

TOMB OF CECIL RHODES

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF THE AFRICAN COLOSSUS IN MATOPUS HILLS

(Special correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

MATOPUS HILLS, Africa.—Flying for 60 miles over Matopos in an automobile.

Racing at 35 miles an hour over the veldt on roads so muddy that the wheels often spin around without catching.

Dashing through streams where the water splashes high into the air, and crossing ditches where the machine goes up and down with a jump.

Now hunting by swamps, frightening the great black and white herons which live there, now racing with antelopes over the plains, and now rushing by Matopos hills where the natives come out and gaze at us in their half-naked wonder.

These are some of the incidents of a ride I took yesterday from here to the Matopos Hills to visit the grave of Cecil Rhodes.

ACROSS MATABELLELAND.

The great African statesman has buried in his native land, far from any human settlement. He selected as his tomb a fortification fitted for the grave of a god, and the way to it takes one for 30 miles through a fertile valley, the most of which is comprised in a great estate which Mr. Rhodes owned and which is still held in his name.

It was up this valley we went on our way to the tomb. The country is but little different now from what it was when David Livingstone, the great African explorer, first announced its existence to white men. It consists of a valley which stretches out and on as far as the eye can reach. The most of it is covered with grass, as green as that which borders Victoria Nyansa, spotted here and there with a scanty growth of thorny brush. There are many native villages along the road to the tomb, and all the way out on the veldt are patches of cultivated lands. These are the farms of the natives. Some are not as big as a bed quilt, and the largest contains only four or five acres. They are planted to millet and Indian corn. They have no fences around them and they stand right out in the wilds.

Cecil Rhodes gave directions that the natives should have free, any of his unused lands, and they are charged no more now than when the whole country belonged to them.

AMONG THE MATABELES.

I shall write more of the Matabebes in the future. I had a good chance to see them during this ride. Their kraals are scattered over the country and in nearly every corn patch the women were working. The hard labor of these people is done by the women. We saw many girls who were hoeing corn. They were naked to the waist and the white sweat drops stood out like pearls on their brown skins as they bent low and chopped out the weeds. In some of the fields there were men, but they were mostly smoking and watching the women to keep them up to their work. A few of these lords of creation were clad in cast-off European clothing, but some were absolutely nude, save for a little skin around the waist. The aprons are not much bigger than a ladies' handkerchief. They are made of deer or catfish skin with the hair on, and are quite ornamental. My chauffeur told me that the women were the wives of the watchers, and the latter were out in the fields to see that their ladies did not loaf on the job. Many of the Matabebes have two or three wives, and there are some "trust magnates" who have 20 or so. Women here are a sign of wealth, and the more a man owns the richer he is.

IN THE NATIVE KRAALS.

We stopped now and then to visit some of the native villages, many of which are found not far from the roadway. They are fair types of the thousands which are scattered over this country. Let me describe one. It consists of a dozen or so huts, surrounded by a wall made of limbs of trees tied together and looking not unlike one of the stump fences of the northern New York. Inside this wall there is another, shutting off a space in which the sheep and goats are kept at night, and outside the latter are the homes of the people. These are circular mud huts, with walls about 5 feet high, and thatched roofs sloping upward in the form of a cone. Each hut has a door at the front, and this is the only way into the average home. Let us enter. The floor is plastered with cement made of native mud. It is as smooth as a school boy's slate, except at the center, where a hole as big as a peck measure has been cut out for the fire. The cooking is all done over that hole, the clay pots resting upon the coals inside it. In a few huts iron kettles are used, but, as in the past, most of the cooking is done in rude jars of clay, made by the natives. In one hut that I entered I saw green corn boiling, and in another a half-naked woman was roasting locusts, while her family

squatted about and smoked their pipes, awaiting the feast. Very few of the huts are more than 10 feet in diameter, and some are much less.

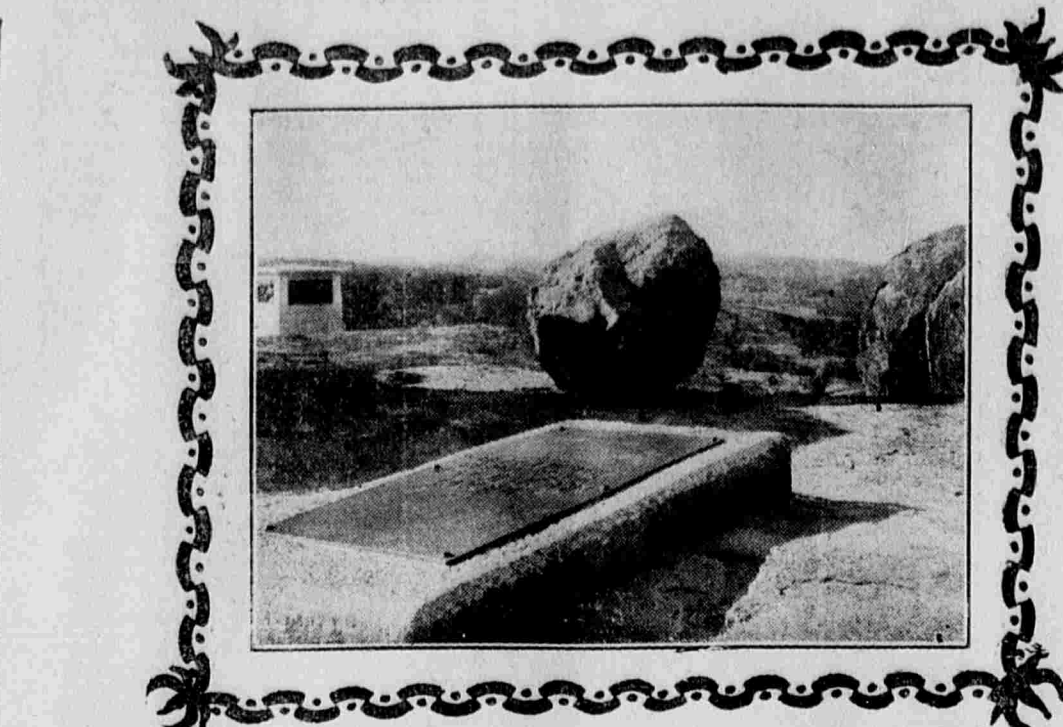
OOM JAHAH AND CECIL J. RHODES

One of the villages we visited was that of a famous native chief, who led in the rebellion which resulted in the loss of Matoposland to the natives. This was Oom Jaahn. He is now an old man, but still has a great respect for the man who conquered him. Indeed, he is so afraid of Cecil Rhodes' ghost that he will not go to his grave for fear his spirit may be hovering about it. Not long ago the manager of the Rhodes estate here told Oom Jaahn that he would give him a horse and a new saddle and bridle if he would travel over the 20 miles between here and the Matopos hills and look at the Rhodes monument. The man replied that he did not want Cecil Rhodes to hunt him for the rest of his life, and that he believed it was best to let the dead men lie. Nevertheless, Oom Jaahn was a famous warrior, and during his prime was much feared. He fought well, but he gradually came to respect the English soldiers who conquered him. A short time ago he was asked to have thought of Cecil J. Rhodes and his troops. He replied:

"Those men were men. And," he concluded, "their fathers were men before them."

CECIL RHODES' BIG RHODESIAN FARM.

About 17 miles from Bulawayo we found ourselves in the heart of a big farm established by Cecil J. Rhodes. He bought up nearly all the land between Bulawayo and the Matopos hills, including the steep 20 or 30 miles long, embracing a number of rich valleys, on rather deep depressions in the hills. He built a dam holding a million gallons of water to irrigate a part of this tract, and so arranged the lands about this that they form one of the paying parts of his estate. There is a tenant in charge of them who keeps 700 acres in crops of various kinds, and I understand that he is now raising two crops of corn a year. In addition there are tens of thousands of acres of pasture, and a part of this is now devoted to raising a part of the cattle and other parts to game. There are even wild



TOMB OF CECIL J. RHODES.

ostriches on the property, but, by Rhodes' decree, no shooting can be done upon it.

HOW RHODES LIVED.

This farm was one of the favorite homes of the great white African king, and during my trip I had a chance to see the palace which formed his home upon it. The word palace is ironical. Cecil J. Rhodes, although he was worth millions, was more fond of the simple life than Wagner himself. One of his residences was the government house at Bulawayo, which had every comfort that money could buy, but his favorite home was a native hut. He had such a hut outside the government house, and often left the

latter to sleep under the thatch.

Out here on the farm he had three huts, and in these he spent weeks and months at a time. One hut was his bedroom, and another his kitchen, and the third might be called his drawing or living room. They are all still standing. His living room is open on all sides, and consists of merely a thatched roof upheld by posts covering a space about 40 feet square. Its walls consist of screens of matting which may be rolled up and down to shut out the wind. When Cecil Rhodes was here they were usually up; and, as the huts stand upon a hill he had a magnificent view on all sides. He could look over the rich valley in one direction, and away off at the

other see these mighty hills among which he loved to wander and where he directed his resting place should be. Right under the hill there is an orchard of peaches, pears, apples and apricots, now in bearing, which was set out under Mr. Rhodes' direction, and looking over the valley one now sees the rich fields of corn which his imagination planned.

A LOVER OF SOLITUDE.

I am told that Cecil Rhodes liked to be alone. While at the government house he was overrun with callers. When he came here to the farm those who wished to see him had to drive 15 miles out and then 15 miles back before they reached a hotel, if they

wanted to stay they had to sleep in the open, for the huts were only large enough for Mr. Rhodes himself. Later on he built a hotel about three miles distant from the farm, but he might have a place to entertain such guests as he chose. This hotel is now used by the visitors as a luncheon place on their way to the tomb.

I am told that Mr. Rhodes would go off and spend days by himself in the Matopos hills. He would take books along and camp out. At one time he wandered up to the place where his remains now lie and got lost. It was some time before a native appeared and showed him the way out. In describing the place to the Matopos, he was told that the hill on which he was lost was known among them as the "mountain of the friendly spirit."

THE RHODES ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Leaving the farm we passed through the great park and gardens which Mr. Rhodes left in his will as a resort for the people of Bulawayo. They lie between the farm and the hills and comprise a part of the latter. The park covers 18,000 acres, and there are fifteen miles of roads through it, all planted with avenues of quick-growing plants are cultivated here; and there is also a large nursery devoted to the development of the forest.

The zoological garden is inside a fence four miles long. It includes every kind of animal that will live in Africa, with the exception of the beasts of prey, such as lions and leopards. There are giraffes, antelopes, elephants and zebras everywhere to be seen. The animals are not afraid, for no shooting is allowed in the vicinity, and they are permitted to live as far as possible in a state of nature.

I wish I could describe for you these mighty hills which Cecil Rhodes chose as his last resting place. They are nothing like any range I have seen elsewhere. They rise out of the African veldt in the shape of great masses of granite, ground smooth by the glaciers of a million odd years ago. They are 60 miles long and from 10 to 15 miles wide, and they wind their way in and out over the plain, looking as though they might have been thrown up by volcanoes. In some places they remind me of the Saxon Switzerland, and in others of the "Garden of the Gods" on the edge

of the Rockies in Colorado. Upon many of them are boulders piled upon another. And such boulders! You will find nothing like them in any other part of the world. You have seen pebbles so worn by the water that they are as round as marbles and as smooth. On these Matopos hills there are boulders as big as a house, which are as smooth as the pebbles. The rocks upon which they lie are smooth. In places they make one think that they might be great men on the bald head of old Mother Earth, which is here pushing itself toward the sky.

A GREAT GLACIAL GARDEN.

Indeed the whole range is one mighty glacial garden. The hills where I visited them, are about 10 miles wide, and all are scarred and worn, with these mighty boulders lying here and there upon them. In some places the rocks are piled up like a fortification, being laid as though the gods had been at the masonry and had here worked at the trade. Some of the rocks are beautifully colored, and their hues change as the sun moves over them. Some contain caves, and in these caves the natives of generations ago have painted pictures which are now the wonder of the archaeologists.

The hills contain beautiful valleys. Cascades flow down them and spring here and there gush forth, reminding one of the living water which spouted when Moses smote the rock.

CECIL RHODES' TOMB.

We drove the automobile right into the hills and wound our way among the boulders to the foot of the range where the great African king chose as his last resting place. It is more than a mile in length, and rises above the valley for hundreds of feet. Like all the hills, it is composed of red granite and is ground as smooth as a floor. With staff in hand I climbed up, bending half double in places and setting my feet flat for fear I might slip. The view broadened at last, and I saw at last on the top I was far above the Matopos hills, which extended up and down the country as far as my eyes could reach.

On the summit the rock is smooth, forming a level space, which covers perhaps a quarter of an acre. About this space lie a score of the great boulders I have described, so placed by nature that they seem to guard it. In the center of this space, on the very summit of the hill, lies the tomb of Cecil Rhodes. It is the rock, itself. The grave was gouged out by mallet and chisel, and the granite was so hard that it required the masons 10 days to do it. The whole being hermetically sealed. Upon the top of the slab there is now a bronze plate three feet wide and five feet long, and upon it are engraved in simple words the name Mr. Rhodes offered for the monument. They are:

"Here Lie the Remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

There is no date of birth or death, nor any inscription mentioning the wonderful work that Rhodes did for South Africa and Great Britain. The very simplicity of the monument adds to its grandeur, and the fact that it lies out here in the open, in the wild of the vast country which he has given to the English crown, seemed to me monument enough. It is impressive, and as I looked at it I involuntarily took off my hat, for I seemed to be upon holy ground.

GUARDED BY THE MATABELES.

As I climbed up the rocks and walked here and there about the grave I was followed by two Matabele boys. They made no noise as they slipped in their bare feet around the mighty boulders which guard the tomb, and it was only when I changed my course that I was able to see them. They were, I am told, two of the guards which Oom Jaahn, the chief of whom I have written, keeps always here to guard Rhodes' tomb. They are replaced by others from day to day, so that some are ever present.

These guards say nothing to visitors but any man who would dare to cut his name upon the rocks or mutilate the place would at once be reported to the authorities at Bulawayo and punished. At first Oom Jaahn furnished the boys free of charge as a tribute to the memory of Rhodes, after a custom that the Matabebes have of guarding their noted dead. After a while, however, the Rhodes estate recognized their value as a protection against iconoclasts, and since then a certain amount has been regularly paid to the ebony watchers.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE NATURE'S UNFAILING TEACHERS

NATURE has many methods of teaching her children important and useful lessons, says the Louisville Home and Farm, all of which may be classified into two great groups, observation and experience.

The wiser a man is the more lessons he will learn from the observation of nature's wonderful laws. He may not be able to fully understand these laws, but he can see their effect so clearly that he can profit by their teachings. The most common-place, everyday occurrences demonstrate the accuracy and unerring wisdom of nature's laws; yet we may not be able to explain their operation.

The farmer, for example, sows his field with wheat. He knows that it is one of nature's laws to cause the little grains to germinate and reproduce under certain conditions. These conditions are moisture, warmth and darkness. He can't explain just how the process of germination, growth, reproduction and development is accomplished, but, even in his uncivilized condition his observation teaches

him that vegetation goes on under just the conditions named. Further observation teaches him that plants must have sufficient distance from each other in order to thrive and return the best results.

Experience teaches him that fire will burn him, water will drown him, and wind will destroy him. Yet in spite of the hard lessons he learns in the school of experience man is stupidly careless and reckless. Vesuvius and other volcanoes have hurled thousands of men, women and children to horrible deaths; yet with a full knowledge of this fact men persist in making their homes in near proximity to these great, seething natural furnaces. San Francisco was sorely stricken by an earthquake or landslide, and in two or three years is rebuilt with greater splendor than ever. Large rivers that are known to frequently inundate their valleys do not deter men from making homes upon their banks. The farmer digs up an ant bed in his garden, but finds the busy little insects laboriously working in the same spot the next morning, repairing as best they can the ruin wrought upon their habitation. Men are very much like ants in this respect.

During the month of May, Texas suffered terribly from overflows. The loss in crops, livestock, buildings, implements and all other kinds of property known to farm life was simply enormous. The loss of human lives was small in comparison with the loss of property. The Trinity and Red rivers were the principal streams affected.

As in ancient times people regarded earthquakes, storms and floods as evidences of the displeasure of the gods, even yet in this time of increased knowledge and advanced thought, many persons attribute these phenomena of nature to divine anger.

The babe, crawling upon the floor, puts its little hand against the hot stove. The burn it receives is no less severe nor the pain less acute, because of its innocence and ignorance of the nature of fire. Had it not come in contact with the hot stove its little hand would have not been burnt. Yet had it crawled toward the open door it might have fallen to the ground and received severe bruises or fractures. Its knowledge of the law of gravitation is no greater than its knowledge of fire, but the ignorant does not mitigate the consequences of the fall.

It may overturn a kettle of hot water or drink a cup of liquid lye its mother has carelessly left within its reach, but the intense suffering, and perchance agonizing death, is not escaped because of the innocence and ignorance of the babe. The lesson nature teaches in this case is a lesson to the careless mother. It does not follow that the poor woman is an object of divine wrath because of the suffering endured by her babe, but the lesson taught her is a dearly bought lesson on the consequences of carelessness.

A careless dairyman, milking his cows by the light of a lantern set down in a lot of hay and litter, starts a conflagration that burns the greater portion of Chicago. The thousands of people left homeless and destitute are not objects of God's wrath, but simply victims of the stupidity and carelessness of that fellow in the cowshed.

So it is with the poor fellow sufferers in Texas today. The Almighty did not send those overflows in anger and vengeance. They came as a natural consequence of excessive atmospheric humidity and extraordinary precipitation. The floods teach a great lesson, however. They teach us that the man

who builds his home in the valley of a water course does an exceedingly dangerous thing. He may live there unmolested by high water for years, when at last, without warning, the flood rolls down the valley at 2 o'clock in the morning, sweeping everything before its march of destruction. If the poor fellow, thus surprised, is so fortunate as to save the lives of himself and family, at daylight he looks down from the friendly hillside to which he escaped, and gazes upon a seething sea of muddy water and says:

"Oh, what a sad lesson this is. I will never again build a house within reach of an overflow!"

Nature's lessons are sometimes hard ones, but we make them hard by our own stupidity in not paying due attention to nature's laws. Nature will not suspend her laws one iota because of man's ignorance or innocence. If we fail to follow her teachings and admonitions, we are sure to pay the penalty. There is no escape. Nature's laws are more exacting and unchangeable than the laws of the Medes and Persians. "Let no guilty man escape," is her unalterable sentence upon every violator.

A RUNAWAY SWISS LAKE.

Visitors to the Alps know the magnificent panorama that is unfolded from the top of the Eggishorn, the highest summit on the rocky ridge between the great glacier of Aletsch and the valley of the Rhone.

There is a splendid view over the Bernese Alps to the north, and the jumble of snow peaks to the south are revealed in all their grandeur. But the sight that first of all attracts attention is the Aletsch glacier, the largest in Europe, and little Lake Marjelen, half a mile north of the Eggishorn, with its blue green waters and the tiny icebergs on its surface.

This is not the sight tourists would see from the top of Eggishorn to-day. A little while ago Lake Marjelen disappeared in a night. The deep chasm it fills was dry the next morning. The great chunks of ice were stranded on its floor.

In its peculiar way Marjelen is the most famous of the Swiss lakes. It stands 7564 feet above the sea. On three sides steep rocky slopes wall it

in. On the west side it is bordered by the Aletsch glacier.

A singular phenomenon has long attracted attention. From time to time the lake suddenly disappears. Its basin was completely emptied eleven times from 1812 to 1887. In 1873 all the water left the lake in eight hours. In 1878 it was emptied in thirty and a half hours and in 1887 in ten hours.

This is a wonderful fact in view of the prodigious quantity of water that is sent thundering down to the lower valleys in so short a time. The lake is 420 feet, or nearly a mile, long. Its width is about 284 feet. Its depth is from thirty to 150 feet, and its water content has been estimated to be 10,400,000 cubic meters. This immense volume escapes in channels under the glacier, and as it pours along a sound like the rumble of thunder is heard.

Naturally the flood does great damage below, and the little lake has an evil reputation among the inhabitants of the Moesa valley, through which the waters of the Aletsch glacier reach the Rhone. The farmers there are very poor and wrest with difficulty a slender livelihood from the meager fields.

But those fields have again been devastated, and much damage has been done to property along the Rhone far to the west.

Rarely have the people received any warning of the approach of the torrent. But since 1887 they have slept securely, believing that the treacherous lake would never harm them again.

Engineers studied the problem of safeguarding them from the constant danger. They found the cause of the trouble to be the opening of deep crevasses on the side of the glacier, against which the lake abuts. In 1887 a stone wall was built along the glaciated edge while the lake was empty.

The work was well done and pronounced to be an adequate remedy. Marjelen for all the years since, until the present occurrence, has kept within bounds, and its overflow has been carried off to the east in the valley of the little Fiesch river. But the day was approaching when the people were to be rudely awakened from their dream of safety.

It appears that the foundation of the wall became undermined and

through the opening the lake drained away into a deep crevasse that split the side of the glacier from the top to bottom. More adequate means of protection must now be sought.

The lake derives its waters from the melting snows of the surrounding mountains. When the crevasse that opens a door of escape to the waters passes beyond the western limit of the lake the basin begins to fill again. The lake was drained in January, 1883, and on July 13th it was full again. It is not unlikely that in the last week of the coming tourist season the deep bowl will be brimming again with the dark green waters.—New York Sun.

STARVED TO DEATH.

Is what could truthfully be said of many children who die. They have worms, poor little things—they don't know it and you don't realize it. If your child is cross, fretful, pasty complexioned and loses weight for no apparent reason, give it White's Cream Vermifuge, you will be surprised at the results and how quickly it picks up. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main St. B

VACCINE AND GAMBLING.

In Spain, where vaccination is not compulsory, the operation meets with the same resistance as it encountered formerly in England, France, Germany and elsewhere. Persuasion having proved futile in inducing people to submit to the treatment, a novel expedient is now being tried.

Taking advantage of the Spaniard's well-known weakness for a gamble the mayor of Madrid has organized a lottery for the unvaccinated. Every person who consents to be vaccinated will receive a free ticket, and the drawings are to take place every three months. The scheme has already proved so successful that the doctors cannot get sufficient lymph to deal with all the applicants who present themselves.—New York Sun.

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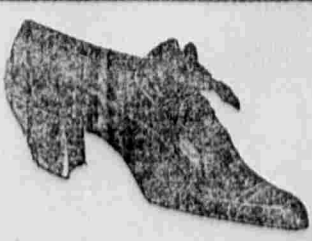
Opportunity knocks at the door at least once in a lifetime. It will knock good and hard at everybody's door in Salt Lake during this sale, and those who heed will be rewarded with a shoe saving "opportunity" that will surprise them. It is this way. While we do not want to disparage the weather man, we must admit his May and June were decidedly against the wearing of low shoes, consequently our stock of shoes is of unusual size for this season of the year and must be reduced at once. The following exceptionally low prices show our extremity and tell just how anxious we are to dispose of this surplus.

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