I can feel just what it is, and know what it is to be uncomfortably warm in a place where there is no cool retreat. It will be used when the time comes to reach Uthmaniyah, so people could not be blamed to believe me when I tell you details about a hot day in this part of the world.

I had read letters from friends who had taken this journey before me, and had been promised to enjoy this tour of the ship, but I realized that traveling up the east coast of Africa could be as interesting as it is.

There is only one line of steamers plying along the coast from Cape Colony to the Red Sea, the German East African line, and I am one of their splendid vessels, the Burgersmeister. These ships sail every three weeks from

African ports, going in both directions, and they are nearly always full of passengers, and carry tremendous cargoes. The accommodations for the passengers are very good, and everything that could be done to render tropical climates more pleasant for travelers is done. Awnings are placed over the decks, and canvas air shafts, or ventilators, are used to send fresh air below. Electric fans are supplied at a slight charge extra, and ice can be had by those who wish it. At night most of the passengers sleep on deck, where the full benefit of any breeze that might blow may be had, and every courtesy is shown by the stewards towards every nationality ride on these ships, and thus make a very comfortable trip, and after a week or 10 days, nearly every one is acquainted. Although the ship is a German liner, most of the stewards and nearly all of the officers speak English, so one gets along very well, and as the menu cards are printed in both English and German, it is difficult at the table to experience any embarrassment. In the first and second classes, Turkish good German music, several times a day, and pianos act in the dining saloons for the use of those who play.

CHARMS OF TRAVELING

But aside from all the charms which traveling always has for those who are either indifferent to or superior to sensibleness, great interest is had in the various ports of call, all along the entire

one more of a big country mansion at home. The building is a frame structure, painted yellow, three stories high, and has porches, like the Bee Hive House, running around it. Before the palace is a big iron fence and a few cannons, more ornamental than useful, (perhaps to remind the ruler of his greatness, and on the porch, walking to and fro, place two sentinels, wearing khaki uniforms and the Mohammedan fez. On one side of the place is a large stone building, which, they say is the harem, where some of the sultan's 300 wives live. I was fortunate in seeing two of them, and they looked like ordinary Kaffir girls, so many of whom I had seen in South Africa. I wanted to meet the sultan himself, but found it quite impossible as he is traveling at present in Europe.

IS OLD LOOKING TOWN

The town of Zanzibar is certainly old-looking, and dirty, having many unpleasant odors in the crooked, narrow streets, and crowded market places. Some of the streets are so narrow that I could touch the buildings on each side with my outstretched arms, and some are just wide enough for a carriage to drive without rubbing the hubs. Our driver drove us through, shouting at the lazy pedestrians, who moved into doorways and around corners, to allow us to pass. If one only saw the town itself, he would wonder how it ever could inspire anyone to sing; but a drive into the interior a few miles gives one a different impression. I had the privilege or opportunity of taking a drive to the clove plantation, where it is said 50 per cent of the world's crop of cloves is grown. The drive, all the way through coconut palms, and occasionally through an Arab village or

ing it." Looking at it from his point of view I should want to add, "Neither do I." Rain falls only once in seven years or thereabouts, and is royally welcomed, so to speak, when it does come. Water, as a consequence, is so scarce that it is sold, and in the modern or English part of town, sea water is distilled, and then sold for four cents per gallon, which isn't so bad for such a place.

To see Aden of today, modern as it is in some respects, is to give one a good idea of Arabia as it was in the days of "Sinbad the Sailor," or of other days mentioned in "Arabian Nights." Scenes just as they were in early days

certainly make the traveler feel as if he had moved back a few hundred years. Camels, carrying enormous loads, drawing awkward, cumbersome carts, or being ridden, interesting as they are to see, are no more so than the ever patient donkeys, having great cans or jars fastened or hung on each side of them. One "herd" I saw, with the great cans of water on their sides, was exactly as I imagine it looked in the days of Ali Baba and the 40 thieves, and the Arab walking behind did not at all spoil the picture.

FAMOUS ARABIAN HORSES

Everybody has no doubt heard of the famous Arabian horses, supposed to be the finest in the world, and has no doubt even read of them in poetry, or has, at least, read of their merits in "Ben Hur," and would like to see some. I had looked forward to seeing some thoroughbreds when I got to Aden, but was disappointed. Perhaps all of the good animals in that sea port town have been exported (maybe to Utah), for all the horses I saw were small, thin and ugly, being not much unlike some of our range horses at home, and didn't show the spirit I had expected to see in Arabian horses. The best ones, they say, are carefully kept by the Arabs in the interior, and seldom

get to the border, and that probably accounts for my not seeing any good ones. There are many interesting sights to be seen in Aden, but this letter is growing too long already.

Leaving that town we sailed through the Bab-el-Mandeb into the Red Sea, where we now are, the Red Sea of Zulu and his party evidently sailed, but if it was as hot to those days as it is now we can almost see why the man complained of the voyage. This is now the highway of the maritime world, and we see ships nearly all day going to and from the Suez canal.

ORSON M. ROGERS.



EDWARD VII.

coast. Opportunities are given passengers to go ashore whenever the boat stops long enough to allow them to go without the risk of being left. In that way many cities and towns of peculiar interest or scenic beauty are seen. From Capetown calls are made at Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, in South Africa, and in Central and East Africa—such places as Lourenco Marques, Beira, Mozambique, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar and Mombassa, and others of less importance are visited, while farther north, Aden, in Arabia, and Suva and Port Said in Egypt, are seen. (The two latter places, however, we are now approaching.) Each place differs in some respect from the others and all are well worth seeing.

Among the special features of some I might mention that in Mozambique, which is Portuguese East Africa, I saw a fort which was built in 1665, just 44 years before our Declaration of Independence was signed, and a monument stands which records that the place was visited in 1149 by the fearless Portuguese mariners. Many of the passengers, though, doubt the accuracy of that date, and I have no means at hand of looking up the authentic history of the place. Besides the old fort and churches, the white, tumbledown buildings and narrow, crooked and dirty streets are very interesting to see.

THE PORT OF PEACE

Dar-es-Salaam, which means in Arabic "Port of Peace," is the most beautiful of all, as far as tropical vegetation and natural situation are concerned. It is, at present, only a little town, in German East Africa, but is destined to become more important when the railway connections with the interior of Africa are completed. The German government has spent over \$5,000,000 on the place, and has erected some splendid buildings, worthy a much larger place. The harbor is nearly perfect, being very large with deep water and having a mouth so narrow that one can almost throw a stone across it. It would be hard to imagine more beautiful palms than those that are to be found there. On both sides of every street, in public gardens and in large groves, the palms grow, bearing coconuts in some and dates on others. Different kinds of aloes, cacti and other plants to be found in hot climates abound on all sides.

Zanzibar, which is only four hours from there by steamer, is also a beautiful place and has a reputation all its own. All of the passengers were anxious to get there, having heard of the place as much in songs and in romances and in political stories as well. As most people know, Zanzibar is a little island, mostly in the center of the tropical zone, and is ruled over by a sultan. For hundreds of years the island has been an important place for commerce, and as it is so far from the mainland, it was long the only place where the East and West met. Merchants from India, Persia and Egypt have used Zanzibar as a sort of trade center from time immemorial, and at the present time more ships sail there with valuable goods.

UNDER ENGLISH CONTROL

Although Zanzibar is nominally under the suzerainty of the sultan, it is practically under English control, and the British King Jack can be seen flying in many places, though the plain flag of Zanzibar still waves over the fort and palace. About 16 years ago the British purchased the place, shaking the sultan's bathship with a single shot, and making the palace and a few mosques and other buildings to the ground. English rule has brought the sultan's palace and agreed to pay him, so I am told, \$5,000 a month. So much for his history.

On entering the clear, calm water of the harbor, the very first thing that strikes the eye is the palace of "highness," the sultan of Zanzibar. It is built almost in the center of the town, in the most prominent place, that could be selected, and is conspicuous for its lightness, its plainness, reminding

two, was most beautiful. We passed heavily laden camels and donkeys, carrying clover, fruit and merchandise to town. Cloves are grown on bush-like trees, something like the chokecherries at home. The plantation is carefully laid out, and has the trees arranged in neat rows, and produces enormous crops, but the foreman said it does not pay since slavery has been abolished. (But I think he means he can't make as many hundred per cent on the investment as he formerly could.)

When we first landed at Zanzibar, we were harassed by a score or two of Mohammedan "boys," begging us to employ them as guides. I just mention this fact because of the names some of them have. One declared he was George Washington, and never told a lie, another said that he was Abraham, and had too much faith in God to deceive us, while still another informed us that his name was Jumping Charley, and that he alone was the only one who was not a thief and a liar. We didn't want a guide but they followed us so far, and annoyed us so much, that we finally hired one for forty cents to get rid of the rest. And I think that was their game, for who could withstand it?

WHERE ROOSEVELT LANDED.

Mombassa, the next port of call, has been heard of frequently of late, because that is the place where Theodore Roosevelt landed, when he went on his hunting trip. It is a very hot, old place, not much unlike Zanzibar, but as the Uganda railway has its terminus there, and as it is the port for Nairobi and other interior places, lots of trade is carried on. I feel sure that had our president landed there on a good, hot day, he would have been a little discouraged at his prospects in Africa. We saw a big pile of hides, which at home would pass for cowhide, and one of our party asked if they were the result of Roosevelt's shooting, and he was facetiously informed that that was just a hundredth part of Roosevelt's first expedition. Being an Englishman, who uses a glass in one eye and carried a cane, I am of the opinion that the gentleman believed it.

Aden, said to be the hottest city in the world, was visited next. As the ship approached, and the barren mountains of Arabia and the white, desolate-looking houses became plain, one passenger, who, I think, must have been born in the Emerald Isle, was heard to say, as if in great thought, "Aden, Aden, is that Aden? Well, I don't blame Adam and Eve for leaving."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

A Reliable Remedy

FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Is quickly absorbed.

Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes,

heals and protects

the diseased mem-

brane resulting from Catarrh and drives

away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores

the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size

60 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid

cream balm for use in analgesic 75 cts.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

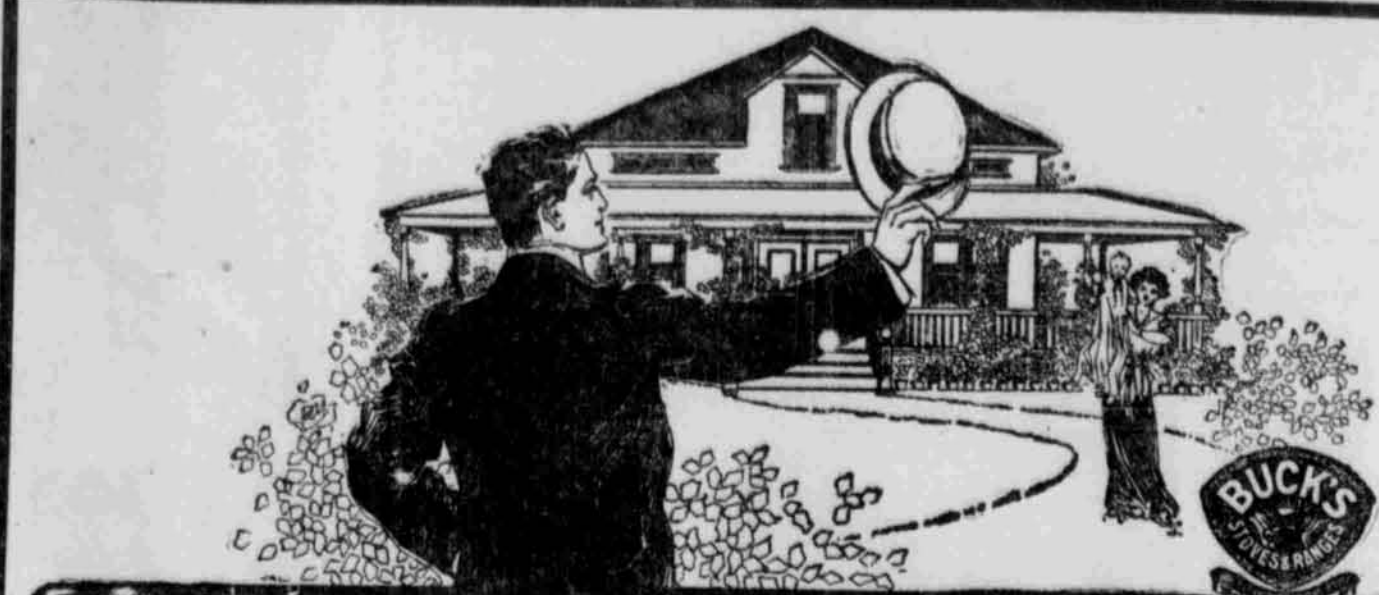
THE BOWLETS AND WETTER ORIGINAL

RENEWALATIVE CREAM BATH

EMT

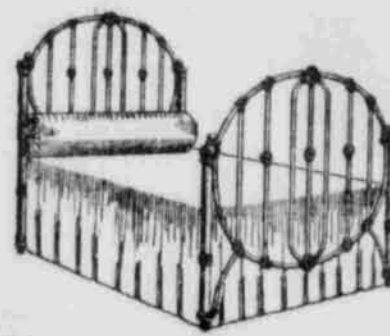
GEORGE T. BUCK DRUG CO.

309 Main—Deseret Pharmacy.



All The Comforts of a Home

What are they? You may ask yourself this question and the only correct answer is just what you make them. Now with the aid of Freed's great credit system there is no reason why any one should go without these home comforts and pleasures, when you have such an enormous stock to select from as our's. Our stock this fall is larger, and better equipped with the newest and latest designs, that the factory can possibly produce, and at the same time are accompanied with prices that will bear the closest inspection.



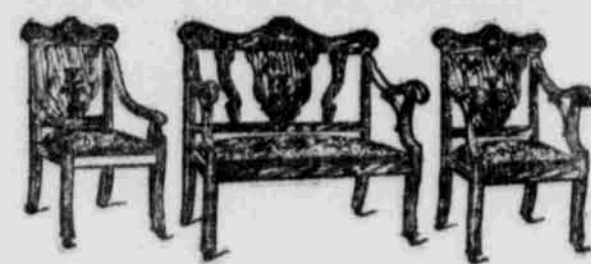
For the coming week we will place on sale this full size iron bed in all colors including a good steel spring and a 30 pound wool mattress to fit same for the small sum

\$13.50



Our line of golden oak Buffets is larger now than ever. Your choice of four styles, all quartersawn, next week.

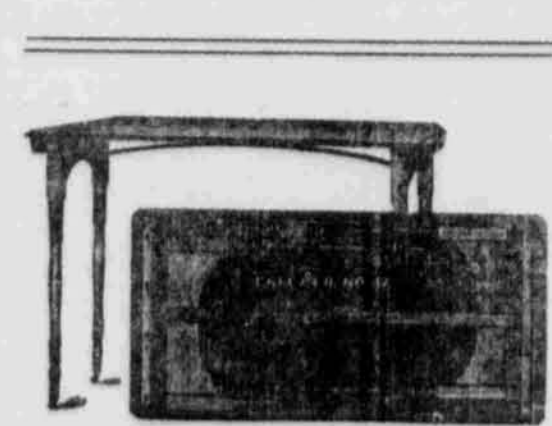
\$21.00



Buck's Bake's Best

This week you may have your choice of three styles of Karpen Bros. guaranteed sawed parlor suits. They come in mahogany frames with loose cushion seats, made of the best green silk plush, just the thing for the flat or cottage. Our regular price on these suits were \$55.00. This week **\$31.50**

The Time The Place The Stove

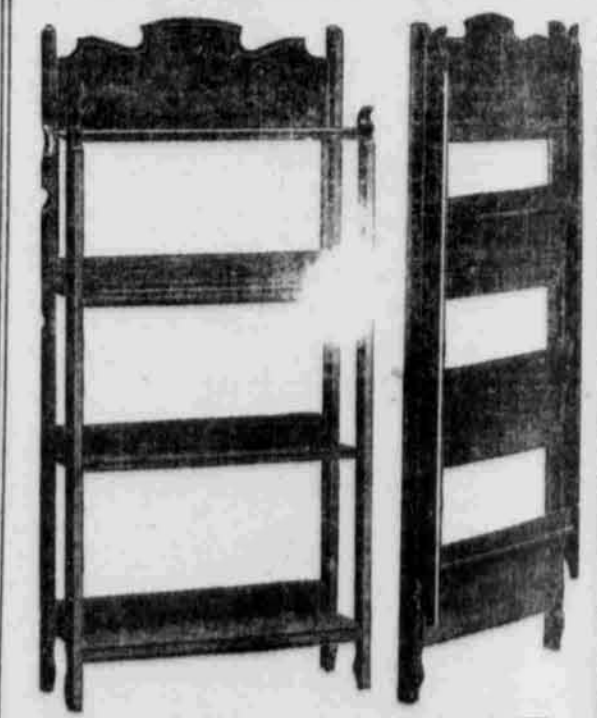


Our Monday specials always attracts attention. It pays to watch our adds on these specials. This neat little folding table, made of maple wood is 3 feet long and has yard measure cut in top, just the thing for the sewing room. Special as long as they last. Special only.

95c



Monday Special's



Just the thing you've been looking for. A neat folding book-rack, made of solid oak in the golden finish an dhas four shelves for books. It stands 42 inches high and 26 inches wide. Special only

\$2.75

Your Credit Is Good



FREED FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
18 to 40 East Third South Street

Your Credit Is Good